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The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

# PHOTOPLAY

July 25c



Hattie  
of  
Hollywood  
by  
SAMUEL MERWIN

*Greatest Story of Movie Life Ever Written*





# Conn Supremacy

THE world famous Conn instruments can now be had in colors! The beautiful new polychrome finish; rich purple, wonderful shades of rose, green or blue; a striking black and silver combination—in fact most any color one may desire.

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# What does the summer sun do to your complexion?

VACATION days in the open—burning sun on the water, hot, dusty breezes on shore. Can you swim, can you motor, can you take long hikes without fear of a reddened, coarsened skin?

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Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—you will be delighted with the results.



Posed by Constance Talmadge in "Two Weeks," a First National motion picture. Miss Talmadge is one of many attractive women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

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

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

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**PHOTOPLAY** saves millions of dollars for the American public every month.

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On a very conservative estimate, twelve million people attend motion picture theatres in the United States every day. They pay all the way from ten cents to two dollars for admission. The average price is about twenty-five cents. Three million dollars a day—nearly a billion a year.

At least a third of the pictures produced are not worth seeing—that's a fair estimate. They are certainly not worth paying your money to see.

PHOTOPLAY'S review department, "**The Shadow Stage**," tells two million people every month what is worth while in pictures. They attend motion picture theatres on an average of three times a week.

They follow the advice of the PHOTOPLAY reviewers. It is the answer to that question asked every night in countless homes—"I wonder if that picture is worth seeing?"

**READ "THE SHADOW STAGE"**  
*and save your motion picture time and money*





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXII

No. 2

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*Photoplay's  
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are  
acknowledged  
as the  
Safest  
Guide  
to  
Pictures  
printed  
in  
America*

*Read them  
and  
Save  
Your  
Motion  
Picture  
Time and  
Money*

*Addresses of the leading motion picture studios  
will be found on page 114*



# Wonderful New Complexion Clay Unmasks Your Hidden Beauty!

**Marvelous Discovery Absorbs  
Every Blemish and Impurity  
of the Skin**

**B**ENEATH the most unsightly complexion, beneath the most persistent blackheads and pimples and blemishes, there is a skin as soft and smooth and charming as a child's! Every woman has a beautiful complexion, and she can find it at once if she will only remove the film of dust and dead skin-scales that are clogging and stifling the pores.

The face is a mass of interwoven muscular fibers overlaid with soft, delicate membranes called the skin. These membranes expel acids and impurities, and are provided by nature with millions of tiny pores for the purpose. When dust clogs up these pores and stifles them, the acids and impurities remain in the skin. They form blackheads, pimples, blemishes.

Yet under the most unwholesome disfigurements, under the most coarse and sallow skin, there is exquisite beauty! Remove the dead scales on the surface, remove the blemishes and impurities beneath the surface—and the complexion will be left soft and smooth, tingling with the freshness of youth and beauty!

**This New Discovery Clears and Beautifies the Skin at Once**

Science has found that there is only one natural, scientific way to remove the blemishes and impurities at once, revealing the beautiful complexion underneath. A wonderful new discovery actually accomplishes this in a few minutes. Almost while you wait the hidden beauty of your complexion is brought to the surface!

This new discovery has been given the most appropriate name of Domino Complexion Clay. It is not a cosmetic; it is not a skin-tonic. You do not have to wait for results. The soft, pliant, cream-like clay is applied to the face with the finger tips. It dries and hardens. And as it hardens, it draws out every skin impurity with gentle firmness. When it is removed, the skin beneath is found to be smooth and clear and beautiful.

**How the Domino Complexion Clay Works**

Never before has the attainment of a smooth, clear complexion been as simple, as instantaneous as now. Domino Complexion Clay is one of the most amazing discoveries known to science and chemistry. It is a preparation of wonderful potency, and it brings new life and youth to every skin cell and pore.

Domino Complexion Clay does not cover up or hide the defects. It removes them—at once.



*The marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay removes all blemishes and impurities as though they were some useless mask, and the wholesome, youthful beauty of the complexion is revealed underneath. It does not cover up blemishes. It removes them—AT ONCE.*

When the fine, delicately-scented clay is applied every pore in the skin hungrily absorbs the nourishing skin foods it contains. There is a cool, tingling sensation as the clay dries and hardens. And as it hardens you will feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, giving up the impurities that clogged them, freeing themselves of the self-poisons that caused the pimples and blackheads.

The clay remains on the face only a short time. You may read or relax while the beauty mask is doing its work—you may even go about your household tasks. A warm towel applied to the face will soften the clay and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And as it comes off, every blemish and impurity will come off with it, every blackhead and pimplehead will vanish in the magical clay! The skin beneath will be left as soft and smooth and satiny as a child's.

beautiful her complexion can really be, to bring her own charming youthfulness to the surface. As this preparation cannot be obtained anywhere but direct from Domino House, we are making the very special offer of sending a jar on free trial to any one sending the coupon below to us at once.

Don't send any money—just the coupon with your name and address. A jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you promptly. Pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus the few cents postage) when it is in your hands. This special reduced price is made for introductory purposes for a short time only. The regular price is \$3.50—but if you take advantage of this offer at once you pay only \$1.95 (plus postage) and in addition you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after the first application.

Take advantage of our special free-to-your door offer. Mail this coupon at once, and get your jar of Domino Complexion Clay before the present supply is exhausted. Many will have to be kept waiting. Mail the coupon NOW! Address Domino House, Dept. 267, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Domino House, Dept. 267**

269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a \$3.50 jar of your Domino Complexion Clay. I will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am nevertheless purchasing the first jar with the absolutely guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

*If you wish you may send money with coupon.*

**OUR GUARANTEE**

We guarantee Complexion Clay to be absolutely harmless and a beautifier of marvelous potency. This guarantee is backed by a million dollar bank as follows:

**State Bank of Philadelphia**

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that DOMINO HOUSE has deposited in this bank \$10,000. Out of this special fund this Bank is authorized and does hereby guarantee to return to any customer the total amount of his purchase at any time within 30 days, if the goods purchased are not entirely satisfactory in every way, or if DOMINO HOUSE fails to do as it agrees.

Yours very truly,

*A. W. Hauschoff* Pres.

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Every woman owes it to herself to try this remarkable new Domino Complexion Clay, to see for herself how

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Directors whose reputations are built on scores of successes!

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Some have been attracted to Paramount by the lure of a *world-wide* audience.

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Like a precious stone their genius requires a setting. Paramount sets it. In fifteen thousand theatres daily it shines. It scintillates to the whole civilized world.

See it at your own theatre.

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De Mille



George  
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William de Mille



George  
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Willat



Sam  
Wood



John Robert



James  
Cruze



Alfred E. Green

# Paramount

If it's a Paramount Picture



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Gloria Swanson



Thomas Meighan



Rodolph Valentino



Elsie Ferguson



Betty Compson



Wallace Reid



May McAvoy



Jack Holt



Bebe Daniels



Dorothy Dalton



Agnes Ayres



Joseph Henabery



Wanda Hawley



Mary Miles Minter



Lila Lee



Pola Negri



Philip E. Rosen



Paul Powell



Ernest Lubitsch



Alice Brady

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.  
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President  
NEW YORK CITY

# Your skin can be improved by one of these famous treatments

*Skins differ widely— are you using the right  
treatment for your special type of skin?*

**N**O matter what the condition of your skin—you can improve it by using the right Woodbury treatment for its needs.

Skins differ widely—and the treatment that is right for one type of skin may fail to benefit another. If your skin is pale and sallow it needs a different treatment from a skin that is supersensitive.

**Y**OU will find the right treatment for each dif-

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

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin your treatment tonight. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.



*IF your skin is sensitive and easily irritated, give it the special care described on page 6 of the booklet of special treatments wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.*

*Send today for a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations*

**F**OR 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap  
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream

A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream  
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder

*The treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"*

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 507 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 507 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.



*IF your skin is inclined to be too oily, use the special Woodbury treatment given on page 5 of the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."*



*IF your skin is of the pale, sallow type it needs the treatment given on page 6 of the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.*

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Donald Biddle Keyes

**T**HE spirit of sunny Spain, immortalized by Zuloaga and others, was always in the eyes of Lila Lee. Now she has been given an opportunity to express that restless romance and picturesque appeal, for she plays a senorita in her newest film



Abbe

**T**O A YOUNG MAN, who, at twenty-five, is one of the most famous of modern comedians; who is today working as hard as he did before success claimed him, if not harder—to that modest actor, Harold Lloyd, we doff our new chapeau





Strauss-Peyton

**B**EAUTY has been given many women. Fortunes and favors have ever been lavished upon lovely ladies. But Rubye de Remer is exceptional because she possesses, as well as pulchritude, a splendid sense of humor. That's why we like her



Freulich

**S**INCE the days when she was among the atmosphere at Biograph, Priscilla Dean has progressed. She has acquired: first, an accomplished technique; second, a stellar contract; and third—most important of all to Priscilla—a husband, Wheeler Oakman



Strauss-Peyton

**I**T WOULD take John McCormack to sing his praises to verses by Moore. So we will refrain from fulsome flattery of a favorite who holds his own in film after film, and who, when the whole world applauds him, just grins. Tommy Meighan





Maurice Goldberg

**G**LORIA SWANSON is hardly the brilliant butterfly of eccentric sartorial tastes that she seems on the silversheet. The honest-to-goodness Gloria's chief interests in life are the first teeth and steps of her tiny daughter. Paradoxical, isn't it?



Clarence Bull

**H**ELEN FERGUSON'S *bete noir* (Gallic for bugaboo) was her nose. But when, simply on the strength of that feature, added to her acting talents, she was given the lead in Goldwyn's "Hungry Hearts," she was completely reconciled

## Eight Colors in the same sheer Voile Blouse ~

Salmon pink (fabric color),  
light and dark green, light and dark blue,  
orange yellow and brown—

washed 26 Times  
without fading ~



From an actual photograph.  
Blouse now on file, with owner's statement, in the Procter & Gamble offices.

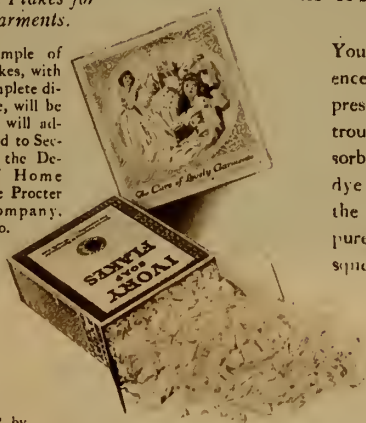
How she washed this embroidered  
blouse (from her letter:)

"I placed it in salt water for about an hour  
before the first washing to set the colors.

"I put a teaspoonful of Ivory Soap Flakes in  
a wash bowl and poured hot water on them,  
whipping up a stiff lather and adding  
enough cold water until I had a half bowl-  
ful of lukewarm suds. I then immersed  
the blouse, shaking it up and down in the  
thick suds for a few minutes. No rubbing  
was necessary. After rinsing in clear  
water and squeezing out with my hands as  
much water as possible, I wrapped the  
blouse in a dry cloth for a short time, then  
ironed it while it was still damp.

FREE—Enough Flakes for  
several delicate garments.

A generous sample of  
Ivory Soap Flakes, with  
a booklet of complete di-  
rections for use, will be  
sent free if you will ad-  
dress a post card to Sec-  
tion 45-GF of the De-  
partment of Home  
Economics, The Procter  
& Gamble Company,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.



**WE WISH** you could see  
the fresh tints in this  
embroidered blouse!

When the young owner offer-  
ed it as an exhibit, it had been  
washed *twenty-six times* with  
Ivory Soap Flakes. Except for  
a slight sun-fading around the  
shoulders, every color is still  
as fresh as when new.

You know from your own experi-  
ence that of all difficult colors to  
preserve, *cotton colors* give most  
trouble. Cotton fabrics do not ab-  
sorb dyes like silk and wool—the  
dye simply *clings* to the *outside* of  
the cotton fibres. Anything but the  
purest, mildest soap suds, gently  
squeezed through the threads, would

have rubbed away, or bleached, the  
dye of this cotton blouse, and faded  
its silk embroidery.

You have probably always  
known that Ivory Soap harms  
nothing that water alone will  
not harm—even a baby's deli-  
cate skin.

Ivory Flakes is simply Ivory  
Soap in the form of convenient  
thin flakes. It melts the in-  
stant it comes into contact  
with hot water. It foams into  
fluffy Ivory suds for quick,  
harmless washing of silks,  
woolens, laces and all other fab-  
rics that require utmost care.

# IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty garments last longer





# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXII

July, 1922

No. 2

## THE LAST FRONTIER

**A**RT is always seeking frontiers. The conflict of man and the elements, or man and man upon the edge, is a perpetual inspiration for canvas and novel. To the screen it is the very breath of life.

The last frontier! What memories, what morning lights are in those words! For the frontier is the cradle of every race, and the history of any people is only the endeavor of descendants to live up to the promise of the pioneers.

Nations, like men, have ardent youth, and the stress of middle life, the disappointments of old age . . . death, with so much dreamed of, so little done. When a country finds a new frontier it renews its youth; when it knows that it has found its last frontier, it knows that it is old.

In a few years the screen ran the whole scale of borderland adventure. It mopped up the clashes of every hinterland from Texas to Thibet. It paled its vast gallery of the wild west with the wilder east.

And then it made a discovery: that the frontier of life—like the Spirit of God—is within us.

Now it is showing the world that there are greater hunts than the hunt of the bison, that there are Columbuses on every sea, that the light which beats on the banners of progress is more glorious than those beams of long ago upon the militant banners of Spain.

Youth upon a pavement has more potential thrill than piracy on a chartless sea. In truth it was only the spirit of youth which lent lure to any of these grand old adventures.

And the screen, which is the very mirror of youth, has disclosed that romances do not die, but actually multiply from age to age.

Frontiers do not pass, they only change.

Mystery, conflict, love and achievement—these were the frontier magic of old, and they are very real enchantment today.

Wherever youth lingers on earth they are with us. And until youth shall have quite departed this grim but grand old world—

There is no last frontier!

Betty Blythe, her Sheban majesty, was on her way to New York. William McAdoo and his party were on the same train. Their presence impressed the regal Betty. When she got off at a station for a little stroll she noted they were observing her. Her bearing accordingly took on an added stateliness. With regal



## Never told tales about

**A**N interviewer is in much the same class as a lion tamer. He's a hero who never gets any credit. Spectators will be interested, even thrilled, when the lion tamer puts his head in the lion's mouth, but after it's all over they will declare the whole thing was a fake. The animal was probably a doped and toothless old soul.

After reading an interview, over which I have writhed as conscientiously as George Washington over the cherry tree he wronged, some one invariably wants to know what I *really* thought of the person interviewed.

I've found it's no use to say that I thought exactly what I wrote; so now I merely smile enigmatically, like the Lothario who could, if he would, ruin the reputation of a lady, but won't because he's such an honorable gent.

Then there are those who consider the interviewer as a sort of literary Anatol whose life is just one fall after another. If you seem to praise a lovely lady these worldly-wise swains, or possibly damsels, slyly ask how long you've had a crush on her and whether or not she reciprocates the passion.

All in all, the interviewer's position is just about as tempting as that of the colored gentleman who puts his head through the canvas as a target for baseballs. Everybody takes a crack at him. If he depicts a star unfavorably he is accused of having a personal grudge and may be threatened with a libel suit. If he finds the star charming and amiable he is hypnotized, bribed or afraid to tell the truth. In any case he's a gol-darned liar.

My best friends—those who have remained loyal despite the

nature of my trafficking—are always hoping for my regeneration.

"It's too bad you have to write such bunk," they condole sympathetically. "If you could only say what you think about stars, but of course you can't. Why don't you try fiction?"

I certainly envy the license of the fiction writer. He can paint characters as he pleases. He may say that his heroine is as pure and virginal as the snow and she is accepted as such. But just let an interviewer describe a movie actress as pure and virginal and the whole world hoots. Or the storyteller may choose to depict a lady devoid of intelligence, and it's perfectly all right. Let the interviewer call a star a dumb-bell and he has the choice of black bread and Russia or sod and daisies. Inasmuch as I am going to Russia anyhow I shall exhume certain passages from my note-book which were deemed impolitic by editorial persons who had my welfare at heart. I shall be just as independent as—as F. Scott Fitzgerald.

**C**ONSIDER the intriguing title of Mr. Fitzgerald's latest novel,—*"The Beautiful and Damned."* Can you imagine what would happen to an interviewer who used a heading like that over an interview with some sweet star? I can. I also have the imagination to realize what would follow if I used Mr. Fitzgerald's descriptive passage—

"She was waiting on the dark veranda in a cheap white dress. . . ."

A libel suit with the white dress displayed in court.



tread, her head very high and her eyes straight ahead, she neared the group who were evidently properly impressed. Just as she passed the former secretary of the treasury, her toe struck something hard and, with wide majestic sweep, she sprawled full-length over a milk-can. Mr. McAdoo assisted her majesty to arise



# Stars

Some unpublished impressions from the notebook of  
the hero of a hundred interviews

And suppose the interviewer said he was greeted thus—  
“Oh, she whispered softly, ‘I’ve wanted you so, honey. All the day!’”

And as the interviewer takes his hat to go—  
“Say you love me,” she would whisper.”

IT sounds logical enough, for most stars want to be interviewed and they want the interviewer to love them sufficiently to write nice laudatory stories, but whatever feelings the interviewer may suspect they entertain he must be restrained in his writing. Besides, so far as my experiences go, I have never been able to reproduce romantic quotations. The closest I ever came to such informality was when I interviewed Mabel Normand. . . .

## A Kiss and Some Promises

The appointment for an interview was made for an afternoon. Mabel declared she would be delighted to have “a good talk.” Now it is a well-known fact that Mabel Normand of all stars cares the least about publicity. She is renowned for her ability to elude personal appearances, photographers, interviewers and all that pertains to publicity. Yet such is the vanity of man that he always makes an exception of himself. Besides, Mabel had seemed so enthusiastically gracious.

I arrived at Mabel’s home at the hour designated. Mabel had gone to the studio. I went to the studio. Mabel had gone home. I went to her home. Mabel had not returned. I

phoned the next day. I phoned regularly every day for a week.

Mabel was always out. I seriously considered sending her a phonograph record of “Home, Sweet Home.” Finally I caught her on the wire. Before I had a chance to demand an explanation, she cried—

“Why, where have you been? I’ve been trying and trying to get you—phoning and phoning—when are you coming to see me?”

QUITE overcome by this *coup d’etat*, I murmured weakly, “Any time.”

“Tomorrow morning—can you make it early?” she cried eagerly.

I acquiesced with the feeling that Mabel would pace the floor, sleepless, until I had arrived.

The next morning, after I had shaved with abnormal care, Mabel’s secretary phoned to say that Mabel had been called away on urgent matters. Would I make the appointment for the studio the following day at eleven?

I was at the studio at eleven. I waited—and waited. For two hours I waited. All the while I plotted what I would say as I stalked out, leaving her an un-interviewed and stricken woman.

Finally I espied her through the window. She was humming to herself as she leisurely strolled past the door of the publicity office in the direction of her dressing room. The publicity man, in high confusion, rushed out to tell her that



Louise Glauam gazed with dreamy detached air into space. We were lunching together. "Do you know what I would like to have more than anything else in the world?" she said. The waiter leaned forward with pencil poised. "I would like," she murmured, "a baby"

I was waiting. She looked surprised, as though the visit were totally unexpected. Then she turned and entered the room. At the threshold she paused, regarding me silently with a wide-eyed innocence. Without taking her eyes off my glowering countenance she moved solemnly toward me, then stopped short—

"KISS me!" she commanded.

As I showed signs of rallying, she swiftly changed the order to—

"Let's have some pie and coca-cola—I'm hungry, aren't you?"

### Louise Glauam's Order

Speaking of orders, I am reminded of an episode in an interviewing hour with Louise Glauam.

Miss Glauam is also a disarming siren. She affects none of the manners of the screen vampire. Her dress is simple, her eyes ingenuous, her voice low-pitched, gentle and huskily mellow.

We were chatting in the gold and black room of the Hotel Claridge when the waiter arrived to take the luncheon order.

Miss Glauam was gazing with dreamy, detached air into space. "Do you know what I would like to have more than anything else in the world?" she said.

The waiter leaned forward with pencil poised.

"I would like," she murmured dreamily, "—a baby."

I've often wondered where that waiter went.

### A Queen's Faux Pas

Even a queen may make a faux pas.

Betty Blythe, her Sheban majesty, was telling me of her trip to New York.

William McAdoo and his party were on the train. Their presence greatly impressed the regal Miss Blythe. When she got off at a station for a little stroll she noted that they were observing her. Her bearing accordingly took on an added

stateliness. With regal tread, her head very high and her eyes straight ahead, she neared the group. Just as she passed the former secretary of the treasury, her toe struck something hard and, with wide majestic sweep, she sprawled full-length over a milk can.

Mr. McAdoo, I believe, assisted her majesty to arise.

Miss Blythe said it reminded her of the time when at school a teacher asked her to pick up a piece of paper and throw it in the waste basket. As she reached for the paper she stepped on her hand!

### A Stellar Angel

Interviewers are often accused of making stars appear too virtuous. Some say that we praise them with a fulsome praise. As I've remarked, a fiction writer may call his heroine an angel, but an interviewer can't call a star an angel even when she, herself, admits she's one.

I was in the presence of Mary Miles Minter for five minutes one day on a Lasky stage. During that brief space of time she told me, quite voluntarily,

that she never smoked, never took a drink in her life—although people had often offered her one—that she really didn't know any motion picture people, that . . . Would I like to take tea with her in her dressing room?

I declined in favor of celebrating the sacred hour in Wally Reid's dressing room. Anyhow, I was afraid to wring any further confessions out of Mary. I didn't want to be disillusioned by discovering that she took her tea straight.

### The Saloon Nazimova Frequented

When I interviewed Nazimova some years ago she sent word by her publicity man that she wanted to see my story before it was published. I refused. The press agent pleaded. At length I consented with the warning that not one word would be changed. Madame had been very frank and I had reproduced her conversation in detail, including the fact that she once played in a theater of New York's Bowery. I had visions of my manuscript returning a scarred, blue-penciled wreck. To my surprise Madame made only one comment.

"I guess you have told just about everything," said she laconically. "Except you might say that when I played in that Bowery theater I had to enter and leave the stage door through a saloon."

Why shouldn't we call her "The Incomparable"?

The writer of this article left for Russia before the Magazine was published. He said he wasn't afraid of the Bolsheviki. When you read his article you may understand why.



For one charming hour Corinne Griffith insisted she wasn't married. As I loitered, loath to leave, I noted on a rack a coat, derby and other vestments unmistakably male. "Of course," I said, "you're not married, but don't you think it would be better if you were?"

## Alice Terry Abdicates

I met Alice Terry while she was working in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." The meeting was quite casual, without any interviewing intent. With a member of the publicity department I was sitting at a table in the Metro lunch room when Miss Terry came in. The press agent performed the rites of introduction and then asked Miss Terry to join us.

She wore a solemn expression.

"Watermelon," she murmured lugubriously, as the waiter came to take her order.

"Is that all you want to eat?" inquired the publicity man.

"All I want to eat," she repeated gloomily. "That's all I can eat."

"Afraid you will get fat?" persisted the publicity person.

Miss Terry nodded.

"They are, I'm not," she gazed sadly out of the window and then, as if her fate were too hard to endure in silence longer, she turned tragic eyes upon us.

"THERE'S a man outside from some paper that wants me to give him seventy-five dollars for publishing my picture. Can you beat it—seventy-five dollars! I don't want my picture published."

"But it is good publicity," intervened the press agent soothingly.

"Why do I want publicity? Seventy-five dollars—"

"But it all helps. This picture will make a star of you."

"I don't want to be a star. I am going back to the department store when this picture is finished. Why did they want me anyhow?" she wailed. "There was nothing right about me. First my name was all wrong. They changed that. Then my hair was the wrong color. Had to change that. Now they expect me to dance like Irene Castle. And speak French—why do I have to speak French when the subtitles are in English? Change my name, change my hair, act like Bernhardt, dance like Pavlova, speak French like—" she viciously forked a piece of watermelon—"work night and day,—oh, I'm going back to the cutting room where life was easy."

"But think of your future," pleaded the publicity man, with great earnestness.

"I don't live in the future," wailed the lovely Alice.

"Pardon me, Miss Terry," intervened the waiter.

"Yes?"

"There's a gentleman waiting outside who wants to see you on important business."

"He's still—out there?" she paused, with fork suspended.

"Yes. He says for you not to hurry. He'll wait until you come out."

She put her fork down, her melon half-finished, and wearily arose from the table.

"Picture in the paper—seventy-five dollars—speak French—dance—work all night—weep—be a star!" she muttered, as she moved toward the door. "I'm going back to the department store where people like you for what you are."



But she didn't. She found a better way of solving her tragic dilemma. She married her director.

## Mrs. Webster Campbell

For one charming hour Corinne Griffith did nothing but force chocolates upon me and insist that she wasn't married.

"Really, I'm not married," she drawled in languid liquid tones.

All around her flowed a perfume of devilish suggestion, well-named *styx*.

"Please believe me when I say I'm not married," she murmured.

I LOOKED into dazzling eyes of oblong shape, grey with topaz lights.

She smiled—a crimson and pearl temptation—unmarried.

"I do believe you," I murmured with feeling.

For reward I got a—chocolate drop. Could any man think evil with his mouth full of chocolate cream?

I arose to go. She accompanied me to the hall. As I loitered, loath to leave, I suddenly noted on a rack—a coat, derby and other vestments unmistakably male.

"Of course," I said, "you're not married, but don't you think it would be better if you were?"

## The Ideal Woman

A sepulchral voice addressed me over the telephone.

"Would you like to interview the late Margaret Armstrong?" it intoned.

"Whose little medium are you?" I demanded.

I felt that I was in no spiritual state for converse with the shades. But when I learned that (*Concluded on page 114*)



### A SONNET IMPRESSION OF COLLEEN MOORE

Spring sunlight on a bed of daffodils,  
Arbutus, hiding in a shady spot,  
The haze-hung mystery of far-off hills,  
The wide-eyed blue of the forget-me-not.  
An Irish song, half-wistful, half-enticing,  
A song that many weary souls have sung—  
A wee child's birthday cake, with colored icing. . .  
Eve's laughter—when the world was very young.

The shyness of an antelope that grazes,  
Beside the crystal magic of a brook;  
A mind that dares to penetrate, that gazes  
Down vistas where some mortals dare not look.  
The fine, elusive fragrance of old lace,  
Held close beside a pansy's roguish face.

*Margaret Sangster*





*Just as he is about to sail for the South Seas, a new picture is scheduled—and Bert has to get back to work! His Intrepid keeps him busy—he's captain and crew. By the way, Lytell is coming back to the screen as the romantic hero of "To Have and To Hold," with Betty Compson. It will be his best role for months, and he intends to make the most of it. Incidentally, the stage may claim him again soon. His voice is getting rusty in the studios*



After a series of indifferent pictures, Bert is to have a chance to do some real acting again

## Lytell: Chapter Two

**T**HE play was "The Lights o' London."

It was the big bridge scene.

The heroine was about to begin her deathless line, "My God, I can stand this life no longer!" and make her leap into the river. Over the rail of the bridge, into the river.

The audience waited breathlessly. The heroine heaved, "My God," etc. She made ready to jump. The stage water rippled mechanically on. She jumped—and, with a dull and thickening thud, landed on the other side of the bridge, on the hard, bare floor of the stage.

Bump, went the heroine.

Splash, went the salt which the props threw into the air to serve as spray.

The audience went into uproars.

It was the hardest river a heroine ever encountered.

There were to have been two mattresses, somewhat to soften her suicide. Instead, there were none.

Five minutes later, a very small boy was receiving corporal

*By Sydney Valentine*

chastisement in his mother's dressing room.

He thought it was pretty funny, stealing on the stage when no one was looking and

sneaking the mattresses away.

So did everybody but his father, his mother, the stage manager, the house manager, and the heroine.

The very small boy was Bert Lytell. The earlier stages of his career are curiously identified with "The Lights o' London." His father was one of the most esteemed theatrical managers of his day. His mother was the leading woman of the company. Bert was born in a dressing room and cradled in a wardrobe trunk.

**H**IS initial appearance was extremely accidental. He was four years old, and a bit bored. Especially when a performance was in progress, for all his family and friends were on the stage. He would wander around back stage, watching the action and listening to the lines. But Bert saw "The Lights o' London" once too often. He was sick and tired of it.

One afternoon he was playing with his toys in the wings. He had a little ship, his particular pet. The billows of the "river," manipulated by the boys' back-stage, caught his eye. "What a fine, fine ocean!" soliloquized Bert. "My God!" the heroine was about to begin, when little Lytell, his toy ship in his chubby fist, walked calmly upon the scene, on the audience's side of the bridge, treading the waves with amazing ease, his small head bobbing serenely above them, in full view of the delighted spectators.

WHEN he was told, gently but firmly, for he was only four, that he couldn't play that game any more, Bert wept and vowed then and there to leave the stage forever.

His parents agreed with him. Actors themselves, they naturally wanted their son to be a lawyer. He had, they argued, the voice for the bar. Bert admitted it later. However, he was not allowed on the stage in any capacity. He had many offers to play important parts—one manager even tried to persuade him to put on a curly wig and velvet knickers and play "Little Lord Fauntleroy;" but his mother refused; flatly. It is not recorded that young Mr. Lytell raised any serious objections to his parents' decision until he was seven. Then—but let him tell it.

"Financial embarrassment overtook me. The boys in the neighborhood were organizing a circus. In order to become a stockholder and share in the profits, also to be able to play with the three-legged dog and the one-eyed cat, which constituted the freaks, one had to invest thirty cents in cash and two cents a day for food for the menagerie. My allowance at that time was five cents a day. I wanted money; I had to have it.

"It occurred to me that all the folks I knew made money by acting. So I went around, without my mother's knowledge, of course, to the stage manager of the company and said I wanted a job. I got it. That same night I walked on the stage officially for the first time. The play was Jules Verne's 'Michael Strogoff.' I didn't have a line to speak, but I took all the applause upon myself and bowed acknowledgment. My parents forgave me in time, and that same year I had another offer to play 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and this time I accepted. Haven't stopped acting since!"

Lytell's five years on the screen may have dimmed somewhat the memory of his stage career. He was a star on Broadway before pictures claimed him, having served a long apprenticeship as a member of his father's stock company.

He was a "good trouper." His grand-dad was J. K. Mortimer, whom your grand-dads may recall as an actor in Augustin Daly's famous stock company.

Lytell served in almost every capacity in his parents' company. He has been call boy, usher, scene-shifter, and actor.

Once the Lytell company was stranded in a small town.

"Gayest Manhattan" had failed to liven up the community to the extent of filling the box office. The company was broke, the sheriff at its heels. The actors were clustered about with their baggage on the empty stage. Lytell, Sr., was wondering what to do about it when he walked the sheriff.

Bert's father then did the best acting of his life. He described to the sheriff, in glowing terms, the wonderful actors, the fine play, the unexcelled scenery which accompanied "Gayest Manhattan." All, he averred, that the show needed to make it a world beater was—additional backing. Just a little capital. Just enough to let the world in on the secret that here, here was the play of the period, the hit of the age. The sheriff listened. Lytell talked on.

When "Gayest Manhattan" left town, the sheriff went with it, as co-manager. He traveled with the show, having invested his earnings in it.

Bert Lytell is just as good a talker as his father was. He'd have made a fine minister, a convincing orator.

How did he become a permanent personage of the shadow stage? It happened like this.

He had been starring in three plays in succession. Each play ran two weeks.

The last of these, "Mary's Ankle," came to a premature close in New York. Bert was sitting in a corner of the library at the Lambs Club when David Warfield came up to him.

"YOU are a very fortunate young man," said the great actor. "You have just starred in three plays on Broadway."

"Yes—with six weeks' salary," said Bert gloomily.

Just then a man rushed over to them.

"You're it!" he cried, pointing to Bert. "You're The Wolf!"

"What?"

"You're The Lone Wolf—you've got to do it—movies—I've been looking for you for weeks—come along!"

It was Herbert Brenon. He introduced Lytell to the films in "The Lone Wolf," one of the most popular pictures of its time. Metro signed Bert as a star soon after.

He made some mighty good pictures, such as "The Right of Way." He had many poor stories, but his acting has lifted most of

them out of the mediocre class. That's a distinction well worth having.

AFTER long personal appearance tour, Lytell signed a contract with Paramount to co-star with Betty Compson, in "To Have and To Hold," under the distinguished direction of George Fitzmaurice. It's a good part, and should give him the acting opportunity he has been looking for; should lift him from the valley of program pictures to the mountain of important photoplays.

He'll go back to the stage some day. He would probably welcome a chance to use that voice again. It gets rusty in the studios.

## A Song of Hate

By Dick Dorgan



As the men see him



As the women see him

I hate Valentino! All men hate Valentino. I hate his oriental optics; I hate his classic nose; I hate his Roman face; I hate his smile; I hate his glistening teeth; I hate his patent leather hair; I hate his Svengali glare; I hate him because he dances too well; I hate him because he's a slicker; I hate him because he's the great lover of the screen; I hate him because he's an embezzler of hearts; I hate him because he's too apt in the art of osculation; I hate him because he's leading man for Gloria Swanson; I hate him because he's too good looking.

Ever since he came galloping in with the "Four Horsemen" he has been the cause of more home cooked battle royals than they can print in the papers. The women are all dizzy over him. The men have formed a secret order (of which I am running for president and chief executioner as you may notice) to loathe, hate and despise him for obvious reasons.

What! Me jealous?—Oh, no—I just Hate Him.



# Eight years old

and in the phone book

By *Ada Patterson*



*As the little lame girl in "Humoresque", Miriam's first important part on the screen.*



*She was the youngest member of the cast in "Smitin' Through", with Norma Talmadge*



**A** LITTLE, dark brilliant will become a star. A baby atom will develop into one of the great figures of the silver sheet. Before she sailed for England Elinor Glyn said she had written a play for the greatest of screen actresses.

One name after another, spelled so often in incandescents that even the illiterate have read their letters of light against the black background of the sky, was mentioned to the vibrant author of "Three Weeks." She smiled, lowered her lids, nearly veiling her marine-colored eyes, and listened.

"Gloria Swanson has very great moments. So has Pauline Frederick. Mary Pickford is alone in her supremacy. But the star from whom I expect most is a little velvet-eyed child of eight years. She is the greatest actress of the screen."

Mrs. Glyn says she has observed that Miriam Battista does everything well. She never slumps. Always she is at concert pitch. She is a perfect actress. Inspired by her the author has written a photo-drama which she calls "Miriam." A little girl of the tenements endures many vicissitudes, a life full of sorrow. She witnesses tragedies and suffers heartbreak. She sees her father murdered. She sails back to Italy with his body. "A story possible to Miriam's life is what I have written for her," says Mrs. Glyn.

Before the author sailed she read the play, "Miriam," to Miriam Battista. The child wept and thrilled at the story. When it was finished she slipped her plump brown hand into the famous woman's thin, tapering clasp. "Dear Mrs. Glyn, I shall love to play it," she said.



*She wept real tears as the Chinese child with Lionel Barrymore in "Boomerang Bill"*

The eight-year-old, whom Mrs. Glyn has pronounced the perfect actress, is an odd cross between a dimpled brown baby and a Sphinx-eyed diplomat. She struggles valiantly with the multiplication tables, although inquiry as to how many are seven times three

brought forth the answer, "Eighteen." She says when she is a star she intends to live on Park Avenue and have a million servants and a billion dogs, all Pomeranians. From which it may be deduced that arithmetically she is not strong. But her countryman, Machiavelli, was not more careful to avoid committing himself to a possibly unwise cause than herself.

"Who is the greatest person you ever knew, Miriam?" I asked.

"My father," she snapped back. Miriam's father is a barber who keeps a shop on Forty-second Street, Manhattan.

The little olive-skinned girl with the wide distance of an idealist between her great brown eyes, was born in Forty-third Street, near Ninth Avenue, and

went on the stage when she was three years old. It was in "A Kiss for Cinderella," starring Maude Adams. Miriam was the littlest little girl in the first act. The great actress liked the tiny Italian and gave her advice and a big, stuffed bird. Miriam kept the bird—and followed the advice. It was, "Always be a good girl, Miriam. It pays to be a good girl."

Miriam was in Nazimova's company later. The Russian actress gave her a stuffed monkey. She has always been a favorite with the celebrities in whose companies she has played. Norma Talmadge—with whom (Concluded on page 113)



*He called her an impostor; asked her what she meant by coming in here and taking up his time. A bewildering fact was that when he had lashed her with his cutting tongue into actual sobbing, with tears falling hotly on her cheeks, he abruptly called out—"Camera!"—and the men behind the tripods began their grinding. She felt utterly s'ripped, and held up for a jeering world to see*



NO writer has ever caught the true spirit of the camera world and translated it into words as Mr. Merwin has done in this remarkable story. Hattie Johnson, a factory girl, just budding into womanhood, without beauty, without brains, without aspirations, is caught in the tangled web of fate, and plunged fearfully and without warning into the blinding work and life of the studios. It is the story of more than one girl who today is famous, and—perhaps—happy.

# Hattie of Hollywood

By  
Samuel Merwin

HATTIE JOHNSON turned seventeen in October, and with the turning came the transition out of inconspicuous youth into budding womanhood. She who had been thin—even, in the vernacular, skinny—was now, suddenly, noticeably, swelling and rounding into a pleasantly lissome slimness.

The pinched little face, out of which wistful brown eyes had gazed with something of the appeal of an Airedale puppy, filled into an oval, with a new softness about the demure mouth. The hair, that had been the color of unripe corn-silk, straight and wispy, deepened a shade and began to appear in experimental arrangements that indicated a groping toward style. Mrs. Mullane, the forewoman, noted this quick blooming tolerantly. It was a problem familiar enough, here in the mailing room, where at various desks from thirty to sixty girls sat at the rows of desks, folding magazines into addressed brown wrappers and piling



*She would never be dangerously pretty. She was of a drifting, unquestioning sort; unimaginative; colorless. She never laughed*

them with overlapping edges, so that in a single stroke of the paste brush they might be gummed for sealing.

Mrs. Mullane noted also the tendency of the girl to dream, to start nervously and flush with self-consciousness. One afternoon she saw Hattie with Willie Mazzini, the office boy, behind the partition that separated the mailing room from the supply room. They were standing side by side, not speaking a word, holding hands.

But Hattie was a good girl. Her thin little arms moved swiftly all day, every day in the routinized movements that

had been devised for the girls by the efficiency men. She would never be pretty, not, that is, dangerously pretty.

The gift of inner vigor and humor that men call personality would never be

THE MOST REALISTIC  
NOVELETTE OF MOTION PICTURE LIFE  
EVER WRITTEN

hers. Indeed Hattie appeared to have no humor at all, almost no ego. She was of the drifting, unquestioning sort. Unimaginative. Colorless. She never laughed and her mouth, if she didn't watch out, would one day droop at the corners. Mrs. Mullane gathered that she had been held closely and none too happily at home, where she lived with her married sister and her grandmother. But a good girl. A rather quaintly old-fashioned good girl. Somewhat frightened about life. Given to speaking in a thinly respectful husky little voice. Yes, Hattie's personality consisted of little else beside crude, almost pathetic, mannerisms.

The most you could say was that her face was prettily proportioned, and her profile, with the low straight forehead and the little straight nose, was good.

**T**HE printing and bookbinding establishment of Pratt and MacIntire was housed in a square modern building of steel and tile and stone that lowered squarely and boldly and impersonally over the rows of dilapidated red-brick houses and over the ceaselessly roaring elevated road and the freight tracks and lumber yards of old Chelsea Village.

By merely raising her head Hattie could see the municipal piers and the ferryboats of the North River and on Wednesdays and Saturdays great gay liners working out and heading down the bay toward England and France and Italy. Sometimes a gray battleship or a squadron of destroyers steamed by, and she thought with a timid little thrill of the merry sailors swarming there and wondered adventurously if it could be true that they had sweethearts in every port. She knew that they danced on those ships and sometimes kept goats for pets.

One afternoon shortly before five o'clock Lucille Overman came in to see her old friends in the mailing room. Though some of the girls said afterward that she came to show her clothes. She wore a long cape of the sort labeled in the Sunday advertisements "Poiret twill," with a collar of gray fur and a smart little hat. The cape was navy blue, lined with gray crêpe de chine. The dress within it was of blue Canton crêpe embroidered boldly with gold thread; very scanty and short. The stockings were of flesh-colored silk. Hattie had dreamed of such costumes. Though she could hardly wear flesh-colored silk stockings. "It wouldn't be me," she thought wistfully.

Lucille was tall and slender, with blue-black hair and cool gray-blue eyes. She had taken Hattie up in those first heart-breaking days in the mailing room; told her how to get speed in folding the wrappers and talked shrewdly during crowded lunch hours of what she called shop politics. Not unnaturally the forlorn little heart of the beginner had opened at this touch of what she felt to be friendship on Lucille's part.

**L**UCILLE liked to dwell on the mysterious life of the great city, and of herself as a factor in it. She knew all the foremen, and even certain of the office force, and in an expansive hour whispered of automobile rides with Mr. Watkins, the mechanical superintendent, who was known to have a family up in Mount Vernon. She said she really had to confide in someone, and Hattie experienced pride in being that one.

Vicariously the girl lived through Lucille's rather wild doings, listening wide-eyed as to a new series of Arabian Nights entertainments. Lucille and two of the stenographers had a secret arrangement with one of the elevator boys in the

Hanscombe Building by which the boy now and then made them known to prosperous young business men who had good cars. It was the boy's business, she explained, to pick real ones. She'd had enough of pikers. Once, when both the stenographers had other dates, she urged Hattie to make the fourth on an evening ride with two swell men. Hattie, frightened and inarticulate, refused, but had thought much about it since. . . .

Then, after Lucille lost her job, Greba Zorn, the hunchback, burst out about her in a curiously suppressed storm



*Her brain behind the little mask of a face was not a simple matter. How could she explain*

of bitter anger. This was in Childs, one noon, with people crowded close about the white table eating hurriedly and with dishes and trays clattering noisily. Greba said that Lucille had cultivated Hattie only as a foil. She always had to have a simple-minded, plain little girl for a friend, one who wasn't talkative and could be led along. Hattie defended her, of course, hotly. And Greba's voice trembled with passion. It amounted to a quarrel. It hurt deeply.

And now Hattie found herself walking out of the building by Lucille's side, as of old, walking somewhat primly in her ready-made black suit. Her shoes, fortunately, were new; the only new things she owned at the moment. And her spirit clung to them.

"Let's go over town for supper," said Lucille.

"I've got to go home," Hattie mumbled.



"Oh, come along. I haven't seen you for ages. And there's a lot to tell."

"What are you doing now?" asked Hattie, tempted and evading the issue.

"Me? Oh, I supposed you knew. I'm working in the pictures."

Hattie's big eyes glanced up, then down. "Oh!" she breathed, softly. Then, "You don't mean you're an actress?"

"Surest thing you know!" Lucille chuckled. "I've got to be up at the studio at seven-thirty tonight for a test. My

name ever appeared in the advertisements in such huge type.

They put Shakespeare in tiny letters down under it when he made the wonderful picture of "The Tempest" that cost a million dollars.

"Tell you what," Lucille was saying now, "you come on up with me and watch them make the test."

"Oh, I couldn't."

"Call up and tell your folks the truth about it. It's all right. The studio's awfully business-like and nice—just like the shop."

"We haven't got any telephone."

"Oh, come along! You can explain it easy enough. It's not as if you had to risk getting caught in a fib."

"I don't see how I . . ."

But they were walking toward Childs.

**T**HE studio proved to be a dingy structure between garages and loft buildings. Hattie found herself in a hallway where a row of blonde girls sat on a bench and three young men with soft faces and one-button coats stood haughtily.

It seemed possible that all of them might be great stars. Timidly she studied the doll-like faces of the girls on the bench and the clustering masses of yellow curls and pretty hats. And she thought their clothes exquisite. Her little black suit had never seemed so plain. An old man with a smooth-shaven face was leaning patiently against the wall. Probably one of the famous old men of the screen whose faces wrinkled so wonderfully.

Lucille knocked confidently on a board partition. A slide opened and a cross man peered out. A lock clicked, a door swung, and Hattie found herself following through. She could feel a dozen pairs of eyes on her back. Then the door clicked shut behind them, and she had entered, with a high pulse, and with the sensation of warm color flooding her cheeks, into Movieland.

Disappointment followed swiftly, for this was no more than an extension of the outer corridor. There was little light. Along one wall was piled a lot of lumber smelling of dust. But after a second or two she saw that out ahead were very bright lights; and suddenly, wonderfully, came the strains of an orchestra playing a sad melody. Her eyes filled with tears. She caught at Lucille's cape, and stumbled after her up two flights of stairs and into a dressing room with two little wooden chairs in it and a lot of iron hooks for clothes, and smoky walls.

Lucille made herself up, seated before a wall bench and a square mirror that had electric lights in wire cages mounted about the frame. It was fasci-

nating to see her face change, take on a flat yellow tone with curving black brows and beaded lashes and a thinly red mouth.

Hattie was surprised that she didn't wear a rosebud mouth like the great stars, but Lucille explained that as a brunette her only chance lay in vamp roles. And as she rearranged her hair and drew on thin black stockings and called on Hattie to help snap together a satiny black dress that left her shoulders bare and smoothly white and fitted closely about her slim, rather long body she looked very wicked and fascinating, a delightful Theda Bara, an exquisite devil's wanton, a veritable Queen of Sheba.

Hattie could see no reason why Lucille, in this new counterfeited, should not rise to the highest fame, and said as much in some excitement.



*racing. The telling of her amazing story was the horror of that first hour with de Brissac?*

first real part. I've been doing extra work, and bits. But even that isn't so bad. You get seven dollars a day and up, when you work. I'm cultivating one of the assistant directors. Awfully nice fellow. Have to be careful, because his girl is working up there now in the big Armand de Brissac picture. There's the man for you—de Brissac! Temperament? Whew!"

**H**ATTIE'S difficulty was to take all this amazing news at one time into an inelastic brain. The name of Armand de Brissac was to her one of the greatest names in the world. For a long, long time—two or three years—she had seen it displayed in enormous type on the billboards. She knew his picture—keen, glittering eyes, heavy brows, firm mouth, manly chin, and little twisted mustache. A very great man. No





Down the stairs they stumbled again and then out into a roofed-over space as big as an armory, where boxes of canvas on frames and slanting streets and heaps of apparent rubbish proved, at a peep around corners, to be a tenement kitchen or a lacy boudoir in a mansion of the rich or a blacksmith's shop or a hospital room with a dainty white bed and a real baby in it—sucking its two middle fingers. Great directors with tired faces, carrying small megaphones, moved about talking in low voices. Very low voices. Batteries of lights on movable standards flared and quivered and blazed whitely. Upon the top edges of the scenery men in overalls were sitting precariously, aiming down smaller lights like rows of guns.

THE floor was a tangle of cables. Actors in astonishingly contrasted costumes crowded the narrow spaces between the sets—ballet girls, a bishop, gentlemen in evening dress, vampires, Chinese women, a Hindu snake charmer, shining young heroes with permanent waves in their pomaded hair, all rubbing elbows with carpenters and camera men and men carrying furniture and men at movable little desks who rang gongs at unexpected moments. And above all this shuffling of many feet and buzzing drone of many suppressed voices and a more distant planing and hammering, weaving through it as if on a bobbin of golden fancy, ran the thread of that sad melody.

Hattie clutched Lucille's bare arm and asked in a breathless whisper—

"Why do they have the music?"

"Oh, that'll be de Brissac doing a big scene. He spends money like water. Lots of 'm use music to help the actors get into the mood. It's pretty hard to emote, you know, in all this rumpus. But the other directors only have a violin. De Brissac has everything he wants."

De Brissac . . . !

"Want to see him work?" Lucille had the hand now of the speechless Hattie and led her through the crowd and around a number of the sets to the farther end of the vast

*Timidly, she studied the doll-like faces of the girls on the bench. She thought their clothes exquisite. Her little, black suit had never seemed so plain*

room. Here stood a set as large as all the others in one; a palace interior, evidently, in some Oriental land. Immense columns that looked like colored marble supported a partly completed ceiling of carven and gilded beams.

AT the top of a flight of marble steps, on a throne of onyx and gold, reclined a beautiful woman who wore almost no clothing and fondled a little snake and smiled insolently at a bare-legged young man with marcelled hair who wore sandals and a queer knee-length skirt, while two nearly bare slave girls fanned her and other slave girls stood by holding golden goblets and more than a hundred scantily dressed girls and men moved about the tessellated floor below.

On a wooden platform above the crowd three cameras were clicking. The overhead lights blazed mercilessly down. And among the group on the platform, megaphone in hand but very quiet, very sure and masterful, stood . . . surely . . . de Brissac . . . a little thicker about the shoulders than she had supposed, and the twisted-up mustache somewhat lighter in color; but the glossy black hair was his, and that perfect air of command.

Lucille whispered—

"I'll leave you here. Don't go away. My test won't take a great while, and I'll come back for you."

HATTIE heard without hearing. One of her little hands was clutching in sheer nervous excitement at her shirt-waist above the heart, and then nervously fingering the enameled daisy pin that she used for a brooch. Forgetful, now of self, balancing forward on the balls of her feet, unaware of the confusion, and, a brief time later, of the chattering crowd that came trooping off the scene, unaware that a beautiful hero, at her elbow, was embracing in friendly exuberance one of the slave girls . . . her lips parted, her eyes alight with a new magic . . . she watched de Brissac. For he was, she felt, very nearly the greatest man in the world.

The other men on the platform (*Continued on page 78*)





"Robin Hood" is Douglas Fairbanks' latest role. Above, one of the mammoth sets for the picture. Allan Dwan, director, is making himself heard by twelve hundred extras through the medium of the world's largest megaphone; four feet in diameter and ten feet long. Doug is dressed for golf, Dwan for a South African expedition; but they're working hard just the same

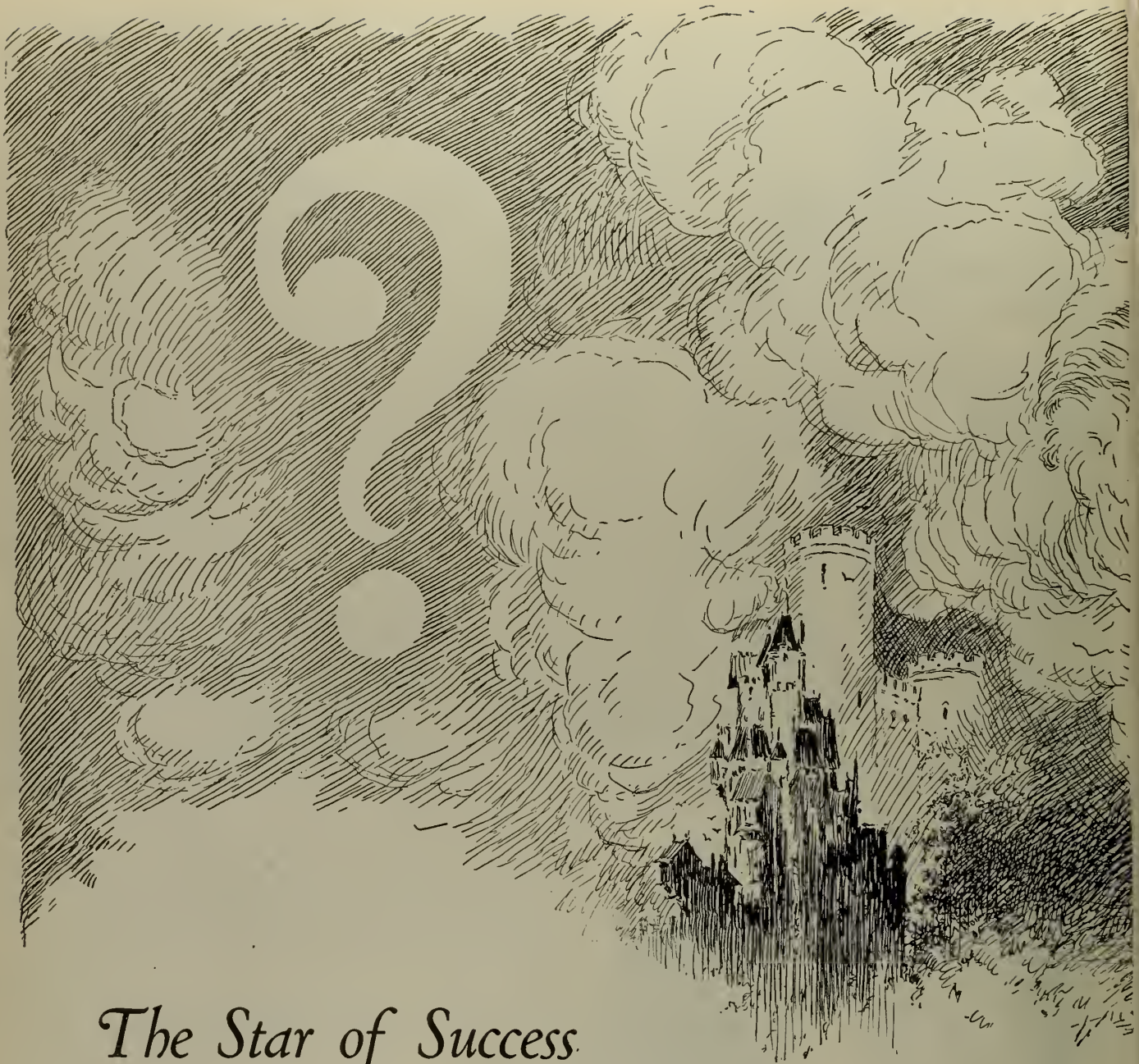


## Doug's New Picture

Doug as a Crusader asking his twentieth-century wife, Mary Pickford, just how to play a tournament scene. Mary is more interested in Mr. Fairbanks' photoplays than in her own. To the right: the first "still" from "Robin Hood," the tournament is about to begin. Incidentally this film is one of the most elaborate and costly ever made. The sets are huge, hundreds of players are employed, and Fairbanks is giving it the most conscientious attention of his entire career







## The Star of Success

By Margaret Sangster

**F**ROM city and from town they come, from east and west and south,  
And hope beats high in every heart, and every winsome mouth  
Is sweet with smiles, and every head lifts in a gallant way;  
From village and from farm they come—for it is beauty's day!

"New faces for the Screen"—it means so much! That roses fair  
No longer shall waste perfume on the thankless desert air.  
The Goldwyn Gate has opened up, and every girl may strive  
To win the contest that will make her dearest dreams alive.

The commonplace is cast aside, brave hopes lie all ahead,  
And romance rides in vivid dress, in gold, and blue and red;  
And, where the sky-line meets the earth, a fairy vision stands,  
With kindness in her eager eyes, and magic in her hands.

Success—it is a silver star, and it is beauty's goal,  
For charm and grace and cleverness and loveliness of soul;  
And as the endless line files by, the fairy vision waits,  
For she it is who holds the star that will decide their fates!









# The Last Call

Who will win the Photoplay-Goldwyn the judges make their final choice. Here for screen opportunity. Remember it



*A wistful, Barrie-esque charm is in the eyes of Mary Cameron, a Hollywood girl. She has something of the ethereal quality which made Mae Marsh famous, with the added inducement of a sense of humor, if one is to judge from that tiny quirk of her lips*



*A merry, clever seventeen-year-old, with the attractive name of Rosheen Glenister. She is still in high-school in Santa Monica, Cal.*



*The face of a potential tragedienne is Elma Orr's. Highly emotional roles would be her forte. Her deep eyes are most expressive*

## TWENTY THOUSAND pictures!

It looks as if all the beauty, the charm, the talent of the western world were assembled in PHOTOPLAY'S offices.

Girls from north, south, east and west. Southern beauties; northern belles; western and eastern stars—the loveliest girls in America. Girls from the country—as fascinating as those who hail from the cities. Girls from fashionable boarding schools, and “home girls.” Smart city children, exquisitely groomed. All of unusual charm. Never before in motion picture history has anything attracted such favorable attention as the Photoplay-Goldwyn New Faces Contest. There are so many possibilities for screen careers among the entrants that the judges say there will probably be more than one winner; that besides the lucky girl to be placed under contract, other young ladies will also be given opportunities to become screen actresses at the Goldwyn studios in Culver City, California.

The judges are now selecting the leading ladies. The girls who will be given the camera tests at the Goldwyn exchanges throughout America will be announced in the next, the August, issue of this Magazine. Within two weeks of the time you are reading this, the girls will have been appointed and the tests made in any one of the following cities where the exchanges are located:

*Capable of portraying intense, dramatic roles; the interesting, picturesque woman rather than the ingenue—June St. Dennis. Her home is in Kansas City, Mo. A face full of character, yet tinged with dream. And an elusive eyebrow which prophesies whimsicality.*

## Conditions of the

THE Goldwyn-Photoplay New Faces Contest is open to all women of the United States or Canada, over seventeen years of age, who are not professional actresses. This does not exclude members of amateur dramatic organizations. Men are not eligible.

The first choice of the judges in this contest—Samuel Goldwyn, of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—shall receive a year's contract to appear in Goldwyn pictures. During the period of the contract the winner shall receive a salary equal to that being paid competent actresses playing in pictures at that time. The Goldwyn Company agrees to pay for the transportation of the winner and her mother, relative, or chaperone, to and from





# for New Faces

Contest? Only two weeks remain before are the latest lovely girls to enter the race isn't too late to send in *your* photograph!



*Barbara Skinore of Manhattan! Plastic; very much alive, isn't she? She's not only charming, but indubitably intelligent*



*Aristocratic Rose De Rosier. She is patrician indeed. Have you noticed that all these girls are much more than merely pretty?*



*Very nearly the ideal American beauty: Philippine Buntin. This Greek goddess comes from Missouri. Her velvety eyes opened in Sugar Creek. She is five feet four in height, and is a graduate of St. Mary's Academy*

Atlanta, Ga.; Boston, Mass.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; Cleveland, O.; Dallas, Tex.; Denver, Colo.; Detroit, Mich.; Kansas City, Mo.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Minneapolis, Minn.; New York, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; San Francisco, Cal.; St. Louis, Mo.; Seattle, Wash.; Washington, D. C.; New Orleans, La.; Omaha, Neb.; Salt Lake City, Utah.

By July fifteenth you will have been notified if you are to have a camera test made. You will journey to the nearest exchange city. You will be photographed by Goldwyn staff cameramen. You must not worry about make-up. Experts will assist you. Be natural. Be yourself. Because if you attempt to deceive the camera, it will retaliate by accentuating your faults!

The response to our call for new faces has been amazing. The standard of beauty has been extraordinarily high. The girls who have answered have been of the highest type in the world. They are American girls of whom America may be proud. Distinction as well as physical beauty; intelligence as well as charm, mark the difference between the entrants in this contest and any other. These young ladies, whose photographs we have published, are representatives of modern womanhood—the far-sighted, thinking women who dream of great artistic accomplishment and have character enough to make their dreams come true, and who still retain their womanly sweetness, modesty, and charm.

We have high hopes for the winners. That they will interest and possibly astound the picture-going public we do not doubt. That they will be adaptable, dramatic, keen, level-headed, we are certain. For almost without exception the young

(Cont'd on page 117)



*Dorothy Muriel Richmond is a southern beauty. A decided brunette of twenty-two, she's a favorite daughter of Hopewell, Virginia. Miss Dorothy Muriel's ambitions are undoubtedly along dramatic lines*

## New Faces Contests

the studios at Culver City, California, and shall have a three years' option on the winner's services.

Other entrants, in addition to the winner, will be considered for use in Goldwyn films. Motion picture tests shall be made of those selected as the best screen possibilities, tests to be made at Goldwyn exchanges, transportation of those chosen to be paid by the company. Photographs of all entrants will be received from February 1st to July 1st, 1922, and shall be addressed to New Faces Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. No photographs will be returned unless sufficient postage is enclosed. The winner will be announced in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY. on the newsstands August 15th.

# Life inside the

A PHOTOPLAY pass permits you to enter the magic land of the cameras at Culver City, California, where you will get a glimpse of the fascinating world of films. Here are a few close-ups to convince you that a studio is more than just a factory where they



Four little Goldwyn girls, doing their daily morning parade from the wardrobe department to the stages. They carry their costumes in their arms—what part of them they are not wearing. You may read from left to right, *Winter Blossom, Helen Ferguson, Colleen Moore, and Jacqueline Logan*

It's a hot day, so *Helene Chadwick* orders "jes' plain sody." This fountain is patronized probably by more celebrities than any other in the world



Goldwyn's is considered the most complete and modern film plant on the coast, and often entertains visiting celebrities. *Rupert Hughes*, the author-director, is escorting the internationally noted sculptress and writer, *Clare Sheridan*, on a tour of the lot



Through this imposing entrance gate to the Goldwyn studios pass every day eager aspirants, established stars, extras, character actors. And soon the winning owner of the *New Face* will join the procession



# Goldwyn Gate

make pictures; that the players are really regular folks. The winner of the New Faces Contest will report for work here every morning. The contestants may consider these pages a "pre-view" of the wonderland which awaits the lucky girl, or girls, for there may be more than one.



*The fortunate young woman who wins the New Faces Contest may find herself installed in this dressing room. Certainly no girl would want a more charming boudoir*



*Jacqueline Logan gives Mr. McIntyre something to think about when she insists that her salary be so much for each finger of her hand. It is McIntyre who selects the players for parts in Goldwyn pictures*



*Every comfort and convenience is provided by Goldwyn for its studio employees. Here, a nurse is rendering first aid in the hospital on the lot to an actor who has met with an accident*



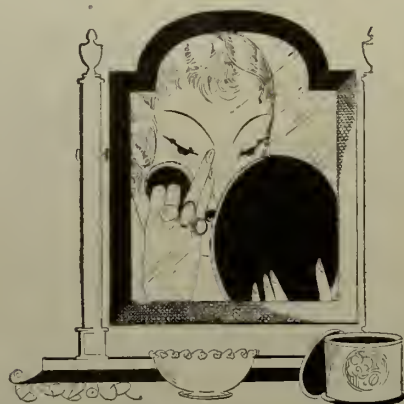
*The Goldwyn studio is such a nice place to work that the players almost hate to go home. Molly Malone and Helene Chadwick have finished, but they want to examine this motorcycle*

# Follow these instructions and you will

Mistress of Make-up: Miss Jacqueline Logan,



First, pin your hair back from your face, and apply a good cold cream. Wipe this off thoroughly before beginning the actual process of make-up



Next, rub in a coating of grease paint. You can buy grease paint at any good drug store. Numbers 1 and 1½ are the best tins



Over the grease paint a smooth covering of powder is patted on

with the powder puff. Be sure to pat it in evenly and well

When making up the eyes, run the brush from the inside to the edge of the lashes, and hold back against the lid for a moment. This curls the lashes



The lips should be rouged in a clean straight line, but not too deeply. Too red lips look black according to the cameras, still or motion





# take a 100% better photograph

one of the prettiest girls in pictures



The picture to the left (above) was taken without make-up. The lower one after make-up had been used

Always moisten the lips just before the picture is taken, as this will give a good high light, which makes almost any mouth much prettier



If you have a double chin, never have your photograph taken until you have used an ordinary dry rouge under the chin, from about two inches below the ear on each side, or where the fullness starts. This red will create a hollow where the double chin has been



Do not rouge the cheeks before having your photograph taken, as it will give a splotchy effect. Cordelia Callahan, Goldwyn character actress, has rouge on her cheeks. Jacqueline Logan has not. Note the difference



*She came to California to play the Spanish vamp in "Blood and Sand." They're calling her the feminine Valentino. Above: the shadows of a toreador's past: Valentino and Naldi in a scene from their picture*



## Madame Manhattan

NITA NALDI

New York's Hollywood representative

*By Mary Winship*

**N**ITA NALDI is a jealous wife's pet nightmare. Anytime wife sits at the window listening for the rattle of a taxicab and hearing instead the rattle of the milkcans, she visualizes hubby as enmeshed in the silken foils of a lady exactly like Nita.

No woman could possibly be comfortable in the same room with the man she loved, and Nita Naldi.

She suggests that she was born under the cross currents of Saturn and Venus and that she certainly should die with a stiletto between her exquisite shoulder blades.

If she ever gazes into a mirror she must realize that she is more like an orchid distilled from the seven deadly sins than an Easter lily.

As a matter of fact, this is apparently another time when looks are somewhat deceiving. She seems to be a perfectly regular, full of fun, worldly-wise New York show girl.

Do you remember that line in Kipling's "Mandalay" about "And the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay"?

That is the way Nita Naldi burst upon me the first day, on a scarlet and gold Spanish set, erected for "Blood and Sand" at the Lasky studio in Hollywood.

For weeks, there had been turmoil and unrest concerning the casting of the lady who vamps Ruddy Valentino in his first starring vehicle. Several actresses had made tests for it. Names had been announced and withdrawn. The picture had been held up. Hollywood's picture colony had been scoured.

Then, Nita Naldi arrived from New York, donned the sequins and shoulder straps necessary for action—and it was all over. It was Naldi's first appearance in Hollywood, and she has had exactly the same effect that throwing a brick into a peaceful pond usually has.

The combination of the thrilling sense-lure of all nations and ages—an exciting, almost ugly, almost beautiful face. Unlike anyone or anything else.

Eyes that are utterly, absurdly: Chinese—black and baffling and violently aslant. A wicked, provocative Spanish mouth. High, ugly, cheek bones like those of a Russian noblewoman, that throw her whole face oddly out of focus. A strong nose with a suggestion of a Roman hook to it. Hair as black and straight and glistening as an Italian lake at midnight. Tiny, arched French feet and slim ankles. The body of a young Greek goddess.

She wore that day—she was not working—a gown of black crepe that fell back from her arms and throat in flashes of insolent, lipstick red. A black hat that made her olive skin almost swarthy. Foreign, strange, hectically fascinating.

But when she spoke—you felt (*Concluded on page 112*)



There in the bay the children play,  
They're having such jolly fun,  
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,  
As soon as my errands are done.

with a "3 B" or smaller lens.  
An 18 by 22 negative recently  
above manner from a cabinet  
Ballinger Booth compare  
all respect  
Lishape

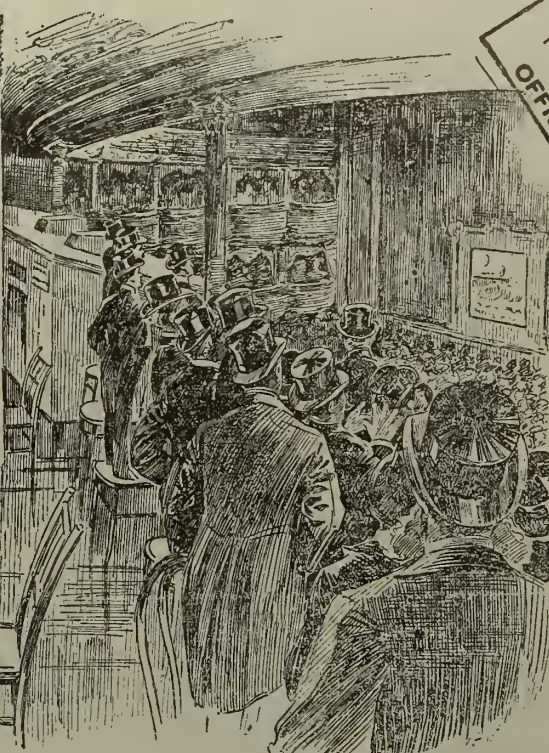
NEW YORK HERALD SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1896. 26-9

Thomas Armat  
"Armat's Pathoscope"

U.S. PATENT  
OFFICE  
FEB 23 1896



THE MECHANISM OF THE VITASCOPE



THE VITASCOPE  
IN THE  
PROMENADE

EDISON'S NEW WONDER, THE VITASCOPE.

SOMETHING NEW TRIUMPH OF

when the electrical current is turned into  
the vitascope, and its wheels carrying the  
film are set in motion, the drawing is also

This is the picture with which the New York Herald illustrated its article of May 3, 1896, about the first showing of motion pictures on a screen at Koster & Bial's music hall

# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

## CHAPTER IV

By Terry Ramsaye

IN the winter of 1894-5 in an obscure laboratory upstate in New York, genius and fate were secretly preparing the beginning of an amazing new thread in the fabric of motion picture romance.

A five-cent toy and a rubber stamp in the hands of a school teacher and a mechanic held hidden the germ of destiny that in years to come was to bring them millions, and that was to set in motion the astonishing sequences that have given the world all there is of art in the motion picture.

In this chapter we shall bring to light for the first time the faded album of remembrance and the remotest beginnings of the institution that rose to fame as "Biograph"—the most illustrious single name in the history of the screen.

Out of this forgotten past we shall bring to view that greatest moment when just one word from Edison could have turned the tide of events and left unborn the dramatic conse-

THIS glowing chapter presents for the first time many of the secrets of the motion picture's most significant early history, with the first published revelation of how the famous "Biograph" came into being, the story of the first time a close-up was made, a swift incisive view of what was happening to the picture abroad, and a revelation of the deceptions and chicanery that have for years obscured the truth about important phases of motion picture invention. It covers some of the most vivid, most important episodes in the colorful annals of the cinema's development.

quences that came to flower in the names of Griffith, Pickford, Sweet, Normand, Neilan, Marsh, Sennett, Ince and all that classic host of screen-made memorabilia.

But yet a while we must consider what was happening elsewhere about the world in more conspicuous direct progression from the peep show beginnings of Edison and his kinetoscope. The fecund year of 1895 was the great era of invention when projection machines sprang up over the world like the wind-blown seeds of the dandelion on a lawn. It might well be called the year of high hopes and tremendous possibilities.

The kinetoscopes and their "living pictures" in a peep show box had gone out to sow the capitals of the United States, Great Britain and Europe with the invitation to put the motion picture on the screen. It had fallen on many eager, fertile soils.

In the preceding chapter we traced the pioneering steps of the Lathams with their eidoloscope, the first machine to





*Fred Ott, a mechanic in Edison's laboratory, the first actor of the films, sneezing in the first film close-up, around which the first embryonic plot was built to pad the picture to fifty feet in length*

project pictures from film, and the first to be commercially offered in the amusement world. Following an ultimately more important line of development, we found Thomas Armat closing the year with the attainment of the machine that is the legitimate ancestor of all the machines whereby we see the motion picture in the theater of today.

Measured in terms of scientific result the inquiry into the labors of the period might be ended there, completed. But human factors, the elements of rivalry, greed, ambition, glamor and hope, make it important to look about elsewhere at well near simultaneous efforts.

From April to August in 1895, inventions of picture projection

machines came fast. Priority became a matter of weeks and days, and when in later years rival claimants came to do battle in the courts and in controversies in the press it narrowed down almost to a matter of hours. Hence it has been with the utmost difficulty and the most tedious attention to contemporary records of corroboration that the facts of this history have been established. As pointing to the condition of motion picture annals and their coloring by the ardent partisanship of contestants for glory, it may be remarked that most of the records of past years are strewn with conscious and unconscious falsehood. An example of vivid significance is afforded among the archives of picture patent litigation in a drawing sworn to have been made in 1890, on a piece of paper manufactured in 1894, as shown by the watermark.

**T**HE most ingenious devices have been used for the purpose of misleading courts and of deceiving committees of award in matters of medals and diplomas. Intricately fabricated evidence of the sort has for years puzzled and often deceived writers on screen subjects, until the whole superficial record is a mass of disputed allegations.

But happily telltale traces always survive as long as fabrications themselves. There is always somewhere a check whereby the claim may be measured alongside the fact. We are here concerned only with demonstrable facts.

While the other inventors were busy working on projection devices, Edison was going ahead in totally different fields of research, apparently content and satisfied that the motion picture was a transient toy and that his kinesiograph peep show was sufficient unto the day. His little "Black Maria" studio at West Orange was in a desultory sort of way making films for the peep shows—the same films that the projection inventors were using in their embryonic experimental machines.

As has been pointed out in a previous chapter, from within the narrow confines of this "Black Maria," first of all motion picture studios, the world for a number of years—from 1889 until well on in 1896—obtained its supply of cinema films.

The motion picture acting of the period, therefore, aside from the five subjects made by the Lathams, previously described, was all staged before the kinesiograph, as Edison called the camera that made the negatives for the kinesiograph films. The actors were from the music halls, the prize ring and the variety theater stages of the day.

**L**OOKING into an old Edison catalogue one finds among the picture players of 1895 some famous names. There was Dolorita, "the passion dancer," they called her, and Annie Oakley, the celebrated trap shooter, whose skill and grace with the shotgun thrilled a decade and a half of audiences at the Wild West shows, Professor Batty with his famous trained bears, Layman, "the man of a thousand faces," and the Englehart Sisters, broadsword performers. All of them appeared in little pictures of from thirty-five to fifty feet in length—less than one two-hundredth part as long as the typical motion picture feature drama of 1922. None of these pictures will ever be seen again. The negatives were utterly worn out in the making of kinesiograph prints.



*Annie Oakley, famous circus star known as "Little Sure Shot," who appeared in the first series of kinesiograph films made at Edison's "Black Maria" studio in West Orange*



*This photograph records the first meeting of all of the members of the K. M. C. D. Syndicate, September 22, 1895, at Canastota, N. Y. Left to right—H. N. Marvin, W. K. L. Dickson, Herman Casler, E. B. Koopman, founders of the world famous American Mutoscope & Biograph Company, later known to the screen world as "Biograph"*



Perhaps the most significant among those primitive early kinetoscope pictures was the subject which portrayed Fred Ott, the Edison mechanic, in the throes of a sneeze. It will be recalled that Mr. Ott was the first person to "monkey-shine" for the motion picture camera, in connection with Edison experimental work some years before.

THE sneeze that Mr. Ott tossed off that day in the "Black Maria" studio becomes a highly interesting piece of the genesis of the modern motion picture. The sneeze was entirely accidental, but the photographic effect was excellent. Interestingly enough it was made very near to the camera, so near that it pictured only Mr. Ott's head and shoulders. This was unquestionably the first close-up—and for a good many years the only one in motion pictures.

But the sneeze alone did not take up enough footage to make a full length kinetoscope subject. It was desirable to pad it a bit and give the sneeze a sufficient length to fill the fifty foot capacity of the kinetoscope spool banks that carried the film. Instantly the scenario was born. The action consisted of having Mr. Ott take a seat at a desk, whereupon a small boy with a pepper-box entered from the rear and shook the sneeze-provoking spice into the air. The picture was then cut and assembled. It consisted of two scenes, the long shot of the desk set and the close-up of the sneeze. Thus came the first germ of plot and story telling to the films. Many years were to pass before further possibilities were to be recognized.

The kinetoscope business was proving something of a wind-fall for Robert W. Paul in London. His little shop at 44 Haddon Garden was busy making replicas of the sample Edison kinetoscope brought to him from the World's Fair at Chicago. Unhampered by patent restrictions in Great Britain

through Edison's neglect of his rights, the London copy of the kinetoscope thrived. And in New York and West Orange it was being noted by Edison interests with mingled pleasure and alarm that a considerable export business in films was growing up.

But more importantly engaged, a night crew was at work in the Paul workshops, laboring over a model of a projection machine, designed and ordered by Birt Acres, who has been previously mentioned. Acres as a photographer and student had a definite idea of a method of putting the kinetoscope pictures on a screen and he went to Paul as a mechanic to convert the drawings into a machine.

Sometime late in April or maybe in early May, a few weeks after Woodville Latham's projection success at 35 Frankfort Street in New York, the Acres-Paul machine was complete. It was late in the night when the little crew in the Haddon Garden workshop tightened the last screw and threaded up the projector with an Edison film. They turned on the machine and a projected picture flashed upon the wall of the darkened shop.

THE whole working crew shouted in exultation. They were beside themselves with excitement.

In the street below a solemn London policeman was making his rounds. He paused and harkened to the outcry. Three o'clock in the morning! The peace and dignity of London was being assaulted. The officer turned in a general alarm.

Shortly a squad of helmeted police broke into the Paul workshop.

"I say, what's all this?"

The workmen quieted down to explain. The policemen, skeptical, remained for a demonstration of the living pictures. Then they cheered, too. Records do not tell what

## The Birth of Biograph

WHEN Henry N. Marvin saw Edison's kinetoscope he thought that a simpler machine could be built to present the peep show pictures and do it better. When he and Herman Casler had built the machine they sought Edison pictures to put in the machine.

"No," was the decision from the Edison plant. Right then and there was the motion picture's biggest moment. Marvin and Casler had to invent a machine to make their own pictures.

Out of that moment came the force that through a long series of dramatic sequences brought to the motion picture and its world the names of Griffith, Pickford, Sweet, Marsh, Gish, Normand, Nielan, Ince, Sennett, and all that glory that was Biograph.



the picture was, but the heavy cheering indicates that it was the famous "Annabelle the Dancer."

Mr. Acres took his machine, and Paul set about building another on his own account. Records show that Acres photographed a boat race early in that year and shortly after the completion of the projector. But it was not until January 14, 1896, that he gave a public exhibition of his "kinetic lantern" for projecting pictures, before the Royal Photographic Society.

**H**IS pictures, like Edison's early films, were taken at the rate of forty exposures a second. His subjects included boxers, a naval review at Kiel, racing at Epsom Downs, serpentine dancing and pictures of waves on the coast—the sort of things that were to be staple standards of the motion picture screen for a whole ten years or more.

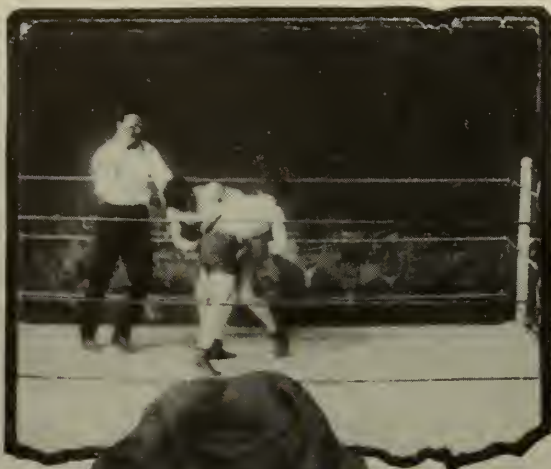
The Paul workshop in the fall of 1895 brought in a name that still survives in the motion picture industry. On his twentieth birthday Cecil Hepworth received as a present from his father a metal turning lathe. Young Mr. Hepworth was an inventive person. He helped his father, who was a scientific lecturer, by tending to the projection of the lantern slides accompanying the lectures. The first thing that Hepworth made on his new lathe was a new type of electric arc lamp, one that could be operated by a handfeed instead of the automatic feed of older types. This enabled the operator of an arc used for projection to continually trim his light and keep the glowing crater of the arc properly centered behind the slides in the projection lantern.

**H**EPWORTH had heard of Paul's new projection machine for "living pictures" and thought that perhaps the arc lamp might be suitable for this purpose. He visited the Paul shop and made a sale.

From that small beginning Hepworth has developed into an important factor in the British film industry of today. He is, so far as the films are concerned, the sole survivor of 1895 in England.

The Hepworth lamp was applied to Paul's new projector for the films, a machine that went to the English market the next year as the "Theatrograph."

Over in France, Louis Lumiere, or rather the brothers A. and L. Lumiere, developed yet another motion picture projection device and at such an early date that they are probably the closest in point of dates to the work of the Lathams in New York. Henry V. Hopwood's work entitled "Living Pictures," written not long



*The first Mutoscope-Biograph subject ever photographed, a boxing match at Canastota, N. Y. (at top)—A reel from the mutoscope machine, showing the arrangement of card pictures (center)—Mutoscope subject No. 77, "The Empire State Express" (below)*



after, says that the Lumieres filed application for patents in France February 13, 1895 and in England April 8, of the same year.

These dates it will be recalled are close upon those of the laboratory successes of the Lathams. The filing of applications for patents and the physical matter of reduction to practice are different matters, however. Louis Ducos du Hauron applied for letters patent on the whole idea of the motion picture back in the 60's, but he never became a real part of motion picture history because he never did anything more than think about it.

**S**O as to the Lumiere brothers, there are two dates of real importance. First, there is a report, rather hazily uncertain, that they showed motion pictures in Marseilles late in April, 1895, and secondly, a well authenticated record of their first official showing July 11, 1895, at the offices of the Revue Generale des Sciences in Paris. This is reported in the British Journal of Photography Supplement dated September 6, 1895. The showing included pictures of a house on fire, street scenes, a dinner party, evolutions of cuirassiers, and a factory.

The Lumiere device was named by them the "cinematographe." The name is worthy of note because it survives in motion picture parlance as *cinema* or *kinema* all over the world, while the device itself disappeared twenty years ago and the name of Lumiere is as unknown to the film industry today as Latham.

Scientifically, there were no more capable early workers in motion pictures than the Lumieres. Only a series of discouraging misfortunes, to be attributed to the bad faith of employes and others prevented them from rising to a permanently important position in the film industry. For three decades the house of Lumiere has been high in photographic attainment, notably in natural color processes.

For the sake of completing the record, note is to be made also of the fact that one Muller, a German inventor, applied for a patent on a projection machine in Germany, in August of 1895. But there is no evidence that his machine developed into anything affecting the course of the art.

To dispose of a frequent source of caviling letters whenever any discussion of film history is published it is now pointed out that the work of Friese Greene, an English experimenter often cited as "the father of motion pictures" did not in fact figure in the development and application of the principles that make the motion picture. He did have a notion of making pictures in sequence, to

*(Continued on page 107)*



# Over the Border

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Fictionized by William Almon Wolff

*Bullets whipped up the snow about her — she grew desperate, dismounted, and returned the fire*

A gripping  
story  
of a man hunt  
by the  
Northwest  
Mounted  
Police



"I KNOW what I know—and when I'm lucky I don't know too much!" Tom Flaherty grinned as he spoke. But he got no answering smile from Jen Galbraith. They might have had the world to their two selves, for all they could see. The snow, glistening white, stretched as far as their eyes could go. Plains and wooded rises alike were covered. The great silence of the northern winter brooded upon the country. In the snow there was no echo as the horses' feet fell; only their voices broke the stillness.

"I wish you were out of the Mounted, Tom!"

The girl's voice was earnest. But he smiled at her.

"Sure and I will be—before the long day," he said. "And still—there's worse jobs than a sergeant's in the Northwest Mounted Police! And I'm thinking I'll be having one of them if my luck turns—and what man's doesn't, soon or late?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just that they've a way of wanting me, sometimes, when

I'm where no duty calls me to be—as Byng would say this minute, could he see me, bad 'cess to him!"

"Corporal Byng? He's your friend, isn't he?"

"Friend, is it? Would I be the friend of the man you smiled at if it were not me, jewel of the world? Friend—when he'd give a finger for my third chevron! And he'll be having it, and leavin' me with just the two he's wearing now if I'm not awake!"

"You mean—he wants your position?"

"Sure—and why not? Who wouldn't rather be a sergeant than a corporal? And it's I that stand in his way. Ah, well—I'm just keeping my eyes open. The force has been good to me—and I'm thinking I've done my part by it, as well. But since I've been a riding to see you whenever the chance was mine—and sometimes when it wasn't—I've wanted what the Mounted never gave a man yet!"

"Ah! Tom—I'll be so glad when you're free—"

"And so shall I, ashore! It's the money I must be thinking of before I can be marrying—"

"Father'll buy you a ranch—lend you the money—"

Sergeant Flaherty grew sober; frowned at the thought.

"'Twill not do. Mind you—it's nothing that I know! But it's much that I can guess!" He described a half circle with one hand; it pointed south. "There's the border—and Montana behind it—and a land where there's prohibition far and near! Who'll be telling when I'll be riding down to round up moonshiners—bootleggers—whisky runners?"

Her face was as white as the snow. And suddenly he laughed, and brought his horse close beside hers, and drew her to him—kissed her, as he held her so.

"Never look so!" he said. "No—we're on opposite sides, I'm guessing, your father and I. 'Twould have an ill look for me to be borrowing from him—and for the matter of that, I'm not so sure he'd lend! He's little liking for me."

She made to speak, but something silenced her.

"Oh, I know!" he said, and laughed again. "Faith, and it's no great crime that I can see, to run a barrel over the

border now and then! But law's law, and while I'm sworn to enforce it I'll even do so—when I *know* of those who break it. 'But what I guess may be my own affair—'

He was looking about him, keenly; something he saw behind them made him turn, and in a moment he dismounted and bent over the tracks her horse had left. He approached the horse, then; lifted one foot.

"Thought so," he said. "A broken shoe, honey. Better see to it."

"I will—I didn't know." She sighed. "Time's up, Tom. I—I wish Father didn't feel as he does about you—but—"

"He'll come around," said Tom. "We'll not be angering him. I'll leave you here—"

"I hate to go—"

But she rode off at last; off toward the tavern her father kept, a hundred yards from the border. She wondered, as she rode, how much Tom knew; wondered a little how much, really, she knew herself. Enough to worry her. They were making whisky all about; of that she was sure. In the barn; in half a dozen places all about. It didn't seem so bad for her father, somehow; it was Val's part in the illicit business that troubled her.

She loved her brother; hated the thought of the risks he was running; disliked even, for all her upbringing, the thought that he broke the law. And when—weren't moonshiners, bootleggers, always caught, sooner or later? The profits must have been great indeed, she knew, since America had gone dry;

and repulsion, yet he had been making his feeling increasingly plain. What might he not do for revenge when he was finally made to understand how she felt toward him?

Suddenly, as she rode, she saw a long way off a little group of men, riding. Her eyes, used to the snow and to great distances, served her as well as a spyglass might have done. Troopers—and riding toward the tavern. They could have no other destination; they could have only one object. What she had feared had come; a raid!

At once she spurred her horse. With a little help from fortune she might elude them; reach home in time to give the warning. But fortune turned against her. She was seen; pursued. She knew a trail that would save her much distance; in the deep snow no one who did not know it could hope to follow it.

But they came on, floundering; came dangerously near. Bullets whipped up the snow about her; she grew desperate; returned the fire. A horse fell; the diversion saved her. Yet horror held her as she raced on. Bad enough to wound a horse; suppose it had been a man? Sheer instinct had made her fire; she was sick with dismay and repentance as she reached the tavern.

Yet she gasped out her warning. She was in time. Old Peter Galbraith and those who worked with him needed little warning to put their house in order. The cache was well named; a secret panel in the barn hid the store room in which the liquor was kept against the nights when it was run across

the border. When the troopers came they broke in upon a scene of peaceful, innocent quiet.

Jen recognized Byng, Tom's rival; saw his flushed, angry face; the malice in his eyes. The way he looked at her was full of meaning; she wondered if he suspected her and Tom?

THE troopers scattered to make their search; plainly they had evidence, of a sort, to go on. Byng himself attacked her father; bullied him, sought to drag a confession from him. He was laughed at for his pains; baffled, drew back, to receive the reports of his men. Nothing!

"I know it's here!" he said, doggedly. "I'll tear the place apart, board by board—but I'll find it—"

"Find what?"

Tom Flaherty stood in the door.

"Hello, Byng!" he said. "What's the excitement? Better let me take charge, now I'm here. Moonshine complaint?"

Byng nodded, sullenly.

"Worse than that, too," he said. "One of them saw us coming—rode ahead to warn them. Got here in time, too—because he fired at us and killed Cameron's horse. That's pretty serious."

Just for a moment Tom's eyes rested on Jen's white face; then he looked away.

"Can you identify the one who fired? Is he here?" he asked.

"Can't be sure," said Byng. "Can't find any evidence, either."

"I'll have a look, myself," said Tom, and went outside.

And, as blind chance would have it, he stumbled upon what all Byng's men had missed. A bit of rubber hose, under the snow; a lead to a drain pipe; a window—and the hose again. He called for another man; a ladder. And two minutes later he had found the still and the accumulated moonshine of Peter Galbraith's gang!

"Hard luck, Mr. Galbraith," he said. He was afraid to look at Jen; the hatred in Val's eyes was bad enough. Yet he had had no choice; Byng's presence alone would have forced his



"You fool!" Her father turned upon her.  
"I drugged him to save Val's life"

enormous prices were paid for whisky it cost next to nothing to make. But were even such profits worth the risks?

There had been much to worry her of late. Pierre troubled her; good natured, jolly Pierre, singing his French songs, making love to her with his eyes, his voice, all his big heart—and with never a hope of winning a heart that was no longer hers to give. And Snow Devil! She hated him; she feared him, too; distrusted him. He was always about, and he was growing more and more insolent in his familiarity. Suppose he knew?

The half-breed was treacherous by nature; of that she was certain. She was equally certain that he had presumed to think of loving her; the thought made her shiver with disgust





hand, even if Inspector Jules, from Headquarters, had not arrived, at the critical moment. He, of course, took charge.

But fate had not dealt Tom Flaherty its worst blow yet. For now one of Byng's men, the one whose horse had been shot, came in, flushed with excitement.

"I trailed the one who killed my horse," he said. "Find who rode a horse with a broken shoe on its off fore foot and you've got him!"

**T**OM hadn't waited for the end of the report. He was outside; but even as he was ripping the shoe from the foot of Jen's horse Byng came up.

"Good!" he cried. "You've got it! Whose horse is that—?" Jen had come out. She was superb in her disdain.

"The horse is mine!" she said. "Sergeant Flaherty knew that already! He needn't have taken so much trouble!"

"Look here, Tom," said Byng, as they rode back to their post, later, "I owe you an apology, old man! I—well, I thought you were sweet on that girl, and—well, it didn't look well, with what we suspected about her father. But you've certainly squared yourself—making the haul of the moonshine and catching the girl as the one who fired at us as well! But, Lord—I'd hate to have anyone look at me as she did at you—when they're as pretty as she is!"

Tom didn't answer; only rode on, in a gloomy silence. He had done his duty.

The Galbraiths were free on bail. Jen brooded. There was a song on Pierre's lips now, always; sooner or later, she supposed, she would give him the answer he wanted. If Tom only hadn't betrayed her! She could have forgiven his discovery of the still and the moonshine; his arrest of her father and her brother. But to use a knowledge gained in a love tryst with her to her undoing—!

She was desperately worried. In a few days they would be tried. And still her father tempted fate; even now he was planning to deliver the greatest of all his cargoes of illicit liquor across the border. Val was off with Pierre, gathering up the moonshine; he had gone against her protest. Her

*As Pierre finished his dying confession, Jen turned to Tom, and without a word slipped into his arms*

father said that there was no need to worry. Once this shipment was safely over they could follow it; laugh at the Mounted

and the bail they could afford to sacrifice. But suppose something went wrong? It had before—and he had been just as sure then that all was safe.

And then, as she sat, listening, she heard some one coming. The next moment she and her father started up as Pierre came in, alone.

"Where's Val?" she asked.

"He was kept behind—he'll be along soon," said Pierre. "He'll want his supper, too—"

"I'll get it," said Jen, and went out.

"Quick—quiet," said Pierre. "Val's shot. There was a row with Snow Devil—he had a locket with Jen's picture—said he was going to marry her. Val fought him—and Snow Devil shot him in the shoulder from the ground. Val killed him. And—my God—we found papers on him—he was a spy for the Mounted! That means—they'll hang Val if he's caught!"

"What's been done?" Peter Galbraith, facing the emergency, was calm.

**I**CUT the telephone wire between the posts—that'll save us some time before they can start the whole force out. The Indians went to tell—they saw it all. Val's at Thompson's place—we've got to send a sleigh to get him across the border tonight. He'll be all right then—"

Peter nodded.

"Hope this storm doesn't get any worse—it's near enough to a blizzard now! By God—what's that?"

Pierre listened.

"Some one coming—hold him off while I send Borden with the sleigh."

Peter flung open the door. It was dark; in the storm a figure loomed white in the light from the door.

"Hello!" said Tom Flaherty. "Glory—hate me all you please, but give me a bite to eat and a chance to rest a bit!"

Peter's mind moved swiftly. He had supposed that Tom had come in search of Val; Tom's (*Continued on page 102*)



*Lew Cody has discovered the public doesn't want to see him as a male home-wrecker, so he is re'turning to the screen as the noblest hero of them all—a Northwest Mounted Policeman. Above: a close-up of a reformed young man*



How just a year of personal appearances made a hero of Lew Cody, once our foremost male vamp

## A Reformed Villain

THEY say it's the longest personal appearance tour ever made by any motion picture star. I suppose I should be proud. It's an endurance test. One year—think of it! Patient audiences have stood for me, applauded for me, entertained me—for twelve months I have been a pampered prodigal son. I came back home—to hundreds of film houses—a reformed villain. I set out to prove that Lew Cody was not the dallying dilettante, the nonchalant heart-breaker, the sophisticated clubman, but just Lew Cody.

First of all, I want to tell all of you that I'm through with male vamping for life. You have wondered how a fellow named Cody could be all they said about me. That false idea was created by an over-zealous press agent. His misrepresentations led people to believe I was everything that he said about me. I could not be and still live.

Men wrote me letters asking me if I could not find anything better to do than divulge their secrets to their wives. Women wrote to condemn me for maligning men.

*By Himself*

I was abused—roundly, absurdly. "Into the valley of death rode the six hundred—" but at least they had company. I had given them realism and they wanted idealism. I paid—and paid.

I discovered that a hero must be as pure as certified milk; the heroine must possess a complete array of all the feminine charms, and the villain must be bad without a single redeeming feature, like a tax collector. A villain, I learned, couldn't possibly be a Good Fellow. He just had to be bad. All bad. With a black heart, and no soul. I learned that the character you depict on that silver sheet is the character that lives with your friends in the audience. You can imagine what happens if you are cast in roles they don't like.

LAYING all joking to one side, agreeing at the same time that it has been said so often that it sounds like bunk, it's true that what all of us crave most is the sympathetic understanding of our audiences. In my tour you were all kind enough to criticize me constructively. (*Concluded on page 113*)



# What was the best picture of 1921?



Actual size  
Solid gold, executed  
by Tiffany

The first Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor,  
awarded to Cosmopolitan Productions for "Humoresque," the best picture of 1920

**T**HE Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor has become an institution.

Every year, beginning with 1921, the Medal is awarded to the producer of the best picture of the preceding year. The first Medal of Honor Contest determined that the best photoplay for the year 1920 was "Humoresque." The Medal was presented to William Randolph Hearst, whose Cosmopolitan Productions was responsible for the masterpicture: a Medal of solid gold, executed by Tiffany and Company, of New York. The new Medal will be exactly like it, except for the name of the winner. And it is up to the readers of PHOTOPLAY to decide who that winner shall be.

The Medal is the first annual commemoration of distinction in making of Motion pictures. Ribbons and palms have been awarded for excellence in the other arts. Until PHOTOPLAY inaugurated its Medal of Honor Contest, the screen producer received no particular recognition for splendid service. Now the public is permitted to honor the maker of the year's finest

photoplay. The people who appreciate great silversheet expressions now have an opportunity to express that appreciation. The two million readers of this Magazine are to be the judges.

It will be awarded to the producer—not to the director, not to the distributor, but to the producer whose vision, faith and organization, made the best Photoplay of 1921 a possibility.

The voting is delayed six months after the close of 1921 so that pictures released at the end of the year may have an opportunity to be seen in all parts of the country.

Undoubtedly there has been progress in picture-making during the past year. There have been fine films—so many of them that the list of fifty suggested best pictures was difficult to compile. You are not confined to this list in your selection. You should choose your favorite picture because of its merits of theme, direction, acting, continuity, setting and photography. These are the ingredients which make masterpieces.

Below you will find the list of fifty pictures, carefully selected and considered. Your choice of the pictures made in 1921 will probably be there. If, however, it is not, you may cast your vote for it, first making sure that it was released during 1921.

Fill out the coupon on this page, and mail it, naming the photoplay which, after honest and careful consideration, you consider the best. These coupons will appear in three successive issues, beginning here. All votes must be received at PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than October 1st, 1922.

The Gold Medal Contest has attracted world-wide attention. It has the enthusiastic endorsement of all the better elements in the film industry. It has helped to put the picture on an artistic basis; to give it its real value as a great and youthful art in the eyes of the world. You are responsible for the financial and artistic success of good pictures. Let's hear your applause! Mail the coupon!

## Suggested list of best photoplays of 1921

- |                                |                                 |                                |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <i>Affairs of Anatol</i>       | <i>Forbidden Fruit</i>          | <i>Old Swimmin' Hole</i>       |
| <i>After the Show</i>          | <i>Forever (Peter Ibbetson)</i> | <i>Orphans of the Storm</i>    |
| <i>Behold My Wife</i>          | <i>Four Horsemen of the</i>     | <i>Outside the Law</i>         |
| <i>Bits of Life</i>            | <i>Apocalypse</i>               | <i>Over the Hill</i>           |
| <i>Black Beauty</i>            | <i>Hail the Woman</i>           | <i>Passion Flower</i>          |
| <i>Bob Hampton of Placer</i>   | <i>Held by the Enemy</i>        | <i>Penalty</i>                 |
| <i>Bunty Pulls the Strings</i> | <i>Heliotrope</i>               | <i>Queen of Sheba</i>          |
| <i>Camille</i>                 | <i>Idle Class</i>               | <i>Sacred and Profane Love</i> |
| <i>Connecticut Yankee in</i>   | <i>I Do</i>                     | <i>Sentimental Tommy</i>       |
| <i>King Arthur's Court</i>     | <i>Journey's End</i>            | <i>Sign on the Door</i>        |
| <i>Conquering Power</i>        | <i>Kid</i>                      | <i>Small Town Idol</i>         |
| <i>Conrad in Quest of His</i>  | <i>Kismet</i>                   | <i>Three Musketeers</i>        |
| <i>Youth</i>                   | <i>Last of the Mohicans</i>     | <i>Tol'able David</i>          |
| <i>Devil</i>                   | <i>Little Lord Fauntleroy</i>   | <i>Through the Back Door</i>   |
| <i>Dinty</i>                   | <i>Lying Lips</i>               | <i>Wedding Bells</i>           |
| <i>Disraeli</i>                | <i>Man, Woman, Marriage</i>     | <i>What Every Woman</i>        |
| <i>Dream Street</i>            | <i>Mark of Zorro</i>            | <i>Knows</i>                   |
| <i>Experience</i>              | <i>Midsummer Madness</i>        | <i>Without Benefit of</i>      |
| <i>Footlights</i>              | <i>Old Nest</i>                 | <i>Clergy</i>                  |
|                                |                                 | <i>Woman God Changed</i>       |

### Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

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

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1921.

NAME OF PICTURE \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_



GRANDMA'S BOY—Pathe

THIS picture is to Harold Lloyd what "The Kid" was to Chaplin—his first five reeler, his first real approach to a seriously dramatic subject and also the high water mark of his career.

In "Grandma's Boy," Lloyd appears as a mild young man, who is actually afraid of his own shadow. So pronounced does his cowardice become, that his little old grandmother decides to adopt drastic means to inject a little pep into his system. She tells him how his grandfather (also played by the energetic Harold, with side whiskers and square spectacles) outwitted the entire Union army during the Civil War. She even gives the boy the charm which had inspired his grandfather to do the trick. Armed with this, he goes out and tears up the community, capturing a dangerous criminal and beating out his formidable rival for the love of a sweet young blonde. (Yes, it is Mildred Davis.)

Words are inadequate to describe the various virtues of "Grandma's Boy." It is genuinely marvellous.

To Assist You in Saving Your

# The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

A review of the new pictures



THE PRISONER OF ZENDA—Metro

ONE of the first of the imaginary kingdom novels. Done into a picture by Rex Ingram, who has managed to capture the spirit and the color of the book and transfer them, almost intact, to the screen. A vivid plot of impersonations and conspiracies; of treachery, love and adventurers—gentleman and otherwise. Lewis S. Stone takes the double part of *Rudolph Rassendyll* and *King Rudolf* with a fine swagger. He presents a figure heroic enough to set any feminine heart a-flutter. Robert Edson is a genuine *Colonel Sapt* and Malcomb McGregor is reminiscent of Valentino before he was a star. Stuart Holmes is one of the villains and Ramon Samanyagos, who does a fine bit of acting as *Rupert of Hentzau*, seems a decided find and an entirely new type. While the beauty of the lady villainess, Barbara La Marr, makes the blonde loveliness of Alice Terry seem almost weak at times.

So much for the cast, which merits almost any amount of praise. As do the exquisite settings and the truth of the atmosphere. One cannot help wondering why, with everything so perfectly in tune, Rex Ingram dimmed the harmony of it all with unnecessary and ugly bits of slapstick. There are butlers who trip over rugs, men who throw over-ripe bananas, servants with flying suspenders. Not many of them—but enough to enter a jazz note that is not welcome. This minor fault does not keep the picture from being splendid. Not another "Four Horsemen," perhaps—but decidedly worth while entertainment. And Rex Ingram has had the courage to venture an unhappy ending because the book read that way!



SHERLOCK HOLMES—John Barrymore Production

YOU should see this if you are a devotee of John the Barrymore. You should see it if you are a devotee of the Conan Doyle detective yarns.

It is one of the most artistic and unusual films ever made. Its settings and photography are amazingly fine. Its cast is one of the few real all-star affairs. Albert Parker, the director, has not been afraid to follow his imaginative impulses, with interesting results.

It's just a chapter from the life of that busy fellow, *Sherlock Holmes*. There is a romance with Carol Dempster as the kissee. *Dr. Watson* is Roland Young. Gustav Seyffertitz, a fine actor, is a splendid *Dr. Moriarity*. Reginald Denny and Hedda Hopper are also present.



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

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

•  
THE GOOD PROVIDER

•  
GRANDMA'S BOY

•  
THE PRIMITIVE LOVER

•  
SHERLOCK HOLMES

•  
THE BACHELOR DADDY



THE PRIMITIVE LOVER—First National

CONSTANCE TALMADGE has been under-rated. She's such a nice kid you can't help liking her; and you think how easy it must be to get up there on the screen and just act natural. "Be yourself, Connie," you can hear her directors counselling. "They like you that way; besides, it saves you the trouble of having to act."

It seems to us that, no matter how cunning and coy Constance is in private life, if such a popular young person has such a thing, she must have to exercise considerable ingenuity to carry her spontaneous fun into the studios with her. She always acts as if she were doing this sort of thing for a lark. That she succeeds in making you think her comedy is unpremeditated, especially in this rather improbable story, is a good wholesome sign that the younger Talmadge is progressing all the time.

If you aren't too old and critical you'll get a good stomach laugh out of this one. You may even thump your neighbor on the back in some of the scenes. Connie is pretty and funny at the same time. Harrison Ford is better than he's ever been; Kenneth Harlan, too.



THE GOOD PROVIDER—Cosmopolitan-Paramount

IF this picture had beaten "Humoresque" to the screen, it would be listed as one of the half dozen masterpieces of the silversheet. As it is, "Humoresque" has almost choked its chances of immortality. The two pictures are directed by Frank Borzage and in them Dore Davidson and Vera Gordon take the leading rôles. This later opus is dedicated to father instead of mother; but it is also a Fannie Hurst story.

It seems to us more sincere than "Humoresque." It is such a plain tale, drawing little upon imagined drama and much upon real life. There is no physical punch to knock you from your seat; but there is much to make you think. It concerns a Jewish family, with the magnificent Davidson as the patriarch, Vera Gordon as the mother, and William Collier, Jr. and Vivienne Osborne as the children. The father, a "good provider," makes continual sacrifices for his family. They drag him from his comfortable country home to a gilded hostelry in the city, where he is out of place. They spend his money until, finally, he faces ruin. Just as he is about to make the final sacrifice, and has the audience groping for handkerchiefs, Old Man Happy Ending relieves the tension.

There are too many subtitles, but they are so funny or so apt that they never seem overdone. You know these people in the picture, and you want to hear what they're saying, so the captions satisfy your curiosity. Borzage has come back with his direction of this. He is not a Griffith who plays upon your emotions until they shriek for mercy; he has a quieter touch. The acting is immense.



THE BACHELOR DADDY—Paramount

SOUNDS irregular, but it's possible with the most perfect propriety. Particularly when a man dies, in the effort to save a friend's life, and leaves said friend with a legacy of five healthy, energetic and exceedingly normal youngsters. That's what happened to *Tom Chester* (Thomas Meighan) and from the very first moment he had his hands full—to say nothing of his arms and his heart! What they didn't do to his regular bachelor life, to his well ordered home, and to his approaching marriage!

Some of the very finest child stuff ever screened—particularly the bit made upon the over night train journey Charming Leatrice Joy lends the love interest.





BEYOND THE ROCKS—Paramount

Written, supervised, and dominated by the personality of Elinor Glyn. A little unreal and hectic as though the continuous presence of the stars was the desired object. But those who like Valentino and Swanson will not be disappointed. A glynish tale of true love, baronial halls, and the treacherous Alps, with Gloria's makeup whiter than the snow.



COLD FEET—Educational

The best Christie comedy to date. It is a hilarious burlesque of the Curwood Frozen North hokum, and is admirably done throughout. Viora Daniel is excellent as a girl who goes out into the great open spaces in search of romance, and gets it in the form of bogus Northwest Mounted Policemen and trick wolves. Something we believe you're going to enjoy.



FASCINATION—Tiffany

Mae Murray as a Fifth Avenue flapper with no responsibilities at all makes glorious promises she fails to keep after the first two reels. She goes to Spain, plays around with a toreador, poses for misty closeups, and even does a liliangish. What might have been good comedy-drama degenerates into Spanish love and hate, made in N. Y. Why does the lovely Mae do it?



REPORTED MISSING—Selznick

A high dive from the yard arm of a ship, a free-for-all fight, Owen Moore at his best and a blackface actor, Tom Wilson, make this a corking comedy. Not to mention a scenically splendid storm at sea. All about a kidnapping and an option that nearly expires, with Owen Moore starring. Titles, by a group of newspaper humorists, are unusual. Story and direction are not.



THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE—  
J. Stuart Blackton

It's one of those "in the days of old when knights were bold" things. For people who have a weakness for kings and sword-play and old inns and faire ladies.

This first photoplay in colors is a novelty but hardly a knockout. Lady Diana Manners is the perfect English beauty. She can't act, but then you can't have perfect English beauty, a title, and talent.



WHEN ROMANCE RIDES—  
Hampton-Goldwyn

When it does, and on Wildfire, too, the Zane Grey hounds sit forward in their seats. If you're a Z. G. h., you'll get a moderate amount of thrills from this drama of the great west where men are men and any girl can turn jockey and win a horse race at a moment's notice. Claire Adams is the charming heroine who is pursued from crag to crag by two awful villains.





THE SPANISH JADE—Paramount

Spanish love, sprinkled with paprika and mantillas. Daggers carried in embarrassing places and mules that look deceptively easy to ride. Ladies that can be bought and sold—also wine. The extraordinarily charming personality of David Powell, and Evelyn Brent, who looks like the real thing. The finest of them all—Marc McDermott—in an unsympathetic part.



THE WOMAN HE MARRIED—First National

A rich man's son marries an artist's model, and is promptly disinherited by his father. (They always are, in fiction!) And then, despite circumstance, the girl makes good, and the boy makes good, and the little sister of the boy—placed in an intriguing situation—is kept good. Two moments of suspense, credit going to Director Fred Niblo. Anita Stewart is the star.



HATE—Metro

Two gamblers—Charles Clary and Harry Northrup—are in love with the same chorus girl. Prompted by jealousy and hatred, they make a grim bet which comes near ending in the electric chair. There are two exciting moments—when Conrad Nagel, as prosecuting attorney, cross questions the girl (Alice Lake) and when the innocent man is about to die. It is absorbing.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT—Paramount

Wallace Reid, with a permanent streak of mud on his nose, wins a trans-continental race in a flivver. And Theodore Roberts, as a proud parent, sends many cigars to the happy hunting ground and earns the balance of the applause. Racing shots that go over with a bang—as do many of the cars. And Mary MacLaren. For the family menu and worth one evening of your life.



THE MAN WHO MARRIED HIS OWN WIFE  
—Universal

Some of them wouldn't, if they had it to do over again. But *John Morton* (Frank Mayo) was a man with a single track mind and he went to great lengths to win the lady who was already his wife. He committed fake suicide and altered his face—but he couldn't change his hands! Sylvia Breamer makes his zeal almost unbelievable in a picture that might be better!



THE MAN FROM HOME—  
Paramount

To those who enjoyed Tarkington's famous play (and who didn't?) this picture will prove somewhat of a disappointment. Its backgrounds, which were actually taken in Italy, are gorgeous; but six reels is too long for a scenic. The story has been diluted, the acting is undistinguished, excepting James Kirkwood's, the direction below standard. (Continued on page 99)



# The Talmadges' New Clothes, designed

I DON'T know when I've enjoyed anything more than co-operating with Le Bon Ton and the Talmadge sisters to present to you these charming designs. These two celebrated stars, Norma, the emotional actress, famous for her acting and also for her unusual gowns; and Constance, the delightful comedienne, noted for her flair for clothes, have had designed for them several of the most interesting costumes Le Bon Ton has ever sponsored. You will, I know, wish to send more than one coupon; for there will undoubtedly be several of these frocks you will wish to own.

*Carolyn Van Wyck*



## Clothes Confidences of Norma and Constance Talmadge

By *Carolyn Van Wyck*

IT is a perfectly glorious summer; and to make it even more so, I'm presenting two of the most popular girls in the world—sisters, too—to illustrate the season of lovely frocks and hats and sunshine and blue skies.

It would be quite wonderful to introduce Norma Talmadge, as our exclusive and high-salaried fashion model; but we have

*Norma and Constance Talmadge. There couldn't be two girls so utterly unlike, could there? This is one of the most sincere and lifelike portraits ever made of the popular sisters. It shows their everyday coiffures*



No. 17

This coat cape of heavy silk crepe, designed for Norma Talmadge, and one of the smartest of the season, hangs from the shallow yoke reaching to shoulder line. The lining is of a contrasting color and the rows of darning stitching is done in heavy floss. The coat is sleeveless and unlined. The materials used are as follows:

5¾ yds. crepe (40 inches wide) @ \$5.00	\$28.75
2½ yds. satin lining (40 inches wide) @ 2.50	6.25
Extras.....	1.00



Constance's newest evening gown, and one of the most charming she has ever worn. It is a graceful affair of white satin with pearls in intricate designs. Note particularly the panels, which lend added grace. With it Constance wears a cape of pearl-gray chiffon with chinchilla collar



No. 18

As winsome as Norma, for whom it was designed, is this afternoon dress, fashioned from Corticelli heavy crepe de chine (quality 1035). The elaborate cross stitch embroidery in Bulgarian colors is done in Corticelli Flosolo. The fullness of the side panels is held in with bands of shirring, which start from under the bell which is cut in one with front of dress. \$18.00 is a marvellously low price for this frock. Here are the figures:

5 yds. crepe de chine (40 inches wide).....	@ \$3.00	\$15.00
Embroidery floss, buttons and extras....		3.00



# by Le Bon Ton, with patterns for you



No. 19

That morning frocks are not necessarily uninteresting is attested by Miss Constance Talmadge's little dress of Scotch gingham plaided in blue and white. The waist surplices to the left side and the deep bell is cut in one which extends to bottom of skirt, lapping over the left side. The buttons are of pearl and the collar and cuffs of white organdie. Such a smart dress for the small outlay of \$6.25! It requires:

4½ yds. gingham (32 inches wide).....	@ \$1.00	\$4.50
¾ yds. organdie (36 inches wide).....	@ 1.00	.75
Buttons and extras.....		1.00

Because, first of all, you must study yourself and discover just what your own "personality" is. Don't classify yourself according to type. Consider your individual tastes and inclinations. And follow them. Do not permit a designer, no matter how high priced and correct, to be arbitrary about your clothes. Don't wear anything you don't like. Refuse to own a dress in which you do not feel at home.

So say the Talmadges. They are strong-minded young women indeed; for it is not an easy matter to devote much attention to individual selection of clothes in a busy picture-making existence. It must often be a temptation to put yourself in the hands of a famous modist and wear what she decrees. But Norma and Constance have never done this. And they say they never will.

For instance, many of their dresses are made by a certain Manhattan designer. But they are made chiefly from the Talmadges' own designs. They take time to talk over the newest designs and adapt them to suit themselves.

Norma Talmadge, as you know, is Mrs. Joseph Schenck in private life. She is one of the most interesting figures in New York life. She is pointed out on Fifth Avenue. She is often the center of interest in the smart restaurants. And yet there is no one less pretentious. The story is told of her that she attended a fashion show at a fashionable atelier in Manhattan attired so simply that the women to whom she was an idol couldn't believe that here was really Norma Talmadge, celebrated for her smartness, her jewels, her expensive furs. She does not dress according to anyone's ideas but her own. Which once more calls to mind the saying that "the great are simple." Norma's clothes are interesting because they express her.



An exquisite tea gown is Norma's newest. It is a frothy confection of chiffon and gold brocade. The head-dress which the star wears with it is most becoming, and constructed of the same materials as the gown. It gives a rather Grecian effect, does it not?

Both the Talmadge sisters have said that, no matter what fashion may decree, they will never wear long, trailing skirts, except for tea gowns or negligees. They have never, of course, worn the very short skirts. Unless their screen rôles demand it, they will not go in for either extreme.

Constance Talmadge must be a delight  
(Concluded on page 100)

This is an adaptation of the bathing suit worn by Norma Talmadge. It is developed in Corticelli Service Taffeta. The fullness at waist line is held in with a belt of ribbon which passes through slashes and ties in a bow and ends on the right side. The bloomers button snugly under the knee with silver buttons. This suit was originally designed by Miss Norma for her own use. Note: we do not supply patterns of bathing cape or cap. Here are materials:

4½ yds. taffeta (40 inches wide).....	@ \$2.75	\$12.38
Buttons and extras.....		1.00



No. 20

also induced Constance, the slim and smart débutante of the screen, to pose for us. There could not possibly be two girls so well-dressed and yet so absolutely dissimilar as these Talmadge sisters. Norma is girlish and petite, yet there is a subtle dignity which she imparts to everything she wears. Constance is taller and slimmer, so that she can easily adapt herself to every mode. Her figure makes it a simple matter for her to put on almost any dress and wear it with a particular *chic*. Not that she *does* "put on almost any dress;" she is most painstaking in her clothes selections. But she is a fortunate girl because she can be smart in a gingham apron!

Their photoplays go all over the world. It is reasonable to suppose that they set as many styles as the Parisian ateliers. How many of you have wished that you could copy a dress worn by Norma or Constance? Now is your opportunity to get these girls' ideas of dress and to adapt them to your own needs.

The Talmadge rule of dress is, on the face of it, exceedingly simple. It is, "Dress according to your personality rather than the prevailing mode." And yet it is one of the hardest rules to follow.

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Department of Fashions

25 West 45th Street

New York City, N. Y.

For enclosed coupon and twelve cents in stamps or coins for postage and handling charges, please send me Le Bon Ton pattern of design number.....in size.....

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City.....State.....

Note: Only one pattern may be ordered with one coupon. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 only.



# Plays



*Is or is not Natacha Rambova—in private life, Miss Winifred Hudnut—Rodolph Valentino's bride? Because of a peculiarity in the California law, it is claimed that the ceremony performed across the Mexican border is invalid, and that Ruddy's decree of divorce from Jean Acker is not effective until next January*

AGNES AYRES made a delicious *bon mot* the other day. A rather youthful reporter was interviewing her, and with all the earnestness that the importance of the question seemed to warrant asked:

"Miss Ayres, do you use rouge and lip sticks and powder?"

The great star smiled pityingly upon the young man. Then she leaned forward confidentially.

"Why," she whispered, "why paint the lily?"

THE east was somewhat occupied over the Charity Drive or May Carnival. The idea was a popularity contest to determine the most popular motion picture star, with votes at ten cents each, the proceeds to go to the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor of New York City.

The stars who were in the east at the time helped to get votes. Those who were most conspicuous were Constance Binney, Madge Kennedy, Marion Davies, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt and Edward Earle. At the wind-up of the campaign, a ball given at the Hotel Astor, at which society celebrities as well as screen were present, the winners were announced. Billie Burke was

crowned Queen of the Movies, and Edward Earle, King, Mrs. Mary Carr, famous mother of "Over the Hill," received the most applause when she was announced a close second to Billie Burke.

Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, the Talmadges, and other admittedly great screen figures were represented by comparatively few votes. It was largely an affair of local screen artists.

Since it was in the interests of charity, this popularity contest had an excuse. But these contests are obsolete, and the sooner that is realized the better. It was a worthy cause, but it seemed as if the industry could have found a more dignified and thorough way in which to express its cooperation.

GRIFFITH went abroad ostensibly to be present at the London premier of his "Orphans of the Storm." Really, it is said, he went to talk over with H. G. Wells a project for filming "The Outline of History."

In seventy-two reels!

The director has long wanted to do another historical subject. He also has in mind an impressive production of the Life of Christ.

But when ten reels of "Orphans" tire you completely, what will seventy-two reels do? And how is Mr. Griffith going to work his innocent injured heroine and his bold bad villain into the Outline? Leave it to him. He'll find a way.

ALICE TERRY is to return to the screen after some months in her husband's next production, "Toilers of the Sea." (Her husband, you know, is Rex Ingram.)

Back of this simple announcement, we think, is an interesting little story.

When Alice became a bride, she intimated very strongly that a domestic life appealed to her far more than a screen career. She suggested that after she appeared as *Princess Flavia* in "The Prisoner of Zenda" the public might see her no more.

So the Ingrams took the most bewitching little bungalow in Hollywood, one of those regular doll houses with orange blossoms peeping in at the bedroom windows, and a living room with an open fire place and cathedral ceiling and windows.

I dropped in to see Alice one morning and found her, very adorable, in pink pajamas and a black silk kimono, with her hair down her back. But her face had that old what-in-the-world-am-I-going-to-do look that you see on the faces of so many young, very young, housewives.

"I wanted to do it all myself," she said sadly, "I knew if I didn't work I'd have to keep busy. I thought it would be wonderful to keep house for Rex. I just loved this little house. But—I got dinner for him one day. It took me all day long and when he came home I was too tired to eat. It seems to me the house gets mused up faster than I can fix it. So I had to get a maid to do it all. I guess I wasn't cut out to be domestic after all. Rex may be right when he says I ought to stay on the screen."

And now—she's going to come back to her first love and let her husband direct his favorite leading lady.

POOR Glenn Hunter!

Why, you ask, the pitying "poor" referring to a young man who has his own company and has had real success with his first two independent pictures, an unique thing indeed?

Because wherever he goes, whoever he meets, whatever he says, this is what he hears from all sides:

"You ought to do 'Merton of the Movies!'"

The book by Harry Leon Wilson, about Merton Gill, small-town boy who dreamed of himself as Clifford Armitage, famous screen idol, and conquered the California studios, but hardly in the way he expected, is certainly filmable material. But the author, it seems, knows this, and has boosted the price of the screen rights into the substantial thousands.

So Glenn, admitting he should do "Merton of the Movies," confessing he would love to do "Merton of the Movies," goes about with a hunted look.

NORMAN TREVOR is annoyed.

He received a fan letter the other day which read as follows:

"Miss Norma Trevor,

"Dearest Norma:

"I have seen you in pictures and just



# and Players

If you keep up with these columns you will know more about film folks than they know themselves

By Cal York

love you. You are the sweetest girl on the screen. Won't you send me your autographed photograph?

"Sincerely yours,  
"Ella J— L—."

**K**ATHERINE MACDONALD is to be married at the end of her present contract. The young man is Jack Morrill, a wealthy young Chicagoan. He has been spending a lot of time in California recently.

**A**GUSHING lady visitor at the Goldwyn studio the other day said to Colleen Moore, who was busy playing the star rôle in Rupert Hughes' new production, "Oh, Miss Moore, we think you're just lovely. You're—well, you're sort of the symbol of Ireland, if you know what I mean. Yes, we often say you're the John McCormack of the screen."

She couldn't figure out why Miss Moore blushed so vividly.

But Miss Moore's "young man" is John McCormick, one of the western executives of First National, and somebody whispered in her ear just then, "More likely the Mrs. John McCormick."

**M**ANHATTAN is supposed to be the most blase city in the world.

New Yorkers, as you may have heard, are so sophisticated they can watch murders being committed, banks being robbed, and many celebrities moving about them, without turning a hair.

It's all wrong.

The other morning on the Avenue a large crowd was collecting in front of a famous



*This royal bed, worthy of no less royal a beauty than Barbara La Marr, was occupied by her in a scene in Rex Ingram's latest production, "Black Orchids," when she played the role of Zareda, the fortune teller. It once belonged to the late Gaby Deslys*

silver shop. Men and women paused; small boys peered in at the windows. Motors stopped, occupants sticking their heads from windows to see what was going on. Traffic was crippled. The crowd increased.

Inside the shop, a film company was making a motion picture.

**M**R. and Mrs. Tom Gallery—who is Zasu Pitts—are the proud parents of a baby girl. The young lady arrived the other day and is now domiciled at the Gallery home in Hollywood. It is understood that Betty Blythe is to be her godmother.

**T**HE month is all jazzed up when there isn't at least one good one to tell on young William Wallace Reid.

The other afternoon in the drawing room, Bill was loudly demanding to be read to by his mother, Dorothy Davenport Reid.

Mrs. Reid was entertaining guests and whispered in her son's ear, "Dear, I can't read to you until Aunt Peggy goes home. Now be patient and when she's gone, I'll read"



*None other than Theodore Roberts—sans moustache, sans long trousers, sans dignity—enacting the part of Little Lord Fauntleroy in the Hollywood Follies. He would be almost recognizable if he only had a cigar in his mouth*





*Somehow we always thought—if we thought of it at all—that Mary bathed her divine ringlets in dew distilled from roses. But now we know she takes an ordinary shampoo just like the rest of us. At that, you'll admit it's a rather unusual portrait of Mrs. Doug*

Bill waited a few seconds; then he said, "Aunt Peggy, when do you have to go home?"

Aunt Peggy—who is Marguerite Snow—said, "Right away, Bill, dear."

Bill waited through a few minutes more of feminine conversation and then remarked, "Well, let's see you do it!"

**I**T isn't generally known that John Barrymore is an artist. That is, with paint and brushes. He was, in fact, an artist before he became an actor.

This brilliant, eccentric son of the stage has made "Sherlock Holmes" for his newest screen release. It was to have been shown at the Capitol Theater in Manhattan on a certain date. It didn't, because Barrymore, vacationing somewhere, sent word he wouldn't be back in time to arrange details of presentation. He is taking a lively interest in this latest picture. He designed most of the sets, taking particular pains with the grewsome den of the villainous *Dr. Moriarity*, which appealed strongly to his imagination. It was directed by Albert Parker.

**NORMA TALMADGE** and Eugene O'Brien!

Perhaps the most popular lovers who ever participated in a celluloid clutch.

After allowing Conway Tearle, Harrison Ford, Charles Richman, and many other men to make love to her, Norma has decided that there's nobody quite like Eugene, as far as film affection is concerned. So she's trying to get him back again.

Mr. O'Brien, having savored the delights of individual stardom, is, according to report, loath to become again a leading man. He wants to be featured. But, the fact that he is doing a turn in vaudeville now, having completed his latest picture contract, may mean that when he returns to the screen it will not be as a star.

**T**HEY renamed his "Honorable Gentleman" "Pagan Love."

They called "The Luxury Tax" "Other Women's Clothes."

And now they want to retitle "Married People," "I. O. U."

Hugo Ballin wearily telephoned the home office of the company which releases his picture.

"I have a story of a New England fishing village," he said, "that I hope to film. I will call it 'C. O. D.'"

**I**N the March issue, **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**, after investigation, and careful consultation with some of the biggest directors and producers, with the rank and file of the industry and a large number of writers, published a list of the six players

who seemed most likely to be "The Six Next Sellers" of screenland.

The six were Rodolph Valentino, Cullen Landis, Conrad Nagle, Lila Lee, Colleen Moore, and Madge Bellamy.

There has been a great deal of newspaper and personal comment on the list, as well as some in other magazines.

Therefore, it's rather interesting to point out what has developed along that line in even this short time.

**R**ODOLPH VALENTINO had not then made "Beyond the Rocks" nor had "Moran of the Lady Letty" been released. He had not been made a star by Lasky. Within the last month he has been and is now making his first real starring production, "Blood and Sand."

Cullen Landis has been starred by Goldwyn in an automobile comedy entitled "Watch My Dust." He had never been starred before. It is probable that he will continue to be starred by Goldwyn in light comedy drama from now on.

Colleen Moore has been starred and made a tremendous personal hit in Rupert Hughes' "Come on Over." She is now starring in another Rupert Hughes picture.

Lila Lee hasn't changed her official rating as a leading woman, but exchange men and exhibitors tell me that her drawing power is growing all the time and that nine times out of ten, they put her name up with the star's in front of the theater. A big exhibitor told me only yesterday that she was the only young actress who seemed to be gaining a real personal following.

**M**ADGE BELLAMY is to be featured in Ince's big production, "Lorna Doone." And it seems settled that she will be starred by him before the end of the second year of her contract. She is signed with Ince for two more years.

**H**ONORABLE mention was made in the article of Mae Busch, who has been selected to play *Glory Quayle* in "The Christian," with Goldwyn and later "Women Love Diamonds," a big feature for the same concern. It is rumored that if she makes good in these pictures she will probably be a Goldwyn star.



*You may have wondered how the celebrated director of domestic dramas looks when he is supervising one of his justly famous scenes. Well, here's a little close-up of Cecil deMille. Can you tell by his expression whether the scene beyond our vision is a boudoir or a luxurious shower-bath?*



Also of Florence Vidor, who now has her own company and is to release her own pictures through the Associated Exhibitors. Not so bad!

**EVERYBODY** in Hollywood is looking very cheerful and merry these days.

The business is picking up.

Every studio lot is showing signs of renewed activity—in fact, it has been a long time since production was at such a height and future plans so promising.

Goldwyn, under its new executives, is planning all sorts of work for the near future. Maurice Tourneur is to direct "The Christian" and both Marshall Neilan and Allan Holubar have been signed to make big feature productions.

Famous-Players Lasky are working every star and company on the lot.

**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS** is in the midst of his great spectacle film, "Robin Hood," with Allan Dwan behind the megaphone; and Mary Pickford has started production of "Tess." Both Norma and Constance Talmadge recently began work at the United Artists studio. Harold Lloyd is making a new comedy to follow "Grandma's Boy."

Universal is working at top capacity, with Priscilla Dean, Marie Prevost, and a number of other stars, all working daily.

A large number of small independent companies are also busy. Charlie Chaplin is making a new comedy and Edna Purviance has started her first starring vehicle. William Fox, as usual, has a lot of people working. Nothing ever seems to affect them much, but they are concentrating upon "The Village Blacksmith"—a big special to follow "Over the Hill."

So, altogether, it's quite like old times in Hollywood these days. Everyone is happy.

**AN** actor who is attracting considerable metropolitan attention right now is Louis Wolheim. Critics and the higher brows are endorsing his acting as "The Hairy Ape," in Eugene O'Neill's new play of that name.

It isn't generally recalled that Wolheim has been, for a long time, a figure in the pastels. He was the horrifying executioner in "Orphans of the Storm," terrorizing poor



*Abe Budin was working in a butcher shop when a director discovered him as a fine type for the Jewish butcher in "Hungry Hearts," a Goldwyn Special Production. In six weeks, he set himself up as a proprietor of a little department store in Boyle Heights, outside Los Angeles*

Lillian Gish. He was a member of the cast of "Conceit" and also supports John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes."

Wolheim is probably the ugliest man ever to make the stage and screen his profession. He is an ex-college professor. His nose was smashed in a football game some years ago. It was mending when a playful friend, thinking it was a joke, smashed it again. Hence the hideous effect which now earns for Wolheim, combined with his genuine talents, fame and fortune.

Incidentally, he's a regular fellow, a well-educated gentleman, and a respected member of "the profession."

**NITA NALDI**, the black-haired beauty who is playing the vamp in Rodolph Valentino's production, "Blood and Sand," wears a wedding ring.

When Fred Niblo, directing, asked her to take it off for her love scenes with Ruddy, Nita shook her head.

"Never take it off," she said.

"My, aren't you sentimental," said Ruddy. "I didn't know you were married. You must feel pretty strongly about it never to take your wedding ring off."

"Oh, it isn't that," said Miss Naldi. "I'm not married any more. It's just a reminder—like a piece of string, you know. Keeps me from forgetting what a darn fool a woman can be. I'm impulsive and I might go and do it again."

**MARY McLAREN** has followed in the footsteps of numerous other screen stars and given up the screen for the stage.

She is appearing as leading woman for a Baltimore stock company.

**MR. AND MRS. CECIL DE MILLE** have a new adopted daughter. Her name is Katherine Lester de Mille and she is ten years old.

Mrs. de Mille found the child, who is a beautiful little blonde, in an industrial home of which she is a director. Her father was a Canadian soldier, killed at Vimy Ridge, and her mother died shortly after of grief. The de Milles believe the little girl is very talented.

This is the second child adopted by the Lasky director general, a boy, seven years old now, being the first. They also have one daughter of their own, Cecelia.

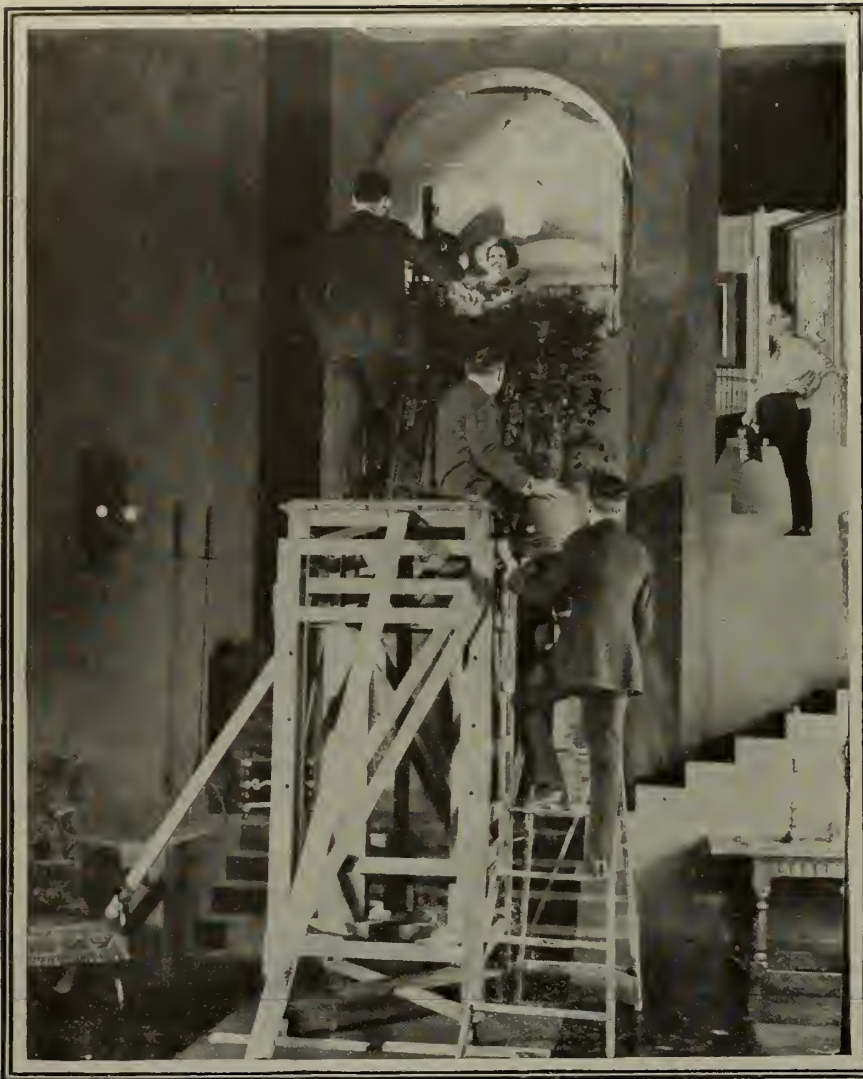
**ANOTHER** titled Englishwoman is to appear before the camera. Lady Cynthia Mosley, daughter of Lord Curzon, Britain's Foreign Secretary, is soon to make her film debut.

She will make a picture with Mrs. H. B. Irving, for propaganda purposes for the Union of Societies for Equal Citizenship, in other words, suffrage. But it is said that



*Here's an old time "still" from the days when you thought a scene like this was about as gripping as real life, out there in the Great Open Spaces where Men are Men. It was about ten years ago when George Melford, now a director for Lasky, was a Kalem player. He's shown registering western ennui*





Poor little Mabel Ballin. They made her climb away up there and then they shot her. While husband Hugo sits at ease on his director's platform, observing coldly and critically, and saying, "Not that way, Mabel—just a little more emotion, please." The man on the steps is there to see that she doesn't run away before they have completed their camera crimes

it doesn't make much difference to her father in what picture she appears—it's a motion picture, isn't it? Lord Curzon is said to be the last person to be interested in films, especially where his own daughter is concerned.

Lady Cynthia married Lieut. Oswald Mosley, member of Parliament, and a critic of the Irish policy which his father-in-law supported. It would make a nice little scenario itself.

COMES a story from California which has all the earmarks of encouragement for extra men.

Hitherto scorned, by the world at large and the industry in particular, the extra man has had his innings.

Henry Van Heel has married a Pasadena lady whose fortune is somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty million dollars.

Van Heel has appeared as an extra in a number of films.

Bet he'll go right out and buy a great big studio and produce pictures with himself in them—not.

SAW Mae Marsh one evening with Mildred Harris' mother, watching the vaudeville act in which the former Mrs. Charlie Chaplin appears.

Mae is no longer the quaint child of Griffith days. She's a polished, smart young woman.

Instead of going back to the Griffith company, as was originally announced, she will make a picture for W. Christy Cabanne this summer.

WHAT came very near to being a real tragedy took place on Rex Ingram's set the other night when Joe Martin, the big monkey, went on a rampage and attacked Ed Connelly, an actor working in the picture.

It was late at night, the big monk was tired and when he saw Connelly take a drink of water, he reached out his hand for the glass. Connelly started to give it to him when Curly Stecker, the trainer, interposed and said, "No, he only gets warm water to drink. Don't give him that. It's not good for him."

Joe Martin gave the actor a dirty look but went quietly about his business until Stecker's back was turned. Then he made a leap for Connelly, who is a middle-aged man, and floored him. It took Stecker and three property men almost ten minutes to get the monkey loose. Connelly was badly bitten in the hand and much bruised and smothered. He no longer has confidence in simian temperament.

Barbara La Marr, Ingram's leading woman, was also on the set, but Joe Martin paid no attention to her and went on working again when the affair was over as quietly as could be.

MIRIAM BATTISTA was doing a scene in which she was supposed to look happy.

The child whom Elinor Glyn calls the screen's one great actress began to look sad instead.

The director asked, "What's the matter, Miriam? We want you to look pleasant in this shot."

"If I cry," replied the youthful veteran, "you'll give me a close-up."

She got it.

MARY McIVOR DESMOND was strolling up Broadway in Los Angeles the other afternoon when she heard a newsboy shout, "Bill Desmond, picture star, fatally injured."

Mrs. Desmond staggered, just kept from fainting, and managed to get a paper. There she read that her husband had fallen off a 50-foot cliff and been injured so badly that he was not expected to recover.

She dashed home, to be met by a butler who told her that her husband was on the long distance telephone from Truckee waiting to speak to her.

Much bewildered, poor Mary went to the phone to hear the welcome news that Bill had fallen off a cliff, but that being Irish it didn't kill him, only sprained his ankle.

"Bill falls off a cliff and goes right on working—and I'm in bed for a week with a nervous breakdown," remarked Mrs. Desmond. "Do you see anything fair about that?"

PERHAPS the most interesting screen development of the month is that made by Goldwyn to the effect that Mae Busch has been selected to play *Glory Quayle* in "The Christian."

For years, this rôle has been considered one of the really great dramatic rôles of the stage. Every actress has aspired to it and during the long years when Hall Caine's masterpiece was one of the three biggest moneymaking stage productions in America, some of the biggest stage stars have been seen as the fair *Glory*.

Goldwyn scoured the entire industry for an actress to play it.

Mae Busch has been so far only in vamp rôles. But she has great dramatic ability.

The company left this week for London, to join Maurice Tourneur, who is to direct the scenes on the Isle of Man. Richard Dix will appear as *John Storm*.

"I'm crazy about it," said Miss Busch, "but I had a terrible time with my passports. I was born in Australia, which makes me an English subject, but I married an American, and by the time I got through I didn't know whether it made me an Elk, or what."

DID you know that the amount of light used for the filming of the picture with the average number of interior scenes would, if concentrated and fed out to the average American town of 15,000, illuminate it for eighteen nights? And that the electrical load is 77,120 amperes or 344,000 watts, enough to keep an ordinary reading lamp burning twenty-four hours a day for 126 years and 8 days?

Whew! Well, it's true!

WHAT pranks fate plays.

That the daughter of a minister should, some years after, be appearing in a picture called "The Curse of Drink," is indeed different.

Doris Kenyon, besides doing the honors in a new play, "Up the Ladder," is making the picture of the above hectic title.

(Continued on page 90)





Once when they needed a Spanish set, they built one on a Hollywood lot. But now they go after the real thing. Paramount decided that "Spanish Jade" was to be filmed in Spain and not California; and sent John Robertson and his company to the sunny land of señorilas and toreadors

## On Location In Europe



If there were only a dusky-eyed beauty in the background—or foreground. But since there isn't, we must confine our remarks to Marc McDermott, who is up to his usual villainous tricks

A lovely Italian villa was one of the "sets" for George Fitzmaurice when he made "The Man from Home." This filming of scenes on the actual location is an expensive idea, but the artistic results are well worth it. Jim Kirkwood, John Millern, and Anna Q. Nilsson are the folks from home





That he made her  
the subject of a wager  
seemed the crowning  
insult!

# The Eternal Flame

FROM THE NOVEL BY  
HONORE BALZAC

Fictionization by Elizabeth Chisholm

IT was at the Inn of the Silver Crescent that the whole affair properly started—in that chaotic period when all France was frivolling away the democracy that Napoleon had tried to establish. It was at the Inn of the Silver Crescent, where a dozen young aristocrats were dining together—where the wine was red and plentiful, and mirth was tinged with both insolence and indecency! The handsome serving girl who waited upon the table blushed, more than once, at the talk that swung back and forth across the board—she ran away startled as the Duc de Langeais pulled her to his knee and kissed her. For the Duc de Langeais was the gayest of the gay. It was really in his honor that the men were dining together—it was toward him that the merriment was most often directed. As the serving maid ran away, startled, the Marquis de Ronquerolles rose unsteadily to his feet, with a brimming wine glass balanced precariously in his hand.

"To De Langeais," he toasted, in a thick voice, "to De Langeais, who is going away to take command of his division in the South of France! To De Langeais, who is the bravest man in all of our brave land! Why, you ask? Because he is leaving, without protection, *the most beautiful wife in Paris!*"

The Duc rose to his feet, also unsteadily. His protests came forth in a drunken torrent.

"Do not think that I am brave," he quavered, "for I trust not the gallants of France, but my wife! And besides," he added craftily, "for *her* there is no temptation!"

The group of men laughed. For all knew the purity, the coldness, of the Duchess de Langeais. Her piety, her sedate beauty, her calmness in the face of temptation was almost a legend in the gay court of Louis XVIII. And yet to the intoxicated gathering this fact seemed only a joke!

"Every woman is in danger," protested one De Marsay, far

famed for his *affaires du coeur*. "There is a way to the heart of each member of the sex. Here," he turned to the Duc, "I will make you a wager! I will win the love of the Duchess, your wife, before ever you have departed upon your mission!"

And there at the Inn of the Silver Crescent, the wager was accepted by the Duc—with a good woman's love as the prize. And so the story began.

In the brief interval before De Langeais left Paris, De Marsay tried, by many wiles, to break through the icy wall of the Duchess' reserve. He was used to attracting charming ladies—it was his chief business in life. But even his methods were not proof against this particular lady's disarming sweetness. When he tried to make advances toward her, her lovely eyes grew sad and her tender mouth drooped.

"A woman's loneliness should be respected, not violated," she told him, when he suggested slyly that he might comfort her during the Duc's enforced absence. And then, as he persisted in his insinuations, she added:

"SIR, I am sorry that you have forgotten our friendship. To lose a friend is to die a little!"

Even a De Marsay cannot stamp upon the dazzling whiteness of a lily flower. Contritely the courtier begged the Duchess for forgiveness, and went from her presence. And then seeking out the Duc, he said:

"I am ashamed of the wager that we made. I am sorry for my part in it. Your wife's nobility of character has exalted me!"

To an ordinary man this would have been the supreme compliment. But to De Langeais, suspicious profligate that he was, De Marsay's remark seemed only a trick to conceal his conquest of the Duchess. In blazing anger he went to his wife and accused her of every infidelity. In his wrath he even told her of the wager that he and his friend had made.





*She had changed, over night, into a heartless coquette*

The knowledge that her husband had made her purity the subject of a tavern bet seemed to the Duchess the crowning insult and indignity that any wife should be called upon to endure. Her marriage had never been a happy one—court marriages are often affairs of convention and convenience—but she had never suffered during it, as she did now from the Duc's unjust accusation. When her husband had stormed out of her presence and had left Paris, she sought her great aunt, an old princess of the realm, for advice.

"You take life too seriously, dear child," the Princess said, after hearing the tragic story. "Life is a carnival—you cannot come to it dressed as a nun!" And so the Duchess promised, rather cynically, to change her mode of life. Nothing seemed to matter, very much, anyway!

**T**HE Court of Louis XVIII—always abuzz with gossip—wondered, with the passing of the season, what had happened to so change the Duchess de Langeais. From a pure, high-minded woman with a beauty as far from the painted throng as some snowy mountain peak, she had changed—seemingly overnight—into a heartless coquette. Favors she conferred with a lavish hand, homage she accepted as her just due—but of herself she gave nothing. A smile, a whisper, a slim hand to be kissed lightly . . . and that was all!

And then a new sensation came to the Court—and to Paris. The General Armand de Montriveau, an erstwhile intimate of Napoleon, became the fashion. His popularity must have been governed by the strange law of contraries, for he was a man of battles and grim realities—a stern man utterly unversed in the ways of women and of love.

Of course, all of the ladies of the Court were anxious to annex this new hero. And the Duchess de Langeais won. She was the loveliest of all—and the most curiously elusive. She contrived to have the hero of all Paris at her feet, hanging upon her every

word. And, much to the discomfort of the other ladies—especially Madam de Serizy, a jealous rival of hers—she kept him there.

But, unlike the easily pushed aside, beruffled dandies of the Court, it was not long before the General's ungovernable passion began to make an impression upon the Duchess. It was not long before she reached the conclusion that he could not lightly be tossed into the discard. He was a red-blooded man—and she was the only woman that he had ever cared for!

Yes, the General de Montriveau loved the Duchess. But there were false, scandalmonging folk who tried to weaken his faith in her. It was the Marquis de Ronquerolles—he who has started all of the trouble because of an ill-advised toast at the Silver Crescent—who made the most blasting insinuations against the woman's spotless character. It was due to his suggestion that De Montriveau burst into her dressing chamber one evening, where he found her preparing to retire. Passionately folding her in his arms, with her heart throbbing against his own, he demanded that she tell him whether she really loved him or was only trifling with him.

"Yes, I love you," she replied steadily, with her eyes gazing trustfully into his, "but only as a pure and religious woman should love!" And then, at his burning whisper: "No, no! To love you the way you wish would mean sacrificing my position, my honor—and above all—my church!"

**I**T was enough. Abashed and ashamed the General left her apartment. And, the next evening, at a great Court Ball, he knelt abjectly before her and publicly begged forgiveness for his lack of confidence.

It was then that the Duchess made her one—and fatal—mistake. For she remembered, as the General knelt, a remark that the jealous Madam de Serizy had made during the early stages of his subjugation.

### The Eternal Flame

**N**ARRATED, by permission, from the First National Photoplay, adapted by Frances Marion from the novel by Honore Balzac. Directed by Frank Lloyd, with the following cast:

*Duchess de Langeais*.....  
.....Norma Talmadge  
*Duc de Langeais*.....  
.....Adolphe Jean Menjou  
*Marquis de Ronquerolles*.....  
.....Wedgwood Nowell  
*General de Montriveau*.....  
.....Conway Tearle  
*Madame de Serizy*.....  
.....Rosemary Theby  
*Princess de Vlamont-Chauvray*  
.....Kate Lester  
*Vidame de Pamier*. Thomas Ricketts  
*Count de Marsay*. Irving Cummings  
*Abbe Conrand*.....Otis Harlan



"I love you," she said, "as a pure and religious woman should love!"

"I will not believe that he has surrendered to the charms of any woman," Madame de Serizy had said, "unless I see him upon his knees before her." And so, when the General knelt, the Duchess could not forbear to cast a glance of pride in her rival's direction. It was unfortunate that the General should have glanced up, at that moment, and surprised the triumphant expression upon her face. It shattered his perfect faith, and he arose quickly from his knees, exclaiming—

"As Charles the First knelt before the executioner, he remarked: 'If I had not played with the axe of destiny, my neck would never have felt its steel!'" And he walked, with never a backward glance, from her presence and from the crowded room. Only, at the door, he turned and spoke again. "You, too, milady, have touched the axe!" he said.

FROM that second the General became again the man of steel. Love had been his religion—and it had been taken away from him. He became cruel, relentless, a fanatical enemy of the woman he had so adored.

And, with the loss of his love, the Duchess, too, underwent a change. She discovered, too late, that she had a heart and that it belonged, and would always belong, to the man who no longer cared.

When she left the ball late that night she was almost on the point of hysteria. Perhaps that was why she did not notice that her own coach was not waiting for her—why she was too dazed to cry out when she was forcibly seized by a strange footman and coachman who blindfolded her and brought her, by an unknown route, into the presence of the utterly revengeful General.

"You have robbed my life of joy," he told her bitterly, as the bandages were removed from her eyes; "you have killed my belief in human nature. You have committed murder; for all killing is murder! And so I intend to punish you by branding your forehead with an infamous mark!"

Almost in a state of utter collapse, the Duchess threw herself upon her knees, before the man that she loved.

"Armand, beloved," she cried wildly, "brand me! For when you have branded me as your own you cannot abandon me. I am yours, yours forever!" Then, quite unflinchingly, she waited for a masked man—whom she dimly recognized as her enemy, De Ronquerolles, to bring a branding iron to a white heat. Steeling himself, De Montriveau bent over her white forehead. But her eyes, with an expression of complete adoration in them, never left his bitter ones. It was the eyes that made him throw the iron aside.

The Duchess rose unsteadily to her feet. The thought of being unhurt did not seem so important to her as the fact that the General was still, apparently, in love with her. She was about to throw herself into his arms, but his grim aloofness repelled her.

"I would like to believe you sincere in the outpouring of your heart," he said slowly, "but my faith is gone forever. Let us say—farewell!" And he turned away as a servant re-bandaged her eyes so that the route of her homeward journey would still remain a secret to her.

AND yet, in the moment of parting, de Montriveau gave way to the wild tumult of love that was all but consuming him. Asking the Duchess if she could see through the bandage, and receiving her answer that she could not, he knelt before her. But because she bent over, instinctively, to caress him, he rose with a sardonically curt smile.

"So you still deceive me, Madam," he said. "I might have known that you could not be sincere!" And he left her.

The next day the Duchess sent him a repentant letter. And then, with the house made into a veritable bower of roses, she waited for his coming. But he did not come. For weeks she continued to write—and to wait. But still he did not come. Then, as the final proof of her devotion, she sent her carriage to remain outside of his house all day so that the city of Paris—so well versed in intrigue—would think that she belonged to him. But he was spending the day out of town, and so he never knew of her supreme sacrifice.

And then, like a bolt from the blue, came the news of the Duc's death. He had passed on, rather bravely, in the pursuit of his duty, and yet it would only have been hypocritical for the Duchess to mourn him. For his death took away the only real barrier that had ever kept her from the man of her heart. Society and church would now sanction her union with De Montriveau.

In complete desperation the Duchess wrote one last letter. It was not a long letter, but it breathed a limitless love, and a real purpose. "If you no longer care for me, my own," it read, "I will renounce the world forever. There is always refuge and strength as a holy sister in the convent. I will wait until—" she named a certain hour, "and if you do not then come to me, I will be lost to you forever!" And then she signed the letter with her initials, and sealed it with a kiss.

To insure the letter's safety she sent it in the care of an aged relative, one of the nobility, whom she would have trusted with her very life. And then she dressed for traveling and summoned her coach. And, in it, she went to meet the old relative. And she ascertained, from him, that the General was at home and had received the note. So she drove, post haste, to the De Montriveau mansion, and there—hidden by some shrubbery—she waited, hoping that he would come out of the house and that she could tell, by his expression, that he had forgiven her.

TO the Duchess it was exquisite agony. As the seconds went by—each one like an hour—she knew all of the pain of crucifixion. For the house was still—no one emerged from the barred door of it. How was she to know that the General—torn between disillusionment and love—was also having a terrific struggle? How was she to know that, though he still did not trust her, he loved her with his whole heart?

The hour that she had set was almost come. And then, swinging up the path in front of (*Continued on page 101*)



# The Professor Goes to the Movies

And Writes His Review—Get Out Your Dictionary

**M**OST Esteemed Sir: For thirty-eight years I have held the post of Professor of Entomology and Ancient Languages at Middleton University, and recently I chanced upon a copy of your magazine which some careless student had left upon my desk. I was at once attracted by the cover, which revealed a horribly distorted female cranium with enlarged eyes and semi-dissected nostrils—the epidermis of the face showing abnormally discolored areas of blue-green, purple and orange-yellow.

Mistaking your magazine for a scientific journal, I casually opened its pages, and chanced upon an editorial in which you eloquently urged all persons, whose lives were confining and sedentary, to seek occasional recreation in the motion-picture theaters, as a sure and pleasing means to mental relaxation.

Ordinarily I ignore such exhortations, but this advice, coming, as I believed, from a scientific source, impressed me; and last evening, being disengaged, I forthwith sought a picture theater.

I had, to be sure, heard of motion pictures now and again, and I had even seen occasional references to them in print, but I had never actually beheld any of their manifestations. Therefore, this adventure was my first experience with them, and—I wish to add most emphatically—my last.

As for recreation or relaxation, I can assure you, my dear sir, that this particular picture, or congeries of pictures—or whatever the technical designation for it may be—offered nothing of the sort. In fact, it was most confusing and trying, and calculated to befuddle and dumfound the mind. It was heterogeneous and devoid of logic; and at all times it put a severe strain upon one's powers of perception and ratiocination. Recreation, indeed!

**T**O begin with, the title of the performance, according to the printing projected upon the sheet, was "The Winds of Passion." But whereas I noticed that, at all times, both indoors and out, there seemed to be a violent gale blowing for no apparent reason, either symbolic or meteorological, I assure you, sir, that anything even remotely approaching passion was conspicuous only by its absence.

This titular misnomer proved irritating and distracting, for

I was constantly on the alert, as it were, for some passional manifestation, only to be rewarded by a polite and almost Platonic affection between two neutral young persons. They were married in the end, however, though for what reason I cannot imagine.

Personally I do not believe in loveless marriages.

The entertainment began with a long and tiresome series of unrelated animated portraits of the persons who were to take part in the picture, and then, without the slightest warning, a piece of verse was thrown on the sheet, to the general effect that there is so much which will not bear close scrutiny in the most exalted of us, and so much that is really noble in the least desirable members of society, that everyone should refrain from sitting in moral judgment upon his fellowman.

I presume that this was one of those educational films of which I have heard, but I could not recommend it; for the verse was mere doggerel, and there are many better bits of philosophic poetry which could have been used.

This verse was left on the sheet a very long time—for memorizing purposes, I imagine—and then we were given a few glimpses of Paris—the Bois de Boulogne, the Place de la Concorde, the Boulevard des Italiens, and a view of some private dwelling.

This sudden switching from moralistic verse to foreign scenes was a bit confusing, coming as they did immediately after the title of a story and the presentation of its *dramatis personæ*; and I turned to the young man next to me for enlightenment. But he informed me, rather testily, that the foreign views were a part of the play, as the story was laid in Paris. However, I was by no means satisfied.

**T**HIS explanation was most illogical, for none of the characters appeared in the scenes, and I was forced to conclude that they were travel pictures of an educational nature.

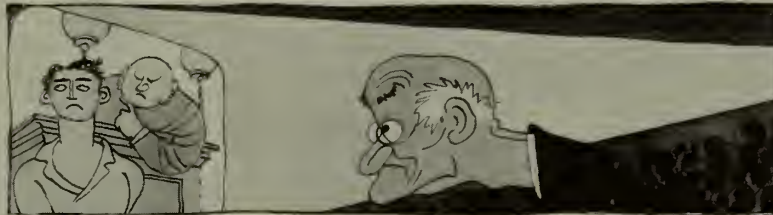
A short while later we were presented with a picture showing two enormous birds, crouched beak to beak, on the bough of a tree; and again I asked the young man next to me if he knew what species of fauna they might be. But he merely remarked curtly: "They're doves." (Continued on page 111)



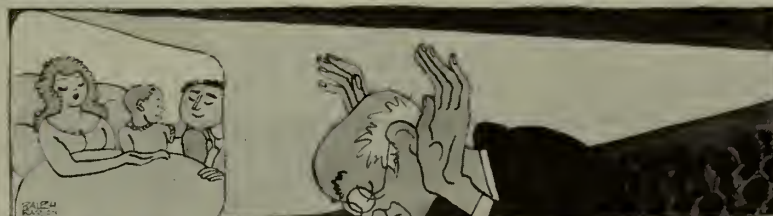
The Professor Complains



That the Picture Puts a Severe Strain



on His Powers of Perception



and Ratiocination



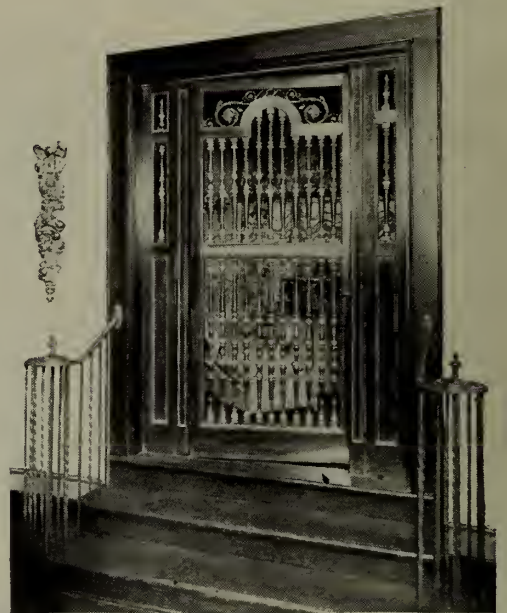


# Harold Lloyd's New Home

*You would expect Harold Lloyd to own a regular house, wouldn't you? Well, he does; this comfortable rambling dwelling was designed to live in, not for photographic purposes only*



*Harold Lloyd's own room. Gold gauze curtains temper the sunlight. The furniture is mahogany. The effects are rich and harmonious; there is not a jarring note*



*One could compose a poem about a door which leads into a sun-filled room. This is an exquisite facsimile of a hand-wrought iron grill of Italy. From the hall you pass through this door into the sun parlor. It adds an old-world touch to a modern Hollywood home*

*Old Italian finish is the treatment of the living room, with limbered ceiling. The walls are tinted in buff and with the rich portieres in dark rose color the effect is most harmonious. Oriental rugs cover the floor. All this means little to Harold Lloyd so long as it's livable --and it is*





Seems a Shame  
to  
waste this  
on a  
mere bachelor



*Every California home has its swimming pool. Here is one of the most inviting on a warm afternoon. Harold spends most of his spare time here, according to the comedian himself*



*Throughout, this guest chamber is done in the Louis Seize period, from the modelled plaster to the walls and woodwork in French gray*

*A little corner of China, inhabited by dragons with fiery tongues—when a switch is turned on smoke is emitted from their mouths—leakwood tables, grinning idols, and one of our leading screen stars. Incidentally, Mr. Lloyd's favorite room of all his house*



*His den is adapted from the Chinese. Sage green, persimmon and black provide the color scheme, but brilliant reds and gold and an occasional blue appear in the designs, most of which were taken from antique vases and rare kimonos. The ceiling is adzed wood and, like the wall decorations, was done by hand*



# Constance Keeps Thin

Kid Talmadge  
Knocks Out Old Man  
Embonpoint



One of the world's slimmest young ladies stays that way because she exercises regularly. Above—Constance Talmadge doing the abdominal reduction exercise



"Philadelphia Jaek" O'Brien, former champion, has outlined a series of exercises for her to follow. Here is number one. One—two; one—two!



Connie in the second exercise of the series. This is for circulation, makes the eyes bright, the complexion clear, the body supple. No matter how many chocolates she eats, she'll keep thin. Try this one

For strengthening the muscles of the back and eliminating superfluous flesh, lie flat upon the floor. Raise your body without touching the floor with your hands until you have reached an upright position. Repeat six times. Do you take your exercises by canned music in front of the phonograph?

This exercise is for reducing the waist line. Just turning to the right and left from the waist and you can still retain potatoes and pastry in moderation on your menu





# Well-groomed nails a social necessity

—How you can have them

ONCE manicuring was so complex and difficult that people either neglected their nails or had to go to a professional manicurist. But now manicuring has become so easy that no man or woman who expects to meet the critical eyes of friends dreams of neglecting this essential part of the toilet.



*Photo by Nicholas Muray*  
Miss Violet Heming, who says:  
"Cutex provides the busy woman with a quick and delightful way of keeping her own nails in perfect condition."

You no longer have to cut the cuticle. All those hard dry edges of skin you now remove simply and safely without cutting. Just dip the end of an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex and work around the nail base. Wash the hands and the surplus cuticle will wipe away, leaving a beautiful, even, nail rim.

And for that last finishing touch of brilliance to your nails which social necessity now requires you have only to use one of the marvelous Cutex polishes. These come in paste, liquid, cake, powder and stick forms. The liquid and powder polishes have been recently perfected and are far superior to any polishes of their kind so far appearing on the market.

Your first Cutex Manicure will be a revelation to you of the perfect grooming you can give to your own hands. However ragged the cuticle may have become through cutting, a single application of Cutex will make an astonishing improvement.

You need spend only ten minutes on your manicure once or twice a week and yet have the perfectly groomed nails that social necessity requires.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in four sizes, at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

**Introductory Set—now only 12c.**

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City, or if you live in Canada, Dept. 707, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 707  
114 West 17th Street,  
New York City.

Name .....

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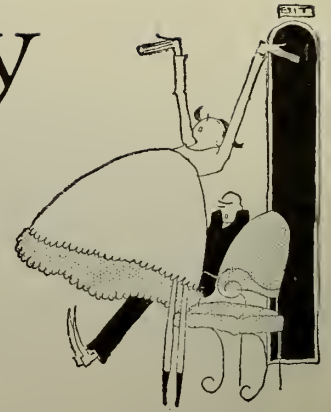
City and State .....



The new  
Cutex Introductory Set



# Why-Do-They Do-It



Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**THIS** is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen in the past month, that was stupid, unlikelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

## Poultry Problem

**I**N "Home Stuff," Viola Dana is carrying a pail of milk to the house. About half way she stops and takes a small chicken, two or three days old, out of her apron pocket, pets it, and puts it back. After entering the house, and putting the pail down, she lifts her apron to her face, then is seen hugging the old lady, Mrs. Deep, so closely that the chicken must surely have expired. What became of the poor thing?  
MRS. FRANK DAVIDSON, Mobile, Alabama.

## As a Cook She's a Fine Actress

**H**ARRISON FORD, as Mr. Standish in "Love's Redemption," makes his appearance the next morning after having been attacked by the native. Mr. Standish was very much in need of a stimulant, and a cup of hot coffee would have been in order. Instead, Ginger (Norma Talmadge) sends the cook in with a tray of empty dishes and then she appears grasping a teapot in both hands and announces that breakfast is ready.  
MARIAN ASHLAND, Yakima, Wash.

## Of Interest to Mothers

**I** NOTICED in that splendid picture, "Penrod," that when Rupe Collins, the "tough guy," made Penrod and his chum "eat dirt," both boys rose from the earth with immaculate countenances.

I wish Wesley Barry would explain this feat to my small son, who has a habit of transferring as much of terra firma as possible to himself.  
MRS. GORDON KENYON, Tacoma, Washington.

## Many Reported This

**I**N "Smilin' Through," Norma Talmadge leaves for the station in the hope of meeting Kenneth. She goes without hat or coat. When she arrives at the station she has a large straw hat on. When she reaches home again she is wearing the hat and a cape.  
E. S., New York City.

## A Bouquet with Brick Attachment for Buck Jones

**I** LIKE Buck Jones—always have. But in his picture called "Bar Nothing," he certainly bars nothing, not even a flock of incongruities. Listen:

When B. J. was out in the desert, a stray horse from a wild herd comes up to him. Now there is no wild horse that would come up to a man like that. A man, in fact, is lucky to get within a mile of a wild horse—or unlucky. That's why they're wild. Then Buck took off his belt and caught the horse by the feet. The belt must have been elastic, or else Buck has an unexpectedly large waist, because after he used his belt to throw the horse it was about three to four feet long.

After he caught his horse, Buck rode him two hundred miles in half an hour, according to the plot.

But it was a good picture, and I like Buck.

VIRGINIA FAHLENKAMP, Great Lakes, Illinois.

## Naturally

**F**RANK MAYO, as "Doctor Jim," was some surgeon, performing a serious operation aboard ship in a terrific storm, and the exteriors showed plainly that at times the boat nearly capsized. The patient died. J. E. HORAN, Dalton, Georgia.

## The Sentiment's the Same

**I**N "Burn-'em-up Barnes," Johnny Hines goes to call on his sweetheart and picks a bouquet of lilies from her yard before knocking at the door. In the next scene he is knocking, holding a bouquet of daisies behind him.

MRS. SAM LARSON, Shawnee, Oklahoma.

## Ask Rodolf Valentino

**T**HE hero in "Why Announce Your Marriage?" is called from bed at all hours of the night by burglars, fires, etc., and in every instance, not a single hair was disarranged from his marvellous pompadour. LEIGH BURR, Macon, Georgia.

## Mixed Dates

**I**T happened in "Hail the Woman." A sub-title tells us the time is during the year 1921, and yet when Theodore Roberts, who impersonates the stern old father, presents a check, a close-up of the check shows the date, June 30th, 1917.  
J. E. MITCHELL, New York City.

## Changeable Colleen

**I**N "Come On Over," Colleen Moore runs from the home of the motherly Delia wearing a dark dress. A few minutes later she is shown in the upper 130's, wearing a light dress with a sash. Winding up in Bronx Park she has on the dark dress again.  
JACK KINZIE, Lawton, Oklahoma.

## Bravo, Betty!

**T**HE lovely Miss Compson, as the heroine of "At the End of the World," is rescued from the angry waves that lashed the rocks near the light-house. The ship and all her crew, apparently, were lost. A few nights later, the lovely, the clever Miss Compson ascends the steps clad in a becoming kimona and house shoes. She wasn't wearing them when rescued. SADIE E. WIESENBNORN, Los Angeles, California.

## Sleight of Hand

**T**HERE'S a mistake in the film, "The Lane that Had No Turning." When Louis Racine kills Tardiff he is wearing a large ring on his left hand. He immediately crosses the room to call his servant—and it is plainly seen that the ring is no longer there. However, it is on his hand again a few minutes later when he is talking to his wife. Now you see it, now you don't stuff. HELEN VIERLING, Montclair, N. J.

## Just a Little Joke

**W**HAT was the idea in "The Bonnie Brier Bush": when Lord Hay comes home to Flora a humorous Scotchman puts a stone under the rear wheel of Lord Hay's carriage. When Lord Hay returns to his carriage, he gets in and drives off with apparently no trouble whatever.

CHARLOTTE BRUNE, St. Louis, Mo.

## Comic License

**I**N "The Idle Class" there are two mistakes. The first is when the absent-minded husband is attired in the suit of armor, fighting his father-in-law. He wears a plumeless helmet, but in the next scene his helmet has a plume.

The second is when the girl's father is pushing the tramp around. He falls on his derby hat, which becomes dented. He walks off, but on his return he picks up the hat, which is as good as new.  
J. KEDDIE, JR., Winnetka, Ill.



# Makers of sport silks and sport waists make washing tests

## Find safe way to launder silks

Sport silks and sport waists were practically unknown fifteen years ago. Today it is hard to find a woman who doesn't wear them.

These light-colored silks have to be laundered so frequently that it is of real interest to the manufacturer as well as to the wearer to find the safe way to wash them.

The makers of Lux have helped Mallinson, famous for sport silks, and Max Held, creator of the Forsythe Waist, solve this washing problem. Together they had extensive laundering tests made. As a result of these tests, they recommend Lux as the safe way to wash silks.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. S-7, Cambridge, Mass.



H. R. MALLINSON AND COMPANY, Inc.  
NEW YORK

Lever Bros. Co.,  
Cambridge, Mass.  
Gentlemen:

Our washable Pussywillow is now made in thirty colors, all fast to sunlight, and with the proper care, fast to washing.

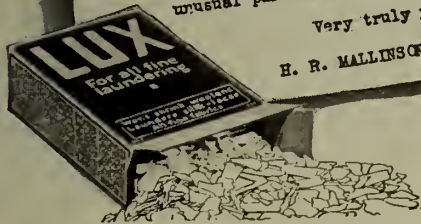
Thorough washing tests with Pussywillow were made by an unquestionable authority on Home Economics. Samples were washed in Lux fifty times—a number far beyond the life of the ordinary fabric. We found that these colors absolutely stood up and did not lose a trace of the original color or bloom. There was no roughing up of the fabric even at the end of these exhaustive tests.

Our Sport Silks, Whipoorwill Brocade, Ruff-a-nuff, and Eponettes were also washed with Lux twenty times by the same authority. Neither the color nor the texture of the fabric was affected in the least.

It gives us real pleasure to write you of the success of our tests with Lux. These tests have demonstrated very strikingly that Lux is an ideal product for washing silks, and we are certainly glad to give credit to its unusual purity and mildness:

Very truly yours,

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, INC.



The Forsythe Waist Co.

Lever Bros. Co.,  
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Once in a while a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. We are sure of the material we use in making our blouses and we are sure of our workmanship. What we are not sure of is the treatment the blouse gets after it is in the hands of the owner.

If women would wash their blouses with Lux 90 percent of our complaints would disappear. Frayed pulled blouse that has been rubbed clean. The thick Lux lather makes rubbing unnecessary.

The other day a crêpe de Chine blouse was returned to us which had "gone" under the arm. The owner had put away the blouse which was badly soiled with perspiration. The perspiration acids had eaten the silk, and a harsh soap and rubbing completed the destruction. If that blouse had been washed with Lux as soon as it was soiled, we would not have had the complaint.

For our own protection, we recommend the use of Lux in washing silks.

Very truly yours,

Max Held

# LUX

# Typical Casts of American Photo-Dramas

## Great-Northwestern-Alaskan Film

ALASKAN ROSE, a beautiful cabaret dancer at "The Bucket of Gore," with a soul like the driven snow

REGINALD MONTAGUE, a handsome young miner and ex-Harvard, half-back, who, tiring of teas and soirées, has sought the Red-Blooded life of a prospector in the Great Open Spaces of God's Out-of-Doors, where a spade's a spade, and men are men

THE "BARON," a professional gambler and owner of "The Bucket of Gore," who wears a black frock coat, patent-leather boots with Cuban heels, and a shirt with a lace-ruffled bosom

PAINTED NELL, a bad woman with a past

PIERRE, a low-down half-breed Indian guide, in the pay of the "Baron"

SILENT SEP, an aged hermit with a long white beard, who lives in a lonely hut, because in his youth he was deceived by a woman, and spends his days communing with the birds and beasts

EIGHT MOUNTED POLICE—ONE WOLF—SIXTEEN SNOW DOGS

(The action takes place near Copper Center, a mining town on the upper Yukon.)

By ALBERT OTIS



"BIG BILL" MORAN, the foreman of the Double-Cross Ranch, who bullies his men, is cruel to dumb animals, and has an eye on Little Dorothy

A PARSON (Used only in the final shot.)

TWENTY-FOUR COWBOYS, in hair pants (This action takes place on the Western plains, and consists largely of horsemanship.)

## The Pollyanna-Glad Film

ROSE-MARIE, a simple and trusting orphan with blonde curls

PAUL, a struggling and pure-minded young artist, with curling eyelashes and a black Windsor tie

"UNCLE" DICK, a benevolent and sentimental elderly gentleman, with gray patches over the ears, who secretly loves Rose-Marie, and spends most of his time gazing at a grate fire into which her features are double-exposed

SIX KITTENS—ONE SHETLAND PONY—EIGHT PUPS, of various breeds—ONE NEW-FOUNDLAND—ONE TAME DONKEY—A BRACE OF DOVES—ONE DUCK—ONE PARROT—TWO SUCKLING PIGS—TWO GUINEA PIGS—ONE YOUNG CALF—ONE DOZEN WHITE RATS—A BROOD OF CHICKS—ONE SMALL GOAT—TWO CANARIES—THREE SQUIRRELS—ONE BOWL OF GOLD FISH—TWO BELGIAN HARES—FOUR WHITE RABBITS—ONE MALTESE CAT—TWO ANGORAS—ONE SPARROW, with a broken wing

(The chief action takes place in the lachrymal glands of the audience.)

## The Cecil de Mille-Problem Film

MR. W. WIGGINSON ESTHERBROOK-SMITH, a wealthy banker and society man

MRS. W. WIGGINSON ESTHERBROOK-SMITH, his frivolous wife

ARMOND, the other man

EVELYN, the other woman

(The action takes place in the boudoir and the *salle-de-bain* of the Estherbrook-Smith's home at Newport.)



## The Bucolic-Simple-Life Film

MRS. ANABELLE JONES, a poor widow ninety years old, the mortgage on whose cottage is due on the morrow

PEGGY JONES, her seventeen-year-old daughter, a sweet and innocent maiden, who loves all dumb animals, and feeds lumps of sugar to every horse she encounters

JOHN THURSTON, a poor but noble young lawyer of the village; Peggy's childhood beau

CY PRATT, a half-witted, corpulent bumpkin, who drives a grocery wagon, and who also has a case on Peggy

MARMADUKE VANDERVEER, a fascinating and dashing young Don Juan from the city, with polished hair and a racing run-about

FITZMAURICE HARTLEY, a scheming capitalist and head of the oil trust, who has secretly learned that there is a rich vein of ore on the Widow Jones's homestead

THE VILLAGE SHERIFF

(The action takes place, for the most part, in the sub-titles.)



## The Nazimova Film

NAZIMOVA, a temperamental lady suffering from a violent attack of "*la grande passion*"

A FEW "EXTRAS," who occasionally can be discerned dimly in the background

(The entire action takes place within a few feet of the camera.)

## The Hill-Billy-Feud Film

SUE JACKSON, a beautiful but barefooted child of nature, who can neither read nor write, but who is a good judge of whiskey, and can win a revenuer on the run with a shotgun at two hundred yards

THE REST OF THE JACKSONSES, makers of high-proof mountain hootch, and the sworn enemies of the Jenningses for generations

JEFF JENNINGS, a young and handsome rough diamond. Also a good judge of whiskey and a crack revenuer-sniper. Secretly keeping company with Sue

THE REST OF THE JENNINGSSES, also makers of high-proof mountain hootch, and the sworn enemies of the Jacksonses. (The score stands nine to eight in favor of the Jenningses, due to a lucky shot of Grand-ma Jennings when pie-eyed.)

FLEAS, Jeff Jennings' faithful hound dog

ELLA PRINGE, a simple-minded schoolmarm

NOAH FLOOD, a simple-minded parson

TWENTY MOONSHINERS —

TWELVE REVENUE OFFICERS

—ONE NIGHT BIRD, calling to its mate

(The action, known as fermentation, takes place in the corn-mash.)

(Concluded on page 118)

## The Wild-West-Equestrian Film

DAREDEVIL DAVE, a handsome and upright young bandit

HONEST JOHN, the sheriff, with a Walrus moustache and a reputation for getting his man

LITTLE DOROTHY, the sheriff's beautiful sixteen-year-old daughter; an expert gun-woman and a child of the plains, who wears a divided leather skirt, and keeps house for her father.





# What is the matter with your hair?



Falling?



Dandruff?



Oily?



Dull?

## All largely due to a single cause Make this free test—A way to correct it

This is to men and women who wish to care for their hair in a more scientific way. To keep or restore its beauty, its health, by methods right and modern.

There is now an ideal method. It deals effectively with the cause of hair troubles, present or impending. It embodies the best that men know.

THERE is an oil in the scalp called Sebum, secreted by the glands of the hair. It lubricates the hair—gives it luster and softness. It keeps the scalp flexible, or should. It is the hair's chief friend. But, like all skin secretions, there is often an excess. Then the hair becomes too oily. The surplus Sebum decomposes on the scalp. It forms fatty acids which inflame the scalp.

Scales and dandruff often follow. The scalp outlets are choked, the oil is suppressed. Dryness and scale may kill the hair roots, so the hair falls out. Then Sebum becomes the hair's great foe—the cause of most hair troubles.

### Cleanliness the first essential

The first rule is the same as with any skin surface. Remove the excess, cleanse the pores. Think what would happen to any skin if you failed for a time to do that.

But you must aim at Sebum—that particular scalp oil. Dissolve it, remove it, then get into the pores. Not with ordinary soaps or shampoos, but with studied, tested, scientific methods.

Our experts have embodied in Palmolive Shampoo the best ways known to do that. It combats the Sebum—Sebum only—correctly and efficiently. That is the first essential. Don't rely on guesswork,

on ignorance, on non-scientific means. Your hair is too important.

### Beauty—softness—luster—health

The next thing is to treat your scalp as you would your cheeks. Apply a soap based on palm and olive oils. Do what millions do with Palmolive Soap to foster fine complexions.

Palmolive Shampoo does that. It is based on the oil blend which for ages has held supreme place for the skin. The purpose is to give to the hair luster, softness, beauty. And to fit the scalp to maintain healthy hair roots. Those are results which you want and need regularly. The other helps are told in our book.

### A home demonstration—free

To show these effects we will send you a treatment to try. We will send you the oil blend and the Sebum combatant combined in Palmolive Shampoo. It will show you the ideal way to give your hair care, beauty and protection. You will know that in an hour.

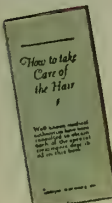
With it we will send a book—"How to Take Care of the Hair." That will tell you just what to do for any wrong condition. For dry hair, for dull hair, for falling hair, for dandruff. The advice is up-to-date and authoritative. It will tell you how to deal with damage already done.

Think what your hair means to you. Let us show you how to beautify it, how to preserve or restore it. Send this coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U.S.A.  
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, Toronto, Canada  
*Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles*

### New Booklet Free

Be sure and send for this new booklet on the care of the hair, which explains authorized scientific hair treatment, supplied by leading specialists.



# PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO



### Trial Hair Treatment Free

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY  
Dept. B-323, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Please send me the trial hair treatment and free booklet, "How to Take Care of the Hair."

Name.....

Address.....



### THE QUALITY TIRE

THERE is a *quality* designed and built into SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES which cannot be imitated—except in appearance. There is no such thing as imitating service and satisfaction. These are *fundamentals* of quality and value which must prove themselves “in the long run.” These form the foundation upon which the splendid reputation of SILVERTOWNS has been created and maintained. Get GOODRICH SILVERTOWN CORD TIRES—then you are sure of the satisfaction, safety and service which you associate with the word “GOODRICH.”

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY

Akron, Ohio

GOODRICH  
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CORDS



# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

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



**MARIETTA.**—I, too, am tired. Tired of many things—even most things. One of the few things I am not tired of is Phyllis Haver in a bathing suit; but I never see Phyllis in a bathing suit any more. Life is indeed complex. Conway Tearle is the brave and beautiful *General de something or other* in Norma Talmadge's "The Eternal Flame." Adele Rowland is the lady to whom Mr. Tearle makes real-life love.

**SUSAN.**—Brown eyed, I suppose. Oh, of course. Dorothy Gish and James Rennie are not divorced. Don't contradict me, because I know. They are happily wedded and very good friends. Constance Talmadge is no longer Mrs. John Pialoglou. Maybe that is what's worrying you.

**GENEVIEVE.**—If you come in, will I help you out? Probably. I, or one of my henchmen. You didn't know I had henchmen, did you? Ah! Address Lillian and Dorothy Gish at the Griffith studios in Mamaroneck, N. Y. The Gishes have been making personal appearances for several months in conjunction with their picture, "Orphans of the Storm." Lillian makes a little speech, but Dorothy is too scared to say a word. You'd think it would be the lively Mrs. Rennie who would do the talking instead of the demure Lillian, wouldn't you?

**BILLIE, NEW YORK.**—Betty Compson and Marie Prevost are, indeed, dears. I might go so far as to declare they are, indeed, darlings. I seem to be growing a little bolder as well as older. Betty is about twenty-five; Marie, twenty-three. Neither is married.

**S. S., INDIA.**—So you didn't like my photograph. What a blow! I had one autographed and all ready to send you; but now—just another disappointment in a life that is crowded with them. (That reads very well.) Bill Hart is married to the little blonde, Winifred Westover, who played opposite our westerner in "Bill Petticoats." I hear that there is an arrival expected at the Hart home in Beverly Hills. May McAvoy is still with Paramount; write to her at the Lasky studios. May's not married. The young man to whom she has

been reported betrothed is Eddie Sutherland, nephew of Tom Meighan. Betrothed sounds so much better than engaged, don't you think? Quite.

**JASMIN.**—Mary MacLaren has left the screen for the stage. She will serve a season as leading woman for a Baltimore, Md., stock company. You might address her at her mother's and sister's home, 127 North Manhattan Place, Los Angeles, Cal., and the letter will doubtless be forwarded

to her. Mary's last picture appearances were as the *Queen* in "The Three Musketeers" and opposite Wally Reid in "Across the Continent."

**BERNICE CROSS Or, Through Life's Shop Window.**—You dramatize yourself all the time, don't you, old dear? Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois, November 8, 1890. She is five feet five inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. Her maiden name was Blum. She has auburn hair and blue eyes. She was married to the late Joseph Kaufman in February, 1914. She has never married again.

**MILDRED.**—I'm weary also of unjust criticism of the films. I wonder what they blamed everything on before the celluloids began to hop? And I wonder what will be the future goat of the world? Agnes Ayres is still with Lasky. She is making pictures right along. She is no longer a Cecil de Mille heroine, but a star in her own right. Leatrice Joy has the leading rôle in Cecil's new one, "Manslaughter." We call him Cecil because we don't know him well enough to call him C. B.

**RUST.**—Ah—a red-haired woman, said he, doing a little Sherlocking. Am I right? Right or wrong, your Answer Man. I wish more of you had that loyal spirit. Joseph Schildkraut was born in Roumania. His wife was formerly Elsie Bartlett Porter. Schildkraut is touring in "Liliom" and "Orphans of the Storm." In the latter he is all wrapped up in celluloid. In the former, he appears, as 'twere, in the flesh. He is getting to be a very popular young man.

**SKY LARK.**—Some work for me, or my assistant, eh? My assistant, eh? Didn't you know that I was my own assistant, stenographer, office boy, bookkeeper, and general utility? Didn't you, eh? Anyways: Edna Murphy and Johnny Walker were in "Extra—Extra."

**INTERESTED — AND ANXIOUS.** — Eugene O'Brien is thirty-seven, and an American. He is not married, or engaged. I hope this will make you even more interested—but no longer anxious.

(Continued on page 88)



## NURSERY REELS

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To "shoot" some serial trouble;  
Jill fell down and ruined her gown,  
And poor Jack lost his "Double!"



# Hattie of Hollywood

(Continued from page 32)

waited for him to descend first. He came down the ladder slowly, feeling for the rungs with his feet. He wasn't a young man. But he was exquisitely dressed; the creases in his trousers broke only a little just above the cream-colored spats; his coat fitted smoothly about shoulders and hips . . . he was walking deliberately toward her; she would have fled had not Lucille's instruction lodged as a command in her brain and rooted her to this spot. . . . She noted the white edging of his tan waistcoat. And he could have worn that heavy silken tie but once. A single large pearl decorated it. She oughtn't to stare at him, of course, but seemed unable to help it. In a moment he would be passing, would almost be brushing by her. A very handsome younger man was with him, a half step behind him. But no merely good-looking young man could draw her attention from that self-contained, world-weary countenance.

HE was almost here. She would have liked to touch his sleeve as he passed. He was . . . stopping . . . turning those keenly impersonal eyes directly on her . . . taking her in from head to foot in shrewd appraisal. She seemed to have shrunk back against a chair; she felt it stopping her. Something had happened that couldn't possibly happen. De Brissac was going to speak to her. He'd order her away. What could she say? Her temples were pounding. There were noises in her brain.

He said—"Did you want to see me?"

She couldn't answer. She could hardly breathe. There was some dreadful mistake, of course. If only she could control herself. Tears were forming again in her eyes, and her lip was quivering.

He took her shoulder and turned her to face a battery of lights. She shivered under his hand. The light blinded her. She must stop this trembling. She felt now rather than saw the eyes of both men studying her feet and ankles, her body, her hands and neck and head. De Brissac turned her head a little and then squinted first at one side of her face and then at the other.

"It's for Mona?" asked the younger man, guardedly.

De Brissac nodded brusquely. "May as well make the test right now," he said, with an inhalation that was almost a sigh. "God knows when I'd get it in tomorrow. Know anything about make-up?"

Hattie must have shaken her head, for he added, turning to the young man—

"Better make her up yourself, George. I'll wait here. Don't take any more time than you have to."

De Brissac would wait there . . . !

Hurrying after the young man she felt that she ought to explain. Of course, when they found out their mistake, there'd be a scene. Her teeth chattered as she tried to think it out . . . this was on those same dark stairs . . . but she couldn't think. The young man threw his arm carelessly about her shoulders by way of guiding her, and while the contact brought an alarming thrill she shrank away with a sudden tense resistance in every nerve.

As he snapped on the lights in the dressing room he asked, with that same careless manner—

"Did Cunningham Graham send you?"

Her lips framed the single word, "No;" and after an appreciable lapse of silent time the sound came in a thin squeak. He

set brusquely to work applying the grease paint. By this time she couldn't even have uttered that little word.

He brought her a torn dress. There wasn't much of it. When she had put it on and stood before the mirror she was glad of the paint over her hot face. He knocked then, and came bustling in.

"Oh," he cried, "you'll have to take off your shoes and stockings! You're a beggar's daughter. Can't wear those!" And then, when she had obeyed, right there in front of him, with the door wide open, he let down her hair himself, placing the hairpins in a neat little pile on the wall



PORTRAIT OF A DIRECTOR OF  
BATHING GIRL COMEDIES  
ON A WINDY DAY

bench, and said, "Come along, my dear!"

She found herself following him out there on the crowded floor. There were splinters and nails that hurt her feet. Terror was in her heart. And yet, herself believing from moment to moment that she would turn and flee, she went on. Meekly went on.

And so she found herself in an alcove of scenery and light machines, that terrific white glare again blinding her eyes, de Brissac talking at her in a low persistent voice, cameras clicking. He said some dreadful things—called her an impostor; asked her profanely what she meant by coming in here and taking up his time; handled her as if she had been a mannequin, placing her in one posture after another. A bewildering fact was that when he had lashed her with his cutting tongue into actual sobbing, with tears falling hotly on her cheeks, he abruptly called out—"Camera!"—and the two men behind the tripods began their grinding. The feeling of personal exposure, mental and physical, had by this time gone far beyond any merely normal sense of insult. She felt utterly stripped and held up for a jeering world to see. She couldn't stop crying.

Suddenly, then, he dismissed the camera men, patted her shoulder in a carelessly affectionate way, and said—

"There, there, my dear! That's all of it. Looks very promising. Be here at the same time tomorrow evening and we'll run it off for you."

But she couldn't stop crying. Already

an active corner of her brain was sensing the situation in its proper workaday light. He had gone deliberately about it to make her cry, of course. She'd be all right in a little while, but for the present her nerves were gone. After the shock of that emotional exposure before all those men, the fact that he was walking slowly along with her, his arm about her, his hand still patting her bare shoulder, seemed hardly to have significance.

She heard a friendly voice then. Lucille's voice. She had to wink those lights out of her eyes before she could see her. And de Brissac, with a final little pat, left them together.

"What on earth!" said Lucille. "I've been looking all over for you, child. How'd you . . . what are you . . ." She held her at the length of both her arms and stared at her. "For the love of Mike, what happened?"

BUT Hattie was sobbing. All the way to the stairs Lucille fired questions at her; finally, on a landing, shaking her. "What on earth is it? How did it happen?"

"I d-d-don't know."

"But what's the test for?"

Hattie shook her head.

"But don't you see, child, you've got de Brissac himself working over you—making a test of you—telling you to be here tomorrow night? My word! Of all the fool luck. . . ."

It was in the subway that Hattie broke out moodily—

"I don't know what to do."

"Do? What do you mean?"

"How can I go up there tomorrow night?"

"How can you . . ." Lucille's voice had a rasp of envy in it. "With de Brissac on your staff? Gee!"

"But he'll find out the mistake."

"What difference will that make, if the test turns out well?"

"But the other girl—"

"You can't talk to me, Hattie. I saw part of that test. And you can bet your sweet life de Brissac saw it too. Do you think he'd have said those nice things if—Oh, poof!"

"What could I do? I don't know anything about acting. Why—I couldn't—"

"You don't have to know anything about acting, child! You only have to photograph well. What's the director for? Do you suppose de Brissac would have worked like that on you?" . . . Lucille was growing rhetorical. . . . "Oh, don't be an idiot! What does Eva Eames know about acting? Two years ago she was in a high school in Atlanta. She's nineteen now and gets eight thousand a week! What does Mary Milton know? Or Vane Heather? . . . My word! Of all the fool luck!"

But gloom had settled on Hattie's fragile spirit.

"I'll never get up there tomorrow night."

"Don't be a fool!"

"Look at tonight! I'll get the dickens. I don't know what I can say to them."

"To who—your folks?"

Hattie nodded mournfully.

"The money'll listen good to them, won't it?"

"You don't know Gran'ma," said Hattie, compressing her lips.

"Don't make me laugh."

But Hattie was shaking her head again. "You don't know Gran'ma," she repeated.



## *Some lucky girl will soon occupy a star dressing room at the Goldwyn studios*

THE great quest for new faces is drawing to a close. No photographs will be considered that arrive after July 1st. The judges will then get down to the work of selecting the winner, or winners, for if more than one girl demonstrates by screen tests that she is good star material, the Goldwyn Company will send as many likely candidates as develop to California.

☐ Be sure to read this month's news of the developments in the Beauty Contest in PHOTOPLAY and if you have a friend who has the looks and qualifications necessary to screen success, prove your friendship by sending her photograph in. It may mean a great career for her.

## *Do not miss the second installment of Samuel Merwin's Great Novelette*

IT is even more interesting and gripping than the first installment. Mr. Merwin has said that he never enjoyed anything in his life so much as writing "Hattie of Hollywood." You will enjoy reading it just as much. Start with this issue and follow the career of this remarkable screen figure through her vicissitudes on the way to success.

☐ It is the story of a girl who was made and not ruined by pictures — a remarkable story of character development in the face of tremendous difficulties.

☐ Into his story, Mr. Merwin has put the observations of a year's intimate contact with the motion picture studios of Hollywood and New York. If ever the motion picture was reflected in its true light, he has done it.

*Order your August issue of PHOTOPLAY from your news-dealer in advance — That's the only sure way to get it*

The dim street pressed in on her scowlingly as she hurried along, keeping out on the curb in the fear that a rough hand might draw her ruthlessly into a doorway. Such things were in the papers every day. She thought of the two or three occasions when she'd been out so late alone, and how frightened she'd been. It was worse now, upset as she was. She'd hated this street all during the two years since they'd had to come in from Elizabeth; that was when Arthur Hamlin deserted Alice and she had to get the job in Goldman's store. They couldn't afford the railway fares to Elizabeth, she and Alice . . . it was a street of flat buildings, all alike, each with its iron fire escape zigzagging up the front wall. Ash cans stood along the curb; she had to dodge around them as she ran along. Rents hadn't gone up in this region as elsewhere in the city because colonies of negroes had lately settled in the neighborhood.

IT was with a sort of relief that she found herself in their own hallway, by the familiar double row of mailboxes and push buttons. But then she was brought to a full stop. She'd have to go up. She wanted eagerly to go up, as to her only haven in a world that slipped unstably underfoot and left the brain dizzy. Nothing anywhere to tie to. She leaned, breathless, against the wall. Yes, she must go up. A new feeling of tenderness toward Alice and little Emily, almost a feeling of tenderness toward Gran'ma, possessed her and brought a degree of relief. But how was she going to answer their questions? What could she say? How could she relate an experience the mere whirling thought of which still shook her? The hot color rushed back into her face, and she felt the tears coming again.

It was almost terribly fascinating to picture herself in next to no clothing with the frightful lights blazing down on her while de Brissac prodded coldly through every barrier of maiden reticence and dragged out for those men her shyest feelings and left her trembling and sobbing, spiritually outraged, beside herself; and then, as coolly, assuming as by right a mastery over those emotions he had evoked, put his arm around her and patted her shoulder approvingly.

They'd see she'd been crying. Her handkerchief was a wet little ball now, but she dried her eyes as well as she could. She couldn't tell them. The thought brought new dismay, but how could she? The mere beginnings of the experience, Lucille's invitation and the restaurant supper, made such a bad start. They'd known something of Lucille, when she worked in the mailing room, and didn't approve of her. Alice might in time be made to see the thing straight, somehow she might be brought round, but never Gran'ma. And anyway, she couldn't even begin to talk in this awful state of nerves, without breaking out crying. No, she couldn't talk at all. Not now. Even though they read her confusion, as they surely would. They'd think it was something she'd done with a boy, of course. They'd think terrible things.

A hopeful waif of a new thought came; that by keeping quiet now and working extra hard in the mailing room and bringing every cent home Saturday night she'd show them that she was a good girl. In time. She'd never go near that studio again. Already it was a grotesque dream. No, she'd work and work and work. She'd show them. She wondered if they'd be up, waiting. Her slim fingers hovered near the button.

A newer, stronger thought came; the deeply confusing thought that life, in spite

of habit and precept, was changing for her overnight. She dwelt almost guiltily on Willie Mazzini. He'd been after her lately to steal out to the pictures of an evening. She had firmly refused, of course. And a very handsome young man in the press room had taken to smiling at her and crowding close in the elevator. Once, only a few days back, he had happened to ride up town with her in the subway and had stood with his arm around her to protect her from the crush. She hadn't minded much. His name was Fred Schmandt. And she'd had to be careful not to let Willie see that she was a little interested in him. Perhaps the time would come when she'd have to have secrets. And with this dar-



THE HOSTESS: "WILL YOU SLIP OUT AFTER THIS DINNER SCENE AND GET ME A SANDWICH, JIMMY? I'M STARVED"

ing thought, mixed up with it, that tenderness grew. Alice had to work so hard, in the store all day and cooking breakfasts and suppers. She decided to be kind and patient with Gran'ma; try to bear in mind what a hard life she'd had and how real her suffering was.

She pushed the button. The lock clicked almost instantly. They were up, waiting, all right!

As she ascended the four flights she felt sure she was right about not telling. She never could fib; they'd read her like a book. The fewer words, the better. It was just one of those things you had to live through somehow. Certainly, if she started it would all come tumbling out; and in this crazy trembling of the nerves how was she to control herself at all. They mustn't think her unsettled for her regular work. That would lead to an endless scene. It would be awful.

No, she'd just have to show them. Patiently. It would be a relief to plunge back to work in the morning. Her innate modesty was almost happy at the thought. She'd work and work and work. She'd be friendly but cool with Willie Mazzini, distantly polite to Fred Schmandt. Keep out of trouble all round. She'd had her big adventure. It was something to have got it out of her system, to know that she didn't like the kind of thing at all.

Alice was standing at the door of the flat, nervously waiting, holding her old lavender kimono together with one thin hand. She spoke, as Hattie slipped within and took off her hat, in hurried reproachful whispers.

"I don't know what you've been up to—" thus ran the burden of her complaint—

"but I should think you could be a little more considerate of me."

"Hat-tie!" called Gran'ma's thin voice. "Hattie, come here!"

"There!" Alice rushed on. "You see what it's been, all evening."

A whimper came from down the hall. "And now she's waked Emily up!" Alice's voice trembled unhappily. "How do you think I'm going to manage all I've got to do if I can't get my rest? If you won't help? I tell you I'm pretty near the breaking point."

Emily was crying now. "Mama!" she wailed.

And "Hattie, come here!" called Gran'ma.

"I can't see her," whispered Hattie, blankly, leaning back against the wall.

"You've got to. Expect me to keep on arguing with her all night? With breakfast to cook and my work? And now I've got to get Emily to sleep. Oh, sometimes all this brings me clean up against the end of things. What's the use of trying to keep things going! Look here, where have you been? What are you up to, anyway, worrying us like this? I've been fighting for an hour to keep Gran'ma from putting on her clothes and going out to the drug-store and calling up the police."

"But that's so unreasonable, Alice!"

"Unreasonable? You surely don't expect reason—"

"Hat-tie!"

"I'll go in there," said Hattie, with a firmness that was surprising to herself.

Gran'ma was sitting on the edge of her bed in her rear room with its few crowded pieces of furniture and its window that gave onto the alley. She had drawn her old crocheted bed-jacket about her shoulders and thrust her feet into her knitted slippers. She was wrinkled and gaunt, with a strongly aquiline nose and fanatically stern eyes. Owing to some disease of the bone her left leg was bent outward—even as she sat there on the bed that painfully wide curve was evident, and the two stout canes at the head of the bed told more of the story. Gran'ma had married, at eighteen, a young divinity student, and for forty-seven years had moved about from village to village in Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas as the wife of a Methodist minister. Then the worn-out spirit of her husband slipped away to that mystical Farther Region in which had centered his sustaining faith, and she, penniless, had had to come East to Elizabeth to find a home with her granddaughters, and had at once taken her place as the dominant influence in the little household.

That was five years earlier than the period we are dealing with here. Alice's husband had a good position in the sewing machine works at Elizabethport. He was a nervous young man, who had been given to drinking a good deal before his marriage to Alice organized him and gave him a purpose in life. From the first he and Gran'ma clashed; guardedly at first, then bitterly. During the third year of her stay he drifted back into his old ways, lost his position, and finally, one day, quietly slipped out of their lives. Alice had not heard from him since.

Never in a spoken phrase had the sisters blamed Gran'ma for this disaster. Indeed, it had seemed only right that they should blame Arthur. But through the period of gathering trouble and during these very hard two years that followed, an undertone of hostility toward her had grown until it became at times difficult to manage. Neither of them knew much about her nearly fifty years of struggling on the bare edge of existence, and neither could have perceived how such a life—heroic, in-

(Continued on page 84)





*Take a KODAK with you*

*Kodak film in the yellow box, over  
the counter all over the world.*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. *The Kodak City*

# A Motion Picture Dictionary

Compiled and Edited by  
WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

**DEATH**, *n.* A transition which invariably occurs at a most propitious moment for all parties concerned, and which is indicated by the removal of hats by all the male actors present.



**DEFIANCE**, *n.* An attitude which the poor may assume successfully in the silent drama, but which is beset by grave dangers if adopted in real life.

**DELIVERY**, *n.* That which tradesmen always make at the front door of fashionable residences; and if it is a new gown or hat, the delivery is generally made in the evening when the husband and wife are imbibing their post-prandial coffee in the drawing-room.

**DEMILLE**, *v.t.* To mutilate; to deform; to disfigure; to alter out of all resemblance to the original, such as what happened to "The Admirable Crichton" and "The Affairs of Anatol."

**DENATURE**, *v.t.* A process applied to all motion pictures in deference to the susceptibilities of the squeamish.

**DETAIL**, *n.* The stumbling-block of all directors, being either woefully neglected or unduly emphasized.

**DETECTIVE**, *n.* The leading character of a mystery picture the chief mystery of which consists in how it came to be produced.

**DINNER**, *n.* A huge *papier-mache* turkey lying on its back.

**DISASTER**, *n.* That which constantly threatens the leading man, but which, alas! never strikes.



**DOG**, *n.* A domesticated animal by which one may determine a person's character. Any man who enjoys fondling a dog is noble, upright and trustworthy. Any man who dislikes or ignores a dog is a scallawag and a marplot with whom no honest working-girl is safe.

**DOOR**, *n.* A hinged entrance to a room which, if locked, can always be forced open by hurling one's body against it.

**DOVE**, *n.* A domestic bird of the pigeon family, generally white. Doves have a peculiar sense of natural beauty, as is evidenced by the fact that they are attracted strongly to rustic arbors, and perch only on picturesque boughs. When not on the wing they sit in pairs with the tips of their bills juxtaposed.



**DRAPERY**, *n.* Diaphanous veiling used by classic dancers, artists' models, symbolic figures and angels, as a concession to the prudery of censors.

**DRESS**, *n.* Sartorial investiture by which motion-picture actors, wherever encountered, may at once be distinguished from the rest of mankind.

**DUCK**, *n.* The clown of the animal world, one glimpse of which is sufficient to send the simple rustic heroine into paroxysms of glee.



**EDGE**, *n.* That part of a table on which forty-year-old juveniles sit by way of impressing one with their boyishness.

**EGG**, *n.* That which comedians place in their trousers' pocket and then sit upon.



**EIGHTEEN**, *adj.* The fixed age of all screen ingénues.

**ELECTION**, *n.* A landslide for the forward-looking young attorney who is opposing the powerful and corrupt political machine.

**EMOTIONAL**, *adj.* The type of acting marked by violent physical activity, as distinguished from "restrained" acting which consists merely of standing still with the eyes closed and working the Adam's apple up and down.

**ENCORE**, *n.* Something which it is impossible for an actor to take in a screen drama—proving that (detractors to the contrary notwithstanding) motion pictures have certain distinct advantages over the spoken drama.

**ESTATE**, *n.* That which is bequeathed from father to son, or from uncle to nephew, with the stipulation that the latter marries by noon of the day following the reading of the will.

**EVANGELICAL**, *adj.* The type of doctrine preached by motion pictures.

**EXPLANATION**, *n.* That which is carefully withheld by every character in a dramatic situation, and which, were it given, would bring nine-tenths of all motion-picture plots to an immediate close.

**EXTRAVAGANCE**, *n.* That which characterizes nearly every phase of the motion-picture industry, including the cost of production, the salaries paid to stars, the ideas used in the plots, the language employed in the advertisements, and the promises made to the lady friends of directors.

**FACE**, *n.* That part of the anatomy which—no matter what position the rest of the body is forced to assume—an actor manages at all times to keep turned toward the audience.



**FACT**, *n.* A wholly subsidiary and inconsequential element in the narrative logic of motion pictures. A mere detail; a bagatelle.

**FACTORY**, *n.* A large building in which the owner's beautiful daughter gets caught in a piece of machinery, and is rescued by one of the handsome young workmen, who turns out to be an aristocrat and college man in disguise.

**FAINT**, *n.* A sudden and unexpected loss of feminine consciousness, which occurs only when there are two manly arms ready to receive the body.

**FANCY**, *adj.* The most charitable adjective which one can apply to the average leading man's clothes.

**FARCE**, *n.* A type of humorous drama often achieved unconsciously on the screen.

**FATAL**, *adj.* A type of accident which never befalls the hero of a screen drama.

**FEATURE**, *n.* A two-reel drama attenuated into five, with an interpolated cabaret scene containing a close-up of a colored jazz orchestra.

**FETE**, *n.* A celebration held nightly in all foreign countries.

**FIGHT**, *n.* A physical encounter in which the smaller of the two combatants is invariably the victor, due to his superior morals.



**FINANCIER**, *n.* A gentleman with a prognathic jaw, who keeps his entire fortune in a circular wall safe behind an oil painting in the library, and who always comes to a violent end by being stabbed with a paper-cutter.

**FOREIGNER**, *n.* (1) A villain; a *gonof*; a professional seducer. (2) Anyone who gesticulates excitedly and shrugs his shoulders when talking.

**FORTUITOUS**, *adj.* About the only kind of circumstances one encounters in a film drama.

**FORTUNE**, *n.* (1) The reward of virtue. (2) The basis of the happy ending.

**GAITER**, *n.* A dudish foot decoration affected by Don Juans and foreigners.



**GALAXY**, *n.* An aggregation of stars; hence, the advertised cast of every new motion-picture drama.

**GATE**, *n.* The hinged section of a fence, used by rustic heroines to lean over and weep.

**GATHERING**, *n.* A large collection of people at five dollars a day *per capita*, used in pictures which are to be announced as "super-productions." A mere production is the same picture without a gathering.

**GENDER**, *n.* A most indelicate though unescapable possession of the human race, which the motion-picture censors are continually striving to eliminate.

**GESTURE**, *n.* A studiously thought-out bit of pantomime which doesn't convey the idea intended.



**GLADNESS**, *n.* The fundamental postulate of motion-picture philosophy.

**GOVERNOR**, *n.* An office to which the high-minded and virtue-loving Common People always elect a young and inexperienced candidate, because of his purity, thereby refuting the unjust accusation of critics that motion pictures are not scrupulously true to life.

(To be continued.)



# Get a “Close-Up”



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

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

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

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

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

***Read the advertisements***

## Hattie of Hollywood

(Continued from page 80)

Men knew it  
but she didn't

AND the pity of it was that the subject was so delicate a one that even her closest friends didn't have the heart to mention it to her.

It was one of those things that people habitually dodge in conversation even though it might be a great boon to the person so handicapped if he or she were informed.

Halitosis is not a pretty subject perhaps. But how many, many people—men and women—suffer from it and are held back both socially and in business!

Halitosis is the scientific term for unpleasant breath—a trouble thousands suffer from and usually unawares. The insidious thing about halitosis is that you rarely know yourself whether your breath is just right or not. You can't detect it but your friends will—very quickly.

Where halitosis is a symptom of some organic disorder, a physician or dentist should be consulted. However, most cases of halitosis are only local and temporary. Then, fortunately, it yields to the use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, taken as a gargle and mouth wash.

As such Listerine becomes an indispensable friend to people who wish to enjoy the comfortable assurance that their breath is always beyond reproach.

Listerine will put you on the safe and polite side. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves your breath sweet, fresh and clean. It is the ideal and scientific breath deodorant.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years, and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit.

Start using Listerine today. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Mo.

For  
HALITOSIS  
use  
LISTERINE



deed, in its way—can sear a rich young nature, chemically changing eager faith into a hard creed, hope into dogged energy, fresh young purpose into rugged will. But they felt the iron in her, her persistent power.

Gran'ma had never lost a battle. Little was now left to her embittered spirit save the habit of fighting on. She was implacable. The only sort of life she could understand was flouted every day, every hour, by the very air she breathed in Elizabeth and New York. She believed, or honestly thought she believed, in every literal word of the St. James Bible. As a mere matter of self-respect she was savagely intolerant. There were days, even weeks, when it seemed impossible to do anything that would please her. Yet she firmly believed herself just. She even believed herself kind. Never for one moment, during the unrelenting grind of the years, had she lost faith in herself.

Never even had she slighted, however limited the means at her hand, her personal appearance; never relaxed, never slumped, never so much as lounged comfortably in a chair. Even when ill it was distasteful to her to eat abed. And it was characteristic now that in her extreme perturbation over Hattie's delinquency, she had not neglected to draw the lace cap over her bald spot. She never permitted anyone to see that. . . . Alice and Hattie did at times think gently enough and even speak of her hard life. They both wanted to be kind to her. But she didn't know how to meet them halfway. She had always ruled, and had to rule now.

Hattie stood, wistfully pale, in the doorway. If only Gran'ma would let her alone just now and give her that chance to show what a good girl she could be! On the spot she formed a resolve not to miss another church service, not even to miss Sunday School.

"Where have you been?" The voice was high, stern, cold.

Hattie's lip quivered. She must be patient and kind. She even tried to phrase a few quiet words.

BUT then her nerves gave way. Crying out—"Oh, why do you go at me like this? I haven't done anything wrong! I haven't! I haven't! It isn't a boy! It isn't anything! I never go out and have fun with the other girls!"—she rushed down the hall and locked herself in her own tiny bedroom beyond the kitchenette and flung herself on the bed there. Her only window gave onto a narrow and dark court.

Later she heard Emily crying up in the living room where mother and daughter slept in the folding davenport. Meekly she helped the hollow-eyed Alice get breakfast, and then contrived to slip out without seeing Gran'ma. A dogged task lay before her, but her resolve was high. She would prove to them, steady week after steady week, that she was a good girl. In time, doubtless, the little crisis would blow over. They'd see.

All the morning her thin arms moved with the swift precision of a machine. Mrs. Mullane gave her a smile at noon. But as the afternoon wore slowly away her resolution wavered. Thoughts of the magical evening at the studio kept creeping into her mind and refused to be downed. A legendary Armand de Brissac overshadowed her weakening spirit. Lucille came in at five, taking it as a matter of course that they would go up there. She received Hattie's timid protest incredulously, saying shortly—"Getting temperamental already, are we?" And so it came about

that Hattie, almost as if she had known all along that it was inevitable, went again. She seemed merely a shy little girl with a nervous smile that came and went rather meaninglessly and with excitement in her eyes. The matter of fact Lucille had no means of knowing that the girl felt herself to be engulfed in an irresistible, thrilling moral disaster.

FOR an hour Alice Hand had stood by the push button, leaning drowsily against the wall, yawning, her thin brows contracted in a nervous frown. She tiptoed now to the door of the kitchenette for a glance at the nickel-plated alarm clock there. It was ten minutes to eleven. She lighted the gas heater and hurriedly made some coffee, then returned to her vigil. She must keep awake. Gran'ma, exhausted by the excitement of the preceding night and by a second evening of nervous wrangling, had dropped off to sleep. The door buzzer might not or might awaken her, though probably it would. She didn't often sleep soundly.

Twenty minutes past eleven. Half past. Her own nerves were near a break. She was working on them all of every day in the store; steadily, she knew, consuming them. For a year she had dreaded this inevitable crisis in Hattie's young life. She had brooded bitterly on the necessity of living in town. The city was evil, and crassly triumphant. It devoured girls. She knew about that. If only they could have afforded to live in a suburb and give Hattie something of an education; keep her where she'd come to know a better sort of people. All this subway and shop business was bound to wear her down. Bound to. As a family they weren't getting anywhere, were just gradually wearing out. And when she herself cracked, they'd all go. Money—that was it! Money enough to put Gran'ma some place where she'd be decently cared for. You couldn't care for her, pet her, fuss over her, soften her sharp angles, and, besides, cook the morning and evening meals and work all day in the store. You couldn't!

Twenty-five minutes to twelve. The child might not come home at all. A downtown preacher had said in the papers that sixty-five thousand girls had disappeared during 1921. Why might not Hattie be one of those to go in 1922? Alice lost all control of her thoughts at this point, had to let them dwell on fantastically horrible details of wrecked young lives—the sort of details you read nearly every day in the papers. This had been a growing nervous tendency of late.

The buzzer sounded. Instantly she pressed the button, then stepped out on the landing and drew the door nearly to behind her. Gran'ma didn't call. Perhaps it hadn't awakened her. If she did awake, she'd surely call out in that harsh voice. She'd feel that she must command the situation. And, as surely, she'd awaken Emily.

Hattie's familiar light step sounded deliberately, far below. Why didn't she hurry?

Alice knew that she ought to keep cool, not scold. If only she could! Gran'ma now had scolded about going out nights for years before the thing began. It had only just begun. Gran'ma believed firmly, like the old Puritans, in stern repression. She was afraid of life; fought it; had always fought it. Life, to her, was the merest grim schooling for a queerly concrete Heaven. Perhaps there was still something to be gained by standing, at critical mo-



ments, between Gran'ma and Hattie, by fending off that nagging.

Hattie came in that deliberate, rather prim way, up the last flight.

"Keep quiet!" Alice admonished, determined to be calm. "Gran'ma's asleep. Go right to your room."

Demurely Hattie obeyed. She even smiled faintly. Seldom able to fathom the thoughts behind that immature face, Alice found this new cool complacency baffling.

Very softly she closed the door, and followed the girl.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" she asked. She met with unforeseen difficulty in keeping her voice down. It wasn't like Hattie to be deliberately irritating, but now she sat quietly on the edge of her narrow bed and stretched out her slim legs and gazed intently at her new shoes.

"Well?" This, sharply, from Alice.

"I've got a new job." That was how the child began, in her thin voice. She seemed almost sure of herself. It was a new phase. There was no telling all that might lie back of it.

"Hat-tie!" that rather shrill voice cut strongly through the night hush.

"Oh, Good Lord!" groaned Alice, then hurried on tiptoe to Gran'ma's door.

"I'm attending to Hattie's case myself," she said sharply. "For Heaven's sake, don't wake Emily up. I simply can't stand it. You might have a little consideration for me!"

"Tell that girl to come here at once. Do you think I—"

"No." Alice was firm. This, like Hattie's, was a new phase. She had never before defied Gran'ma. "No. I am perfectly capable of handling this business myself. I'm a grown woman with a daughter of my own."

"What do you mean, speaking to me like—"

"Oh, please, Gran'ma, for Heaven's sake!"

"How can you use such language to me when—"

"No! This is a job for one, not for two: You know what it will mean if you wake Emily up. I simply can't stand any more. I insist that you leave this to me. I'm going to shut your door."

Firmly she carried out her threat and returned to Hattie's room, and closed that door as well.

THE girl was still sitting in that odd way, with her legs stretched out, looking intently down. But her brain, behind the little mask of a face, was racing. The telling of her amazing story was not to be a simple matter. How could she explain the horror of that first hour with de Brissac? On the other hand, how could she phrase her elation when she saw, on this bewildering evening, the unbelievably pleasant results of it; sitting timidly in the dark projection room while a machine buzzed softly and a beam of white light shot out through a hole in the wall and fell on the screen as a real picture—a picture as real as any ever made of Mary Pickford or Norma Talmadge or Lillian Gish.

The incredible had happened, and with a force that stunned her faculties. Even the distressing costume proved wistfully charming; she saw her slim body in a new light, as an instrument of expression. She had actually smiled, there on the screen, a wistful, lovely beggar child, reaching out her white arms; and she couldn't remember smiling. She was living it over now. All the way home she'd been living it over, seeing it vividly in her mind's eye.

The great Israel Zeeck, president of Earth-wide Films, Inc., had sat directly behind her, there in the dark, and when the little beggar

# Joys of July

## Puffed Rice with berries



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# Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

*Every food cell steam exploded*



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girl on the screen sank back on the marble steps and looked pitifully out at them with a quivering lip and brimming eyes, finally sobbing out with real tears coursing down her wan cheeks, none other than Mr. Zeeck had clapped his hands and cried: "Bravo!" And a huge Mr. Kremmer had applauded and said nice things. And Mr. de Brissac had stood with his arm around her again—right before Lucille and those men and a secretary—and patted her hands and her cheek. Certainly she couldn't tell this last bit. It was, indeed, a disturbing cross-current in her brain, even though it had seemed, at the moment, almost all right. How could she, really, with her confused thoughts and her scanty vocabulary, tell any of it, give Alice any real picture of it. . . . No, she couldn't! She was worried herself, all upset really. But every moment or so she had to fight back a warm grin that tugged at the corners of her mouth.

A DOOR opened; a stumping sound followed.

"She's coming!" whispered Alice, going white.

Thump-thump, thump-thump, came the sound of the two canes through the hall, and then the door sharply opened.

"Oh, Gran'ma—" thus Alice—"I asked you—"

"You are hiding something from me." Gran'ma. "Hattie, where have you been?"

"Up at the studio." The demure Hattie couldn't be shaken out of her dream. Alice stared.

"What studio?"

"Earthwide Films."

"Earthwide—" this was Alice, all breathless.

"Mm-hmm! They made a test of me last night. I've just seen it."

"A test of you?"

Hattie nodded.

"You don't mean that you're trying to get into the pictures? Alice."

"Who took you up there?" Gran'ma.

"A girl I know. I've promised to see Mr. Kremmer in the morning. At the Fifth Avenue office. Ten o'clock."

"What for?" Gran'ma.

"Sign a contract."

"You'll do no such thing!"

"But Gran'ma—" Alice was spreading her hands excitedly—"if this is true—"

"It's true all right!" Hattie.

"—think of what it might mean!"

"You don't need to tell me what it would mean! So long as I have a voice to protest, no granddaughter of mine—"

"But the money! Why, people make fortunes overnight! Girls, too!"

"Principle, then, is nothing! Decency!"

"They want me to go to Hollywood next week." Hattie, in a breathlessly explosive little voice.

Alice's mouth fell open.

"Hollywood?" Gran'ma. "Certainly not! No granddaughter of mine. I tell you, while there's a shred of decent respect left in this—"

"Look here!" Alice was desperately gathering her scattered faculties. "At least we've got to find out what all this is!"

"Alice"—Gran'ma—"go to your room! Leave this girl to me!"

"I won't do any such thing. Don't you see, I can't."

"I see only that you are an impertinent young woman. If you haven't firmness of character enough to discipline a wayward girl, I have."

"No, Gran'ma. I tell you, I'm a grown woman. Tell me what this is, Hattie. How much do they offer you?"

"I don't know yet, but it's the new de Brissac picture, and—"

"De Brissac!" Alice breathed the word.

"Will you, or will you not go to your room?" demanded Gran'ma.

"I don't mean to be impertinent, Gran'ma, but I must ask you to be reasonable."

"You are impertinent. You are turning against me."

"No, I'm not—but—"

"How dare you—"

"Hattie"—Alice was surprisingly abrupt, was indeed, rather sharply businesslike—"you're going down there at ten o'clock?"

"Mm-hmm!"

"I'm going with you. You can't make a contract, anyway. You're a minor. They'll dock me at the office, but—" She turned in a burst of nervous emotion on the gaunt, crippled old woman in the doorway. "Oh, Gran'ma, won't you at least try to rise out of these old prejudices and see what this may mean?"

"Prejudices!" The thin face was drawn sternly down; the eyes were blazing.

"Oh, I don't mean that either, but can't you see that just by a wonderful chance we may be swept out of all this squalor—plenty of money, everything easy—we could take such beautiful care of you—"

"Are you trying to tell me that for a little dirty money you'd sell the virtue of your own sister? Hollywood!"

"But Gran'ma, you're utterly unreasonable!"

"Oh, I am?"

Gran'ma turned, with what Alice felt, even at the moment, to be pathetic dignity, and stumped angrily back to her room. Shut the door with a bang.

Hattie, though her eyes were still mistily radiant, spoke in an oddly practical little voice.

"It's going to be an awful night, Alice. She'll get back at us."

"I know." But Alice couldn't quite permit the girl to pursue that line of talk. Though she did know. Gran'ma would be ill; would be calling on first one and then the other; there would be hot water bags to fill; she herself would have to run over to the all-night drugstore for spirits of ammonia. And merely trying again to be kind would get them nowhere. Gran'ma would be unforgiving. To her crabbed nature that would be just. She certainly wouldn't let them sleep. Doubtless she'd wake Emily up.

Alice sighed. Then she looked down at her dreamily happy little sister. Queer business! A topsy-turvy world! . . . Misgivings came. "Hollywood"—a queerly make-believe far-off place, out of which whispery stories drifted like smoke. The girls in the store talked pruriently of it. And what unhappy influences mightn't a lot of happy-go-lucky picture people have on a colorless little girl like Hattie? Not that they need be worse than other people. They couldn't be worse than New Yorkers. For that matter, almost every house back in Elizabeth, up and down the simple street, had had its own whispery story of intrigue, even of blood. But those houses weren't dangerously attractive. They'd never lure a girl into wrong. About Hollywood hovered a glamour. It was even possible that the money might come too easily. Money did change people; lots of it, pouring in all at once. And in the pictures every one seemed to deal in tens and hundreds of thousands. Even in millions. Millions! . . .

THEY sat, Alice and Hattie, in the spacious office of the pleasant Mr. Kremmer.

"How—how much will you pay?" It was Alice who phrased the question. They had come to it.

"Now, I'll tell you." Thus the smilingly shrewd Mr. Kremmer. Hattie's mouth curled again in that quite new complacent smile; Alice hung on his words in a nervous



tension that was nearly unbearable. "Miss Johnson is a very fortunate young lady. Mr. de Brissac believes he can do great things with her—that she really has a future. And Mr. de Brissac doesn't often go wrong in his judgment. You understand, of course, that it is an unusual thing to hire an untried girl on a salary basis and pay her expenses to the Coast and back. But that is Mr. de Brissac's wish. It is a very unusual opportunity. Mr. de Brissac plans to make this his greatest picture. We stand ready to spend up to a million dollars—"

The sisters looked at each other. "—if necessary to see it through. And we are willing to guarantee employment for not less than four months."

"How much will you—"

"I'm coming to that. In view of all the circumstances, we feel that seventy-five dollars a week would be—"

The sisters looked again. Hattie's eyes clouded, and her underlip quivered. Mr. Kremmer studied her narrowly. Alice felt a flash of anger coming into her eyes, and fought it back.

"Oh!" breathed Hattie unhappily.

"You see," Alice explained, nervously brisk. "I can't let my sister go alone."

"No, indeed. We are quite willing to—"

" . . . and I should have to give up my own job in the store. My sister'd have to give up her job, too. Then there's my little girl and an invalid grandmother. They're both helpless. We couldn't leave them. I'm really afraid we can't—"

HATTIE put out a fluttering hand to stop this. She couldn't consider not going.

Mr. Kremmer hesitated; drew pictures on an envelope. Alice rushed eagerly on. But he said he'd have to talk it over with both Mr. de Brissac and Mr. Zeeck. He finally told them to come back at four, and bowed them out.

The sisters ate unhappily at Childs. Then they went to see a picture. And toward four their courage nearly failed. But Alice stuck grimly to it; dragged the girl into the elevator that led up to the headquarters of nearly all Filmdom, and after a brief time of waiting was arguing again.

Mr. Kremmer's next proposition, however, proved nearly as surprising as the first. He insisted on tying Hattie up for three years, starting at a hundred dollars a week, and increasing by a hundred dollars a week, during each of the other years.

"But she might make a hit," cried Alice, still fighting hard.

"Then she must keep her contract. She takes that chance. On the other hand, we take the chance of a failure. We will, besides, give you a drawing-room for four people to the Coast—and return at the end of the three years. We will pay for any other transportation that may be necessary during the life of the contract. And if you need a little money to clear up here and get away—say two or three hundred dollars—we'll give you that. . . . This is the best offer we can make. I'm afraid I must ask you to take it or leave it. And I don't mind adding that you are very fortunate in having Mr. de Brissac on your side."

There was to be no overnight fortune. But as they walked over to the subway, their spirits rose somewhat. At least it was something—a change and a chance.

"How'll we ever bring Gran'ma round?" asked Hattie, swinging from a strap in a subway car, and indulging in a nervous giggle.

"We'll hardly be able to bring her around," replied Alice with a set mouth. "But she'll have to go. I'll handle that."



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There's going to be an awful lot to do, if we go Monday. Guess I'll be too busy to worry much about anybody."

Hattie went down to the shop, late in the morning, and, shyly radiant, gave Mrs. Mullane the news. The girls crowded excitedly and enviously about her. It was a great moment; greater perhaps than the wonderful evening in the projection room. She seemed to be living through a fairy story. Willie Mazzini followed her out to the elevator, later, and in a corner of the hall kissed her goodbye. Passively she yielded. It didn't seem exactly wrong so long as she didn't kiss him. She agreed to write often. She felt really tender toward Willie, and promised to try and get him a job out there. She didn't see Fred Schmandt, though she lingered expectantly on the street floor.

Monday came. Gran'ma sat in the drawing-room, sat stiffly, uncompromisingly. For two days she had refused to speak to them. As clearly as words her manner said—"Understand, I have not consented to this. I yield to force, but I warn you, only disaster can result." But they felt that they couldn't help that. The thought of really making her in some measure comfortable had sustained them through these confused hours. They didn't know that she, too, was thinking secretly, almost painfully, of warm sunshine and orange trees all golden with fruit and a new black dress—this had been held out to her, as had a private bathroom.

The train was all polished mahogany and shining brass. The porter was their servant. And Hattie had on a new suit of navy blue.

Mr. de Brissac was on the train, too. It had not yet emerged from the tunnel when he knocked at the door of the drawing-room and drew Hattie out to a vestibule.

"Now, my dear," he said, taking her hand and playing with her soft little fingers as he spoke, "you and I had better understand each other right at the start. If you'll do exactly as I say—place yourself unquestioningly in my hands—I will make you. If you won't, I can't help you. . . . You will? Good! Don't talk. And don't let these picture people talk to you. Keep by yourself for a year. Don't go to parties. I'll tell you all you need to know. I'll give you all the atmosphere you need. I'm going to make you into my kind of an actress. Understand? I'm going to make you!"

On her return, Gran'ma, unable longer to control herself in this insidiously delightful new environment, broke her silence. And lest they should think it weakness she frowned sternly.

"What did that man say to you?" "He told me not to talk—and not to go to parties."

That answered the question. It seemed to be all they need know. And it did seem, for the moment, to satisfy Gran'ma. (End of first installment)

**Questions and Answers**

(Continued from page 77)

**HELEN.**—Buster Keaton denies that this new picture, "His Wife's Relatives," refers to Norma and Constance Talmadge. Yes, Buster has been very funny lately. He's a real comedian. Thomas Carrigan as *Terence O'Brien* in "Room and Board," with Constance Binney. Meighan is vocally, Mee-an. "The Intimate Strangers" is Billie Burke's stage play, not a film. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are the Flugrath Sisters in their real-life vaudeville act.

**BACK HAND.**—Just so it isn't blackhand, I sometimes get anonymous letters, but I make it a rule never to answer them. Hither for the cast of "Ladies Must Live:" *Anthony Mulvain*. . . Robert Ellis; *Ralph Lincourt*. . . Mahlon Hamilton; *Christine Bleeker*. . . Betty Compton; *Barbara*. . . Leatrice Joy; *William Hollins*. . . Hardee Kirkland; *Michael LePrim*. . . H. Gibson Gowland; *the gardener*. . . Jack Gilbert; *Mrs. Lincourt*. . . Cleo Madison; *Edward Baron*. . . Snitz Edwards; *Nell Martin*. . . Lucille Hutton; *Nora Flannagan*. . . Julie Warrenton.

**A. B., CLEVELAND.**—Also, C, D, and E. Possibly, even F. I doubt it, though. Why, your favorite Forrest Stanley happens to be married. Address him International Studios, N. Y. C. He is playing *Charles Brandon* to Marion Davies' *Princess Mary Tudor* in that charming romance, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," so I suppose when you see him in doublet and hose—I think that's what they wore—you'll fall in love with him all over again.

**SUZANNE PARFAIT.**—I've always said, haven't I, that I loathed purple paper and ink? That anyone who used purple paper and ink were sat firmly and gently upon in this department until they mended their ways? Yes. I *did* always say that. And yet—yet here you come, with, admittedly, purple paper and ink to match, and abso-

lutely enchant me. I am at a loss; I am at a decided loss. I am afraid I shall never live this down. You're right about "To-able David," Dick's best picture; it was filmed in Virginia. How ever did you guess?

**VIOLET T. JOY.**—What a very unpleasant name! It spoiled my morning. I came into my office feeling fit. I opened your letter with pleasant expectations. And then I am confronted—with Violet T. Joy. You can never, never be happy with a name like that to live up to. I hope you know that. Gladys Brockwell was born in Brooklyn in 1894; educated privately—I am quoting from her biography—and has appeared on the stage as well as the screen. She was a Fox star for some time. Her next screen rôle will be with Jackie Coogan in "Oliver Twist." This should be a corking picture, children.

**MARGARET.**—It is whispered that once Buster Keaton was caught smiling, but I believe that's exaggerated. I am looking it up and see if I cannot discover, in some dim and musty period of the past, a photograph which shows the frozen-faced Keaton forgetting himself and grinning.

**MAZIE.**—Jack Kerrigan, once the matinee idol of the masses, took the part of *Jack Lloyd* in "\$30,000" Maybe Mr. Kerrigan really has amassed thirty thousand dollars or considerably more and has retired to the comparatively peaceful existence of a Hollywood home owner. His address, the last I heard, was 1743 Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. He's not married.

**JIM L., TOPEKA.**—I'm sorry. But I have no job for your brother. If he could do anything you would probably hire him yourself, and I've no use for him here. Clyde Fillmore's real name is Fogel. My,



we're telling a lot of secrets this month, aren't we? He was born October 25, 1886. He is two inches over six feet, and weighs 195 pounds. He has brown hair and gray eyes. He recently appeared with Marie Prevost in "Moonlight Follies."

FLORENCE M.—Phyllis Haver, our young old-favorite, is twenty-two years old. Wish Phyllis would come back. I can't look at a picture of the Pacific any more without feeling a genuine heart-throb. Address Miss Haver at 3924 Wisconsin Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Mae Busch is about twenty-seven; she plays *Glory Quayle* in "The Christian" for Goldwyn. She and Richard Dix, under the direction of Maurice Tourneur, are in England now filming the Hall Caine piece. Mae Murray in "Peacock Alley," "Fascination" and "Broadway Rose," all Tiffany Productions, under husband Bob Leonard's direction. Betty Compson is about twenty-four. Whoa—you're exceeding the speed limit and my time is up. Call again soon. You're one woman who isn't afraid to admit you wished you looked like Phyllis Haver.

C. S. HETHERINGTON, SARNIA, ONT., CANADA.—I have anything but an aversion to redheads. Please believe me. Especially for redheads who are part Spanish, who are called Carlotta, and who write corking letters. Welcome, Carlotta, child, I agree with almost everything you say. Why, indeed, do they cast middle-aged men to play young lovers and decrepit character women to play middle-aged mothers? The cameraman for "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is Charles Rosher, one of the most expert in the industry. He also "shot" "Smilin' Through" for Norma Talmadge. Doris Rankin has appeared in "The Copperhead," "The Devil's Garden," "The Great Adventure," and "Jim the Penman." The reason that she appears in so many Lionel Barrymore pictures is that she is Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, and a good actress besides.

VIRGINIA MILLION, LOUISVILLE.—Bebe Daniels pronounces her first name Bee-bee. But she won't object too strenuously if you prefer to call her Baby. Realar, for which company Bebe made her stellar pictures, is no longer in existence, so Miss Daniels is a Paramount featured player now. She's not married.

A. E. K., KENDALVILLE, IND.—Maurice Costello was in "Conceit" last. He is, I believe, married, and has two daughters. He was one of the most popular screen players in the earlier Vitagraph days. His many admirers used to call him "Dimples" Costello.

APRIL SHOWERS.—If I could do anything to induce Marguerite Clark Williams to return to the screen, I would have done it long ago. I like Marguerite as much as you do, and I think the screen needs her, and all that; but Marguerite doesn't agree with me. She prefers private life, although she told me when I saw her last that she would make another picture someday in Europe, if she could find a story she liked well enough. Evidently she is still reading manuscripts.

JINX.—I'm a cynic myself, but you're the gosh-darndest pessimist I ever heard of. You hold out no hope at all for the so-called human race, do you? We men may be descended from monkeys, but how about the ladies? I refuse to believe all I read. Gloria Hope has been married to Lloyd Hughes since 1921. She hasn't been seen in pictures recently.

(Continued on page 97)

# Not what you eat but what you don't eat is the cause of many troubles



*Digestive disturbances, skin disorders, clogged intestines are often due to some lack in our diet*

**Y**OU may be eating plentifully yet not getting the food factors you need. If you lack these from your meals you really starve your body so that your health is undermined.

Only by eating the foods which give you the elements your body tissues crave can you keep natural and permanent health. Protect yourself from such complaints as digestive disturbances, skin disorders, and clogged intestines. Even more serious diseases are today considered due to some lack in our diet.

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One of the most harmful effects of bad food habits is clogging the system with waste matter which stays

in the intestines and poisons the whole body. It does not remove the cause of this trouble to take laxatives, for these merely relieve for a time. They weaken the muscles of the intestines and keep them from doing their own work. Indeed, one doctor says that probably one of the most frequent causes of constipation is the indiscriminate use of cathartics.

*People like to eat Fleischmann's Yeast in various ways*

Many like to eat Fleischmann's Yeast plain, nibbling it from the cake a little at a time. Others prefer it in water, milk or fruit-juices. Others like it as a sandwich spread or used with crackers just like cream cheese. Fleischmann's Yeast combines well with almost any familiar dish on your table.

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Mary may be a grand old ape; but this little chocolate child is sincerely wishing that mammy hadn't never put him into pitchers. He does some very natural acting in the Selig animal serial, "The Jungle Goddess." So would we, if we were appearing in support of Mary

## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 62)

ROMANCE isn't dead by any means, it  
appears, and young Lochinvar can still  
ride out of the west very effectively.

Hoot Gibson assumed the dashing rôle,  
met, wooed and won himself a bride within  
a week and rode away with her, not on  
his fiery steed, 'tis true, but in a long,  
yellow racing automobile for a honeymoon.

On a Monday night, Hoot, who is be-  
coming one of the most popular cowboy  
stars on the screen, met Miss Helen John-  
son, who was appearing in a musical revue  
at the Los Angeles Orpheum. Tuesday  
night he proposed. Wednesday he was ac-  
cepted and Thursday Miss Johnson left the  
show and was married.

The Gibsons are now occupying a pic-  
turesque bungalow across the street from  
the Rex Ingrams.

THE laurel wreath for being the most  
versatile young man in motion pic-  
tures certainly adorns the noble brow of  
Major Rupert Hughes.

Not content with writing the story and  
the continuity, directing the picture, design-  
ing the costumes and even, it is whispered,  
composing the incidental music, the noted  
author takes a hand at carpentering, elec-  
tricity, or camera grinding as need arises.

The other day, for example, I caught him  
on top of a scaffolding one hundred and  
fifty feet high, hanging over the edge with  
one hand and wielding a large hammer with  
the other. The average director would  
have been content to give it the once-over  
from the ground, but Major Hughes is a  
thorough person and he "wanted to see it  
was all right himself."

GEORGES CARPENTIER is the latest  
celebrity to be close-uped in colors.  
He's the hero of the picture which J.  
Stuart Blackton is making this summer in  
England.

Lady Diana Manners, who, by the way,  
several metropolitan critics have referred  
to as Lady Manners, will be back in the

studios in the fall, as the heroine of  
"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"—the  
story of the lady who was a real ancestor  
of Lady Diana.

THE domestic affairs of George Walsh  
are being publicly projected for the  
delectation of those who care about that  
sort of thing.

Walsh and Seena Owen, the Cosmopoli-  
tan actress, were married in 1916 and sepa-  
rated in 1920. Now Miss Owen has  
brought action for divorce, desiring the cus-  
tody of her five-year-old daughter, and  
naming as co-respondent Estelle Taylor, the  
Fox player. Miss Taylor has retaliated by  
filing a suit for \$100,000 damages, making  
Miss Owen defendant.

According to the Taylor charges, Seena  
Owen Walsh caused the Hollywood home  
of Miss Taylor to be forcibly entered for  
the purposes of obtaining a view of it for  
testimony in Mrs. Walsh's divorce case.  
This, Miss Taylor alleges, occurred while  
the agreement of separation was in force.  
The Fox actress says that the accusations  
of Mrs. Walsh have resulted in "destruction  
of her good reputation for morality and  
virtue."

Estelle Taylor has been more or less  
identified with vampire rôles on the screen,  
in "While New York Sleeps" and "Monte  
Cristo," but it has not been a matter of  
choice with her. She refused absolutely to  
play "The Queen of Sheba" for William  
Fox.

Seena Owen Walsh first won fame as  
the *Princess Beloved* in Griffith's "Intoler-  
ance." Since then she has been featured  
by various companies, most recently by  
Cosmopolitan, where she has done some  
splendid acting. She asks Walsh for addi-  
tional allowance for the maintenance of  
their child, stating that \$50 a week is in-  
adequate. She says Walsh receives \$1,500  
weekly. He is now working at Universal  
in serials.



**D**OUGLAS MACLEAN has been crowned the raisin king.

The clever screen comedian was the prize attraction—next to the raisins—at the giant raisin festival held in Fresno this month. Fresno is where all the raisins in the world come from and everybody in California gathered for the excitement. Of course it may be that where there are enough raisins there might be a little—however, thousands of people attended from all over the country.

And when Doug appeared on a float garbed in nothing but raisins—Doug, not the float—he received a sensational and gratifying welcome.

“I’m only glad,” said Doug, with a broad smile, on his return, “that it wasn’t a prune festival.”

**A** VERY persistent rumor declares that June Mathis is to direct Rodolph Valentino.

Miss Mathis is one of the screen’s foremost scenario writers. She adapted “The Four Horsemen” to the screen, and is also responsible for the continuity of “Blood and Sand,” which Rodolph has now in the making.

Many people in the film colony give her a great deal of credit for Valentino’s fine work and it is certain that they work together in perfect accord.

Miss Mathis is an intimate friend of Ruddy, and also of his wife, till recently Madame Rambova. It might be a very effective combination.

**M**R. KING VIDOR (Florence Vidor) was driving along Hollywood Boulevard with her small four-year-old daughter, Suzanne. She had to turn her elegant sedan aside for a big garbage truck and had just turned to remark to her guest, the wife of a young lawyer, that it was too bad those things couldn’t take the back roads, when Suzanne poked her head out the window, waved both arms and with a cordial smile, yelled to the large colored gentleman driving the truck, “Hello, Brothe Green, how are you this mornin’?”

Suzanne’s nurse, it developed, being a friend of “Brothe Green.”



*Rex Ingram has predicted that this young man will one day be as popular as Rodolph Valentino. What do you think about it? His name is Ramon Saman-yagos, but he'll probably change it. He plays "Rupert of Hentzau" in "The Prisoner of Zenda"*



# How Pretty Teeth

affect the smile—teeth freed from film

See what one week will do

The open smile comes naturally when there are pretty teeth to show. But dingy teeth are kept concealed.

The difference lies in film. That is what stains and discolors. That is what hides the tooth luster. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

### Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It often forms the basis of a dingy coat. Millions of teeth are clouded in that way.

### The tooth attacks

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few people escape them.

### Must be combated

Dental science has long been seeking a daily film combatant. In late years two

effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

### It goes further

Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature’s neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect.

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

**Pepsodent**  
PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.  
 The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists almost the world over. Used by careful people of some forty races. All druggists supply the large tubes.

**10-Day Tube Free** 883

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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

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 Only one tube to a family.



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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



A little Sani-Flush shaken into the water in the closet bowl according to directions, and then flushed out, removes all visible stains and incrustations.

But it does more than that. Sani-Flush cleans the hidden, inaccessible trap as thoroughly as it cleans the bowl. It eliminates the cause of unpleasant odors and makes the use of disinfectants unnecessary.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in your bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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CANTON, OHIO

Canadian Agents  
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto



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**Saxophone Book Free**

Tells when to use Saxophone—singly, in sextettes or in regular band; how to transpose cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.

Easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. You can learn the scale in an hour's practice and play popular music in a few weeks. You can take your place in a band within 90 days, if you so desire. Unrivalled for home entertainment, church, lodge or school. In big demand for orchestra dance music. The portrait above is of Donald Clark, Soloist with the famous Paul Whiteman's Orchestra.

**Free Trial** You may order any Buescher Instrument without paying one cent in advance, and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it on easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

**BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.**  
Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments  
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What happened in burning Rome nearly nineteen hundred years ago, when the emperor of the day won unpleasant notoriety by his fiddling act, is presented graphically in the gigantic spectacle, "Nero." The entire photoplay—a Fox special—was taken in Italy, with only one American in the cast. Violet Mersereau, who plays the part of a persecuted Christian

**B**ETTY JEWEL, a recent Griffith discovery, has a colored mammy who looks after her devotedly.

The other day Mandy burst into the room, all excitement.

"Lan' sakes, Mis' Betty!" she gasped. "I didn' know you was so well liked. Dey's been an' named a new song fo' you. I jes' seen a copy of it."

"For me?" cried the actress, with considerable interest. "Why, how wonderful. Where did you see it?"

"In a music stoah, down the street, honey," said Mandy. "It's called the Jewel song and they're gorna sing it in a musical show called 'Faust.'"

**I** SAW Doug and Mary at the Tia Juana races, just before the meeting closed, and later in the evening bumped into them doing the very interesting sights of Old Town, which is the real Mexican settlement of Tia Juana.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks were showing some New York visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Case, the sights and apparently having a great time doing it. Old Town is one of the most unusual and entertaining sights a California traveler may see and Doug wasn't missing anything worth looking at. Mary, in a little traveling frock

of gray, with a soft gray hat over her curls, as usual kept close to her husband and graciously smiled and bowed to the crowds that surrounded her and cheered her progress.

**E**VERYBODY in Chicago knows that the *Chicago Tribune* has always been more or less merciless in its judgment of motion pictures. A photoplay has got to be a knockout before the newspaper will praise it, and even then—

Aaron J. Jones, a well-known picture theater owner of the Windy City, went to Rome recently, and had the distinction of being the first man to enter the Sistine Chapel after the Pope was invested with the robe of office. Jones stood at the head of the throng waiting to enter the Chapel as the Cardinals passed out. A man tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"I don't know your name, but I'm Floyd Gibbons, correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*, and I'd be very grateful if you would let me enter the Chapel first. It would be a scoop for my paper."

"I'm Jones of Chicago," replied the theater man. "I've spent a lot of money with the *Chicago Tribune* and never received anything but abuse, so you're first—after me!"

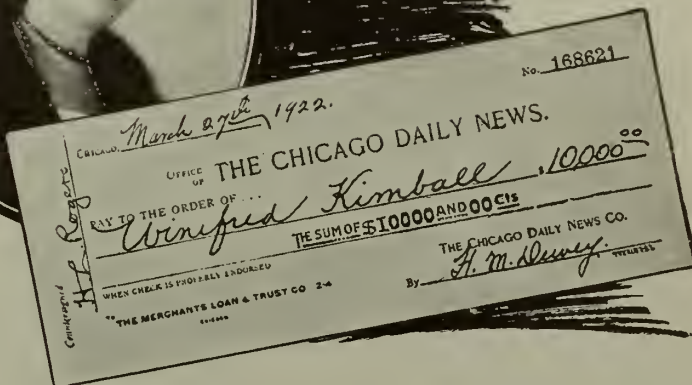




An American adaptation of the harem veil. Screen stars who wish to attend public projections of their own pictures may wear this veil and pass unrecognized, and hear all the things the people say about their work. Evidently compliments only come Helene Chadwick's way



MISS WINIFRED KIMBALL, who won first prize of \$10,000 in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest—She trained her natural gifts by Palmer Plan



## \$10,000 reward for a Palmer student's imagination

THE first prize of \$10,000 in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest was awarded to Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida. It is the biggest prize ever offered for a scenario.

The contest was open to everybody. Nearly 30,000 entered, many professional scenarists competing. Miss Kimball, an amateur heretofore unknown to the screen, wrote "Broken Chains," the scenario adjudged best.

Miss Kimball is an enthusiastic student of the Palmer Course and Service. Of the Palmer Plan she writes:

"There is something unique in the kindly interest that the Palmer institution evinces toward its students. I feel that much of my success is due to its practical instructions. I have advantaged greatly from the fundamental wisdom of its criticisms and teachings."

A second prize of \$1,000 was won by Mrs. Anna Mezquida, of San Francisco, also a Palmer student. Seven other students of the Palmer Plan won \$500 prizes.

Until the Palmer Photoplay Corporation discovered and developed their gifts in its nation-wide search for screen imagination, these prize winners were unknown to the motion picture industry.

That search goes on and on. Through a questionnaire test which reveals creative imagination if it exists, more hidden talent will yet be uncovered. The test is offered free to you in this page.

\* \* \*

This is the kind of story that needs little elaboration. The awards speak for themselves. The Chicago Daily News put its great influence and resources behind the motion picture industry, which desperately needs fresh imagination for scenarios. Thirty-one cash prizes amounting to \$30,000 were offered. Thirty thousand professional and amateur writers competed. Their manuscripts were identified to the judges not by author's name, but by number.

The judges—among whom were David Wark Griffith, the famous producer, Samuel Goldwyn, whose studios will produce the first prize scenario, Norma Talmadge and Charles Chaplin, screen stars, and Rupert Hughes, celebrated author and scenarist—selected "Broken Chains" as the best of the 30,000 scenarios entered.

To a southern girl who lives in a little village of 3,000 population, that selection meant a check for \$10,000, and a career.

To the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the incident is just one more gratifying record of a Palmer student's brilliant success.

### A public that makes its own scenarios

In its issue of April 1, announcing the prize winners, the Daily News quoted the judges as agreeing that—

"—it proves beyond all doubt that the American public can supply its own art industry, 'the movies,' with plenty of impressive plots drawn from real life."

That is the message which the Palmer Photoplay Corporation emphasizes in its nation-wide search for creative imagination. As the accredited agent of the motion picture industry for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on, the Palmer organization seeks to enlist the country's Imagination for the fascinating and well-paid profession of scenario writing. Here, in the inspiring story told on this page, is proof that Imagination exists in unexpected places; evidence that it can be inspired to produce, and trained in the screen technique, by the Palmer Home Course and Service in photoplay writing.

### A free test of your imagination

Imagination is the indispensable gift of the scenarist. It exists in men and women who never suspect its presence. The problem of the motion picture industry is to discover it and train it to serve the screen.

By a remarkable questionnaire, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation is enabled to test the imaginative faculties of any person who will send for it and answer its questions. The test is free. The results of careful analysis by our Examining Board will be given you. We shall be frank. If your questionnaire indicates that you do not possess the gifts required for screen writing, we shall advise you to think no more of writing for the screen. But if you have those gifts we shall accept you, should you so elect, for enrollment in the Palmer Course and Service.

The opportunity is immense, the rewards are limitless. Will you take this free confidential test in your own home, and determine whether it is worth your while to try for the big things—as Miss Kimball did?

The questionnaire will be sent to you promptly and without obligation, if you clip the coupon below. Do it now, before you forget.

### PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation

Department of Education P7, 124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

Name.....  
Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address.....

MISS DUPONT, who so realistically portrayed the foolish wife in von Stroheim's alleged masterpiece, sprung a complete surprise the other day by getting herself a divorce from a young man in Chicago named Hannan.

Nobody knew Miss Dupont had a husband, but after all, anyone may mislay a husband nowadays. In her complaint, the Universal star declared her matrimonial partner had failed to support her and had made life generally useless to her. That's why she came to California to go into pictures, via the mannequin route.

WHAT a difference music makes. The finished orchestral accompaniment to Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm," at the Apollo Theater, off Broadway; and the haphazard score which attended the picture in its various suburban settings provided a contrast.

Somehow the touching scenes didn't impress, or the ride-to-the-rescue thrill, nearly as much in New Jersey as they did in Manhattan.

EDDIE SUTHERLAND, who enjoys the double distinction of being Tommie Meighan's nephew and the young man to whom May McAvoy is supposed to be engaged, lost all his clothes the other night when a sneak thief ransacked the bachelor lodge where he lives. The burglar got everything Eddie owned, down to his B. V. D.'s and pajamas.

"I've often heard the phrase, 'Standing in your wardrobe,'" said Eddie, ruefully gazing down at the rough golf suit he had on, "but I never knew before what it meant."

THE story is being told of how Joseph Schildkraut missed his cues in the most important performance of his life.

It was when his marriage to Elsie Bartlett Porter, of New York City, was being solemnized in City Hall in Philadelphia. Schildkraut stood on the wrong side of his bride, and later made the mistake of putting the ring on the wrong finger!





## ANNETTE KELLERMANN

Registered "Two-in-One" Trade Mark  
Bathing Suits with Tights Attached

**VOILAI!**—a few exemplary models of "The Smartest Togs on the Beach." Left to right: Annette—for the sportswoman. Collegiette—for the fastidious mermaid that refuses to permit even a dip to ruffle her looks. Babette—cunning as can be, for Miss 6 to 14. And—the *Asbury Bag*—admirable for carrying your Swimming Suit and Accessories. Invariably given "first choice" by the smart set in society and in professional life. Worn by Miss Ethelda Bleibrey, the world's champion woman swimmer, in all her exhibitions.

Obtainable at all the stores that strive to please. If you experience any difficulty, order through your best local dealer, or write to us. Always look for the Annette Kellermann label.

## ASBURY MILLS

Makers of Annette Kellermann  
Bathing Suits and Swimming Tights

Textile Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 31st St., New York

Come—see the *Bathers' Review*,  
Atlantic City Pageant, Sept. 6, 7 & 8.



"Just a Song at Twilight" or some other one of the good old tunes seems appropriate for this setting, doesn't it? There's a peace and quiet and homey atmosphere in the very attitude of Charles and Mrs. Ray as they take a peep together through the French window upon the busy outside world

Sweetness in  
Large Lumps

**FIFI**

Specials

For the Sweetest  
Girl You Know

A novel, new confection that never fails to elicit—with OHS! and AHS! of delight—the exclamation, "Where DID you get those DELICIOUS dainties!" Snowy, delectable marshmallow and fresh shredded cocoanut hidden beneath luscious, mouth-melting milk chocolate. Each FIFI as big as a breakfast roll, packed carefully in glazed paper; 12 in a pleasing Gift Box, and mailed fresh each day anywhere in the U. S. for \$1.

Send a dollar bill at our risk and give that "sweetest girl" a surprise as "different" as it is delicious.

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**WATER-MAID  
WAVERS**

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in the straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. Stop burning hair or twisting with curlers. Ask your dealer or send \$2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions. WATER-MAID WAVER CO., A-117 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A HAM actor was filling out a biography at the Goldwyn studio.

He came to the question, "What are your favorite books?"

"Ah yes," he said slowly, "yes, yes. Well, I'll tell you. I like some of the heavy, intellectual classics—the good, deep books. By the way what are some of them?"

IN spite of the fact that Mabel Ballin, wife of Hugo, who once had dreams of making only artistic pictures, should know that there is no such thing, still she persists that there can be a sure-fire film; and to prove it offers the following tabloid scenario:

*The Springtime of Love.*

Close-up of baby smiling, cut to

Long shot of chicken digging worms for baby chicks, cut to

View of mother smiling wistfully at baby. Iris in long shot of country boy and girl. Iris out

Close-up of father bird singing in nest. Panoram to

View of whole nest showing mother birds and birdlets. Fade

Close-up of old mother smiling wistfully

Long shot of mother cat and kittens

Close-up of baby crying—fade.

Close-up of country girl looking wistful; fade

Close-up of country boy looking—well, it might be almost anything; fade

Close-up of ensuing kiss—fade

Close-up of American flag—FADE!

FOR the first time in its history, the California Theater, in Los Angeles, lost money on a Rupert Hughes production, recently. It was "Come on Over," starring Colleen Moore. But they blame this strange occurrence on the fact that a daring young bandit with a gun robbed their till of \$12,000 one night just after the show.

Speaking of Los Angeles theaters, I noticed two rather significant facts lately—facts significant to the whole industry.

"The Silent Call," a Jane Murfin-Larry Trimble production starring the magnificent police dog, Strongheart, had broken all records for runs at local theaters, going into its eighth week at Miller's. A Long Beach exhibitor also told me that it broke his Saturday record higher than a kite. The film is an unusual one, clean and almost entirely dependent upon the dog for its kick. Its success is therefore a good omen for the future of pictures.

WHEN Mack Sennett was in Philadelphia not so long ago, making personal appearances in conjunction with his picture, "Molly O"—yes, even the producers are doing it—somebody remembered that fifteen years ago the famous comedy director carried a spear in "A Chinese Honey-moon" at the Chestnut Street Opera House.

And Sennett remembered it too.





*That modest demeanor, that coy and charming countenance — can it be Wallace Reid, the present-day daredevil star? It is indeed. Only when this was taken, Wally was in his latter teens, and was blissfully unaware of the career that awaited him*

THE sudden marriage, in Mexico, of Rodolph Valentino and Natacha Rambova—Winifred Hudnut—daughter of Richard Hudnut, the San Francisco perfume millionaire, came as a surprise. It was understood that the wedding was not to take place until some time in the spring of 1923.

Madame Rambova is art director for Nazimova and the romance began during the filming of "Camille" in which Valentino appeared. Valentino's devotion to her had been known for sometime in Hollywood and it was certain that the screen's greatest lover had fallen a most utter victim to cupid.

His bride formerly was a classic dancer; is well known as an artist and designer and is of great social prominence in California. She is a tall, slim brunette, of striking appearance and great culture, and of unusual personality.

"She is the finest woman I have ever known," said Rodolph, a few days before his surprise wedding, "and has already had a great influence upon my career. I am so glad I am going to marry an American girl."

Mrs. Valentino lately was busy directing the settings of "Salome" for Madame Nazimova.

ELLIOTT DEXTER is back in Hollywood.

After spending several months touring Europe, the popular Lasky star is back on the old lot, getting ready to work in a picture.

Elliott's popularity with the studio people is almost as great as with his fans and the first day he came on the Lasky lot he was almost mobbed by welcoming groups rejoicing over his return.

"I've got a friend working on this lot," said Bert Savoy, the famous female impersonator of the team of Savoy and Brennon, when the Greenwich Village Follies headliners paid a visit to the Lasky studio during their Los Angeles run.

"Yes, indeed, I have. He's a valet to one of Cecil de Mille's extras."



## The shocking subject of yesterday now sets for women a new standard

The underarm toilette is a new conception of cleanliness which two million women now practice regularly

By RUTH MILLER

Several years ago, when I first told women some personal things about themselves, they were shocked and offended at my seeming to question their habits of cleanliness.

But I believed that some day a special underarm toilette would be recognized as necessary and important as the use of soap and water or a dentifrice. Time has verified that belief.

Every day letters come from women—and from men too—thanking me for making it possible for them to avoid the discomforts and embarrassments of underarm perspiration.

### The underarm toilette — a new conception of cleanliness

The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity by excitement, heat or nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult.

Even more repellent than the unsightly moisture here is the unpleasant odor caused by changing body chemicals. And it is such an insidious thing—for it sometimes seems impossible to detect this odor about ourselves while others may be keenly conscious of it.

Only special care of the underarm will save you from offending in this way. You can't afford to depend on preparations that are effective for only part of a day. They'll fail you when you count on them most. Your surest safeguard is the Olorono standard of personal daintiness, effective for at least three days at a time.

Olorono is the original perspiration corrective. Formulated by a

Cincinnati physician, it has been improved to scientific perfection through years of research by the chemists in the Olorono laboratories and by other leading chemists of the country.

Olorono is a clean, clear antiseptic liquid, delightful to use. One application assures entire relief from both moisture and odor for at least three days.

Physicians and nurses use and recommend it as the safe and most effective means of correcting perspiration moisture and odor. Dr. Lewis B. Allyn, of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says: "Experimental and practical tests show that Olorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

Regularly used twice a week, Olorono will keep your underarms always dry and dainty in any weather, under any circumstances. It protects your dainty gowns and blouses from moisture and stain and all taint of odor. You may place complete dependence for protection in this respect upon Olorono. No other precautions ever are necessary.

Olorono is obtainable at all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and \$1, or sent by mail post paid.

As a specialist in the toilette of the underarm, I am always glad to advise you. If you will tell me of your perspiration troubles, I will try to help you and will send you free our new booklet of information on this subject, containing quotations from authorities, together with a sample of the Olorono Company's new After-Cream. Address Ruth Miller, The Olorono Company, 907 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. Canadian address, The Olorono Co., Ltd., 60-62 Front Street, West, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

**ODO-RO-NO**  
THE UNDER ARM TOILETTE







Pretty Sylvia Breamer, popular film star, favors Garda Face Powder.

Of course! You can know that Garda is different by sending for the One-Week Garda Sample. Do it today! Test for yourself Garda's new, entrancing fragrance—its velvet smoothness—its fineness of texture. There's a fresh, clean puff with every box of

## Watkins GARDA FACE POWDER

Garda Toilet Requisites—and over 150 other Watkins Products—are delivered to the home by more than 5500 Watkins Dealers. The Watkins Dealer is a business person of integrity—it pays you to patronize him. He saves you time and money. He brings you real Watkins Products, known for quality throughout 54 years and used by more than 20 million people today! If a Watkins Dealer has not called recently, write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

**One-Week Sample FREE!**

Send today for liberal One-Week Sample of Garda Face Powder perfumed with dainty new Garda odor; also attractive booklet on beauty and Garda products.

Territories open for live sales people. Write!

**THE J. R. WATKINS COMPANY**  
Winona, Minn. Dept. 267



Established 1868  
The Original



Whenever David Warfield, the grand old man of the stage, is playing in the west he spends most of his time at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. His friend Tom Meighan works there, and Warfield likes to watch him and the other screen lights emote. Here he is showing Gloria Swanson a few of the sights of the studio.\*

\* Gloria is just as interested as if she hadn't been working there three years

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The brassiere of your dreams, the ideal brassiere has been prepared for YOU by the L. R. TAYLOR CORPORATION.

Ideal in every respect THE BONNE FORME BRASSIERE meets all your needs.

Front of purest elastic. It is reductive in action, and at the same time gives you that straight line so desired.

Shoulder straps will not slip. Inbetween sizes. Will not ride up. No overflow of flesh at top. Back boned to a straight line.

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CHARGING her husband with cruel and inhuman treatment of her during their brief marriage, Constance Talmadge has filed suit for divorce in the California Courts from John J. Pailoglou, New York cigarette manufacturer. The complaint states that the Greek husband of the youngest Talmadge refused to talk to his wife, snubbed her and told her that the sooner she got a lawyer, the better it would be for both of them. Also, he told her soon after the honeymoon to pack her clothes and get out.

The chief cause of the separation, which took place April 5, 1921, was his objection to her continuing in motion pictures.

"It was a choice between my husband and my career," Miss Talmadge said a short time ago, "and I chose my work."

She declares that before their wedding, which took place in Greenwich, Connecticut, September 26, 1920, he stated he was willing for her to go on with her career immediately. Afterwards, he began raining violent objections.

Miss Talmadge is at present with her mother and sister, Mrs. Buster Keaton, in their Los Angeles home where she has absolutely refused to discuss her divorce action. She will remain in Los Angeles

from now on, making her home with her mother. It is rumored that the first separation took place only three or four days after the wedding when Connie returned to her mother's roof. Later a reconciliation took place, but evidently did not prove effective.

IT has been rumored by the newspapers that Gouverneur Morris—also getting divorced about the same time—and Miss Constance Talmadge may become engaged.

Morris was one of the first eminent authors to write stories for the films. He has been working at the Goldwyn studios in Culver City, California. He and his wife have been separated for several years. She is at the head of a beauty shop in New York.

Morris is said to be a great admirer of the film comedienne. They are reported to have been seen together frequently in the past few months in and about Hollywood.

But then Connie is always being rumored engaged. While she was in Manhattan gossips linked her name with that of William Rhinelander Stewart, scion of a smart family, because they were seen dancing together.



## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 89)

D. H., PITTSBURGH.—Norma and Constance and Natalie Talmadge are in California now. Constance is getting her divorce out there from John Pialoglou. She alleges cruelty, saying that Pialoglou told her to "pack up." Imagine! Joseph Schenck and Norma Talmadge are very happily married, I understand. Constance is playing *Ming Toy* in "East Is West" at present. That's the popular stage play in which Fay Bainter starred for several seasons.

DOWN SOUTH BOBBIE.—Remember if you decide to go in for screen acting in earnest, you will have no private life, Robert; your time will no longer be your own. Your life, perforce, would be dedicated to your public, the public that made you the great idol you are—or were. I'm a little ahead of myself now. Anyway, think it over carefully before committing yourself to the cinema. Rudolph changed his name to Rodolph because Rodolph is his real name.

GERALDINE F., NORTH ADAMS, MASS.—George Walsh is now playing in the Universal serial, "With Stanley in Africa." Seena Owen is Mrs. George Walsh, but she is suing him for divorce. They have a little daughter. Miss Owen plays in Cosmopolitan Productions in the East. Address Walsh at Universal City, Cal.

GEORGE H.—Lew Cody is a splendid chap. I received a card from him from Banff, Canada, where he is a member of Frank Borzage's Company, which is making "The Valley of Silent Men," with Anna Rubens. Lew is just thirty-seven. He was the husband of Dorothy Dalton, but they are now divorced. Address him at International studios, New York City.

L. W.—Pola Negri! That exotic flower of the continental films—gorgeous *Carmen* and *DuBarry*! I don't blame you for wanting to write to her. I'd like to have an autographed portrait of her myself. Do you suppose you could ask her for two while you're about it? She can be reached at Kothener Strasse 124, Berlin, Germany, c/o Universal-Film. I believe Negri is not married now. She was reported to be coming to this country soon, but I haven't heard any more about it. Hope it's true.

JERRY, MICHIGAN.—Sorry to spoil your summer's day, my dear, but Jack Holt is indeed a married man. Moreover, he has two children, very charming and well-behaved. So it won't do you much good to write him an ardent letter. He is now being starred and featured by Paramount. In "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," the rôle of *Marguerite Laurier* was played by Alice Terry. Jack Mulhall was *Dick* in "The Little Clown," with Mary Miles Minter. Write to Harrison Ford at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Ford is married. He is at home in Hollywood with Mrs. Ford. They have no children.

RUTH, WESTFIELD, N. J.—There is a Patsy Ruth Miller in pictures, a featured leading woman for Goldwyn. Patsy Ruth has been loaned to Fox lately to play with Tom Mix in two of his pictures, "For Big Stakes" and "The Fighting Streak." There is a Ruth Miller who is a member of the Lasky stock company. She is usually a maid in the Cecil deMille productions; and has small parts in other films.

# How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary

events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers, with all their blithe, vivacious, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life-time. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for \$500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some

simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing." This book was written to help all aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for doubting beginners; it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that entuse, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know.

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**STAR DUST.** Your letter was great. Accept, please, my sincere thanks. You say you waited for my picture to appear with as much interest as you used to await the outcome of a serial; that for years I must have felt like "The Hooded Terror," or "The Bearded Stranger." No—like "The Laughing Mask." Your letter is so good I am passing it on to the Editor.

**G. K., CHICAGO, ILL.**—Address the photographer, Donald Biddle Keyes, at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. I believe Mr. Keyes is the staff photographer for the more important Paramount productions. Anyway, he's an artist.

**MICHAEL.**—I knew you'd be askin' for the Murphys. Miss Edna is the young lady who played *Ruth Harrington* in the serial, "Fantomas." She was born in Brooklyn in 1900. Several Brooklyn children grew up to be famous on the screen, including the Talmadges and Anita Stewart. Edna Murphy and John Walker are not married—at least, to each other.

**H. C., HARTFORD, CONN.**—Height hasn't a great deal to do with screen success. But it would be difficult for a girl in the neighborhood of six feet to play any but comedy rôles. Most of the celebrities of today are quite short. Lillian Gish is five feet four; Dorothy, five feet two, and Elaine Hammerstein, five feet five.

**BOBBY BROWN.**—You bobbed your hair and your boss calls you Bobby. You're fortunate he didn't fire you. I approve of bobbed hair, say I, in the Van Wyck manner, so long as it is becoming. Mae Murray in "Fascination." Richard Barthelmess in "Tol'able David," "The Seventh Day," and "Sonny," for his own company, Inspiration Pictures released through First National. Dick is still married, and happily, to little Mary Hay.

**BROWN EYES, NORWALK, OHIO.**—Of course that's a picture of me at the top of the department. Do you think I'd let them put anybody's else picture there? I admit I have trifled with you about my actual age. I am not quite seventy-four. But if you had had to sit to an artist as long as I did to get that drawing made, you'd resent hotly anyone's insinuations that it's somebody else. And it's a good likeness, too, what's more. Yes—Valentino once played with Mae Murray, in "The Delicious Little Devil" and "The Big Little Person."

**PAULINE.**—Agnes Ayres played with Valentino in just one picture, "The Sheik." Agnes was born in Chicago about twenty-five years ago. She was married to Capt. Frank Schuker, but recently secured a divorce. She's a pretty girl off the screen, as well as on. She lives with her mother and brother and brother's wife and brother's baby in Hollywood.

**S. K., ALLENTOWN, PA.**—So all the folks at home call you Harold Lloyd. Can you act up the way Harold does in his pictures? I doubt if Harold uses a double. A double couldn't do the things Harold does to make millions laugh. From all of which it may be deduced that I am in favor of the Lloyd comedies. I'd walk miles to see one. But of course I don't have to, because they show them very near where I work. Sometimes I am allowed an hour or so off to see Harold. Usually I am so weak from laughing that I am in no condition to go back to work; so you can understand why I like Lloyd so well. I advise you to write to the Hal Roach Studios at Culver City, Cal.,

to find out if they need a double. I've heard that Mildred Davis may be Mrs. Harold Lloyd some day. She's a nice girl.

**IMOCENE.**—If I ever cherished a secret desire to become an actor in the films, that desire was dispelled when I saw myself coming in a window one day. The only way I could succeed in the pictures is to do rough comedy work, such as being the target for bricks and blows. And I get the bricks and blows here, so why should I move? You correspondents act more like co-respondents sometimes, it seems to me. There's no pleasing you. I've had an awful time with you girls since Valentino announced his engagement. You all seem to blame it on me.

**ROBERT C. B., TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA.**—Thanks. Your letter made me a little less unhappy than usual. And for that I am grateful. Gloria Swanson was divorced from her first husband, Wallace Beery, in 1918. She later married Herbert K. Somborn, and they are now divorced. Little Gloria Swanson Somborn will be two years old October 7, 1922. Theda Bara is married to Charles Brabin, who directed many of her Fox films and will direct her again when she returns to the screen. Larry Semon was born in West Point, Miss. Wallace MacDonald is a native of Nova Scotia—Mulgrave, to be exact.

**ANN THOMAS, DETROIT.**—Carmen Phillips is not a star. She usually plays adventures or vamp parts. She may be reached at 6555 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Yes—the telephone numbers of the City of Studios—and Angels—run into six figures. Just like the film star's salaries.

**DONA, SAN ANTONIO.**—The part played by Nita Naldi in "Blood and Sand" is *Dona Sol*, the Spanish society matron, commonly called a vamp. Rodolph—need I add Valentino—had his latest birthday party May 6. Albert Roscoe was *John the Baptist* in Theda Bara's version of "Salome." Nazimova has made a film of the famous biblical lady, further popularized by Oscar Wilde. I don't know the members of her cast. Natacha Rombova designed the sets.

**NORMA MAYS, PINE BLUFF, ARK.**—Neither of Richard Headrich's parents is a professional. You can write to little Richard at 1345 East 30th Street, L. A., Cal. He's one of the least offensive of the dear little kiddies of the screen. His dog's name is Spot. Now don't ask me the names of other stellar canines, felines, and equines. I happen to know the name of Dick's dawg, but I don't keep records of all the pets.

**ONE OF THEM.**—For the benefit of my readers, I hasten to pass on the information that Thomas Chatterton may be addressed at the Alcazar Theater, San Francisco, Cal., where he is now playing, having deserted the studios. That is also the address of Gladys George, the nice young lady whom you used to see opposite Thomas Meighan for Paramount. Thanks, One of 'em.

**MEG OF CINCINNATI.**—Alice of Old Vincennes. Rose, of Old St. Louis. Me, of Manhattan, and a well-filled desk, and a refractory typewriter ribbon, and a few choice extracts from one of the world's finest vocabularies. However—May McAvoy is not married. She, Wally Reid, and Agnes Ayres comprise the cast of William deMille's "Clarence." Agnes' eyes are grey and her hair is brown. A charming combination.

*(Continued on page 106)*



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 55)

### YOUR BEST FRIEND— Warner Bros.

**M**OTHER MACHREE in Jewish. West End Avenue and Avenue A, brought close together in a drama that is crowded with heart interest and human sympathy. If the types are overdrawn, if light and shade are too much intensified, these are minor faults and can be overlooked because of the unusually splendid work of Vera Gordon and Dore Davidson. A family film, but almost too poignant to be popular.

### MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME— Pyramid

**U**SUALLY when you can't think of anything else to say about a picture you say it's good and clean. Providing, of course, that it really is. This one's as upright as a piano. You catch yourself wishing that one of the characters beside the villain, who is of the deepest dye, would do something rather irregular. Monte Blue and Lucy Foxe provide human interest. And it gives the orchestra a chance to play "My Old Kentucky Home" at least eight times.

### THE FIGHTING STREAK—Fox

**O**NE of those gentle bad men. A lamb, when managed right, but when he's aroused—whew! All about a saloon fight, and a fight in a shack, and a fight on the edge of a cliff. Also many energetic escapes out of back windows and over sloping roofs and across balconies. Tom Mix in his shiny boots with Patsy Ruth Miller for his new leading lady. A fair family western.

### DON'T WRITE LETTERS—Metro

**H**OW many people have, too late, discovered the truth of those three fatal words! Bobby Jenks did when his division returned from France and he found out that his letters—written in moments of loneliness and heart-hunger—had built an intangible barrier between him and the girl he loved. A human little story for the whole family, despite its insipid quality. Gareth Hughes is starred.

### THE MAN FROM BEYOND— Houdini Pictures Corp.

**J**ULES VERNE, H. G. Wells (before he wrote Outlines) and Arabian Nights. All made into an impossible tale about a man who comes to life after being frozen into a cake of ice for a mere matter of a hundred years. Real excitement created without the use of doubles—a rescue on the brink of Niagara Falls, and an escape from an insane asylum. Different—and a thriller.

### SECOND HAND ROSE—Universal

**A**NOTHER Yiddish number for the monthly program, with Gladys Walton—whose tip-tilted nose limits her, racially—playing the part of an Irish adopted daughter. A simple and rather appealing story of a brother who almost goes wrong, and a girl's near sacrifice, and a shipping clerk beau. All served up in such a wholesome way that no one's digestion will be impaired. Not so bad—not so good.

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SHACKLES OF GOLD—Fox

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WITHOUT FEAR—Fox

Pearl White in almost-society stuff that makes one long for the good old days when she did serials that never tried to get out of the "ten, twenty, thirt" class. A dynamo that has been made over into a cream puff, with disastrous results. A silly story with two good leading men—Robert Elliott and Macey Harlam—wasted.

THE BOOTLEGGERS—Gunning

If all bootleggers were as dull and uninteresting as the picture of that name, Volstead would be right! And Pussyfoot Johnson would be out of a job. Much rum running, a sick sister, a working girl, a lover in the revenue service and a pseudo-spanish villain. The old formulae.

The Talmadges' New Clothes

(Concluded from page 57)

to the designer. Her slenderness and her splendid carriage make her an almost perfect model. By the way, Miss Talmadge loves sports clothes, and wears them at the slightest opportunity. She is always very trim and not very much inclined to furbelows and frills.

Another rule which is never emphasized sufficiently, but upon which the Talmadges insist, is, "Match your own coloring when you select your clothes."

This is something which cannot easily be taught. It must be made a study. Consider yourself carefully. If your eyes are your most interesting feature, select your clothes to match. If you have pretty hair, think what shades bring out the glints in it. If, on the other hand, you have no special highlights, you must concentrate all the colors on your clothes, to give the impression that you yourself have coloring. You cannot be too careful on this point. There is nothing so deadly as a colorless woman. You may be a pastel person rather than one who can stand vivid, bright reds and greens and blues. But make up your mind about yourself before you buy your new clothes.

Norma Talmadge has a red hat. It is a deep, rich shade of red without any other shade to relieve it. Norma, because of her own rich coloring—her expressive eyes, fine brows, red lips, and shining hair—can wear it splendidly. On the other hand, it is doubtful if Constance could carry it off with the same result. Therefore, it's a matter of discrimination. You may be beautiful and yet be unable to wear certain shades gracefully. Don't grieve over colors you can't have; make others your own.

Study Norma and Constance Talmadge. Observe, here, the gowns which Le Bon Ton has designed for them. They are all fascinating, and I know I am going to select that bathing suit myself!

"I HAD to kill my dog this morning."  
"Was he mad?"  
"Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased."  
(Western Christian Advocate, Cincinnati)

The CHIROPRACTIC

Idea

THE materialist says that the soul of man is the result of a certain chemical combination, just as the flame of a candle is the result of a combination of wick and tallow; and just as the flame of the candle disappears when the chemical ingredients are consumed, so the soul of man disappears when the chemicals are exhausted.

Chiropractic teaches just the reverse of this idea. It teaches that, instead of life being the result of a chemical combination, it is the cause, and that the chemistry of changing food into flesh and blood is known only to this life principle which they call Innate Intelligence. It teaches that all physical, mental and spiritual processes are manifestations of this "power within," and that the physical functions are functions—not of the body—but of "Innate Intelligence" through the body.

It teaches that the mechanism through which "Innate Intelligence" superintends all physical processes, is the brain and nerve system, and that whatever interferes with the function of a nerve interferes with the medium through which the work of the body is performed.

It teaches that subluxated vertebrae impair the conductivity of the nerves, thereby producing an abnormal functional expression in the part supplied by the certain nerves that are impinged, and that in order to eliminate the disease the subluxated vertebrae must be adjusted to normal position, so as to permit the normal transmission of the command or impulse over the nerves.



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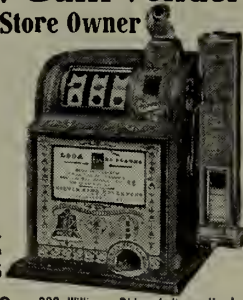
The Lester Park - Edward Whiteside photoplay, "Empty Arms," inspired the song "Empty Arms." A third verse is wanted, and to the writer of the best one submitted a prize of \$500 cash will be paid.

This contest is open to everybody. You simply write the words for a third verse—it is not necessary that you see the photoplay before doing so. Send your name and address on a postal card or sheet of paper and we shall send you a copy of the words of the song, the rules of the contest and a short synopsis of this photoplay. It will cost you nothing to enter the contest.

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Her adoring eyes never left his bitter ones

## The Eternal Flame

(Concluded from page 66)

the General's house, she saw her enemy, de Ronquerolles. When he rapped at the door and was admitted, she felt that all was indeed lost. Weeping bitterly she gave an order to her coachman. And the coach started in the direction of the convent—which was to hold all of her blasted life, her future.

Inside the de Montriveau home, however, there was a different sort of scene being enacted, than the one she had pictured. For when de Ronquerolles entered his room, the General, with a sigh, handed him the last letter that the Duchess had written.

"What do you think of that, my friend," he questioned, "is it truthful and sincere?"

The hard-hearted de Ronquerolles took the letter in his hand. And read it. When he at last laid it down there were real tears in his eyes, even though he had been the writer's bitterest enemy.

"Sir," he said brokenly, "that is the cry of a stricken soul. It is a message from a broken heart. You've won—if it is her love that you crave! Hurry to her side, man, if you really care for her. She means what she has said in this letter."

And so, in all haste, the General hurried to the house of the Duchess de Langeais. But when he reached there he was met by the sad news that she had already started on her way. For the hour was past and

she had proved her strength of purpose by absolutely keeping her word. The aged relative, in tears, told the General that she might, even now, have been admitted to the convent's protection.

For a moment de Montriveau was stunned. But only for a moment. For he was a man of action—a man who was used to surprises, to the fates of war. Mastering his emotions he started in instant pursuit.

The way seemed long to the weeping Duchess, as she lay back against the side of her coach, swaying back and forth with the severity of her grief. But to the General who followed her the way seemed even longer. Praying and cursing by turns, he urged his horse to greater speed. And then at last, when the gray walls of the convent were just in sight, he saw her coach stopping at the gate. Spurring forward he was able to intercept her—just as she was about to enter through the barred door that swung only one way. And with a contrite heart, with his arms outstretched in pleading, he begged her to reconsider, and to forgive him for his lack of faith.

The Duchess stared at him, with eyes filled with a half-incredulous joy. And then, all at once, a smile swept gloriously across her tear-wet face. And as she went to his arms in complete surrender, her beauty—famed throughout all France—had never been more radiant.

## PICTURE BOOKS

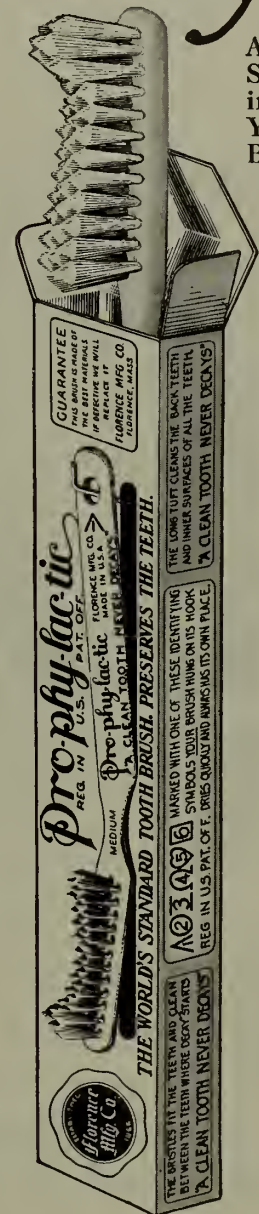
By C. E. Flynn

THEY are long gone, those pleasant hours,  
When we as girls and boys  
Turned from our play among the flowers,  
From all our painted toys,  
To turn the leaves of picture books,  
To live with lords, and kings,  
Swineherds, and chimney sweeps, and cooks,  
Soldiers, and such like things.


How still they stood! From day to day  
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## Over the Border

(Continued from page 49)

manner belied that thought, however. "Sure!" he said. "Come in, sergeant! Bad night to be out!"

"It is that! Wires are all down—I'm carrying orders to headquarters—to get after some scalawag! Hope it's a murder—there's nothing less ought to send a man out tonight!"

Peter's heart leaped. He knew what message Tom was carrying—but Tom did not! They hadn't trusted him—they knew of his friendship for Jen!

"I—look here—it's queer for me to be coming to you for a meal," said Tom.

Peter laughed. "Worrying because you arrested me? Never fret over that! I took my chance and lost—you did your plain duty, like the man you are! It's little they'll be doing to me, I tell you."

**TOM** sat down then. Jen came in with the supper things; went white as she saw him. Peter went outside; the low murmur of his voice, as he talked to Pierre, came back.

"Jen—listen—I lied! I pretended to be worn out—I took a chance to come here—to make you hear me—"

"You might have saved yourself the trouble," she said, in a dead, flat voice.

"You won't give me a chance to explain—?"

"No!"

Tom slumped in his chair; sighed as he looked at her. Peter came back.

"There'll be coffee in a minute," he said. "Hurry, Jen—the sergeant's tired, and he's a long way to go."

She went out, scornfully; returned, in a moment, with coffee. Peter poured the cup himself; Tom drank. And Peter and Pierre watched him, after that, like hawks. Until Peter, seeming to think of something, went out, and called to Pierre to come.

Tom stirred in his chair; rose; staggered with drowsiness as he walked across the room. Jen looked at him; something about his utter weariness moved her, in spite of herself.

"I—I'm so—tired—" he said. "I—don't understand—"

"Must you go on?" she asked. "You can sleep here—"

"Orders—must deliver midnight—superintendent said honor of the force—duty—"

He was moving about like a man in a daze. Suddenly, as he touched the couch, he collapsed upon it; lay like a man in a heavy sleep, murmuring the same words over and over. Jen listened. Suddenly she shook him.

"You must go, then—you must wake—Tom—"

She leaned down to listen to his words.

"Jen—if she'd listen—let me tell her about the shoe—how Byng caught me trying to throw it away—had to—couldn't help—meant to save her—"

And then the refrain:  
"Honor—force—orders—midnight—honor of the force—"

Her heart was singing within her! She might have known! Tom to betray her—Tom, her lover! And now! She—she could save him. Swiftly she made up her mind. She took the envelope with the orders from Tom's tunic; ten minutes later, in Val's clothes, with Tom's coat and cap, she was off, on Tom's horse.

Few men would have ventured to brave the storm; it was a blizzard indeed as Jen rode into it. But she knew every foot of the trail; every gully; every bad place where the deep drifts were. And well before midnight she was at headquarters; had

delivered the message, and ridden off on her way home.

Exhausted, close to the end of her strength, she rode up to the tavern just as Peter and Pierre appeared in the door. They stared at her, amazed.

"Poor Tom!" she cried, laughing. "He—he was so sleepy! He'll be ashamed when he knows I carried his message—to save him from being disgraced! They'll never know it wasn't he!"

"You fool!" Her father turned upon her. "I drugged him—to save Val's life! That message turned them all out to hunt for him! He killed Snow Devil yesterday and Snow Devil was a police spy!"

Even as she stood, paralyzed with horror, there was a sudden fusillade a hundred feet away. And through the storm came Val himself, limping, groaning in his agony.

"They're after me—they've got me!" he said. "The sleigh couldn't get through—but I'd have made it—they came too soon—"

Pierre carried him inside. As Jen rushed in she met Tom, still drowsy, no more than half recovered from the effects of the drug. Swiftly she explained.

"They're coming—to hang Val—"

She was beside herself with terror and remorse. Her agony seemed to banish the last effects of the drug from Tom's mind.

"Keep still!" he said. "I'm in charge now. Snow Devil deserved to be killed—but we can't go into that now. Leave this to me."

When the troopers came it was Tom who received them.

"We're after Val Galbraith—he came this way—" said Inspector Jules.

"He's my prisoner—wounded—he can't get away," said Tom. "I knew he'd try to come here—"

"Good work—again, Flaherty," said Jules. "You'll hear from this!"

"Too late for that!" said Tom. He looked at his watch. "Half-past seven! My resignation takes effect at eight today! I've got my discharge."

Jules cried out incredulously. But Tom had his papers.

"Val's in bad shape, inspector," he said. "You can let him have some breakfast before you take him off, can't you?"

JULES nodded. He stayed inside with Tom and Val; his men remained outside, on guard.

"You're foolish to quit now, Flaherty," said Jules. "You were heading for trouble a while back, but your work's been fine lately—"

Tom smiled. He looked at his watch continually as Jen, her eyes red with weeping, brought food and served them. Abruptly, as the hands pointed to eight, he rose.

"Time's up!" he said. "I'm out of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, Inspector!"

Jules rose, too; held out his hand.

"Good—" he began. He never finished. Tom's fist went to the point of his chin; he fell like a log. In a flash Tom seized Val's coat and cap; leaped through the window; ran south. Shots rang out behind him; Pierre, who, alone, had divined his plan, kept pace with him, at first; turned back, then.

The troopers pursued Tom—and he led them toward the border. But meanwhile Pierre and old Peter Galbraith carried Val himself, from the other side of the tavern. Jen ran with them; at the line she broke down, and flung herself down beside Val.

"Flaherty!" cried Pierre, suddenly.



"They'll get him—"  
 Shouting he raced back toward Tom, caught in a deep drift. Suddenly he threw up his hands; pitched forward; lay still, with his blood reddening the snow. Tom struggled toward him; was by his side as Jules, still dizzy, came up.

**"Over the Border"**

**N**ARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay produced as a Paramount Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Directed by George Melford from the story by Sir Gilbert Parker. All rights reserved. Enacted by the following cast:

- Jen Galbraith*.....Betty Compton
- Sergeant Tom Flaherty*...Tom Moore
- Peter Galbraith*..J. Farrell MacDonald
- Val Galbraith*.....Casson Ferguson
- Snow Devil*.....Sidney D'Albrook
- Corporal Byng*.....L. C. Sumway
- Pretty Pierre*.....Jean deBriac
- Inspector Jules*.....Edward J. Brady
- Borden* .....Joseph Ray

Pierre opened his eyes.  
 "You've got me," he gasped. "It's me you wanted—not Val. The Indians lied. It was I shot Snow Devil—"  
 He choked on the splendid lie, and died. Jules looked at Tom. A trooper spoke.  
 "It was Val Galbraith, all right, inspector," he said.  
 "Would you doubt a dying confession?" said Jules. "Snow Devil—I'd not hang a dog for killing him if I had my way! The case is closed!"

**How Abe Budin Found America**

**O**NE of Anzia Yezierska's short stories which comprise the volume, "Hungry Hearts," is called "How I Found America." Abe Budin says he is writing that story right now in his actual life.

Mme. Yezierska's stories deal with Jewish immigrants and how they battle their way to an understanding of the United States, its freedom, its laws, its customs.

Budin is a Jewish immigrant, resident in Los Angeles. One day, several months ago, he was sweeping the street in front of an apartment house in the Jewish section. E. Mason Hopper, who had been assigned by the Goldwyn Company to direct "Hungry Hearts," was searching for types. He particularly needed a man for the butcher. When Hopper spied Budin he said to his assistant, "That's my man." He jumped from his automobile and told the astonished Budin that he wanted him to act in a motion picture. The man was flabbergasted.

Budin did act in the picture and he was not only the type physically, but he showed a remarkable naturalness and comedic ability. He made \$800 by his acting and with that money he has set up a little general store in Los Angeles. In this emporium you can find, shoes, dry goods, notions, and a delicatessen counter.

Abe Budin has found America.

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# Friendly Advice



From CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Merry, California.

I do sympathize with you—it is heart-breaking to be forced to part with your lovely hair. I wish that your mother might have been more reasonable in the matter of having it bobbed against your will; but cheer up—you have one real comfort. Your hair is naturally curly and it will grow in so quickly! And bobbed tresses are still very smart!

We so often, in our magazines and newspapers, rail at the girl of this generation. But we seldom speak of a more serious menace to society—the flapper mother! "Merry's" mother represents the worst type in her persistent pursuit of youth. Not content with bobbing her own hair, she forces her nearly grown and sensible child to have her beautiful curls clipped in an unbecoming and ridiculously infantile fashion. And all because she does not want to be burdened with a young lady daughter.

Columnists and writers and artists—here is a new figure for you to satirize. The flapper mother, who has thrown aside the old ideals and privileges of maturity!

Mrs. J. H. J., Newark, N. J.

So your children—a boy of sixteen and a girl eighteen years old—are drifting away from you! And you think that it is because of your decision regarding the modern jazz tendencies. You have refused, you tell me, to allow the ultra-modern dancing in your house. You have thrown away certain books and magazines. And you have done your utmost to modify the dress of your 1922 model children.

I can see your point of view. Perfectly. Many a mother is feeling just as a hen feels when she looks upon her babies and realizes that they are ducklings, and that they want to swim. But I have never yet heard of a hen who was able to curb

those strange, web-footed desires! The boy and girl of today have gone a long way from the old-fashioned ideas of modesty and propriety. But the modern mother—who is wise—has gone a long way, too. She does not try to curb her children, either. She tries to guide them.

Do not be a dictator. Be a comrade. Let your boy and girl dance as they will and read what they want to—at home. For if they don't do it at home they will do it somewhere else. Let them feel your sympathy and understanding. And, when you have gained their confidence, try mental suggestion and good fellowship rather than commands.

Miss Naughton.

I should think you could pay off your social obligations in a very nice way by giving two or three afternoon bridge parties. I know of no way to get your different groups of friends together on a better basis than a card party. For prizes, give a small silver tray or a piece of cut glass and don't forget to give a consolation prize. For favors, why not give a nice little book on rules of bridge whist? Every one who plays cards will appreciate this. There is nothing I enjoy more than a bridge party at my home with a congenial group of people. I would much rather stay at home and play bridge than see two or three of the motion pictures I have seen recently.

Eunice, Lynchburg, W. Va.

Dark hair, light blue eyes and an olive complexion—it is an odd and charming combination, if you wear the proper colors to accentuate the charm! For the street: Navy blue, warm grey and the heather mixtures with more than their share of brown. For afternoon and evening—peri-

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## DO YOU KNOW A GIRL?

Beautiful Enough for Pictures?  
IF YOU DO SEND IN HER PHOTOGRAPH

For Details See Page 36

## LET CAROLYN VAN WYCK BE YOUR CONFIDANTE SHE WILL ALSO BE YOUR FRIEND

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough to fully appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so. —The Editor



winkle, jade green, French blue, mauve and silver. As you are slim and tall you may affect frills and ruffles. But I feel that I would like you best in simple things.

Ruth S., Ironton, Ohio.

You doubtless have oil glands at the roots of your hair that insist on being too efficient. What you need is a good tonic to correct this fault—for oily hair is neither pretty nor beneficial to the scalp. Nearly all of the best hairdressers make a tonic especially for oily hair. Shampoo thoroughly at least once in two weeks—oftener if necessary.

M. E. R., Boston, Mass.

An unhappy skin is a great trial, and yet there are many people who do have skin trouble. Often much unnecessary trouble, too! I think that your sort of a skin—with slight blemishes and lack of color—could be made much prettier by the simple and effective "hot and cold" treatment. Just wash the face with warm water and a good skin soap, rinsing off the lather with very hot water and following the rinse with a dash of cold water and—if convenient—an ice rub. Do this every night, just before retiring. Also be careful of your general health. Irregular habits often play havoc with the skin.

L. T. W., Seattle, Wash.

It is seldom wise, or fair, to accept the attentions of a married man. Particularly when that man is the father of four children. It may be true that you have had no part in the breaking up of his home—that, as he says, he and his wife were not "getting along" before you came upon the scene. But, until you have heard the wife's side of the story, it is not right to judge. Always remember this—*Lasting happiness can never be built upon another woman's sorrow.*

From what you have told me of the story, nothing but ugliness is likely to come of your love affair. The man has said that divorce is out of the question—that, even if you are only looking at the matter in a selfish way, should be your final answer. And there is a way out! You have told me, yourself, that you have no family ties to hold you in Seattle, and that an uncle has offered you a home in another city. Why not accept his offer and, among new friends and new opportunities, rebuild the broken places in your structure of life?

G. M. D., Fenton, Mich.

If all the other girls are planning to wear organdie at the school reception, I think that it would be just a bit nicer of you to do the same. If you want to be very different, however, why not wear georgette crepe? It can be so much frillier—so much more partyfied—than the canton that you suggest. With yellow brown hair and grey eyes you will be attractive in nearly all of the pastel shades. Why not choose periwinkle or Nile green (the two smartest colors of the season) or orchid!

Mrs. F. L. J.

You ask me if it's proper for a married lady to accept an offer to go into the motion pictures. But of course it is. Many married ladies are in the pictures—and with perfect propriety! Accept the offer by all means if you have talent, if it comes from a reliable source, and if your husband does not object.

To leap, now, from one extreme to the other! Stillman's Freckle Cream is the best freckle remover that I can recommend. And one of the new complexion clays will rid your skin of surface blemishes. Use a good reliable shampoo (you will find several mentioned in our advertising section) whenever your hair seems to need washing, and apply warm oil, every once in so often, to the scalp. This will stimulate the growth of the hair.

Louise K., Battle Creek, Mich.

You say that you are to be a bride in August, and that you are going to have a church wedding with five bridesmaids and one maid of honor. And then you add that you can only afford twenty-five dollars for a wedding gown—and that the bridesmaids and maid of honor only want to spend twenty dollars a-piece on their outfits. And you ask me what to do!

I will tell you frankly that it is hard to get together a wedding outfit for twenty-five dollars. And that it will be hard, also, for your attendants to look their best with only an output of twenty dollars each. But I will make a suggestion that may help you.

You say that you can all sew. Very well! Then you can make your own frocks. And the material can be—here is your salvation—organdie!

An organdie wedding! What would be prettier and more quaint in August? You, in fine white organdie and a long tulle veil (a piece of tulle, two yards square and unhemmed, will do), and your bridesmaids in the various pastel shades. The dresses, if you make them yourselves, should cost well under ten dollars each—including trimmings. Slippers and stockings for all of you will be an item—the largest item of all. But ten dollars each should easily cover that expense.

K. D. S., Denver, Ohio.

I feel the way James Whitcomb Riley must have felt when he wrote his so famous poem—"Don't Cry, Little Girl, Don't Cry. They Have Broken Your Heart, I Know." For you sound so childish and so in need of comfort!

It is hard, very hard, to discover that the man you have loved so long is untrue to you. That he has been secretly calling upon another young woman, and that he has finally discovered that she is the one he really wants to marry. I know how bitter the hour is for you, how the earth seems to have fallen away and left you standing—friendless and alone, on the brink of an abyss. Then, too, there is the blow to your pride—perhaps the hardest of all the hard things that you have been called upon to bear.

You ask me how to bring back his love. How to make him care again, as he used to care. I am going to be frank in my answer—even though being frank may hurt very bitterly. I am going to tell you that it would be foolish to strive against circumstance. That it would be utterly worthless to bring him back against his will!

There is nothing more dead than a love that is over. It is so cold and grey as the ashes of yesterday's fire, lying on the dismal hearth. Nothing can rouse the flame again, once it is burnt out.

If the man is sure that he loves the other woman—that there is no spark of the old affection left—I should do nothing to hold him. Let him go—in a gallant way! And be glad that the realization came now, not after marriage. For the hurt then would have been deeper and more poignant.

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## Can YOU Write a Scenario?

Just a few years ago an author was glad to get \$15 for a motion picture scenario.

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Producers are begging for stories. Leaders in the film industry are encouraging new screen writers. The handful of photodramatists writing today cannot fill the demand. Without stories, the photoplay industry cannot exist. The producers *cannot get* enough good scenarios.

## Not Skilled Writers—Just Ordinary Men and Women

The successful novelist or short story writer has definitely failed in the motion picture field. Newly trained photodramatists have written and conceived the plots that have been developed into the most successful feature photoplays. For the most part the men and women who are supplying the stories were, just a few years ago, farmers, teachers, clerks, housewives, office employees.

You do not need literary ability. The producers do not want fine writing. They want plots—strong, dramatic plots, written in simple synopsis form.

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## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 98)



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**POLLY.**—Wally Reid is the husband of Dorothy Davenport. They have a little boy, William Wallace, better known as Bill, in Beverly Hills. Beverly Hills is a beautiful suburb of Los Angeles, where the more prosperous film folk have built their mansions next door to those of the wealthy first families. Others who live there are Bill Hart and his bride, the William Desmonds, the Fairbankses, Polly Frederick. You are, I am sure, more than welcome. I might even urge you to come again.

**EDITH DUMBELL, NORTON, CONN.**—I know many dumbbells, but few who admit it. My congratulations. The fact that you call yourself a dumbbell raises you from the dumbbell class. Forrest Stanley was born in New York City just about thirty years ago. He was in stock for some years. His screen career began with the Morosco picture, called "Kilemny." He is six feet tall, weighs 174 pounds, has blond hair and blue grey eyes. Married.

**MARILYNN.**—Yes, yes—your Rodolph was a professional dancer before he went on the screen. His former wife, Jean Acker, has black hair and brown eyes.

**MAE, NEW ORLEANS.**—I wouldn't say that Valentino was the handsomest man in the world because I haven't seen them all, and besides, I am not a very good judge. I am always jealous because I haven't shiny black hair and soulful eyes. Harrison Ford in "The Primitive Lover." Ford collects first editions; that's a good hobby. It'd be mine if I could afford it. Since I can't, I collect canes. I have many canes, some of them very fine specimens.

**DOROTHY, TEXAS.**—May Allison has gone to Porto Rico to make pictures. Her husband, Bob Ellis, went with her to be her leading man. Mabel Normand's latest picture, not yet released, is "Suzanne." Ella Hall evidently has retired from pictures. She is married to Emory Johnson and has a small son.

**MARIAN.**—Alan Hale is married to Gretchen Hartman. They have a baby boy, a few months old. Mrs. Hale was starred by Fox as Sonia Markova. Hale has done splendid work lately in "A Doll's House" with Nazimova. He is playing *Little John* now, with Douglas Fairbanks, in the spectacular production of "Robin Hood." That should be a great picture.

**NADINE KENYON, TACOMA.**—Bless your heart, I don't know when I've read a nicer letter. You wish your small son were more like me. You make me feel very unworthy when you say that. Of course it is a small son's prerogative to ask questions and not answer them. I was a small son myself once, away back. Mary Pickford is not thirty-five. She is twenty-nine. Mary, just for fun, donned a medieval costume and played an extra in a mob scene in Doug's picture, "Robin Hood." See if you can pick her out of the crowd. Please write to me again soon. My best to the bambino.

**WINIFRED, FLUSHING, L. I.**—There have been three "Little Ministers" made into celluloids. The first for Vitagraph years ago, directed by James Young, and starring Clara Kimball Young. The current year brought two more *Lady Babbies* to the screen. Betty Compton, supervised by Penrhyn Stanlaws for Paramount, and Alice Calhoun, directed by David Smith

for Vitagraph. They were all good pictures. I don't know right now where "The Beggar Maid" is playing in your vicinity, but I'll try to find out and I'll drop you a line. Awfully glad you like us, Winifred. We strive to please, are advertised by our loving friends, and all that. Honestly, I'm tickled to death to have found such a good friend.

**MRS. J. W. P., RICHMOND.**—Madge Bellamy is indeed one of the most promising of the younger screen actresses. Note how highbrow I am becoming? Indeeds, etc., every other word, b'gosh! Yes, she hails from Texas. She is under contract to Thomas H. Ince and has appeared only in his films. Her biggest rôle so far is *Lorna Doone* in Maurice Tourneur's picturization of the famous story. Madge isn't married. She lives with her mother, studies hard, and is a very sweet child, according to everyone who knows her.

**FRANK M., CAMBRIDGE.**—Cleo Madison is not playing in Rex Ingram's new version of "Black Orchids." The part originally taken by Miss Madison is now being interpreted by Barbara La Marr. Florence Deshon is dead. She committed suicide in New York. She was a splendid actress, and had contributed many fine characterizations to the screen. Ruth Stonehouse was with Metro last. She obtained a divorce from Joe Roach.

**P. F., NEW ROCHELLE.**—You spell it Reid, not Reed. Address Wallace at the Lasky Studios. He is making pictures right along. The only way you can get his autographed photograph is to write to him and ask him for it, enclosing twenty-five cents to cover cost of mailing. I can't get one for you. Or if I did, most of my friends would become my enemies, saying, "You never got me a photograph of anybody, though I asked you time and again." Etc., *ad infinitum*.

**CONSTANCE AND BEBE ADMIRERS.**—Miss Talmadge will probably have her divorce by the time you read this. Miss Daniels never has been married so I can't very well inform you when her divorce case is tried. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring, former musical comedy and vaudeville star. They are one of the most devoted couples in filmdom. Mrs. Meighan is a very delightful lady and very attractive, too. Tom is mighty proud of her. Meighan is doing George Ade stories now: "Our Leading Citizen" and "Back Home and Broke." The Irish star and the Hoosier humorist are very good friends, and Tom recently went to visit Ade at his home at Brook, Indiana, to get the author's ideas on the filming of his famous yarns.

**W. B., NASHVILLE.**—So even the teachers at your boarding school approve of Signor Valentino. For heaven's sake! That certainly makes it unanimous. Glad I, too, am popular at your school. We great men! Ah me! Don't be afraid to write to me. I'm not so awful, am I? I admit it must be funny to have to address me as Questions and Answers, as if I were turns or something. But I can't give you my real name, because if I did, you'd be disappointed. It isn't a grand name like Rodolph Valentino. It's a very commonplace, everyday, sensible name. No—it is best I keep it a secret. Besides, that's one of the rules.

(Continued on page 121)



# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 46)

record motion, on a flexible support. But he did not do what Edison and Dickson did, either before or after them. His efforts relate to the motion picture in the same manner but in a less degree than that of Muybridge.

Another source of frequent controversial statements is the work of Louis Aime Augustin LePrince, mentioned in the first chapter. Had it not been for the untimely and amazing mystery of his end, M. LePrince might indeed have become a claimant for motion picture honors. He was a studious scientist, educated at the College of Saint Louis in Paris and with four years' training at Leipsic in Germany. LePrince came to the United States and while living in New York in 1886 received U. S. patent No. 376,247 on a device for producing motion picture illusion. But LePrince did not build a machine and reduce his invention to practice. A machine constructed literally on his patent specifications would not work. He went on with scientific affairs and in 1890 was living in Leeds, England, when he went to France to visit a brother living near Paris. On September 16, 1890, he took train for Paris, to return to England. He was seen entering the train as it pulled out of the station. He has not been seen since. It was not until five years later that motion pictures were projected on the screen.

**T**O catch step with the next important phase in motion picture development we must turn to the fall of 1894 again, when the Edison kinetoscope peep shows began to attract attention on upper Broadway in New York. Among those who saw the little pictures in the box was Henry Norton Marvin, a technical man, with an eye to invention. Marvin had some years before been on the Edison technical staff and by interesting coincidence was the assistant of William Kennedy Laurie Dickson, when Dickson was the chief of the testing laboratories for Edison—all this in years before Edison's motion picture experiments.

And since he is to appear so often and importantly hereafter in this history, it is well to take measure of Marvin now—a great, tall handsome person well over six feet, with the sort of commanding presence that bankers have more often than inventors. Sharp brown eyes, but back of them the relentlessly efficient mental traits that Arthur Brisbane says only blue eyed men have. With this a deep round voice and a disposition to listen a great deal and say a little as convenient. A graduate of Syracuse, a one-time instructor in science at an upstate preparatory school, a researcher of practical aims. There you have the figure of the man who perhaps more than any other single person shaped picture destiny for nearly twenty years.

At the period under consideration Marvin was the senior member of the Marvin & Casler Company of Canastota, N. Y., a concern devoted to scientific work and experimental machinery. Herman Casler has also been with the Edison interests at Schenectady.

Considering the kinetoscope as a piece of machinery Marvin reflected that there was a lot of it and a vast deal of complication to produce the small result of the picture seen under the magnifying glass in the peep show. The kinetoscope seemed to be in demand. Here was an opportunity to invent something for a ready market, a better device than the kinetoscope.

With this idea in mind Marvin picked up a street vendor's toy, a little collection of



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Playing the vamp role  
in "The Man Who  
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## LAST CALL FOR NEW FACES

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Page 36

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cards clipped together, presenting printed pictures of a windmill. Each picture showed the mill with its arms in a slightly advanced position. When the cards were flipped the successive pictures created an illusion that the windmill's arms revolved. It was the old zoetrope idea.

With this in hand Marvin approached his associate, Casler.

"Herman, if we can build a machine that will flip a whole lot of these cards and we put a photograph on each one of them, we can make a simpler machine than the kinetoscope."

Casler twirled up the end of his moustache and averred it should be done. Casler was just that way. Something should be invented. Very well, then he would invent it. That was all. Surprisingly often he has done it.

Casler repaired to his workshop and proceeded to construct a wheel made up of little cards, and a device to revolve it in, flicking the cards as it turned over. In lieu of a picture to put on the cards Marvin and Casler laboriously printed each one of them with a rubber stamp of a figure 1. The stamp was turned slightly at each impression on succeeding cards. When they revolved the machine the rubber stamp "picture" did a whirling dance. That was sufficient demonstration of their principle.

THE next step was to substitute real photographic records of motion for the rubber stamp pictures. Naturally they turned to the ready made kinetoscope film. With the little pictures from a strip of Edison film they fitted up their little wheel-of-cards machine. The combination of the Edison pictures and the card reel worked. It gave the same effect as the kinetoscope machine at vastly less cost and without all the intricate mechanisms of the Edison device. This machine was the first model of the "Mutoscope," a peep show machine that made history.

Marvin and Casler assumed that they would be able to get the pictures for their machines from the Edison establishment. By chance in this period Marvin met his old friend Dickson, then still with Edison. When he broached the subject of pictures from the kinetoscope for the newly invented mutoscope Dickson shook his head. He knew Edison and he knew Gilmore, Edison's general manager. Inquiry at the Edison offices swiftly confirmed Dickson's opinion. No kinetoscope pictures could be had for any such purpose.

This put the inventors, Marvin and Casler, immediately against the necessity of making their own motion pictures.

Right then and there was the motion picture's big moment. Out of that moment came the force that through a long dramatic series of sequences brought to the motion picture and its world all the glory that was Biograph.

And out of that moment was born the greatest war that an American industry has ever known, the campaigns that raged through the courts from 1897 to 1915.

Up to that moment Edison, despite his neglect of foreign rights, still held the destiny of the motion picture of America in his hands. And after that moment it was gone.

Edison's refusal meant that the process of making motion pictures must be invented again. It was done—one of the most remarkable creative feats in the annals of industry.

Marvin and Casler went into their laboratory at Canastota and set about building a camera that could supply pictures to their mutoscope device. It was decided that since the little Edison films could not be had they would build a camera to take a larger and more satisfactory picture.

They determined on a film picture two and three quarters of an inch wide and two inches high, giving an area of approximately eight times that of the pictures on the Edison film.

This was in the autumn of 1894. The camera they built remarkably enough was widely different from the Edison machine in every detail, save that it used Eastman film as a photographic medium. It was a tremendously ponderous machine. Big friction rollers drove the film past the lens and at the moment of exposure twin punches perforated the film on each side of the picture. It was exceedingly noisy and it required a half horsepower electric motor to drive it. The Edison machine used little sprocket wheels engaging the holes in a previously perforated film, and embodied mechanical movements of another type entirely.

In April, 1895, Marvin and Casler's machine was ready. They took it out of doors into the sunshine and staged a boxing bout for the camera. They ground off the pictures. That night they developed their negative and found it satisfactory. They had recorded a motion picture by a new method. The future of the mutoscope seemed assured.

Other machines had to be invented as parts of the process, among them developing devices and a printing machine to make the pictures on from the film negative on mutoscope cards.

The further problems of the mutoscope business appeared to be therefore, mainly photographic. Marvin looked about for a man who could contribute photographic experience to the work.

And now again comes William Kennedy Laurie Dickson.

Mr. Dickson had, it will be recalled, grown skeptical of the ultimate success of the Lathams in May of this year of 1895 and left them "high and dry."

For a brief interim Dickson occupied himself with a minor electrical enterprise in New York. In this time Marvin went down to New York from Canastota with the photographic problems of the mutoscope on his mind. He looked up Dickson as usual on his New York excursions. He told of his mutoscope work across the lunch table. When Marvin went back to Canastota Dickson had joined with the mutoscope project.

MEANWHILE sometime prior to the joining of Dickson, Marvin had drawn into their project another interesting personality, E. B. Koopman, a promoter.

Looking about for some one to properly promote and finance the mutoscope project Marvin had been directed to Koopman, who was the proprietor of the Magic Introduction Company at 841 Broadway. Koopman was a highly successful genius of promotion. He could float and finance anything from a bee-snapper combine to a steel trust. Mostly his projects made money and he was admitted at the family entrance of a good many downtown banks. Just at the time he had an elaborate display pertaining to the American Ball Nozzle Company, which was exploiting a squirt-gun for fire departments.

Koopman liked the mutoscope idea and came in with money.

With Dickson attached to the organization they dubbed it the K. M. C. D. Syndicate—Koopman, Marvin, Casler, Dickson—which is notable among motion picture enterprises as being probably the only motion picture concern in the history of the world that always made money and never lost any. In this connection it may be remarked that the K. M. C. D. Syndicate dealt in patent rights, not films.

With the syndicate set up foursquare



thuswise, the Marvin-Casler plant went ahead with the making of machinery to produce the mutoscope and pictures for it, for a smashing invasion of the peep show market.

The first meeting of all of the members of the syndicate took place at Canastota on September 22, 1895. A photograph of the quartette made on that day illustrates this chapter.

TO those who are interested in the occasional effort at stereoscopic motion pictures it may be mentioned that very early in the course of their work the inventors built a stereoscopic mutoscope, which proved to be of no especial importance.

Meanwhile the only motion pictures on the screen before the public in these days were the Lathams' flickering eidoscope presentations on Park Row. Feeble as they were as pictures they excited the imagination of some observers. In June, 1895, Howard B. Hackett, writing in the New York World, made what was deemed an extravagant forecast for the motion picture:

"You will sit comfortably and see fighters hammering each other, circuses, suicides, hangings, electrocutions, shipwrecks, scenes on the exchanges, horseraces, football games—almost anything in fact in which there is action, just as if you were on the spot during the actual events. And you won't see marionettes. You'll see actual people and things as they are. If they wink the other eye as Miss Cissy Fitzgerald winks hers, or Thomas C. Platt winks his, you will see the lid on its way downward and up. If their hair rises in fright, or grows gray in half an hour you'll see all the details of the change."

Inspired by this article the Lathams applied to Governor Morton for permission to photograph the execution of one Buchanan, who was in the public eye as a stellar criminal of the day. Happily, permission was refused.

Incidentally any person inclined to criticize the "yellow press" of today will find items of interest in the New York newspapers of 1895—the time when executions and suicides were suggested for the motion pictures.

For the next step in the progress of the motion picture, history turns again to Thomas Armat in Washington, who in December, 1895, made his agreement to supply his projection machine to Raff & Gammon, the Edison agents, officing in the Postal Telegraph Building in New York.

Not long after Mr. Armat received a most interesting letter from Raff & Gammon in which they pointed out that since the world was looking to Thomas Edison for a projection machine, no machine save one bearing his name would be likely to meet with success. The buyers, they felt, would hold back expecting an Edison machine to come out shortly. So it was delicately suggested that for business reasons the machine should be known as the "EDISON VITASCOPE—Armat Design." It was understood that eventually when the machine was established its name plates should carry credit for invention by Armat.

"We regard this simply as a matter of business," the letter concluded, "and we trust that you will view it in strictly the same light."

Which it appears Armat did—but there was to come a time when he did not.

Just how much Edison knew of these exchanges between Armat and Raff & Gammon does not appear. However, there is evidence that the idea had some unwelcome phases to the genius of West Orange. It seems that the Edison shop was in the

meantime working on a projection machine without marked success.

One may read between the lines of some Edison testimony and judge how he felt about it. Testifying in the case of Thomas A. Edison vs. the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company in the United States Court for the Southern District of New York in 1898, Mr. Edison said:

"Raff & Gammon got hold of this man named Armat and they wanted us to build the machine. The machine was brought over and we saw it was our machine except that it had a different movement for feeding the film along intermittently. Messrs. Raff & Gammon wanted us to build that machine and they wanted to use my name and as the movement seemed to be a good one and could be built very quickly and cheaply, I gave them permission to use the name for the reason that all there was in the machine that we did not have was simply his movement. And the machines were made and built by us and called the Edison Vitascope and the whole thing was mine except that one movement of Mr. Armat's.

"We don't use that Armat movement any more but use our original Geneva stop movement," Edison added.

In view of the fact that there is nothing in a projection machine but the device that moves the film along intermittently it would seem that Mr. Edison was a trifle conservative about giving credit to Mr. Armat.

However, this was testimony given in the heat of a lawsuit, not a statement made for publication. Today Mr. Edison is more inclined to rest his claim on the kinetoscope.

In March following the Raff & Gammon letter, Armat in Washington built three new models of his projection machine. One was to serve as a model for the workmen at the plant of the Edison Manufacturing Company at West Orange, and another to be used in a public exhibition in New York to introduce the device.

J. Hunter Armat, a brother, went to the Edison plant to supervise the work on the Vitascope and Thomas Armat went to New York to put on the first showing.

The public heard nothing of the Armats then. Raff & Gammon were playing the name Edison with a great concentration. If one word of Armat had leaked to the press doubtless the irate Mr. Edison would have chucked the project.

THE New York Sun of April 4 under a heading "Edison's Latest" tells of a showing to reporters and others in the foundry at West Orange the night before. It would seem that someway reporters got a very incorrect notion of the origin of the machine. The Sun says:

"The Vitascope, which has been in process of perfection at the Llewellyn laboratory for the last seven or eight months, under Mr. Edison's direction, is the ideal he had in mind, he says, when he began work on the kinetoscope machine, with which he has never been satisfied. . . ."

Similar expressions, along with descriptions of the handcolored film of the dance by Annabelle appeared in the other New York dailies.

The night of April 23, 1896, the Edison Vitascope—Armat design—went into service for its first public showing at Koster & Bial's Music Hall, at 34th Street and Broadway, which is now a part of the site of the May Department Store. It was a milestone in screen history that night. All the theatrical world of New York was in that audience. They wanted to know about this newcomer.

In the projection booth up on the balcony were four men, also names to remember long in motion picture history.



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A really pleasant way to remove hair—perfected by the makers of Odo-ro-no

THE friends of Odo-ro-no told us we had only half completed underarm daintiness when we gave them Odo-ro-no. "Please, now, Ruth Miller," they wrote by hundreds, "A pleasant way to remove hair; a method as pleasing for its purpose as Odo-ro-no!"

This meant it must be dainty, pleasant, unquestionably safe and effective; for the removal of hair from the underarm, forearm and limbs must be done very gently as well as very thoroughly. So after long experiment the chemists in the Odo-ro-no laboratories found it—the Odo-ro-no Company's Depilatory.

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Thomas Armat was in charge of the showing. James H. White, who was destined to figure in picture production for years, Charles Webster who took the Vitascope into Europe, and Percy L. Waters, a motion picture executive of note in the affairs of many concerns from the General Film Company to Triangle, were at the projection machines. They were all Raff & Gammon peep show experts drafted for this screen showing. They were mere operators then, nowadays known as *projectionists*.

THE pictures shown were old kinetoscope subjects made for the peep show machines. The film was dull and merely translucent with a ground glass finish on the blank side. With the most powerful arcs the pictures were dim and obscure as compared with the projection of today. They were wonderful enough then. Anna-belle danced on the screen. There were pictures of the English Derby, the waves at Atlantic City and a flash of a boxing bout. The subjects were about fifty feet in length, each.

The New York Herald, the next Sunday, May 3, carried the best of the illustrations of the showing. It is reproduced with this chapter. It will be noted that it was a silk hat audience in the galleries. Also a glance at what the artist got of the machines shows that the "Edison Vitascope—Armat Design" ran its film from spool banks like the kinetoscope peep show machines. The Latham loop principle applied the year before in the eidoloscope had not yet been adopted in the otherwise superior Armat machine. The loop permitted the use of long film on reels, doing away with the cumbersome spool bank with its multiple loops of film.

Among those on the bill at Koster & Bials that night was Albert Chevalier, the famous coster singer. There comes a sense of a long faded past in consulting the newspapers of the day. That same April 27 Grover Cleveland, the president, went fishing down in Virginia, the Greater New York consolidation bill had just been passed by the legislature. Down at the Church of The Strangers in New York the Rev. D. Asa Blackburn that Sunday preached a blazing sermon in which he exclaimed "It is impossible to serve God and skylark about on a bicycle!" The bicycle was new and it was as fashionable to lambaste it from the pulpit then as it has been since to lay all sin to the motion pictures.

The late Charles Frohman was in the audience at the Koster & Bials' showing that first night. He was interviewed at length by the New York Times the following day. In the course of his talk Mr. Frohman with rare vision forecast a great future for the motion picture.

"The time will come," he said, "when all scenery on the stage will be eliminated. The actors will perform in front of a living scene thrown on the stage by means of these motion pictures."

Mr. Frohman was correct, except that he did not foresee that the actors would be projected right along with the scenery.

And today—Charles Frohman, Inc., the theatrical concern standing as a memorial to his genius, is in effect the property of Adolph Zukor, the proprietor of a little Chicago fur shop then, in 1896, the dominant motion picture figure of the world in 1922.

Now again the tale swings back to the chapter that might well be called "the luck of the Lathams," a fate drama with a climax in the destruction of a dream of glorious hopes and the tragic termination of a love romance in the midst of the first screen expedition in foreign lands.

*(To be continued)*



## The Professor Goes to the Movies

(Continued from page 67)

I did not appeal to him further, for it was obvious that these birds, which were about four feet long, were not doves at all, but some variety of gigantic extinct creatures which merely resembled doves.

In presenting pictures of reconstructed ornithological monsters of this type, it seems to me that the ends of education would be better served if the name and history were to accompany each specimen. And I must protest against their being interpolated into a scheme showing a sentimental tête-à-tête between a lady and a gentleman upon a rustic bench.

**T**HE story which, with numerous irrelevant interruptions of this nature, was being enacted on the sheet, was not at all clear; nor was any effort made to elucidate it. It was obviously a costume—or period—play, though of what era I cannot say. The women's clothes, though resembling modern attire, were most bizarre with very short and tight skirts and waists cut amazingly low, and trimmed with all manner of flounces, streamers and ruffles. The male costumes, also, resembled somewhat the present-day styles, although the trousers were nearly skin-tight, and the coats were closely fitted and contained slanting pockets, long vents in the sleeves and up the back, and high-peaked lapels.

Also, I noted that it was the custom of the period in which the play was cast, for the men to affect slick, glossy hair; for the heads of all the males glistened and shone like polished mirrors.

As I say, it was most unusual and confusing, and there was not even a program note to guide one.

Moreover, every few moments the picture was halted in order to show the head of one of the principal characters, enlarged to twenty times its normal size. This phenomenon was at first fascinating and appalling, not to say startling; but soon the trick became familiar and lost its terrifying aspect.

I do not know the mechanical device used to produce this stupendous enlargement of the features, but evidently it causes considerable pain and discomfort to the person thus distorted; for I noticed that every time this kind of picture was projected, the subject was indulging in terrible facial contortions, as if in physical agony; and one of the young women suffered so greatly by this distending process that the tears actually rolled down her cheeks. I wonder that this operation has not been prohibited on the grounds of cruelty.

I first lost the general trend of the story when the principal woman character fell into the river and sank from sight. One of the men leaped in after her, and at first it appeared that he had succeeded in rescuing her. But when, in the next picture, he was shown (as I thought) carrying her into the house, I noted that her clothes were quite dry and unruffled, and that her hair also was dry and neatly done up.

Obviously this was some other woman—the drowned girl's twin sister, I concluded (for they looked exactly alike) who, no doubt, had fainted as a result of the other's death. But the point was far from clear, and none of the printing on the sheet touched upon the point,—which struck me as a careless and confusing omission calculated to befog and irritate the mind.

Again, the man who had unsuccessfully attempted to save the drowning girl, was arrested for a murder of which he was obviously innocent; and at the trial, when he could easily have cleared himself, he was,

to all appearances, suddenly stricken with amnesia and aphasia; for he did not offer the very simple explanation which would have instantly freed him, but kept silent, and permitted himself to be sentenced.

Nothing whatever was said about the gentleman's sudden loss of memory and speech; and once more this omission tended to confuse and annoy one, and to throw one's mind into a state of troubled uncertainty, which was far from relaxing or restful.

However, the real perpetrator of the crime confessed, after he himself had been stricken by some fatal malady whose symptoms I was unable to diagnose; and, a few days later, the gentleman who had been falsely convicted married the twin sister of the drowned girl.

Again, at this point, the story was interrupted by another view of those two colossal, prehistoric birds resembling our modern domesticated doves.

Immediately afterward a most puzzling picture was shown. It revealed an indistinct and foggy valley; and down the center of it came a young woman, resembling the one who had just been married, with her hair down, bare-footed, and draped in some kind of flimsy fabric of the kind that bandages are made from. She was doing a sort of slow Greek dance step on tip-toe, with her arms outstretched and with an expression of agony on her face, which I accounted for on the ground that she might have been very cold in the fog, or else that her feet were tender.

**I** THOUGHT this picture might be the first of a series of aesthetic dance steps—another educational film—but imagine my amazement and stupefaction when the next scene revealed the same lady in bed with a plump child beside her!

Whose baby it was, or where it came from, or why the lady was abed, was not explained. Obviously it was not her child, for it was fully six months old, and nothing had been said or even intimated regarding an expected offspring. Of course, her being in bed might easily be accounted for by her having caught cold while dancing out-doors in her bare feet. But, again, one may only surmise.

The situation was rendered still more confusing when the following picture showed the lady and her husband sitting on the floor playing with two strange children aged five and seven. The baby in the preceding tableau was no longer in evidence; and all I can say is that the whole affair regarding these children was most mysterious and puzzling.

How the entertainment ended, I cannot tell, for the performance was brought suddenly to a close by some break-down in the projecting apparatus. The husband and wife had approached each other, and he had just leaned forward to kiss her, when the light supply suddenly gave out. The picture grew dimmer and dimmer, until finally nothing could be distinguished on the sheet.

I waited a few moments for the mechanic to mend or adjust his apparatus; but evidently the accident was a serious one; and as the other patrons began going, I followed their example.

I had previously noted that there was some trouble with the lighting system; for one or two of the enlarged pictures had been decidedly blurred, as if the lens was out of focus; and there were several scenes which had turned blue, rendering the pictures indistinct.

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The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Also in one of the pictures wherein a gentleman sat gazing into a grate fire, there appeared for a moment just above him a large reproduction of a young lady standing in a garden,—which proved that two entirely distinct photographs had been somehow confused. Obviously this new invention of animated photography has by no means been perfected.

And this, sir, is what you recommend to your readers as a means of recreation and relaxation!

I am, my dear sir, your obedient servant,  
HORATIO F. X. HIGGENBOTHAM,  
B. S., M. A., Ph. D.

**Madame Manhattan**

(Concluded from page 42)

a tense, sick pang of longing for—New York. Fifth Avenue on a spring day. The scurry amid the snow for a taxi, under the lights of Broadway, after the theater. The splendid, jagged skyline against the background of fleecy clouds. New York. She breathed it. Her voice was the voice of New York itself.

She is what she is—a product of that great melting pot.

"I had a lot of Latin ancestors of one kind and another," remarked Miss Naldi, "but I was born in New York."

Then it was easier still to place her. And I found I was right. On the end, front row, in the Winter Garden—the Midnight Frolic.

"It's all right out here," she said, "but I've got a kid sister back in New York. She's all the family I have and I'm all she's got. I take care of her. I hate being away. You know how it is."

She left the chorus to play opposite Owen Moore and Eugene O'Brien, and she was in "Experience" last year. Since she arrived and has worked under Fred Niblo, there has been much talk of a big future for her. They are calling her the female Rodolph Valentino.

"She's the most interesting personality I've seen in some time," June Mathis, the famous scenario writer, said to me, "I'd love to write for her."

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No pure girl can hold a job because of the unwelcome advances of her employer.

All lady's maids look like Ziegfeld Follies girls.

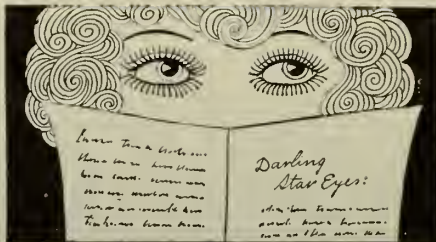
All houses in the country are dependent for their water-supply on an old-fashioned rustic well at which the daughter of the house spends most of her time.

No house ever catches fire that some young lady in a kimono is not overcome by smoke in a room on the top story.

All ladies wake up in the morning with their make-up in perfect condition, and without a single lock of their immaculate coiffure disarranged.

All chauffeurs and taxi-drivers wear snap-py new uniforms, and salute every time they are spoken to.

Men convalescent from surgical operations invariably have their heads swathed in band-ages.



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## A Reformed Villain

(Concluded from page 50)

In return, I promised solemnly never to participate in another screen satire; to get down to those red-blooded roles and do something human—such as going to the icebox for onions, or any fruit that is in season. I have kept that promise. Ladies and gentlemen, in my next picture you will see me as *Sergeant Dent of the Royal Mounted* in the Cosmopolitan production taken from the James Oliver Curwood story, "The Valley of Silent Men." What could be nobler? And yet—I confess to a thrill when I don that uniform; when I rescue the girl; when I fight and win— Which only goes to show there is some good in the worst of us, even male vampires.

But back to the tour. Perhaps the question I had put to me most was, "Are you related to Buffalo Bill?" After a performance I was passing the theater in Milwaukee when I overheard one chap say, "That guy wasn't Cody. Why, he didn't have no cowboy suit on!"

When I arrived in Columbus and registered at the hotel desk, the clerk, glancing at the name, said, "Welcome, Mr. Cody— glad to see you back. Who are you selling for this trip?"

They all knew me. It is the curse of fame.

I "personalled" in Atlanta for a week. While there it was my good fortune to be invited to the home of some charming people. It was a very pleasant affair but I found one thing missing. I whispered in my hostess' ear. She made an exit, then returned with a bowl of nice Bermuda onions, sliced in vinegar and sprinkled with pepper. That was the result of the whisper. She looked at the dish, then at me, and said, "And this is the Lew Cody who won Gloria Swanson from Elliott Dexter in 'Don't Change Your Husband' because Elliott had a weakness for onions!"

While doing my bit one matinee in Seattle, Washington, Al Jolson, who was playing there also, sneaked in to hear how many lies I was telling. When I came to the story about going to Canada to get some exteriors, he shouted from the audience: "Say, Lew, what did you say you went to Canada for?"

"Why, to get the beautiful scenery."

"Ha, ha—I know what you went to Canada for. To escape proho."

I got even. That evening I went over to his show, walked on the stage in the finale, and made him sing all the old songs he used when we were together in the Winter Garden show in 1915.

Incidentally, I was in an automobile accident in Seattle. A reporter gave the news to a newspaper in Tacoma, where I was to appear next, over the phone. He told of the smash-up and how fortunate we all were that no deaths resulted. While in the wire he also gave them a story of an accident where a logger was killed. The Tacoma reporter then said, "Why didn't you kill Cody? It would be a much better story!"

And there you are.

I was asked 6,689 questions about how to get into the pictures. Mothers thought because their boys had freckles they could be Wes Barrys; girls because their best beaux had said they looked like Mary Pickford thought the screen was awaiting them with outstretched arms. The only answer is—work. One thing I learned on my trip was the number of fake "schools" in different cities, these schools that take the innocent boy or girl, perhaps deprive them of the necessities of life to pay their tuition, and tell them they can be stars. There are many dramatic schools that are of great help but what I refer to are the out-and-out grafters who hide beneath the cloak of a supposed dramatic or pantomime art school.

While I was in Chicago, the boys of the Press Club made me a life member. I never was so proud in all my life—nearly tore all the buttons off my vest. They informed me that a good member is one who could lose ten or fifteen in a game of chance and one who is able to get home alone without the aid of a taxi. I qualified in both, being fortunate enough to live at a hotel right across the street and being a good Casino player I was an utter failure at the other games found in Hoyle, and there were no Casino players present.

P. S. I am not related to Buffalo Bill.



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## Eight Years Old

(Concluded from page 27)

Miriam appeared in "Smilin' Through"—always keeps on her dressing table an affectionately inscribed photograph of the youngest member of her supporting cast.

The children's sextette in "Floradora." Then the films.

The hardest thing for Battista to do is to cry. When she was acting with Lionel Barrymore in "Boomerang Bill," she had to turn on the tears. They just wouldn't come.

"Play the violin and I'll see if that won't make me cry," she said.

Barrymore was working with the orchestra. Someone asked him to lend the violin to make the little girl who played the Chinese baby cry. He said, "Let her have the whole orchestra if it will help her."

The musicians played. A sad melody. And Miriam wept her heart out. She has finely balanced emotions.

Another time a scene called for tears. But the little actress was in a particularly happy frame of mind that day; she simply

couldn't imitate Niobe. So someone said, "You say there's a telephone call for Miriam Battista? She can't go. She's working on the set. Get the message. You don't say the cat got her bird? I'm afraid it will break her all up."

It was a trick. But it worked splendidly. Miriam cried—hard. And two weeks later the cat really did get her precious bird. But perhaps the previous false report prepared her for the blow.

She says she may get married. And that when she does she will leave the stage.—It's only fair to the man. She would like to marry Jackie Coogan. Manlike, Jackie has nothing to say on the subject so far.

This child for whom is predicted a career as lustrous as Mary Pickford's on the silversheet, and a fame as an actress rivalling that of celebrated stars of any age, is only four feet tall, weighs seventy-nine pounds, and has her name in the telephone book. Incidentally, she earns \$400 a week.



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## Dull Hair

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## Never Told Tales About Stars

(Concluded from page 23)

the person was dead in name only I consented. And so I met Miss Dupont.

"She's a dumbbell," a colleague informed me. "When I tried to interview her she seemed to prefer to talk to the carpenters on the set."

"Not such a dumbbell," I opined. "Sometimes I'd rather talk to carpenters than stars. Maybe we'll both talk to the carpenters."

But we didn't. We didn't talk at all. We were a pair of dumbbells.

I think I mumbled something about her looking like Katherine MacDonald. She made a deprecating little gesture. A photographer called out that he was waiting for her. She paused uncertainly—a rose between two thorns. The publicity man assured her that it was all right; we could come again. She held out a hand, the sort the novelists call lily-white. She said absolutely nothing, but somehow she seemed to be saying, "I hope you like me—please like me—I know I'm all wrong—I'm really embarrassed—but I want to be friendly—"

"What do you think of her?" whispered the publicity man as she faded away.

"She's the most entertaining woman I ever met," I declared, my eyes on the gold-and-ivory profile. "She is, in fact, the ideal mate for man: a beauty who can't talk."

## My Narrowest Escape

When I was a freshman in college I interviewed Lillian Russell. It was my first attempt. I confessed as much to Miss Russell.

"I'll tell you how to write an interview," said she. "Write it just as though you were writing a letter home to your mother. That style never fails."

I've always tried to follow her advice, for I devoutly revere Lillian Russell. But there are some things that even a mother is too young to know. That is why I never told about my hairbreadth escape from Theda Bara's limousine.

Miss Bara had offered her car to convey me home. The chauffeur appeared to be one of those firm believers in mottoes, his special favorite being, "He Who Hesitates Is Lost." A traffic officer didn't believe in that motto. Quite the contrary. So they stopped to argue about it. The argument developed into something that sounded like a world war. I had visions of a police court, my name in all the papers,—including the home town courier-eagle—together with a story of how I, a carefully nurtured youth raised to fear the Lord and the Law, had been flung from a vampire's palanquin straight into a common jail. I knew my mother would rather see me dead than in prison. But, though the car was elaborately equipped, there was not a thing provided for committing suicide. Anyhow, I would emulate the gentleman of whom it was said that nothing in life became him like the quitting it. I wouldn't be found dead in Theda's taxi. So I gently opened the door on the side opposite from the cop and ducked softly into the cool, stilly night.

THE editor in charge of the personal inquiry opened his seventieth letter with a groan.

"I have lost three husbands," a lady reader has written confidentially, "and now have the offer of a fourth. Shall I accept him?"

"If you have lost three husbands," he wrote, "I should say you are much too careless to be trusted with a fourth."—Toronto Mail.

## Studio Directory

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

- ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.
- Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.
- Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- Katherine MacDonald Productions, 901 Girard St., Los Angeles, Cal. (s) 3500 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
- R. A. Walsh Productions, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- Hope Hampton Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
- Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.
- Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
- Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.
- Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.
- BALLIN, HUGO, PRODUCTIONS, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
- EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
- FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
- (s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
- (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.
- British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
- FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Cal. Marshall Neilan and Maurice Tourneur Productions.
- HART, WM. S., PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.
- INCE, THOMAS H. (s) Culver City, Cal.
- INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., New York City.
- METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahunga Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Mae Murray Productions, 344 West 44th St., New York City.
- PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th St., New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). (s) George B. Seitz Productions, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.
- R-C PICTURES CORP., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
- SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.
- UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
- Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
- Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal.
- D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
- Nazimova Productions, United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.
- George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave., New York City.
- Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Cal.
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; (s) 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.



# Brickbats and Bouquets

THE readers of *Photoplay* are invited to write to this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed—but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's name and address.

## Letters to the Editor

Tampa, Florida.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Sir:

Your magazine of May asks, "What Do You Want?"

Frequently I want to do just what you suggest—express myself at the manager's office. But my young daughters object, as perhaps I used to object when my mother wanted to do something "different."

No matter what the play, it seems to me that there is usually too much hugging and kissing. It makes me ill, almost. Why is it necessary to drag out the emotional scenes in such a fashion?

And, while I'm giving my views, we want our movie people to be the nice sweet people that we think they are. And, if they are found out to be of another sort, the disclosure should *finish them!* There are so many bad men and women in the world, in our immediate towns we see so much and hear so much, that during our rest periods and amusement times we like a change. We do not care to have the same sort smirking at us from the screen.

And—last of all—could you, through your writings, suggest that in news reels of baseball games and the like they let us sit still in the grandstand, and watch the play from there, instead of taking us along with the runners. It's tiresome and tiring to see only flying legs and the blurred faces of the audience. You must see the whole action of the game to really get pleasure from it.

"OLD LADY."

Los Angeles, Cal.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Editor:

The review on "Foolish Wives," in PHOTOPLAY for March, states that the picture is an insult to every American. And that it was an especial insult to the womanhood of America. And yet, when I saw the picture, there were quite as many women in the audience as men. I am just getting over the shock!

To pass on: I deeply enjoyed the satire by clever Robert Sherwood in the May issue, on some of our eminent directors and actors. Particularly the one on Cecil de Mille, who deserves some severe criticism on the masterpieces he and Jeanie MacPherson have been turning out lately.

D. E. G.

1301 Nelson Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Sir:

In your May issue you have an interview with Thomas A. Edison about the value of the motion picture as an aid to education. Mr. Edison thinks it will take ten years before the educational film will be in general use in the schools. I doubt that it will be that long. A year ago very little was heard about radio phones—today thousands of families have radio outfits and listen to wireless concerts. If the

radio can make this advance in one year, then why can't the educational picture make the same rapid progress instead of waiting another ten years? Just let some wide-awake, progressive American city adopt the educational picture for its schools, and it will not be long before investigating committees, from all over the United States, will be heading in its direction to see how the trick is done! Other cities will then take up the work, and once the ball has started rolling nothing on earth can ever stop it!

A boy may read several pages of descriptive matter about some place or thing and have only a very hazy idea of what it looks like—an idea which he is likely to forget in a short time. But show him a few hundred feet of film to let him see exactly what it looks like, and he will always remember. A picture makes a deeper impression than a printed page, and it is more interesting.

EDWIN HEMPEL.

Bloomington, Iowa.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Sir:

Just a minute of your time, please, to tell you how much your article, "House Cleaning in Hollywood," appealed to me. I fully agree with you when you say we cannot judge all picture people by the notorious few who have caused such an uproar. As long as the pictures are clean and wholesome I can't see why anyone has the right to pry into the private affairs of famous stars, and actors and actresses who aren't stars. Picture people are human, the same as anyone else, and they deserve just the same consideration. Nine out of ten of the people who knock them would have quite enough to do if they attended to the business of keeping their personal affairs in shape. Each man and woman has his or her own life to lead, and if he or she lives it as it should be led there will be no time to devote to other folks' private affairs. I am only sorry that I can't meet and know each and every actor and actress personally!

GIULA SLATER.

Bennington, Vt.

THE EDITOR,  
Dear Sir:

To be perfectly frank, your editorial, several months ago, on "Moral Housecleaning in Hollywood," did not pacify the rage that has been smoldering within me for some time. However, when I think of the merciless criticism of one Elinor Glyn, whose novels are said to be "immoral," and the harsh remarks of Carl Laemmle and several other producers, I have no apologies to offer. Even Mr. Zukor was quoted, last February, as saying "undesirables must go." But I am gratified to note that he now states "Mr. Arbuckle's relations with us are now entirely friendly."



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If your dealer is out of El-Rado, send your order for \$1.00 size direct to us. We will forward it by return mail.

**PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. 1257, Newburgh, N. Y.**

I was informed about two weeks ago, by an editor, that Arbuckle's employers knew nothing of any lapses on his part before the ill-fated Labor Day revel. How could they have been in ignorance of his affairs if what writers and players say of him is true? I can neither explain nor understand. *But that is all over!* Popularity contests show that the "fans" still tolerate—even want—him. And the fact that they want him does not seem to me unwholesome. It only means that they have known and liked Roscoe Arbuckle on the screen for many years—that they have faith in him and trust him. And that they are anxious to help him rise again. For which sentiments I feel that no self-respecting person needs to blush!

F. L.

Amarillo, Texas.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Mr. Editor:

Why, oh why, do they do it? I mean the people who put well-loved fiction characters on the screen. Not the actors; they are usually all that can be expected, or desired. I mean the ones who write the scenario, or the continuity, or whatever it's called.

I saw Sherlock Holmes the other night. And Sherlock Holmes, let me explain, has always been a sort of a hero to me. Not a "popular idol" type of hero—a cool, stand-offish one. It annoyed me to see the story of his exploits made the vehicle for a love episode. Sherlock Holmes had his lighter moments, perhaps, but we never think of him as an engaged or married man—why make him so on the screen?

John Barrymore was splendid. I'll say that for him. And he made his character live in the realest sense of the word. But he couldn't get past the story that had been made for him by some incompetent office boy—or so it would seem to me. With the wealth of material that Conan Doyle supplied, why (again I repeat it), why couldn't someone have built a perfect picture?

ANNA S.

Tampa, Florida.

THE EDITOR,  
Dear Sir:

I am a young girl. Fifteen years old. And my mother feels that I should not go to see the pictures often because of the problem plays that are shown. All of the theaters in our town show such pictures, and most of the other girls are allowed to go. But my mother thinks that a girl should be brought up not knowing anything about life. She doesn't seem to realize that times have changed since she was a girl. The others of my set, my friends, talk together and I can't help listening to the things they say and hearing about the pictures that they see at the theaters. Wouldn't it be better for my mother to let me go with them than to forbid me?

I am wondering, Mr. Editor, if perhaps you won't publish an editorial on this matter some time. About how girls are different than they used to be. Perhaps mother would read it.

E. M. S.

Newark, N. J.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Sir:

In reference to Miss J. C.'s contention about Mr. Valentino's article in the March issue of your magazine, I wish to say that I agree with Mr. Valentino on several points. I do not think the European lover sly. He is far more courteous than many American men I have known. He gives to women many of the things which Ameri-

cans do not. However, I will say nothing more against my own countrymen. For myself, I prefer a frank, honest, American—even if he is not so skilled in love making. But I would also like a little of the charm of the European lover.

Most women crave for the romantic, though many of them do not say so. Here is where the European is skillful, and because he gives his charm and love to the woman of his choice he is called sly!

MARIE HALL.

Centerville, Iowa.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Sir:

I want to thank you for giving so many girls a clean and splendid opportunity to make good in the motion pictures. I refer to your "New Faces" contest.

There are so many worth while young women in this country who are longing for an opportunity to show the extent of their talent and histrionic ability. No other magazine that I know of has made an offer so fair or so attractive as the one that you have made.

I am an elderly man. My daughters are long past the romantic age. But in their names—and in the names of all daughters—I thank you!

J. M. K.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Sir:

Do you know—I believe that the first important thing to be considered about a picture is its entertainment value—that's something that the critics and writers and a good many of the producers seem to overlook. I've attended pre-views a few times and I've heard the people round about me rave over a certain set or a particularly beautiful close-up or the photography—and then they all agree that the picture is a wonder. That generally puts a damper on what I would have said about it, for often I never notice the lighting or the other details—I only know that it bores me, or that it doesn't. I know in my heart, many times, that no audience could sit through such a picture and take it seriously. And what good is a picture, no matter how high class it is, if it leaves an audience flat and unenthusiastic?

L. A. M.

Portland, Oregon.

Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I am a middle-aged man and the father of eight children. Having been employed as an accountant most of my life, I am what would be considered a prosaic and hard-shelled old crab. But I must admit that the movies have brought a lot of joy and pleasure into my life and the life of my whole family and that we are grateful for them.

They keep the kids out of mischief, and give Mother and Dad a glimpse now and then of life that isn't all grocery bills and new shoes and confusion.

That is why I should like to write you a letter, because I don't know any other way to express to the movie people and the people that make movies what I think, which is that I wish we could have more pictures that make us forget our everyday selves and our humdrum, hard-working lives.

Mother and I went three times to see "The Three Musketeers" and we sent all the kids. It was like living in another world.

I'd like to see a lot more of pictures like that, and not so many so-called sex dramas, and especially not any about struggles for money and to get along, or about poor people. I can see that every day at home.

JAMES J. HILL.



Hazard, Ky.

Dear Editor: I read your "Letters from Readers" in the May PHOTOPLAY and I must say that I fully agree with Joan Claybourne that the American is the ideal lover and husband.

Whenever I read or hear of an American girl marrying a foreigner it makes my blood boil, for in my estimation no foreigner is as good as our American men and boys, even though they may have half a dozen titles.

I was never so disappointed in all my life as when Constance Talmadge married the Greek, John Pialago.

I also agree with Miss Claybourne that Conrad Nagel is one of our best actors and I would like to see more of him and also Harrison Ford. As far as I am concerned Rodolph Valentino doesn't exist and I would rather keep my money in my purse than spend it to see a movie he was acting in.

Very truly yours,  
MARIE PRICE.

## The Last Call for New Faces

(Concluded from page 37)

ladies who have entered their pictures in the New Faces Contest have revealed themselves as eager to work, and work hard, for success. The letters they have written the New Faces Editor have been reassuring. They do not expect a royal road to fame and fortune. They know that screen success means work; and then more work.

The day of the young girl of talent is here. She is to have a place on the American screen. Prominent directors are every day making camera tests of novices. Rupert Hughes, casting for his newest Goldwyn photoplay, recently tried out a number of inexperienced girls for parts. Allen Holubar, looking for players for "Broken Chains," the prize-winning Goldwyn scenario contest story, is not confining his efforts to the studios. He is interviewing scores of aspirants who have never before had opportunities to see what they could do. The established actor no longer means everything to the intelligent director. The youthful girl who is filled with enthusiasm, who is pliable and clever, has a bigger chance to succeed on the screen than ever before.

An interesting development of the contest has been the revelation that beauty can happen anywhere. Once upon a time, we took it for granted that the eastern girl was dignified, poised, perfectly attired; while her western sister was breezy, bluff, boyish. That the southern girl was languid and liquidly beautiful; that the middle-western miss was sedate and serious. The entrants have upset all the traditions. One of the most petite and exquisite of all is a country girl—a Missouri farmer's daughter. The west is well represented with slender, quiet, distinctive young ladies. The southern beauties have been anything but languid, while several of the most individual and picturesque entrants live in that supposedly sophisticated and standardized city, Manhattan, N. Y.

Remember that the contest closes July 1st, 1922. That the leaders in the race will be pictured and announced in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY. That the eventful day on which the fortunate winner will be announced is not very far off. There are still a few days—send in your photograph now if you haven't already done so.

Do not miss the next issues. They will be of great interest to every contestant and to every film enthusiast in the world.

# WIN \$1000.00

OR A

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GEE BUT IT'S FUN IVE GOT NO. 6 NO. 1 IS A HARD ONE

**WHO ARE THEY?**

- 1 YOU ALL BANK CLAM RIG
- 2 I RACED ALL WE
- 3 DO NOT THRO LADY
- 4 GE HAM IS HOT MAN
- 5 MAD MAN GORE TAL
- 6 NO GUD BAR IS A FLASK
- 7 WET ART IS A TAN
- 8 ALL CHEAP IN RICH
- 9 LORSA WIN A SONG
- 10 RUN EAT TOBSEK

### Can You Answer This Movie Puzzle?

On the Movie Screen above are the names of 10 movie stars rearranged. The Operator played a joke on the audience and you'll admit it was a good one.

To Solve the Puzzle rearrange the letters in the sentences on the screen so that they will spell each actor's or actress' name. For example: No. 1 is Clara Kimball Young. If you can name all 10 stars, you can win the Hupmobile or \$1,000.

Probably you know the names of the Most Popular Stars, but just to refresh your memory, we are mentioning below a few of the Most Famous Players:—Norma Talmadge, Otis Skinner, Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Dalton, Thomas Meighan, Beverly Bayne, Anita Stewart, Douglas Fairbanks, Blanche Sweet, Charlie Chaplin, Clara Kimball Young, Buster Keaton, Pearl White and Gloria Swanson.

### 185 "Points" Wins First Prize

For each name you arrange correctly you will receive 10 "points" toward the Hupmobile Touring Car or the \$1,000 in cash, or you receive 100 "points" if you arrange all 10 names correctly. You can gain 60 more "points" by Qualifying your answer. That is, by proving that you have explained the 10 "Superior Features" of the Wallman Self-Filling Fountain Pen to five people. The final 25 "points" will be awarded by 3 Judges to the person making up the largest and nearest correct list of words from the name of the first Movie Actor listed on the screen above—CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. It's easy! Can you make out 10-20-30 words like you-young-ball-all, etc.? Send in your list of words right away with the names of the 10 Stars. Number each word and in making up your list Don't use prefixes and suffixes, or obsolete, archaic, foreign or compound words if they are so listed in a New Standard Dictionary. Use each letter only as many times as it appears. For example: There are 3 a's. Therefore "a" may be used 3 times if necessary in forming a word.

The answer gaining 185 "points" (which is the maximum), will win the Hupmobile or the \$1,000. In case of a tie, all tying contestants will receive the same prize. Send in your answer TODAY. As soon as it is received, we will send you a circular telling about the 10 "Superior Features" of the Wallman Self-Filling Fountain Pen, FREE, to assist you in qualifying.

### Costs Nothing to Try

You will not be asked to buy a Wallman Self-Filling Fountain Pen nor to spend a penny in order to win. Just write your answer to the Puzzle on one side of the sheet of paper and PRINT your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Do your best and you can win. Contest closes July 29th. Answer the Puzzle NOW.

WALLMAN PEN CO. Dept. 56, St. Paul, Minn.

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(Concluded from page 74)

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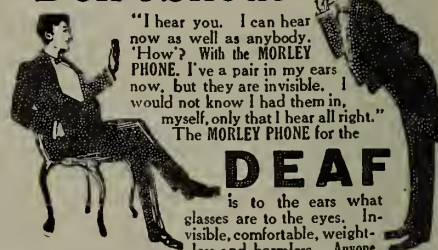
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# The Loves of Pharaoh a la King

## A Slang Review

By DICK DORGAN

**E**XPERIENCE is the best teacher, they tell us. Being a young man anxious to learn, I thought I would find out what ancient gents like Solomon (who handles a thousand Storms) had to offer in the love game. And therefore climbed under the tent to take a peek at the Loves of Pharaoh—here is the menu—

Amenes was the Pharaoh, the cat's meow of Egypt. Now, if you have read history or looked over the old paintings—where the frolicking flappers are doing the shimmie before their kings—you would think that this was some job. But not so with Amenes. He was a lonely pup. Nobody loved him. No wonder! you see it was the custom of all Pharaohs and High Priests to shave the noble bean, so that Amenes' knob was as free from hirsute as a snake is from hips.

One day, Menon (he of the pall-bearing face) who was Amenes' man Friday, brought him a billet doux from Samlak, king of Ethiopia. Sam offered to sign articles to stick together and clean up the neighboring kingdoms. (I think this is the original idea that the League of Nations was cribbed from.) To show that he wasn't four-flushing, Sam was tossing in his dusky offspring, Makeda for good measure. So anxious was Sam to put over the deal, he already had his meat eaters at parade rest outside the city gates. Meanwhile they started to doll up Makeda, and let me utter right here that she had on enough trick bracelets and bum jewelry to make old Woolworth turn green with envy. You couldn't blame them much though as she looked like a ruin of the dark ages.

Ramphis, the old architect's son coming down the river with a load of building materials spotted Theonis, one of Makeda's slave girls drawing water. She was what we term in the exclusive set as considerable Moll. She had all the seven wonders of the world stopped and was still a lap ahead. Sam sneaked down and caught them swapping the chin goods and tried to take a sock at Theonis, but Ramphis forgetting it wasn't Saturday night picked up the bimbo and gave him a nice sousing. Then the old stiff yelled for help and a bevy of Mexican bandits came tearing down and took the



He donned the old cast iron derby and was ready to leave for the war

"sweet dearie" prisoner while Ramphis took to the briny. They carried her back to camp and tied her to a tree. About midnight, Ramphis pulled the pussy-foot Pete stuff and rescued her. Then got in bad by smuggling her into his old man's house. The old bloke was sore at first but when Theonis gave him one of those baby stares he was for her strong.

A little later Sam, and his prairie dogs arrived at the palace with about 28 carloads of presents for his prospective son-in-law. (It was easily seen that there was no income tax in Ethiopia.) After the introductions and etc. Sam took a run out powder to give

Makeda a chance to vamp the Pharaoh, but he wouldn't fall for her stuff. After they put on the feed bag he showed them his city from the balcony, and being one of the original goldiggers, Makeda wanted to give the Treasure house the double "O." Pharaoh told her that no man could go near it as the penalty was death. Then, the saphead said she thought there must be a bunch of yeggmen in town as one of her slave girls was glommed the night before. Pharaoh told Menon (he of the secret orders) to find the slave and return her. Then they went down below to get busy on the treaty; and just as Amenes was about to put his John Hancock on the Parchment, the guards of the Treasure house let out a bunch of blasts from their fish horns that sounded like kid Gabriel had arrived. They brought in Ramphis and his petite pullet, Theonis, who were caught shooting marbles or something around the Treasure house. This crabbed the treaty as Pharaoh was madder'n hell

and sentenced both to death. The gents of the spears dragged poor Ramphis away and the slave girl flopped to her knees and begged Amenes to be merciful. Well! the big stiff took one look—and great Caesar fell—like a rock—for those lavish eyes, and my! what a tumble it was. He was hit so hard that he let Ramphis off with life imprisonment at the quarries. Nice fellow, that.

Pharaoh and the fettered frail were just getting clubby and asking each other their first names, when, without a word of warning in strolled Sam, the sap, still sore as a pup that the treaty was passed up. He claimed



The Great Caesar fell like a rock for those lavish eyes



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Theonis as his lost slave and (I think he must have said something "awful" nasty to Pharaoh) 'cause a couple of side arm boys just grabbed him by the shredded wheat pants and gave him the bum's rush. He howled like a wolf though and declared war on the spot. When they were alone again, Pharaoh sparred a couple of rounds and then told the lady of the lavish lamps that he loved her.

Well! he gave her a lot of glad rags to put on and fitted her up pretty and made her the Queen of Egypt. Then he donned the old cast iron derby and was ready to leave for the war. He asked her for a love-token (the big sap) and when she refused he locked her up in the Treasure house, where no man could see her till he returned.

He went balmy in the belfry worrying over Theonis and after a fine pasting tried to escape capture but got a stray spear in the ribs and was left on the plains to kick his three last kicks.

Ramphis turned bolshevik and started an insurrection at the quarries. He escaped and got back to the city just before Sam, the sap, came to sack it. He got the low-down of the whole affair from the old gent and set Theonis free—and made out he wasn't the happy gazabe when she told him that the queen stuff was the bunk—that she did the trick to save him. (Oh, well! some guys have all the luck.)

Just as everything looked fine and daisy for a happy ending—who comes back like the proverbial cat but Pharaoh, the kid himself. He looked like the advance agent of a massacre, dirty, ragged 'n—Oh! you'd never know him—allin kinda. He was given the air by the guards of the gate and was in for a fine razing when his man Friday recognized him through the makeup. Of a sudden old Amenes became Pharaoh again and just about parked himself on the throne long enough to take a good breath when he pulled a Dorando down the stairs and stayed put, deader than a kippered herring. Thus ended Pharaoh.

The spear carriers union held a meeting and signed a round robin requesting Theonis to pick a good spender to help her with the job of queen. When she asked them who saved Egypt, they barked, "Ramphis," back at her so fast I thought the thing was "fixed." "Sure enough," she piped, "Ramphis will be your king." Then Ram and his gal pulled for a corner and—(ah! give the kid a chance—everybody close the eyes and count ten.)



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**WRITER'S DIGEST**

611-D Butler Bldg. CINCINNATI

J. P. O'ROURKE.—Norma Talmadge has been contemplating filming "The Garden of Allah" for quite some time; but contemplation is all that has come of it. Her next picture will probably be "The Mirage," the Edgar Selwyn play in which Florence Reed starred in Broadway. Lillian Gish is twenty-six. Mary Carr is forty-six.

JACQUELINE.—My particular pet antipathy, which I keep in a glass cage on my desk, and feed carefully assorted bread-crumbs every day, and keep out of drafts, is the publicity person's passionate paragraphs about the star who, in her big emotional scene, wept such large and genuine tears that the hardened property men, watching, cried like little children. Do you blame me, Jackie? They do call you Jackie, don't they? Justine Johnson was born in 1900. She was a famous Broadway beauty, then became a picture star for Realart. She's married to Walter Wanger, who is a theater manager in London; so she's a resident of Britain at present.

J. P.—If Rodolph Valentino were sensitive to admiration, he would not be starred. You can't be a star and still be sensitive to admiration. Rodolph probably hasn't the time to answer letters personally, but he might make an exception in your case. I can't promise, but I can tell you where to reach him: Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. He is married to Winifred Hudnut, known as Natacha Rambova in the studios. (Wonder if you'll still want to write to Rodolph?)

DONALD M., CALDWELL, OHIO.—You wish my pardon for using white paper, as you had no pink or green handy. Well, I'll overlook it this time, but don't let it happen again. Clarine Seymour was in "The Idol Dancer" and "The Girl Who Stayed At Home," and was working in "Way Down East" when she died. Mary Hay Barthelme took the part. Miss Seymour had a bright future and her death was very sad. She was not married. Write to the Griffith company about photographs of her.

EDITH E. K., BARNADO, N. Y.—Stephen Carr is a potential matinee idol, all right. He already gets a substantial number of letters from girls—of course the girls are only thirteen and fourteen now, but they'll probably like him just as well when they're thirty and forty; because by that time Stephen will probably be making love to Miriam Battista or—oh, we're getting all mixed up. Stephen is the son of Mary Carr, the mother of "Over the Hill." He played the son in "The Yellow Arm."

MAISIE.—Maisie, whose Daisy are you? I just can't help making popular songs of people. Of course, I can't be sure they're exactly popular, but you know what I mean. Marguerite Courtot is seen opposite Glenn Hunter in that young man's stellar picture, "The Cradle Buster." Marguerite is very young and very demure—the typical ingenue as I understand her. She's about twenty-four, and lives at 19 Hudson Place, Weehawken, N. J. She's one of those girls to whom some interviewers almost invariably refer as "she's so sweet, you'd never think she was an actress." If I were an actress I'd resent that. Some of the nicest girls I know are of the screen or stage.

BLONDE.—A natural or bottled blonde? But of course I can't expect you to answer that, even though you do sign yourself "Truthfully mine." Gloria Swanson went abroad and remained until June. Now she is working again at Lasky's. Agnes Ayres

and Valentino have never been engaged. Miss Ayres has been married, but isn't now. Richard Barthelme, Lambs' Club, N. Y. C. His latest picture is "Sonny," from a stage play. Pauline Garon is his newest leading woman.

JAMES ELLIOTT.—You're a clever artist, James. But I think you're limited. Every girl whose picture you have painted has had red hair. The question is, can you paint anything except red hair, or do you like red hair so well you won't do any other shade—temperament, etc.? When you come up to see us—I don't think you ever will, because you've been threatening to for four years and nothing ever come of it—but if you do, I'll lock my pink-haired stenographer into my file cabinet, and greet you ingratiatingly—alone. You say you'll ask for Delight Evans, too. I might as well warn you now: Miss Evans hasn't red hair. Perhaps, however, I could persuade her to change it before you come. Edward Earle's latest picture appearance was with Mabel Ballin in "East Lynne." Earle is in New York.

RUDIE'S ADMIRER.—What a unique nom de plume! Wouldn't it be better to say "One of Rudie's Admirers"? I think so. You wish to know if Mr. Valentino is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable; if he smokes cigarettes in real life; if he is as wonderful a lover off as on the screen; if he autographs his own pictures or has a secretary to spare him the trouble; and if he hates girls. To which I reply, in my feeble fashion: No, on the third; yes; I believe so; yes; and probably not.

SHIRLEY.—Surely, Shirley, I'll answer your questions. They are short and simple, like you, Shirley. Lillian Gish, Griffith; Wanda Hawley, Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Lasky; William S. Hart, Hart studio, Hollywood, Cal.

CARL, H. G.—Barbara La Marr seems to be pretty popular. I know she's pretty, and I hear she is popular. She's the girl of the story, "The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful," in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S June issue. Miss La Marr is the adventuress of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and the heroine of "Black Orchids," both Rex Ingram pictures. Alice Terry doesn't appear in "Black Orchids," having left the screen for a brief period after her marriage to Mr. Ingram; but she will once again appear in "Toilers of the Sea."

CATHERINE E., LOUISVILLE, KY.—You want to start a movement to have the Elsie Books filmed? Well, I'll immediately start a movement for the Prevention of the Filming of the Elsie Books. I couldn't stand that. I'm not particular, and I am not ill-humored; but the mere thought of the filming of the Elsie Books makes me see a peculiar shade of crimson. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, April 8, 1893. She is five feet high and tips the scales at one hundred pounds, Suzanne. Lou Tellegen and Geraldine Farrar are no longer husband and wife. The domestic difficulties of the diva and her actor-husband were aired in the newspapers and I went go into them here. Suffice it to say they're no longer married. Farrar resigned from the Metropolitan Opera House to devote all of her time to concert work. It is said she will appear on the speaking stage for David Belasco in "Zaza," which rôle she has often sung. Marie Jeritza, Farrar's successor at the "Met," may go into pictures soon.



**BILLIKEN.**—In spite of the fact that you say I am second only to Socrates, I cannot answer your questions. There is something sacred in everyone's life, that the public has no right to wish to know. I believe Tom Meighan feels the same way about it that I do. Why should he divulge to the world his innermost feelings; his finest emotions? Why, in other, and shorter words, should he tell you whether he smokes a pipe or cigarettes?

**LILLIAN.**—Here you are, my girl. Rodolph Valentino is twenty-six; Gladys Brockwell, twenty-seven; Tom Mix, thirty-five; Buck Jones, thirty-two; Gaston Glass, twenty-six; Edith Roberts, twenty.

**CURIOUS.**—Wallace Reid is the good looking young man you mean. Didn't you know him? You are, indeed, curious, but in the British manner. Albert Roscoe was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1887; he played on the stage for fifteen years. He's married.

**MISS ADAMS.**—David Powell, that good actor, has been in Europe appearing in Paramount British photoplays. He is in "Spanish Jade," the picture which John Robertson went abroad to Spain to make. I believe Powell prefers his native England to America to live in. He was with Mae Murray in "On With the Dance." His first prominent picture appearance was in "Less than the Dust," one of Mary Pickford's earlier Arcraft productions. Powell is or has been married. I don't know his wife's name.

**A. DAVIS, SWEETWATER, TEXAS.**—You wish we'd have more nice boys' pictures instead of so many fussy girls' pictures. Well, most of our readers seem to think we can't have enough fussy girls' pictures. Marie Moscini is the little brunette who usually plays opposite Harry "Snub" Pollard. Pollard is married, but not to Marie.

**JOHN, COVINGTON, INDIANA.**—I have been in Indiana, but I have never happened to stop off at Covington. Sorry. I'll hasten to make amends the next time I come that way, which will not, I am afraid be very soon, since I'm all tied up here. I may give the idea that I am, literally, chained to my typewriter. This is not strictly true. I am allowed a half hour a day for breakfast, lunch, and tea; then along about six o'clock I am permitted an hour for introspection and retrospection; at eight I am served a sandwich and coffee and at eleven another sandwich and more coffee. If I can keep awake all evening I work. If not, I am awakened promptly at six o'clock by an alarm attachment on my remingwood. That is, I am usually awakened by this means. If not, when my stenographer comes in at about eleven in the morning, she sees that I am back at work and then I am not given any breakfast. But I am not complaining. When I think of all the starving Russian artists that they have to give benefits for, and all that, I think how lucky I am after all.

**CATHERINE.**—You think I'm twenty-eight and have a pretty wife and one or two children. Can't you decide whether it's one or two? In these days it makes quite a difference whether there's one or two in the family. As it happens, however, I haven't a pretty wife—I haven't a wife at all. And I haven't one or two children. I haven't any. I am a soul alone. I amuse myself conjecturing upon the enormous futility of this existence and wonder how much longer I will continue to contribute my worthless mental carcass

to it. When I read your questions, which are all about Valentino, I think that it can't possibly last much longer—my life, I mean. Yes, his marriage, my pretties, to Natacha Rambova seemed sudden.

**DOT OF WASHINGTON.**—Yes, exactly. Why, you ask, do so many of my admirers wonder whether I am a man or a woman so long as I am so humorous? Why, indeed? There goes indeed again. I am becoming grammatical in my dottage. Lowell Sherman is playing in a Broadway "legitimate" production, "Lawful Larceny," now. He is not doing any more film work at present. His wife has brought suit against him for divorce.

**MOVIE MAD.**—A most original mind, yours. Alice Joyce has retired from the screen, more's the pity. She is playing her favorite rôle, that of mother, to her two children. The former Mrs. Tom Moore is now the wife of James Regan, Jr.

**HOOT.**—Hoot Gibson, your idol, is married. Read all about it in Plays and Players this month. Mr. York can always be relied upon to give you the news first. Olive Thomas was starring for Selznick at the time of her death in Paris. Marguerite Clark has retired from pictures. She's Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams in private life, and lives on her husband's estate, Red Top Farm, near New Orleans, Louisiana.

**L. K., NEWARK, N. J.**—Harold Lloyd is not the father of Gaylord Harold Lloyd. Little Gaylord is the son of Harold's brother, Gaylord, who also plays in Rolin comedies. Harold's latest, "Grandma's Boy," is said to be one of the greatest pictures ever made. Harold's a splendid chap and deserves his success. He's not married; but it is rumored he is engaged. Yes—to Mildred Davis.

**ELLA.**—I believe the average intelligence is under-rated. Why have a title and then follow it with a scene which tells the same thing? Give us credit for some small amount of gray matter, say I. I dislike intensely persons who say, "say I," don't you? Here again, is the cast of "Over the Hill." How you people love to ask for these long casts: *Ma Benton*..Mary Carr; *Dad Benton*..William Welch; *Isaac*..Noel Tearle; *Thomas, as a boy*..Stephen Carr; *twenty years later*..John Dwyer; *John, boy*..Jerry Devine; *later*..John Walker; *Charles, boy*..James Sheldon; *later*..Wallace Ray; *Rebecca, as a girl*..Rosemary Carr; *later*..Phyllis Diller; *Susan, as a girl*..May Beth Carr; *later*..Louella Carr; *Isabella Strong*..Vivienne Osborne; *Lucy*..Edna Murphy.

**JERRY.**—Yes, curiosity kills cats, but it keeps women alive. Gloria Swanson's husband was Herbert Somborn. That is, he's still Herbert Somborn, but he's no longer her husband. Gloria has a small daughter. Bebe Daniels isn't married. Wanda Hawley is—to J. Burton Hawley.

**FIFI.**—You are a sarcastic chick. I could use my cane to good advantage if you weren't away off in Baltimore. You didn't ask me any questions, and I should be grateful; but how do you suppose I can hold my job if you don't ask me—ask me? Your chirography is charming; your stationery is not. Why waste charming chirography on sea-green stationery? Tell Marie and Buddy and Bob I am sorry if I keep them from their Chemistry. Knowing nothing of Chemistry myself, I wouldn't for the world keep anybody from knowing it.

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N. S. E.

# PHOTOPLAY

August 25c



MADGE BELLAMY

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# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII

No. 3

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The Village Sheik	Fox
The Rough Shod	Fox

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 will be found on page 114*

*The  
 response to  
 Photoplay's prize  
 offer for letters on  
 "What's the  
 Matter with the  
 Pictures?" was  
 amazing. The  
 great number  
 of replies received  
 and the cleancut  
 statements  
 they contained  
 prove that  
 the public knows  
 exactly what  
 it likes and is  
 anxious to express  
 its wants*

*These Letters  
 will be found on  
 38 and  
 following pages*



# How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging and I was tempted more than once to give it up.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind.

## Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when dead skin and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Domino Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

## My Extraordinary Experience

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Domino Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface.

At nine-thirty I removed the Domino Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been trans-

formed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Domino Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. It is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

## Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Domino Com-



Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful!

plexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here,

at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay to any one who reads my story. If I would write my experience with the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only \$1.95 for a \$3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Domino Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Domino Complexion Clay within 10 days.

## Send No Money

It is not necessary to send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Domino Complexion Clay is in your hands. You will have the same extraordinary experience that I had—and you will be grateful to me for agreeing to write this story. But I advise you to act at once before the special offer is withdrawn and Domino Complexion Clay is once more placed at its regular price.

**ONLY \$1.95**  
If You Act at Once

By taking advantage of this special low-price offer, and sending direct

to the manufacturers, you get Domino Complexion Clay freshly-compounded, the very day your order arrives. And you pay only \$1.95, plus few cents postage, although products of a similar nature, and without many of the advantages of Domino Complexion Clay, are sold regularly from \$2.50 to \$3.50.

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon or a postcard today. Domino House, Dept. 268, 269 South 9th Street, Phila., Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 268  
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay, sufficient for 2 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only \$1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

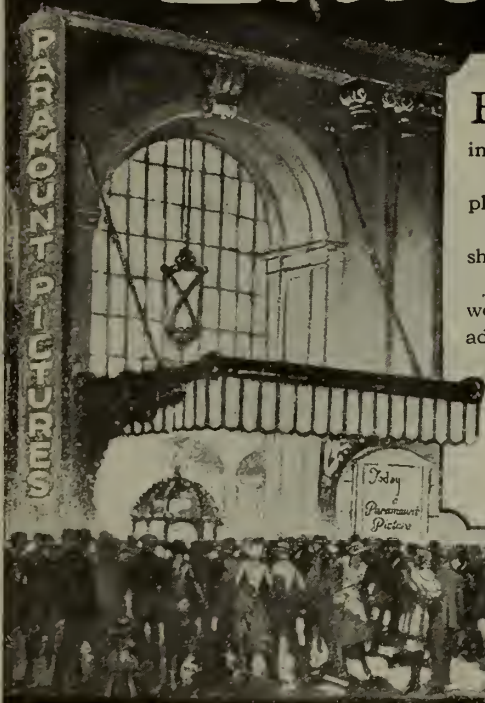
Address.....

City..... State.....  
If you wish, you may send money with coupon



# PARAMOUNT

## Announces its Greatest Program of Motion Picture Entertainment



**F**ORTY-ONE great new Paramount Pictures will be released in the coming six months, beginning August 6th.

Your theatre manager is booking your photoplays now for the coming season.

Make sure that he is preparing to show you these Paramount Pictures.

It is for you that Paramount has worked out step by step, months in advance, this great program,

—gathered all the great geniuses of production—stars, supporting artists, directors, novelists, dramatists, technicians—and supplied them with every

conceivable stimulus and equipment to produce the most magnificent and thrilling pictures!

You are to be the deciding factor in this audacious program of *Every Paramount Picture a Big Picture!*

Seize the opportunity in advance!

Telephone the theatre. Ask the manager: "When are these Paramount Pictures coming?"

Get the day and date of showing for everyone of the forty-one, and you are all set for the greatest shows of the greatest season in the history of entertainment.

*See opposite page for full list of new pictures*

*When are  
they coming?*

# Paramount



*Use the phone.*

If it's a Paramount Picture



These are the Forty-one New  
Paramount Pictures you should ask your theatre manager to book

**WALLACE REID**  
in "The Dictator"  
Supported by Lila Lee  
Directed by James Cruze

**MARION DAVIES**  
in "The Young Diana"  
by Marie Corlli  
A Cosmopolitan Production

**THOMAS MEIGHAN**  
in "If You Believe It, It's So"  
by Perley Poore Sheehan  
Directed by Tom Forman

**BETTY COMPSON**  
in "The Bonded Woman"  
by John Fleming Wilson  
Directed by Philip Rosen

**MAY McAVOY**  
in "The Top of New York"

"THE LOVES OF PHARAOH"  
with Emil Jannings, Dagny Servaes, and  
Harry Liedtke  
An Ernest Lubitsch Production

**GLORIA SWANSON**  
in "Her Gilded Cage"  
A Sam Wood Production

A William deMille Production  
"NICE PEOPLE"  
with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels,  
Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye  
From the play by Rachel Crothers  
Scenario by Clara Beranger

**RODOLPH VALENTINO**  
in "Blood and Sand"  
A Fred Niblo Production  
Supported by Lila Lee and Nita Naldi  
From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez and the  
play by Tom Cushing  
Adaptation by June Mathis

"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN"  
with Alma Rubens  
From the story by James Oliver Curwood  
Directed by Frank Borzage  
A Cosmopolitan Production

"THE SIREN CALL"  
with Dorothy Dalton  
An Irvin V. Willat Production  
Supported by David Powell and Mitchell Lewis  
by J. E. Nash  
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Phillip Hurn

**JACK HOLT**  
"While Satan Sleeps"  
A Peter B. Kyne Special  
Adapted by Albert S. Levino  
From the novel "The Parson of Panamint"  
Directed by Joseph Henabery

**CECIL B. De MILLE'S**  
"Manslaughter"  
with THOMAS MEIGHAN  
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson  
From the novel by Allice Duer Miller  
Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson

The Hamilton Theatrical Corp. presents  
"THE MYSTERIES OF INDIA"

"PINK GODS"  
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production  
with Bebe Daniels, James Kirkwood and  
Anna Q. Nilsson  
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Sonya Levien

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"  
with Theodore Roberts  
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play  
by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Woods  
Scenario by Julien Josephson  
Directed by James Cruze

"THE FACE IN THE FOG"  
by Jack Boyle  
A Cosmopolitan Production

"BURNING SANDS"  
with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills  
A George Melford Production

**WALLACE REID and LILA LEE**  
in "The Ghost Breaker"  
Directed by Alfred Green

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"  
with Mary Miles Minter  
and Tom Moore  
A John Robertson Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production  
"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"  
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell  
Supported by W. J. Ferguson and Theodore Kosloff

**THOMAS MEIGHAN**  
in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"  
By Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank Condon  
Directed by Alfred Green

"ON THE HIGH SEAS"  
with Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt  
Supported by Mitchell Lewis  
by Edward Sheldon  
An Irvin V. Willat Production

**RODOLPH VALENTINO**  
in "The Young Rajah"  
Adapted from the play by Alethea Luce and novel  
"Amos Judd"  
by John Ames Mitchell  
Directed by Phillip E. Rosen  
Adaptation by June Mathis

**ALICE BRADY**  
in "Anna Ascends"  
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A William deMille Production  
"CLARENCE"  
with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and  
May McAvoy  
Adaptation by Clara Beranger

**GLORIA SWANSON**  
in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"  
A Sam Wood Production  
by David Lisle  
Adaptation by Percy Heath

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"  
by Vicente Blasco Ibanez  
Directed by Robert Vignola  
A Cosmopolitan Production

A George Melford Production  
"EBB TIDE"  
with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood  
Cast Includes George Fawcett and  
Raymond Hatton

"THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR"  
From the story by Peter B. Kyne  
Directed by Frank Borzage  
A Cosmopolitan Production

**ELSIE FERGUSON**  
in "Outcast"  
by Hubert Henry Davies  
A John Robertson Production  
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

"SINGED WINGS"  
with Bebe Daniels  
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

**THOMAS MEIGHAN**  
in "Back Home and Broke"  
by George Ade  
Directed by Alfred Green

**AGNES AYRES**  
in "A Daughter of Luxury"  
Adaptation by Beulah Marie Dix  
Directed by Joseph Henabery

A George Fitzmaurice Production  
"KICK IN"  
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell

**WALLACE REID**  
in "Thirty Days"  
by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton  
Directed by James Cruze

**MARION DAVIES**  
in "Little Old New York"  
by Rida Johnson Young  
Directed by Frank Borzage  
A Cosmopolitan Production

**RODOLPH VALENTINO**  
in "A Spanish Cavalier"  
Based on the play "Don Caesar De Bazan"  
by Adolph D. Ennery and P. F. P. Dumanior  
Scenario by June Mathis

**JACK HOLT**  
in "Making a Man"  
A Peter B. Kyne Special  
Directed by Joseph Henabery  
Adaptation by Albert Shelby LeVino

**ALICE BRADY**  
in "Missing Millions"

A William deMille Production  
"NOTORIETY"  
with Bebe Daniels  
by Clara Beranger



Pictures



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.  
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President  
NEW YORK CITY

it's the best show in town

# Conspicuous Nose pores—

*grow larger if neglected*

**C**OMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged. To reduce enlarged nose pores use this special treatment:

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

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

This is only one of the famous

skin treatments given in the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. A special Woodbury treatment for each different type of skin is given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the right treatment for *your* skin.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles, make it ideal for general use. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

## *A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations*

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap  
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream  
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream  
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder  
The treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 508 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 508 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.







*THE world has been waiting for Mary Pickford to grow up.  
But Mary says she will continue to leave the maturer roles  
to others. When we look at her here we think she's right*

CAMPBELL

*New Pictures*



**S**CREEN kisses are never more sincere than when the kissee is Alice Terry. Adoring eyes devour her from the audience. Rex Ingram made love to her and married her. Sweet Alice!

HOOVER





**B**ERT LYTELL is coming back. He is playing the romantic hero of "To Have and To Hold", opposite Betty Compson; and after that will do more films of the same high order

IRA HILL



**A** BABY in whom the flame of genius burns: Master Jackie Coogan. We await "Oliver Twist", in which the famous Dickens character is portrayed for the first time by a real boy

EDWIN BOWEN BYSSER





*TWO Brooklyn kids became two of the most famous girls in the world. And they still prefer corned beef and cabbage to caviar, figuratively speaking. Meet Ming Toy and Norma Talmadge*

ARBY



**A**NTONIO MORENO has at last broken away from the serial villain who pursued him for thousands of reels in the chapter drama and become again a player of human parts

CLARE SCE. FULL.





**T**HE old, obvious vampire is permanently dead. The new, subtle and silken lures is best represented by Nita Naldi. She is now ramping Rodolf Valentino in "Blood and Sand"



*This garment and its owner's letter are on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.*



## Guess! *How many times has this silk jersey-and-georgette nightgown been washed?*

**I**TS heavy silk folds still glow and glisten with life!

Its dainty flesh-tint is so fresh and lovely that, if you saw the original gown, you might easily mistake it for a new garment, as many others have.

Yet it has been washed *42 times* — with Ivory Soap Flakes.

What a tribute to the modern washing method with Ivory Flakes!

Don't think of this as an unusual achievement. *You can duplicate it easily yourself,* with any silk, woolen or lace

garment which pure water alone will not harm.

Just follow the directions on the Ivory Flakes package.

Ivory Flakes accomplishes such wonderful results with delicate garments because it is exactly the same gentle soap that millions of women have used for more than a generation for their faces and hands, for their bath and shampoo — Ivory Soap — in flake form for greater convenience.

Nothing has ever been made that can take the place of Ivory Soap.

### *Send for Free Sample*

A postcard addressed to Section 45-117 Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, will bring you a generous free sample of Ivory Flakes and a booklet of complete directions for use.



# IVORY SOAP FLAKES

*Makes dainty clothes last longer*



*The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine*

# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXII

August, 1922

No. 3



## MR. PRODUCER, IT'S UP TO YOU

ON other pages PHOTOPLAY presents the findings of its investigation into what's the matter with motion pictures.

PHOTOPLAY found its readers very clear upon the evils besetting the silent drama. The chief troubles, aside from high admission prices, found by the public jury were weak stories and over exploitation of stars—in other words a general disregard of human intelligence.

A serious public lassitude has enveloped our film theaters. The producers seem to have looked upon the recent taint of scandal to be at fault and so seriously have they been concerned with the morals of their studios that they have engaged a master organizer to win back the mass favor.

PHOTOPLAY looks upon the debility now affecting the motion picture to be much more deep seated. Briefly the motion picture needs new men, new blood, new vision, new ideals.

PHOTOPLAY is not unmindful of the great difficulties of picture production. It is not overlooking the importance of the personal factor, the dearth of real directors and the scarcity of real screen writers. It is not disparaging the sincere attempts of a few producers to train men for these crafts.

These producers are concerning themselves right now with the veneer rather than with essentials. Realizing that the public is cooling in its enthusiasm, they are resorting to all manner of expedients. They are seeking vainly to convince the public by

promises rather than performances. Will Hays' salary is broadcasted as proof of the sincerity of their purpose to improve and uplift the business. They are greatly concerned with censorship. They make great ado about the educational potentialities of the films.

All very fine but—

The trouble is with pictures themselves.

If the producers will give the American public a consistent line of good motion pictures and these pictures are advertised in an honest and convincing manner the public will flock back to the theaters—not until then.

PHOTOPLAY believes in Will Hays. It sympathizes with him and realizes the sincerity and high purpose of the man. But, unless the firms that have retained him back him up with good pictures, he is as helpless as a child pleading for the moon.

The answer is men—a new breed of men—a combination of able, resourceful, honest dealing business leaders with the men who possess artistic vision and talent for motion picture making. Get rid of the incompetents, the charlatans, the egotists, the self advertisers. Develop the new breed!

Time will do this, of course. If we are to save the photoplay, we must speed the day! The film fans can do their bit by boycotting the producer who takes their money under false pretenses and by patronizing the theater making a sincere attempt to give them what they want.

After all, the film patron with the quarter in his pocket holds the whip hand.



*Harold Lloyd gets his joy out of simple, natural things. Yet he is the most consistent single screen attraction in America today and paid a \$165,000 income tax last year*



# "WHAT ABOUT HAROLD LLOYD?"

Harold Lloyd isn't a showman. He can't praise himself. He can't pose and he's more interested in other people than in himself

By  
*Adela Rogers St. Johns*

"WHAT about Harold Lloyd?"

I suppose it is because I like Harold Lloyd so much, admire and respect him so tremendously, that I have thought sufficiently about him to ask that question.

The Gang was discussing genius in the art of motion pictures. It was a hot evening in Hollywood and the ancient and venerable topic of "Have you read?" had died of sheer inanition.

A hint of ocean breeze floated in through my pergola, bringing the spicy scent of Cecil Bruner roses and a shower of palely pink petals. It brought, too, renewed pep enough for someone to mention that a group of famous critics had just selected Charlie Chaplin as one of the fifteen immortals of all times. And we fell to discussing genius in the movies and trying to estimate how many real geniuses the art, had produced

I waited for the usual list to be completed—Charlie Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford. Those three are always conceded. A few new names were ventured. And met with giggles, with argument, biting scorn. One or two with friendly semi-agreement.

Then I burst into the fray.

"What about Harold Lloyd?" I asked.

There was a little, blank silence. Blank and amazed faces turned on me in the purple dusk.

The Gang are hard-boiled, but they usually pay you the compliment of considering your bet before they call. They considered mine, but, as I have said, blankly.

So I backed it up a little.

"Oh, he doesn't wear a flowing tie, nor long locks. He doesn't discuss socialism nor anthropomorphism nor atavism at dinner. He doesn't tell you he's a genius. But I think he is one. Can't a genius be a normal human being? Isn't he nearer to being really great because he is so well-balanced, so decent, so clean and kindly in character and life? Can't a genius be a regular guy?"

"Y-yes," said the publicity director, a regular guy, but not a *regular* regular guy, if you know what I mean.

The dramatic critic nodded. "That's it. I'm not going to argue this—yet. I never thought about Harold Lloyd in that rôle before."

"Neither did I," admitted the famous woman novelist, "I—I never *thought* about him at all. But I'd walk two miles in the rain in these shoes," she held up a shapely foot in gear that was highly ornamental but most impractical, "to see one of his pictures. I never miss him."

"He's awfully funny, all right," said the red-headed scenario writer, who has a

sense of humor. "He makes me laugh more than anybody else. But somehow I always figured he was—just funny. Like a man with red hair or blue eyes or a snub nose."

"Don't be silly," said I. "How can he be just naturally funny when he isn't a bit funny off? He's as different from the character he plays as night is from day. You wouldn't recognize him if he walked in here this minute. He's funny, and he's pathetic, and he's lovable on the screen because he's a great comedian and a great actor. Yet the whole world just takes him for granted."

The very fine character actress, who is a supreme screen technician herself, opened her black eyes very wide and stared at me, "Harold Lloyd a great actor?" she gasped, then as she began to think, the gasp dragged out into a sort of hum, "Why, I never *thought* of him as an actor at all."

"Didn't you?" I asked. "Well, try it. Remember that in 'Never Weaken' which was a three-reel picture, he held the screen absolutely alone for more than a reel and a half. Did you ever see anybody else do that? Remember the drama of the awfully funny scenes in that when he was trying to commit suicide? I watched some of those scenes on the girders made. Now while that picture

wasn't made as high up from the street as it looked, it was made on a scaffolding structure that would have given him a good hard fall of two stories if he'd slipped. But he *acted*—even up there.

"Remember the switch from swift comedy to pathos—a *l m o s t t r a g e d y*—in 'Grandma's Boy' when he runs into the house and confides to his grandmother that he's a coward? And the first reel of 'The Sailor-Made Man,' where he was the fresh, spoiled, nervy son of the idle rich. Then tell me he isn't a great actor!"

The character actress gave a decisive little nod. "You bet he is. But—let me illustrate what I think about him. Some ball players always make every chance they have look hard. If it's an easy fly to center, they stand on their left ear and grab it out of the air with their bare hand. Grandstanders. Others, like Eddie Collins, do everything easy. They make the hardest try in the world look simple. That's Harold Lloyd. He's so evenly balanced as an artist that you don't realize he is one."

I bore my triumph modestly. From behind me, the assistant director spoke in his leisurely, positive way, "He's the greatest 'gag' man in the (Continued on page 112)



Top, Harold Lloyd's first picture. Just beneath Harold is shown with his grandmother, Mrs. Sara Fraser, aged 89 years



*The essential characteristic of Helen Jerome Eddy is patience. For four years she has been dreaming and planning her own company*



Instead of occupying de luxe mahogany offices, Miss Eddy and Miss Carol hold their production conferences over the tea table or in their apartment kitchen. The realization of their dream is one of those real life film romances



## THE GIRL PICTURE MAGNATES

By Joan Jordan

The story of two brave girls who have cast themselves upon the perilous sea of screen production with their own company

EVERY morning you may pick up your paper and read the cold, rather dry little news notes in the drama column. Notes stating such unadorned facts as that

Constance Talmadge has started work on her new production, "East Is West."

Allan Dwan is directing the big tournament scenes in "Robin Hood," Douglas Fairbanks' latest.

Virginia Valli is to play the leading role in "The Village Blacksmith" for Fox.

Routine. Stereotyped. Business-like.

But every now and then you may lift the veil from the cold black and white structure and find behind it romance, thrills, drama, dreams come true. The very story of success or failure. The epitome of the fight for the good things of the world, for the achievement of ambitious dreams.

The other day, for example, I picked up the paper over my morning orange juice and read that Robertson-Cole was to release a series of Ray Carol Productions, starring Helen Jerome Eddy.

Simple enough.

But as I sat musing over it, the real story of that thing came to me and gave me a terrific kick, because I realized that things like it are going on in Hollywood every day, and we overlook them in the hurry and hard work of our lives.

It is a very clean, sweet, fine story of two girls who through sheer endeavor and optimism made their dreams come true.

About six or seven years ago these two girls came to Hollywood—separately, neither dreaming of the other's existence. They were both very young, very inexperienced, quite poor, but in the motion picture world they had seen the field for the things they wanted to do.

One of them—Helen Jerome Eddy—wanted to be a great actress, some day perhaps a motion picture star.

The other one—Ray Carol—wanted to write, to be a successful scenarioist, to have a hand in the thrilling game of making pictures.

Seldom have human beings had more clear-cut ambitions than these two.

The first girl came from a sheltered home, with the background of considerable education and breeding. She had sincerity, some

measure of serene and girlish loveliness, and, above all, infinite patience.

The other girl came from every sort of dire poverty, from intense struggle, from the clamorous, clashing birthpangs of an immigrant family transplanted from European countries to fight for its very existence in the promised land of America. Italian and Russian blood mingled in her veins. She had seven brothers and sisters younger than she, all needing her help and support, and her education was a precious and wonderful thing snatched in night hours, in spare moments, yet very complete and clear for that very reason. But ambition in seething floods she did have, the capacity to work and the power to dream dreams and see visions. Her spirit was indomitable.

Three or four years ago, when they had separately climbed the first hard steps, Helen Jerome Eddy and Ray Carol Kapleau, that is her real name, met.

It was one of those friendships that form at sight. And it is a friendship that I hold up with glee to prove that women are capable of fine and unselfish devotion to each other. Coming as they did from the very opposite poles of life, they found mutual ideals, ambitions, congenial characteristics that cemented their first liking.

They took a little bungalow, a very little bungalow, and decided to stick together for a while in fighting this motion picture battle of success.

There they shared the cooking, the marketing, the housework and the expenses. Whoever was working paid the bills, and the other one did the housework.

Sometimes things were pretty tough sledding, sometimes they struck a smooth and easy stretch on the road. Helen Jerome Eddy became a well known name in pictures, a name associated with well done character roles, with sweet and wholesome womanhood. Ray Carol sold some fairly successful scenarios, and some work to magazines of a high literary calibre.

But whether the barometer was up or (Concluded on page 111)





## Preceding Chapter

Hattie Johnson, a timid, almost plain little factory girl, accompanies a friend to a film studio in Manhattan. While Hattie is watching a scene being made, she is mistaken by the great director, de Brissac, for an applicant for a role in his new feature. She is made up and pushed on the set before she has time to think. De Brissac's fierce tongue-lashings turn her emotions inside out—and the camera records her tears. Later that night she faces an irate grandmother and sister. In spite of their objections she returns to the fascinating studio, there to see, on the screen, an amazing new Hattie. Suddenly imbued with courage, she persuades her family to let her accept a contract to go to California to be de Brissac's newest heroine. The three board the west-bound Limited, on which de Brissac is also a passenger. His training begins at once. Hattie finds she must place herself in the director's hands and obey him unquestioningly.

9.

**H**ATTIE had never before been in a sleeping car or a dining car. A glimpse of Lake Erie in the early morning light brought dreams of wide spaces and sweeping adventure. Chicago was smoky, angular, a tangle of speeding motors, but thrillingly alive. They lunched in the station there, and then took Gran'ma for a ride by the lake. Early in the evening they boarded the palatial train that was to carry them to the coast during three bewildering days. The sense of speed, of being dragged through the hours faster than she could think, was intensified now. Her eyes took in one by one the other passengers—two-thirds of them men, very well dressed—and with each demure glance her breast stirred romantically. The two or three prettily gowned girls would be picture stars, doubtless.

It was impossible to keep her shut in the drawing room; she would wander back to the observation car, there to sit with a magazine lying unread in her lap; and because they seemed now to be settled down for the long journey, because, too, Gran'ma and little Emily needed much attention, Alice let her go.

In the morning, late, Hattie took Emily forward to the dining car, while Alice stayed to eat with Gran'ma in the drawing room. Mr. de Brissac called a languid good morning out of a compart-

# HATTIE OF

The most realistic  
novelette of motion picture life  
ever written

ment of shining mahogany, and then joined them. He found a table for them, ordered their breakfast, and spoke very kindly to Emily. His air of proprietorship was complete. She couldn't resist it, even when he paid the check. That didn't seem quite right. But he was her chief now. He was a great man. His atmosphere enveloped her. It was unbelievable. But it was the amazing truth. When, on the way back through the train, he asked her into his compartment, she did hesitate, and held Emily's little hand rather tightly; but in his patiently commanding way he took the child back to the drawing room, saying that he would explain to her sister the need of talking over the work.

Hesitant, inadequate, she seated herself by the window. In a brief time he would return. She hoped he wouldn't close the door. She wouldn't know how to handle a situation like that, though perhaps it would be all right. He had given his promise to make her. De Brissac had promised that! She must try to believe it, but first she must learn to control her nerves. A few books lay on the opposite seat, rather large books. She leaned forward to see the titles. He would be a great student, of course. He knew all about history and literature and the stage. One of the books was called "Sentimental Education," by a writer named Flaubert. She wondered what that meant. Another was "Sex in Relation to Society," by Ellis. She looked into that one, turned a few pages, then lifted her eyes in some confusion. An open bag on a corner seat bore his initials—"A. de B." She could see a dressing case in it, also initialed, and became aware of a fluttering sense of intimacy.





*Hattie began to notice a small dark girl with strange eyes, nervously lighted eyes, who took to wandering over from the other set and apparently watching herself; a young girl, hardly older than herself*

# HOLLYWOOD

*By Samuel Merwin*

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

He didn't close the door, which was somewhat reassuring. He quietly seated himself beside her; picked up that thick book about sex.

"Ever read this?" he asked.

She couldn't speak. When he turned his eyes on her she did contrive, in a downcast way, to move her head in the negative. She couldn't look at him.

"You'll want to understand these things," he went on, with that air of casual kindness. "Emotional experience is necessary to an actress. You must know the emotions before you can express them. Ever had any experience?"

She could only sit very still.

"Sex experience?"

It seemed to her that she mustn't play the child. Again she moved her head in the negative.

"There'll be some of these crazy fellows after you out there, as soon as you begin to be known. But don't let them talk to you."

She tried to utter a meek, "I won't," but no sound came.

"Keep close to me," he added. "Tell me everything."

He hummed softly, in a musical voice, and took her hand, as he had in the evening. Good-humoredly, with an enthusiasm that seemed at moments rather boyish, he began telling her the story of the new picture. She felt it to be wonderful; about a beggar girl who was seen by the king as he rode out through the palace gate and became his consort and finally his queen in a time of political intrigue and wickedness and warfare, a time when only the pure soul of a guileless little girl could save a decadent people. There

would be enormous, costly sets, thousands of extra people, battles that must eclipse Griffith's mightiest efforts, and scenes of love and passion more dramatic and richer in oriental splendor than any yet pictured on the screen.

She was to be the beggar girl.

"Now, my dear," he concluded, "you see why I'm going to give you so much time. I'm taking you, an inexperienced child, and putting you before the public as a leading woman. I'm going to make you a star over night—a star in your first picture. I'm capitalizing your inexperience. I shall use your youth, your freshness, your undeveloped emotions. It won't be easy, dear. You may as well understand now that I'm going to play on your feelings, stir up the eternal woman in you, rouse you to yearning, to passion. I shall have to develop you as the picture develops. At the beginning you are to be as pure as you are now, a simple-hearted child. Before I am through with you, you will find yourself beginning to be a woman. But you will also be an artist. I shall teach you. You have now the quality. That is all I need to work on. A picture—a great picture—is a work of art to which the individual is sacrificed. I am going to play on that virginal quality of yours, stir it, shock it. I am going to wring you, mold you. I may torture you. But you see the risk I am running. No other director would dare do it—take an inexperienced child like you for a leading part in his greatest picture. But I dare. I am Armand de Brissac. I know no rules. I am above rules."

Abruptly he rang the bell between the windows.

"Your name, you say, is Hattie Johnson?"

"Yes." It was reassuring to hear, at last, her own voice.

"That won't do. I will give you a name. Leave that to me. Leave everything to me." He turned sharply on her. His eyes seemed mercilessly to probe her, as they had probed her during the test. "You understand now why you must listen to no one but me?"

"Yes," she said again.

"No man has ever done so much for an untried girl as I am going to do for you. But I must dominate you. No one must



know what I am doing with you until I release the picture. I shall take your most important scenes secretly. I shall assemble and cut the picture myself. Not even the company will know until I choose to let them know. You are to tell nothing. Even your family are not to know what we are doing."

"Yes, sir."

The porter appeared in the doorway.

"Bring a table," ordered de Brissac. Then, abruptly distracted, he drew a brief case from under the seat, adding—"That is all now. I have work to do. Take those books back with you, if you like."

She got up, and stood holding to the door. She had seen enough in turning the pages of that thicker book to know that it couldn't be explained to Alice and Gran'ma. She felt her color rising. He was looking at her again, and, she knew, reading her thoughts.

"Rather leave them here?"

She seemed to be nodding. That look of quiet world-weariness that she thought magnificent had come again into his face.

"All right. You can sit in here and read any time. Come in this afternoon about three. You'll have the place to yourself then. I'm playing bridge after lunch. But you'd better run along now."

10.

THERE was a young man she seemed to have seen somewhere before who had smiled at her in the diner. He dropped into a chair beside her, finding Hattie in the observation car.

"You don't remember me," he said, rather moodily. He was thin, angular, with a long, bony face and a high forehead and blue eyes and a thick shock of black hair. "I'm Mr. de Brissac's head camera man. I worked in your test. My name is Henry O'Malley."

He talked interestingly of his work, and of de Brissac. Evidently he admired his chief. "The greatest in the business," was his judgment. "A tremendous artist. And you never saw such vitality. The man is a dynamic force. It's marvelous to see him handle people. You've had a little taste of that yourself. He takes no two alike. He bullies and cajoles and stimulates. He drives and he leads. Half the time he's just acting. Back of everything he's doing there's a cold brain working every minute. He never forgets the big plan. Give him about two more pictures and the world will know that he stands alone. You won't hear much about Griffith or Ingram or Cecil de Mille next year. It'll be all de Brissac."

Hattie asked herself if it was right to listen to this. But surely he hadn't meant that she was to speak to no living being. Besides, this Mr. O'Malley was his own man. And so when he suggested sitting outside, she yielded. From the moment they boarded the train she had wanted to sit out there.

They had the platform to themselves. A crisp wind was blowing, but she enjoyed letting it fan her cheeks and blow her hair around while her eyes roved over the pleasant green prairie of Kansas or watched the smooth ever-narrowing track. Even the advertising signs were exciting. It was hard to keep from telling him of the terribly fascinating new life into which she was rushing with the train.

He was an enthusiast. Finding her pliantly feminine, he was soon talking eagerly of himself, telling her of the invention that was to take him out of camera work before such a great while, make a millionaire of him. It was a device for synchronizing the human voice with perfectly colored pictures. "And that's only the beginning," he went on. "I'm working out a scheme for doing

the whole thing by wireless. I'll sit in my own headquarters and throw a complete drama on the screen in any picture house in the United States or Canada—through the air, by Jove! I haven't got all the details worked out yet. It may take two or three years. But it's bound to come. And I'm bound to be there first with it. I'm crowding at it all the time—nights and Sundays—every minute I can get to myself."

Big-eyed she listened. He seemed very nice. Just an eager boy, really, though much older than herself; and he talked wonderfully, without frightening her as Mr. de Brissac did. When he invited her to lunch with him, she found it hard to decline. But Mr. de Brissac might not like that. Probably she'd better not let him talk to her much. And then the less she had to explain to Alice and Gran'ma the better. But it was pleasant. And the shock of the new experience seemed easier to endure when she let this other excitement possess her. It occurred to her now that she had promised to write Willie Mazzini, and she decided to do so after lunch; at the pretty desk in the observation compartment. The porter would mail it for her. She had seen a man give him a telegram. That would help, too, to keep her away from those books in Mr. de Brissac's compartment. She had decided not to look at



*The lot, within, did have a bit here and there of the magic of her day dreams. Fantastically gotten up personages strolled about*

those. It seemed to her that she couldn't. The simplest thing would be to dismiss them from her mind. Mr. de Brissac was in the dining car when she went in with Alice and Emily. She noted that

he ate very lightly. He finished before they did, and went into a car ahead with another man, giving her a careless but courteous nod as he passed. On the way back through the train she saw that his door was open and that the books still lay there on the forward seat. The table had been removed. She felt her color rising again, and lingered a moment behind the others. For a brief time, in the drawing room, she tried to be pleasant with Gran'ma, who was inclined to be car sick. Then, determined (she believed) to be resolute in her resistance, she went out to the observation car. It would help to listen again to Mr. O'Malley, but he wasn't there. . . . And at last she went, with a guilty sensation, back to that compartment. It was the boldest act of her life thus far. She moved slowly past the open door; then, as slowly, returned and entered. And she read and read—unhappy at heart, starting at each passing footstep, yet unable to stop. She was appalled, when she thought to look at the new wrist watch of gun metal that was strapped about her wrist, to discover that two full hours had passed. She closed the thick book and stared out at the endless prairie. It wouldn't do to go back until she could compose herself. Alice and Gran'ma mustn't see her with this flush burning in her face. At that, they might read the truth there. She decided not to come into this compartment again.

11.

HER dreams that night were dominated by a new sort of fear. Many times she awoke, trembling. She had always until lately slept like a healthy baby. It was strange now to lie in the stuffy little room—she was in the upper berth with Emily, Gran'ma below her and Alice on the narrow couch bed—and hear the three of them breathing and feel the swaying and jolting of the train and try to quiet her thoughts.

The morning brought newly exciting impressions; vivid pictures of yellow mountains and rocks and sand and gray-green little bushes and stretches of yellow-gray desert and queer clusters of Indian houses that might have been made out of toy blocks with ladders from a set of jackstraws, all bathed in a clear warm sun-



light of golden amber. At Albuquerque she took Emily for a walk on the platform where real Indians in red blankets squatted amidst arrangements of bright pottery and baskets, and into the richly pleasing Indian house. She bought beaded moccasins for Emily. At the newsstand she borrowed a pencil and scribbled a postcard to Willie Mazzini, and another to Mrs. Mullane, and still another to Lucille. They would be immensely impressed. She could see the girls looking at the cards during the noon hour and could hear them talking excitedly about her. She even addressed one to Fred Schmandt, but after a brief hesitation, tore it up. She felt warmly toward all her old friends at the shop. Perhaps it would have been better to stay there.

The train sped on into the desert. After luncheon the thought of de Brissac's compartment and his books stirred unhappily in her mind. Sure enough, his door was open again, and there lay the two books on the seat. No, three books. He had put out another one. She wondered, holding back again behind the family, mentally wavering, what this third one could be, and again that flush warmed her cheeks. But this time she resisted and went on to the observation car. Fortunately Mr. O'Malley appeared shortly after, and talked again in his friendly eager way. So she kept her resolution. It seemed a victory.

Gran'ma was uncomfortable and querulous. Emily grew tired of the train, and fretted. It was something of an occupation to take her through the train and find other children for her to play with.

Another day came in a gray desert with black mountains. Then more mountains. Then, suddenly, a glowing valley that smelled of orange blossoms, and crowded fruit warehouses and people in summer clothes at the crossings and at the stations and the outskirts of a sprawling huge city that seemed hastily made and not quite finished. And finally the Los Angeles terminal, with crowds of summery people and picture actors in wonderful clothes waiting bareheaded for friends.

They went first to a hotel, from which, as a base, Alice planned to scout for their new home. This must be quickly done, as the money wasn't holding out very well, and taxis and the crowded little suite in the hotel and their meals ate with frightful rapidity into the little money that was left. But the luxury of travel had touched their judgment, and they hired an automobile for their first ride to Hollywood. It seemed natural, in the flush of their excitement. Mr. de Brissac had instructed Hattie to report at his office on the lot at three.

"On the lot!" The bare phrase seemed to have about it a roseate fringe of magic. Hattie was all excited nerve-tips now. At last she was here, she belonged here. Three mysteriously potent years of belonging lay before her. There seemed now really nothing to be alarmed about. She smiled uncontrollably at all of them, and hugged and cuddled Emily in the car, and was considerate to Gran'ma.

The downtown section of Los Angeles was just city—tangles of traffic, high buildings, trains of big trolley cars that barely left room for the automobiles to pass and thousands of high-strung people who pushed briskly along the sidewalks. It seemed odd that a city in spacious California should have such narrow streets. But farther out were pleasant boulevards and pretentious residences of stucco and stone and an immense hotel with a red roof and—yet another thrill—palm trees.

Hollywood came then, the Hollywood of mystery, of whispered romance and scandal, of (recent) murders and underworld conspiracies, of great studios pouring out thousands upon thousands of reels of canned entertainment.

Hollywood! Known by its work in Pretoria and Peking, in Canton and Calcutta, in Louisville and London, in Thomaston and Tahiti! The little city where Mary Pickford walked about like a human being, where Nazimova, Dorothy Dalton, Gloria Swanson, gave themselves devotedly to the art (Hattie had read about that in the picture magazines)—where Mary Miles Minter and Constance Binney and Margery Daw lived out their wonderful stories as beautifully suffering little heroines—where Charlie Chaplin and William S. Hart and Douglas Fairbanks toiled night and day to please their world-wide publics! This, then, was Hollywood! Hattie, like perhaps five million other half-grown girls in the United States and a hundred million in the wider world had mentally devoured amazing quantities of printed matter regarding the lives and labors of these famous artists. She knew their taste in colors, in food, in wives and husbands. She knew, too, from their broadcast utterances that marriage was a sacred companionship, that work was a pleasure and study a constant joy, life a serious burden and artistic success an ever-shining goal. . . This, this was Hollywood!

And what she saw was a scattered fringe of white bungalows, a few fenced-in areas with glass roofs within and canvas strips strung high on wires and flimsy house fronts and palace fronts that were only scaffolding behind, a Spanish-looking hotel with a half-moon of stocky palms in front of it, and a single wide long street, with a double trolley track, called a boulevard that was lined for two miles or more with two-story buildings and occasional three-story buildings given over to furniture dealers and grocers and real-estate dealers and automobile dealers and news dealers and photographers and druggists and small restaurateurs and fruiterers and bootblacks and banks—just this double row



*She would sit with her elbows on a Chinese table of carved black wood and marble, listening with a nervous eagerness while O'Malley talked on and on about himself and his inventions and the immense future that lay so clearly ahead*



of absurd little business buildings against a background of purple-brown little mountains. And this was Hollywood! This unfinished somewhat ragged little city, this overgrown village sprawling over a desert plain at the feet of pretentious little mountains that were smaller than the highlands of the Hudson (she had once on the Fourth of July gone up to Poughkeepsie and return on the day-boats)—this placid little place, filled with quiet-looking people who lived in quiet bungalows and bought furniture and flour and had their pictures taken and undoubtedly went out to walk on Sunday. There were even churches. Hattie hadn't dreamed of churches in Hollywood. Her mood was low, and sinking lower. For this was not a magical city. This was an uninspiring bit of everyday.

But she liked the bungalow courts, with their timbered porches and their lazy look of comfort and their climbing roses. "For rent" signs were not infrequently in evidence. She and Alice both felt that a bungalow in a court was the thing—sunny and cheerful, with no stairs to climb. Gran'ma hadn't yet relented, hadn't yet for a moment voiced or indicated approval of the great adventure, but both her granddaughters noted that the bungalow idea caught her fancy. She would turn sternly to gaze at this one and that. And they looked at each other, not without upspringing hope. Anything to get a semblance of cheerfulness into the family!

12.

GRAN'MA sat outside in the automobile while Hattie and Alice and Emily, at three, presented themselves at the gate of the Earthwide Lot. A crabbed attendant kept them waiting. Then the young man named George appeared and guided them within. Hattie reflected that he must have come on West on another train. He seemed out here in this ragged desert of little wooden buildings and hurried pre-occupied people like an old friend. But he took for granted their presence more than three thousand miles from home. Evidently all sorts of folks came and went and nobody mattered particularly.

The lot, within, did have a bit here and there of the magic of her day dreams. Fantastically gotten up personages strolled about. On a stand under a canopy a beautiful star was having her white shoes done by a humorous Italian boy. She thought with an inexplicably poignant rush of feeling of Willie Mazzini. She saw another Italian leading a big brown bear. As they walked past a huge building she saw through an open doorway a blaze of lights and built-up scenery. Two real Chinese girls walked by, giggling, gay in their yellow and green coats and trousers. A bulldog trotted past with a trained squirrel seated on his back. An immensely tall Westerner in riding chaps and blue shirt, his face painted a horrid lavender tint, paused almost at her elbow to light a cigarette, and she noted the permanent wave in his glossy hair. She wondered if cowboys really had their hair done that way out on the range.

Their guide left Alice and Emily in a court-yard, led Hattie into a building and along a corridor, and opened a door. The door closed behind her. It was a huge room, dimly beautiful, with a great deal of dark-colored wood that was elaborately carved and a lovely colored light sifting in through windows of stained glass and immense easy chairs with carved backs and arms and pictures of beautiful women scribbled over with writing and each in a carved frame of that same dark wood. A voice called—"Just a minute, dear!"—and she saw the now familiar thick shoulders of Mr. de Brissac bent over a huge flat desk at the farther end of the room. A black whip with a long braided lash hung on the wall over the desk. She turned for the man named George, but found that he hadn't come in with her. She looked again at the pictures; moved nearer a side wall, and discovered that each of these beautiful girls was a famous star. And the scribbblings were all of an intimate nature—"To dear Armand"—that sort of thing. There was another huge picture that covered a round table and was itself covered by a disk of heavy glass—the head of a delicately pretty young girl, with no sign of clothing about her rounded shoulders, and,

perhaps significantly, with no inscription. She had not before thought of him in connection with women. The discovery came upon her with considerable force. The feeling returned of an unstable world slipping under her feet. She seemed a helpless drifting bit of life, without purpose or sense of direction, a nothing moving on toward somewhere.

She moved over beneath one of the richly stained windows and stood limply there. This great man who knew so much and whose tremendous personal power was felt the world around was all she had now to tie to. They, the whole family, had cut off everything else. She felt afraid. It was going to be very hard to keep from crying. She heard him push back his chair and walk briskly toward her, but couldn't turn. She was trembling. She felt his firm hands on her shoulders as he turned her, not unkindly. She found herself held tightly in his arms. He was kissing her. It seemed in a way that she ought to resist. Then it seemed that perhaps it would be all right if she compromised by not returning his kisses; as she had with Willie Mazzini. But Willie must never know about this. It occurred to her too that this wonderful man knew everything about girls and women, knew how to make them want to kiss him. She found herself now, for this first time in her life, giving a man a very little of herself. It was both wonderful and terrifying. Her face burned hotly. Then the tears came, and as he released her, she dropped, sobbing, into one of those magnificent chairs and dropped her head on her arm.

She heard him saying—"Why, you poor little thing, you're all unstrung!" He held her hand and made her slip a little of a fluid that burned her throat so that she gagged and coughed. He was kind now. After a little she stopped crying and rose. He took her shoulders again and held her off at arms length, studying her face.

"My dear little girl," he said now, with a gentleness of manner that faintly reassured her, "I never meant to upset you like that. You musn't misunderstand. I told you that I meant to stir you, fire you, give you both the training and the experience that will make a great artist of you. Don't you understand, child, that I'm planning deliberately to devote my genius to making you famous and rich? It's not a case for crying. I intend that you shall be happy. As a matter of fact, you're not going to see such a lot of me. Within a day or so I shall be plunging into a job of making the biggest picture of my career. You are to help me in that job. I warn you I shall often be brusque. I have to give myself to my work day and night. It is a terrific drive."

It seemed wonderful that he, de Brissac, should be so patiently explaining himself to her.

He went on—"I'm not going to stir you up like that—not very often—because it is my plan to use that delicately virginal face of yours all through this, the first of the pictures we are to make together. Do you know why I have taken you up like this? Picked you out of a million girls? Because you have just that delicate quality. Because you're not hard-boiled. Later, as I told you, I shall develop your emotions, bring you out, make a dramatic actress of you. All that in its own good time. Not now. You have great emotional possibilities. The test showed that. But you must understand this one thing—your emotions are mine, mine alone. You are not to let any other man play with them. I mean to build you, little by little. I tell you, I'm going to make you."

She said, in her weak whisper, "Yes, sir."

"You don't have to 'sir' me, dear. Call me Mr. de Brissac in public. When we're alone call me anything you like. Call me Armand."

But she knew she couldn't do that.

Her eyes, with the first sense of furtiveness they had ever known, roved uncertainly from one to another of his pictures.

"How do I know—" She couldn't quite get the words out.

"Yes? What's that?"

"How do I know you're not—married?"

"Bless your heart, Hattie, what on earth has that to do with it? I'm not an immature boy. I know women. There have been many times in my life when I've needed the

(Continued on page 97)







*A slight figure suddenly darted into the room, slipping alertly under de Brissac's obstructing arm. It was the dark girl. Her eyes rested on Hattie an instant, those strange eyes; then she rushed across the room*

# REVIEW OF THE INGENUE

By *Delight Evans*

Tracing the career of the little dear through all, or most of, the ages



All my existences.  
I Worked  
In a Big, Horrid Studio,  
But I Reached Millions,  
My Dears—Just Millions.  
Besides, I Had My Dogs and  
My Little Private Dressing Bungalow,  
And Nobody was Allowed  
On the Set where I Worked.  
The Whole World Loved Me—  
My Golden Curls,  
My Wide, Innocent Eyes—  
My Pout.  
I Had  
My Very Own Secretary, who  
Answered all My Mail, Personally,  
On My Pale Lavender Paper  
With the Pink Initials.  
I was Awfully Happy.  
So were  
Mother, and Grandmother,  
And Aunt Agatha.  
Father—but it is Best  
Not to Mention Father.  
He Wrote and Told Me  
In Such a Horrid Way that  
He Wanted to Congratulate Us.  
We were Certainly  
Getting away With Murder,  
Was the Vulgar Way  
In Which he Put It.  
After Ten Years of Glorious Success,  
I was Prevalled Upon  
To Make a Personal Appearance.  
The Next Day  
The President of My Own Company  
Sent for Me.  
“We Would Like to Cut your Salary  
Fifty Per Cent,” he Said.  
“I Would Rather Retire,”  
I Remarked.  
“That Makes it Unanimous,”  
He Returned.  
Since Then,  
Virtue has Been Its Own Reward.

**I** REMEMBER  
My First Appearance—  
It was in Rome.  
My Name was Lydia, and I Was  
A Christian Slave.  
I Went About  
In a Pale Pink Slip, and  
Flowing Hair, and Sandals.  
I was Always  
Good—Good—Good.  
The Reverend Straton himself  
Could Not Have Fastened  
A Single Thing on Me.  
I Went to Rome—I Admit that.  
But I Never Did  
As the Romans Did—  
I Never had a Chance.  
It Only Goes to Show  
That a Really Sweet Simple Girl  
Is Safe Anywhere.  
At Any Rate, to Me the Eternal City  
Was Just One Big Beautiful Playground.  
The Forum was For Me to a Man.  
I was Sold as a Slave.  
I was Thrown to the Lions.  
But Even the Lions Loved Me.  
I had Only  
To Look at them—  
And they Left Me Strictly Alone.

Took One Look at Me  
And Said:  
“*Mon Dieu* (My G—d)  
I’m Not Particular, but  
I Do Draw the Line  
Somewhere.”

**T**HE Next Thing  
I Remember Well, was  
In Russia.  
My Name, Among Others, was  
Angelinovitch Simpovitch.  
It was Cold, Cold in Russia.  
Father had to Sell  
His Droshkys, Vodkas,  
And Ikons, to Keep  
The Home Fires Burning; and  
Finally he Asked Me  
If I were Willing  
To Marry one of the Leading Nobles  
Of Siberia, so that we  
Could Save the Old Steppe.  
I Told Him, as the Tears  
Froze in My Eyes, that  
I Would, Gladly.  
The Noble Met Me—he was one  
Of Those Natural Noblemen—  
And He Said,  
“My Dear, I Could not Accept  
Such a Sacrifice  
I Would Rather Die.”  
Did you Ever?

**A**ND Then There was Louis—  
Louis the Fourteenth.  
Such a Grand Man!  
My Father Was a Wig Maker, and  
When *Le Roi* (the King)  
Sent for him, I Went Along.  
I Ran Playfully  
Through *Le Petit Trianon* (the Palace)  
Playing Tag  
With the Guards, the Courtiers, the  
*Pate de foie gras* (French Noblemen)—  
Fine, Handsome Fellows, all of them—  
I Remember Once I Slipped  
On the Polished Floor, Bumping  
My Golden Head Quite Hard, and they All  
Knocked Me Down Again, Exclaiming  
In their Gay French Way,  
“Maybe that will  
Fix her”—  
All in a Spirit  
Of Good Clean Fun.  
One Day  
*Mon Pere* (My Father)  
Arranged my *Coiffure* (Hair)  
And Presented Me to the King  
In a Private Audience.  
That Dear Man

**L**ET Us Skip—  
In a Perfectly Nice Way, you Know—  
To Nineteenth Century England.  
I was a Great Admirer  
Of Queen Victoria.  
Her Home-life  
Meant Just Everything to Me.  
Fortune Precipitated Me  
Into the Royal Presence.  
I Kissed her Hand, and Told her  
That she, and she Alone,  
Was Responsible for Me;  
That I had been Following her  
Example  
All of my Life.  
The Queen Graciously  
Uttered a Low Moan,  
And Signalled  
For her Smelling Salts.

**A**ND Now—  
the Films,  
The Most Pleas-  
ant of





# GLORIA'S SUCCESSOR

Leatrice Joy came within a hair's breadth of failing as Cecil de Mille's leading woman. But she saved herself and "C. B.'s" judgment by sheer nerve.

By *Mary Winship*

**I** DON'T remember exactly when Leatrice Joy's name began to drift about the lot—in whispers—as the latest actress being groomed for stardom by "C. B."

Somewhere about half way through the shooting of "Saturday Night."

She had been cast for the big rôle in that production after Mr. de Mille had sifted the entire picture colony. Chosen from bevy of beauties and oceans of talent.

Then the wise ones sat back to watch developments.

For, you see, it is a tradition in Hollywood that the leading woman in a Cecil de Mille production is either a terrible failure and departs into utter darkness, either before or after the picture is finished, or she becomes a star—a real star.

It is probably the most coveted position in the industry.

Leatrice was following in the footsteps of Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Florence Vidor, Wanda Hawley, even in the deeper tracks of Wallace Reid and Thomas Meighan.

First, the barometer went very, very low.

The wise folks smiled. Mr. de Mille's disposition was upset. The great star-maker was losing a lot of time. He was festooning the scenery with some of his choicest *bon mots*, adjectives and suggestions. It was taking him all day to get a scene. Leatrice was a flop.

**B**UT Leatrice comes from New Orleans and the blue blood of a number of battling ancestors flows in her veins. When the little, icy waves of rumor began to curl about her toes, she suddenly overcame the temperamental panic and fear that had beset her—as it usually besets a novice on the de Mille set.

One morning she came to work with her fighting clothes on. All right, if she was a flop, she couldn't be any worse. At least she'd quit acting like a high school girl delivering her first speech. She'd be herself for once.

And before the director called "Lunch," Leatrice Joy had registered herself as the first real successor to Gloria Swanson—the girl for whom Cecil de Mille had been searching.

At least, so runs the tale.

I went over the other day to watch her work in "Manslaughter," the novel by Alice Duer Miller which de Mille is making.

Already she had acquired the de Mille grooming and look.

On her back, as the expression goes, she wore trappings that cost more than the salary of the president of the United States. A chinchilla coat that actually cost \$32,000. The biggest and best emerald ring in Mr. de Mille's private collection. A number of platinum and diamond bracelets, a dinner ring of diamonds, a string of real pearls, from Mr. de Mille's private safe. A gown of



delicate ermine and cloth of silver, with strings of pearls, clasped her slender figure like a glove.

And yet—and yet—thank goodness, there is something about Leatrice Joy that prevents her from becoming a mere "clothes horse." She has humanness and her exquisite fittings become a background for her rather than decorations hung upon a model.

There is nothing worldly nor blase about Leatrice. The South—the old South—ripples through her words, her gestures, her emotions. No shop girl could have been more thrilled over the chinchilla coat her hands caressed lovingly.

**L**EATRICE JOY is much more charming in the flesh than in celluloid.

She is full of appealing little tricks, of delicious personalities. How deep she is, I cannot tell. But she has the most winning ways—sweet and warm and lovable. Inexpressibly winning. Little, natural gestures of her pretty hands. Swiftly lifted and suddenly drooped eyelids. A southern trick of rippling and unexpected laughter. A way of crinkling up the corners of her bright, interested, dark eyes. Impulsive, hot-headed (*Concluded on page 111*)





## *The Audience*

I wonder who the people are,  
That fill the darkened space;  
And if they come from near or far  
And why they seek this place?  
I wonder what the pictures bring,  
To make them go, or stay;  
And if their hearts are glad, and sing—  
Or if their sad souls pray!

Some of them are the tired folk,  
All eager to forget—  
And some there are whose souls awoke,  
To meet life's veiled regret;  
And some there are who come to see,  
A pictured country street—  
And some, the city's mystery,  
Where thousands pass, and meet!

They come for rest, they come for peace—  
They come to be confused;  
They come to find a glad release,  
They come to be amused.  
And some are youth aflame, and some  
Have journeyed long, and far—  
I often wonder whence they come,  
And what their stories are!

Robert Paterson





*It was astonishing how much legal advice  
Dan discovered a pretty girl really needs*

# OUR LEADING CITIZEN

[Copyright 1922 by Famous Players-Lasky Corp.]

*By George Ade*

Fictionized by Randolph Bartlett

He was brave but lazy. His real trouble was that he hadn't struck the right job—but it took a pretty girl to prove it to him

OF all the lawyers in Wingfield, "Lazy Dan" Bentley was the best fisherman. Nobody tried to discourage him because there were still enough lawyers regularly on the job to get everybody into trouble who had ambitions that way. About all the law practice Dan had was when somebody was accused of something and hadn't any money to prove it wasn't so. Then the court usually appointed Dan to defend the accused, and the expensive lawyers used to remark that Dan was almost as lucky as he was lazy, for he managed to get his man off with astonishing frequency. In the "Not guilty" column his batting average was away above .500, but in the "Not working" column he held all the records. Lots of Wingfield's best people supported the theory that Dan was really a clever lawyer, and they would have given him their business, only it was sort of awkward to have to corner him somewhere along Black-River and have your business conference interrupted by his battles with bass.

Cale Higginson, on the other hand, maintained against all comers that as good a fisherman as Dan Bentley had no business to have any other business. He himself, in choosing a career, had hit upon that of night watchman as the one which would offer the minimum of interference with his real profession of fishing. And

when Dan did happen to have a law case forced upon him, Cale would behave like an orphan with the mumps until the pesky thing was settled, and he and Dan could live a normal life again.

The only thing that ever jarred Dan loose from fishing for any serious length of time was the war. When that came on, Dan didn't stop to have himself examined for dandruff, ingrown mosquito bites, or hang-nails. He enlisted, and in that way had quite a jump on the lads who weren't so impetuous about it, so that first thing he knew he was a major with a lot of strange shaped hardware across his bosom. He swore he didn't know how it ever got there, but his men could tell the world and did so. For a lazy man, Major Dan Bentley turned out to be the "darndest fightin'est cuss" in his whole division. Somehow this fact reached the French government, which sent instructions accordingly to the proper official at the embassy in Washington, so that quite a neat and nifty little reception was waiting at the station the day Dan was due back in town.

Not the least interested person was Katherine Fendle. Although she was one of the richest citizens of Wingfield, her brother Oglesby being the other, she had gone to France in the same thoughtless way that Dan did—just decided it was the thing to do and did it. Her work for the Red Cross brought her into contact with Dan's troops many times, and when she reached home again, beating Dan by several weeks, she informed Wingfield that it was her personal belief that Dan Bentley won the war.

OGLESBY FENDLE could only look upon his sister's enthusiasm with a cold and clammy eye, but decided it would be as well not to try to choke it off for the present. Others at the depot to do honor to the returning hero were the editor of the *Wingfield Courier*, bursting with unripe adjectives; Sam de Mott, a politician with a convenient ability to lean toward any party

that he could use at the moment; a committee from The Onward and Upward Woman's Club, carrying suitably engrossed resolutions; Hon. Cyrus Blagdon, member of Congress, who was worried because he was afraid he did not look as important as he thought he ought to feel; and hidden somewhere in the crowd, a French dignitary with a medal of the Legion of Honor concealed upon his person. And the band.

All this was on the official, or station side of the track. Nobody noticed, and he took good care that nobody would notice, Cale Higginson hiding behind a pile of lumber the other side of the track, nursing two fishing poles and a can of bait. He had warned Dan by telegraph of what was likely to happen to him, and everything was arranged to circumvent the hero-worshippers. When the train came in, Dan slipped out of the back door and it took the town two hours to locate him. They did manage to pin the medal on him at last, but it was a tough job for fishing was good.

**T**HIS astonishing behaviour on the part of her hero almost made Katherine Fendle lose her religion. Having a good deal of fighting blood of her own, however, she just got good and mad instead. She had decided that Dan Bentley was going to be the leading citizen of Wingfield and the mere fact that he didn't seem to see it that way only made her more decided than ever. Just wait till she got her hands on him, she told herself—and she didn't have to wait long. The Oglesbys owned almost everything worth while around Wingfield, including the meadow where the grasshoppers grew longest and fattest, and everybody knows that a fish will swim a mile for a good grasshopper. So the Oglesby meadow was the favorite bait mine of Dan and Cale, and it happened quite naturally that one day in the pursuit of the nimble insect, Dan unintentionally brought himself into the disapproving presence of Miss Katherine.

She spoke to him with some force and considerable point. The language was too high for Cale and he retreated in disorder. Miss Oglesby continued her oration at some length and temperature, making it quite clear just what she thought of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor caught in the act of chasing grasshoppers, while the city of Wingfield was going to the everlasting bow-wows for want of a reformer. Dan didn't say much. She didn't leave much for him to say. But when she swung around with a contemptuous whisk of her skirt and left him flat among the grasshoppers, he began thinking, and he kept it up so long that he forgot to go fishing for a week. Then he unlimbered.

One of the principal objections to building a fire under a balky horse is that you never can tell how much speed he is going to

develop. Wingfield took it as a pleasing novelty when Dan started his campaign for playgrounds, and did not yawn much when he put through his plan to establish public rest rooms for women. But when he went ahead and urged a community center building, more parks clean streets, and such fol de rols, the old timers began to look upon him as a plain nuisance. The queer thing about it, though, was that such a lot of people fell in line with Dan's ideas that the city council had to carry out his schemes.

Dan hadn't much more time for the law business than before, but he began to find reforming Wingfield almost as much fun as fishing. Besides, he saw a lot more of Katherine than he used to. She even retained him as her personal attorney, and it was astonishing how much legal advice Dan discovered a pretty girl really needs. He assured her that he thought she ought to have a certain amount of advice every day, and she didn't seem to object.

None of all this escaped the watchful eye of Katherine's brother, Oglesby, but still he let things run along. He didn't care how clean Dan made Wingfield. He knew who was running the city, and how. Sam de Mott did not come to the Fendle home every day or so, just to drink Oglesby's old rye, though that was one reason. Sam had a line on all the politicians in the county, knew which ones could be bought, and for how much, and which ones would stay bought after you bought them. As Oglesby's interests were extensive, and his relations with several railway systems intricate and personal, de Mott's services were of great value to him.

Now it so happened that about this time an election approached. The term of Congressman Blagdon was expiring, and after considering his record and his ability, if any, Oglesby Fendle and Sam de Mott decided that when his term expired it would be as well not to resurrect it. Blagdon, it was agreed over the Fendle highballs, would not stay put. Not because he was too honest, but because he was dishonest in so many directions at the same time that he stumbled over the wires that were being pulled to make him jump through.

**A**T this point de Mott had an inspiration. He has since blamed the fact that he had one highball more than one should have when selecting a candidate. However that may be, he pointed out to Oglesby that the best way to be sure of electing their man, and having him where they wanted him when he had been elected, was to nominate Dan Bentley. Fendle was amused, but de Mott checked off the points in Dan's favor—war hero, head of the new reform movement in Wingfield, broke, and easy to handle through Oglesby's sister, upon whom, as de Mott expressed it so elegantly, Dan was "dead gone."

The idea of going to Congress did not hit Dan Bentley very favorably. He had been to Washington and had seen Congress. But Katherine thought it would be just the thing for him, and as she had been taking so much of his advice it seemed only fair that he should take a little of hers. So he acceded to the demands of his fellow citizens, carefully stimulated by Fendle and de Mott through the *Courier*. These political engineers decided that the best way to insure Dan's election would be to let Bragdon get the nomination on his own party ticket, and then run Bentley as an independent, splitting the regular party lines neatly in the middle, and walking through the gap to

"Don't be a fool,"  
de Mott snapped.  
"You're broke—  
you can't be elected  
without money"







"Go on with your speech and let's hear some of those questions you want me to answer," Dan said to the Honorable Cyrus

victory. The inroads upon Fendle's rye were frequent and heavy, and the owner thereof made no protest, as de Mott came day after day with encouraging reports of the success of their scheme.

DAN'S idea of getting himself elected was to go around and ask people to vote for him. He did this persistently and extensively, with the aid of Bill Ferguson's flivver, spreading the word that it was to be distinctly understood when he said he was an independent candidate that he was an *independent*. He had no more idea that he had been nominated over a glass of Fendle rye than a chicken has that it came out of an egg. Blissfully ignorant, he kept up his canvass until one day Ferguson reminded him that the taximeter registered next thing to a hundred dollars, and it couldn't run past the century mark without gasoline money. That stopped Dan for a little while and he began doing some figuring. A lot of other expenses were piling up, and it appeared that the independents were a lot handier with their voices than with their Watermans. It was the moment for which Oglesby and his henchman had been waiting, and they had their own means of finding out that it was time to make an official call on their candidate.

The visit surprised Dan a little, but not enough to put him to sleep, and he knew that the conversation was only beginning when Fendle remarked:

"We want you to win, because we know you'll be friendly—at all times—to the Fendle interests."

"Guess you thought we was pluggin' f'r old Blagdon, didn't you?" de Mott asked. "Well, we ain't. And just to prove it, Mr. Fendle here is ready to contribute ten thousand dollars to your campaign fund."

"That's a nice piece of cheese; now let's take a look at the trap," Dan remarked.

"I personally don't ask for any proof of your friendship," Fendle said. "I feel I know you so well. I am sure we look at things in exactly the same way. But our directors in the East would like a little memorandum," and Oglesby produced a type-written slip stating that in recognition of the contribution to the campaign fund, the signer agreed to favor any legislation requested by a certain railway. There was a dotted line for Dan's signature.

"I'm asking the voters to make me a Congressman, not an errand boy," Dan said, handing back the paper.

"Don't be a fool. You're broke—you can't be elected without money," de Mott snapped.

"I'd rather be an 'also ran' than a rubber stamp," Dan retorted.

"But look here, young fellow, we got you this nomination, because you're so friendly with Mr. Fendle's sister."

Dan turned quickly upon Fendle.

"Is that true? Does Miss Fendle know about—all this?"

"Sure," drawled de Mott. "We tell her everything. We even got her to argue with you when you didn't want to run, didn't we? Her interests are just the same as Mr. Fendle's."

Oglesby nodded corroboration, but the result was not what he had hoped. Dan crossed the room in a few long strides, flung the door open, and waved his guests out. He closed the door behind them and locked it. Then he sank into his chair, slumping into a heap, discouraged, disappointed, sick of the whole campaign. He thought he could see the whole scheme, everything dovetailed so perfectly. Being no politician, he did not first question the truth of everything that was said to him. It seemed quite reasonable. He knew that wealthy men used their women for just such purposes, and he had been fool enough to think that the wealthy Katherine Fendle had been interested in Dan Bentley. Well, that was that. He was broke, he could not go on with his campaign, and even if he could he didn't believe he wanted to, if politics was such a dirty mess as this.

LATER in the day Cale Higginson found him, and saw something was radically wrong. He inquired as to the cause of the gloom, but Dan did not feel like explaining.

"Well, whatever's the matter, don't you think a little fishin' trip would do you a heap o' good?" Cale asked.

"A fishin' trip!" Dan hadn't fished for—how long was it?—it seemed years. And as his campaign was closed automatically for want of sustenance, why not? Half a dozen letters to take care of routine affairs, and he would be free to do as he pleased. He didn't believe there was a chance in a million of being elected.

Ordinarily when Dan and Cale used to go fishing they would just stroll down the stream that ran through Wingfield, and fish most anywhere. But this time, Dan wanted to get away. So he went down to the boathouse, where he kept a trusty old one-lunged tubercular tug, and the noise of the cough- (Continued on page 113)

# A NICE GIRL FROM MAIN STREET

By *Delight Evans*

Not so long ago  
Helene Chadwick was the belle  
of Chadwick, New York

true Psyche. And yet, even then, she was a Nice Girl. She is frank and western and unaffected in her street clothes. And yet—when you look at her as Psyche, or draped in a Spanish shawl, you think she must have mislaid a choice streak of temperament somewhere. That she may be one of those girls with dual personalities, and that some day she would let you in on the other one.

In spite of the fact that she can't possibly be in more than her middle-twenties, she has been in pictures a number of years. She played second leads with Pathe for a while, and then went west, soon signing a five-year contract with Goldwyn which has still two years to run. She has been given some fine rôles out in Culver City and has made the most of them. "Dangerous Curve Ahead," the Rupert Hughes story, probably displayed her talents to best advantage. She is a well-poised dramatic actress who may yet astonish the world with a compelling piece of work. Considered for the part of *Glory Quayle* in "The Christian," it was finally decided that she was too American in type to be cast for it. But she was presented with the rôle of the heroine in the next Rupert Hughes picture, so she's happy.

Out in Hollywood, she lives in a bungalow court with her mother and her Airedale dawg. She hasn't a limousine; she doesn't boast of her library of first editions; she says she sings and plays a little and likes to ride; but that's as far as she'll go.

At that I prefer her to many of our more highly colored ladies, who may be more startling, who undoubtedly drive higher powered roadsters and own estates in Beverly Hills. She would, I believe, wear well. Not a little import, but a domestic product that you would, as they say in the sartorial establishments, "get a lot of good out of."

The house where she was born, in Chadwick, New York, is pointed out to tourists by

*She hasn't a limousine  
and she doesn't boast of  
her library of first editions*

A NICE girl. That's Helene Chadwick. She'd be a nice girl if she were cast for the rôle of the vamp in "A Fool There Was"—which will never happen, because she's with Goldwyn and that's a Fox property. But you know what I mean. Helene in a slinky gown, with jet earrings, and smoking perfumed cigarettes, would still be a nice girl.

She's just as nice now that she's a film celebrity as she was when she was the first girl of Chadwick, New York—the town settled by her great-grandparent. I watched her posing as Psyche in the studio of photographer James Abbe during her recent visit to Manhattan. She was one of the loveliest things I—or James Abbe—ever looked at. Marvellous profile; fine little ears; beautiful hair; splendid shoulders—a

*Helene Chadwick spent her childhood in  
this good old fashioned residence of  
Main Street, Chadwick, New York.  
The town was named after her great-  
grandfather*







*A true Psyche and yet—a nice girl*

the admiring natives. Helene spent some time there on her visit east. She doesn't use much make-up on the street, but she has bobbed hair.

That's the only thing "radical" you would be likely to note about her—if bobbing the hair is any longer "radical." I guess even the most old-fashioned folks would not hold that against her.

While she has been acting since she was very young she has never had a speaking part—all her histrionic work has been in pictures, though she confesses to an ambition to use her voice.

The gods have been kind in granting her those gifts which make

for assured success and long popularity with the picture public. Nothing meteoric nor smashing in her acting, but a winsome, sympathetic appeal that stirs the emotions of her audience, and an intelligent understanding and interpretation of her roles. Of such qualities are great actors made.

Helene Chadwick's large screen following is taken as a matter of course.

And in her private life she gives one the impression of being as delightfully sincere and unaffected as she does on the screen.

Just, in other words, a Nice Girl.



*Celluloid success has brought to Helene this modest little Hollywood bungalow. Everything short of a marble castle is called a bungalow in sunny California*

# THE PUBLIC'S ANSWER WHAT'S THE MATTER

The public diagnoses the illness in the motion picture theater box office—and prescribes remedies

**I**N the June issue, *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE* asked its public—which is the public of the screen—a question, "What's the Matter with the Pictures?" The response has been amazing. Never before have people had an opportunity to speak on the subject so near home. Congressmen and conductors answered. Society matrons and stenographers; mothers and fathers of families; school teachers and housewives—all wrote remarkable letters.

Of all arts and industries, the public is concerned chiefly with the screen. It has always been nearest the public heart. It has been the pet of the people. A favorite child whose progress the public, most of all the American public, has watched proudly, with a personal, parental interest.

The film belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Smith and the little Smiths. It is not the amusement of a favored few. Unlike opera, or the high-brow drama, its appeal is unlimited. Since its inception, the photoplay has meant more to America than any amusement. Its public has been a public intensely concerned with its development—vitaly interested in the comings and goings of its stars; tolerant, sympathetic as a rule; but also—exactng. It has a right to be.

In the past year there has been a marked decrease in attendance in the country's film theaters. *PHOTOPLAY*, realizing this, wanted to know why. So it asked the public point blank. In the June issue, \$100 in prizes were offered for the best letters answering the question, "What's the Matter with the Pictures?" For the best letter, \$50; for the second best, \$20; and for the three next best, \$10 apiece.

The following letters, in the order given, are the best. The contributions were so excellent that the Editor decided to award three more prizes of \$10 each. The one outstanding feature of this contest is the indisputable fact that the public is not losing interest in the pictures and that it will not lose interest unless the pictures themselves abuse the public confidence. The list of prize winners is given in the continuation of these letters in the back of the magazine.

## \$50 Prize:

DOLORAS THOMAS

**M**EDIOCRITY, sentimentality, quantity production, exploitation: inane stories, a diagnosis of the picture troubles reveal all these, yet the root of the matter lies in one word—youth.

The movies have not yet found their metier, they are suffering from adolescence and all its ills, its ignorance

of true values, its imperfect vision, its naive gaucherie. Age knows that "homekeeping hearts are happiest," but youth longs to stray afar into exotic atmospheres and to burn its fingers in the forbidden fires which burn on the altars of strange goddesses.

When the pictures have matured enough to understand their mission they will know that they represent a distinct art, and time and training will produce writers who will give us stories pre-eminently suited for screen purposes. These stories will deal in life as it is, and present epics of every day appealing to every class of people, because the realities of life are felt with equal distinctness by the college professor and the hobo.

"The Kid," "Tol'able David," and a few others show us what the screen of the future can accomplish and must if it intends to heal itself of its present sickness in the box office.

## \$20 Prize:

HAMILTON CRAIGIE

**T**HE gentlemen behind the Motion Picture Industry are killing the Goose that lays the Golden Egg, because of:

1. Continued high admission charges.
2. Over-exploitation of salacious and indelicate themes.
3. Continued foisting upon audiences of threadbare and ill-chosen plots, which would, in story form, be rejected by almost any magazine.

But the basic reason, or, rather, reasons, for there are two, and they go hand in hand, may be found, first, in the consideration of the business end at the expense of the artistic; and second—and a fact not generally known or considered—the Motion Picture Industry has no editors!

In a publishing house, the publisher usually has intelligence enough to delegate the selection of his material to an editor hired for that purpose. The movie magnates, save in a few instances, have ignored this. They are business men; but in nearly every motion picture organization the final decision, the ultimate choice rests,—not with the editor, who is really such only in the narrowest sense, but with the Manager, the President, the Business Man!

This gentleman may be an excellent judge of Business with a capital B, but I challenge anybody to maintain that he ever was or could be—an editor.

## \$10 Prize:

MRS. CORA M. CURTIS

**T**HE public is to blame for much of the trash that is being foisted upon it. The producers know the wants of their paying public—the Masses, and play up to their demands. The Masses refuse to think, therefore they have not learned as yet to discriminate—the result is obvious. At first, their main object was to be amused and for a time they were, frankly, now and then they are lured but have not broadened sufficiently to analyze the fault. They are up against a wall of their own making. Now the

Why the screen public is dissatisfied:

- Weak Stories
- Over-exploitation
- High Prices
- Scandal
- Personal Appearances
- Sensationalism
- Radio Competition
- Under-rating of Intelligence
- Unreality





TO THE QUESTION:

# WITH THE PICTURES?

public insists on its "hokum" and "sugar endings" much as the baby does its candy—they must have it even though it will eventually make them sick.

If the regeneration will come when "The Masses" cease to be and *each one* becomes an *individual* who can think intelligently for himself; when the public becomes so discriminating it will not accept anything but the best; and above all when ready to see the *Truths of Life* portrayed on the screen instead of Artificial Sham. Until then, there will always be "something the matter with the pictures."

## \$10 Prize:

MRS. H. F. WRIGHT

TWO principal reasons why Motion Pictures are diminishing in popularity are, the continued high admission and the lack of truth, or originality, and spontaneous appeal in the story. The pictures, as a rule, open attractively, but, as the story progresses, we become aware that some subtle, appealing quality, promised at the beginning, has been sacrificed. The old tricks are resorted to, the logical outcome distorted or exaggerated out of all proportion, for the sake of introducing the same worn-out thrills. We leave the theater unsatisfied, our emotions stirred, perhaps, our intelligence in revolt.

Motion picture audiences are not the gullible crowd of a few years ago, when, for popular prices, they had their fill of mad melodrama, wild-west thrills and slap-stick comedy.

The taste of audiences has developed with the motion picture. We demand the best the world can give, and, we believe it can be given us through the medium of the motion picture. Occasionally a director produces a picture inspiring us to respond to that innate longing for the truth, beauty and idealism of life. This is the picture that remains in our memory and helps to hold us loyal patrons of the "silver screen."

## \$10 Prize:

GLADYS M. CONNAUGHTON

FOLKS aren't going to the Movies as much as they used to because they are getting tired of seeing themselves ridiculed and burlesqued. Don't you suppose that a real laundress' daughter would be disgusted at the way deMille pictures her? Even a laundress' daughter would be able to hold her own among the elite nowadays. They are well educated, and whether they go down town to an office to work as secretary or stenographer, or stay at home to help Mother hang out the wash they would know how to conduct themselves in the presence of the so-called elite without being completely foolish.

I'm a stenographer and at times I could scream when I see a high salaried star in her *simple* but expensive gown taking dictation from a Wall

Street broker. They usually work for some king of finance, you know.

Folks want something for their money nowadays, and until producers get wise to this fact and produce pictures truer to life people will attend radio concerts or go to see a vaudeville show rather than stop in at the movies.

Yours for truer-to-life pictures.

## \$10 Prize:

MRS. HOWARD LIDDELL

IT looks as if "teacher" had forgot to study the next day's lesson, and meantime her bright little pupils have caught up with her.

The movies have been educating the public until it has become thoroughly familiar with its characters, plots, lavish spectacles, advertising, heart-interest appeals and all the rest. The public is now through with its A. B. C.'s and impatiently waiting for something new.

We all know that in too large a class the fast have to wait for the slow and individual needs must be ignored. The same is true for the movies. They should no longer try to aim at pictures which will satisfy everyone, for it can mean only continued failure. Little Red Riding Hood is an interesting character to all of us when we are young, but when we grow up we don't cherish the same book. No magazine or play ever tries to appeal to all classes at once. They study the particular taste of a particular kind and aim at pleasing that. When the movies realize that, the public will stop playing truant.

## \$10 Prize:

J. PARKER DOANE, Jr.

IF screen dramas and comedy-dramas contained a greater percentage of real tears as well as gleams of hope: if comedies sprang from true characterizations and genuine humor—the attendance at motion picture theaters would increase proportionately.

If all photoplays were consistent, true reflections of human life—human conflict, human tears and human smiles—rather than "sensations," "thrills" and "effects"—the motion picture would occupy a place at least as popular as the legitimate stage.

The average person is to be the criterion; pictures must appeal to his sensibilities in a real, entertaining and educational manner. It is to be taken for granted that this average person hopes to suffer, smile and laugh with (and not AT) the screen characters, and leave the theater with the feeling he had looked into the history of human life for a brief period—and that he had been entertained constructively thereby.

It would then be time to worry about high admissions, vaudeville items and orchestral features. The motion picture is an artistic form of educational entertainment. If it really is, the average person will not complain and the box-office will not suffer.



*Motion pictures are suffering from adolescence and all its ills. When the pictures have matured enough to understand their mission they will represent a distinct art*



# THE PUBLIC CONDEMNS WEAK PICTURES, HIGH

\$10 Prize:

MISS. A. C. WILSON

THERE are two types of motion picture fan: first, the kind that "takes in a show," knows little or nothing of screen personalities, or really good pictures. That kind will keep on attending picture theaters, so long as no other more interesting or cheaper form of entertainment offers.

The other type is more discriminating, has a knowledge of screen personalities, even of directors, and certainly of good stories, and this is the type that is staying away from the theaters.

Producers seem to have laid down rules regarding the material they consider suitable for photoplays. They picturize a book which is world famous, with an interesting plot, and turn it out a typical "movie story"—impossible, untrue to life. Intelligent people will not waste two hours in a theater looking at a star and wonderful settings. They would not read a book that had no plot or a ridiculous and impossible one. The novelty of the photoplay has kept them fans until now, but the novelty has worn off. The producers will have to get down to business and raise photoplay plot to the level of book plot, or be satisfied to cater to fan type number one.

## Honorable Mention:

MRS. W. D. HOWARD

WHAT fun is there in going to pictures when you know after the first five minutes, not only how the story will end, but all the phases through which it will pass before reaching that end; when you can shut your eyes and see how the hero and heroine will look; and when, if you were not too self-conscious, you could give beforehand a demonstration of their reactions to all emotions brought into play?

The world will never grow tired of pictures, for pictures are stories, and all ages have loved stories, but the most thrilling romance loses its tang after many retellings.

So, also, the loveliest faces and forms cease to interest when seen too often. Familiarity, however lovely, eventually breeds contempt, and the same countenances forever mouthing at us from the screen become as monotonous as the personalities of a stock company.

The greatest need, however, is for original acting. No two persons in real life react alike to the same emotional stimulus, nor does any one react twice in the same way. Why then, should stereotyped expressions and gestures in pictures denote always certain emotions?

What is the matter with the pictures? SAMENESS?

ARTHUR J. LEE

FROM my own limited observation, I believe the following factors are responsible for the falling off in motion picture theater at-

tendance: unemployment, scandal, and the kind of pictures produced. The first two factors are temporary disturbances. The last is of a permanent nature.

Business in my locality has been extremely bad for two years. During the past five months the attendance of one theater I have in mind has, I judge, been cut 30 per cent. Unquestionably, this is due in very large measure to unemployment.

Then followed the fierce light of publicity that was brought to bear on the frailties of movie folks, following the recent scandals, and the affection and regard felt by the public for their heroes and heroines cooled markedly.

Lastly, the plays do not satisfy. People cannot react forever to thrills. Something else is needed, something built on the deeper desires of human nature. As the child outgrows the merry-go-round, so does the adult, with movie vision matured, reject that which only thrills for that which satisfies.

DOROTHY C. WALTER

LATELY I attended movies over a large portion of our country. Whether spectators were Vermont Yankees, Washington government employees, Florida climate seekers, El Paso soldiers, conglomerations in Mexican border towns, miscellaneous groups in cheap theaters, rich, blase invalids in southern California, or satisfied well-to-do middle westerners, their reactions to pictures were curiously alike.

They like "human" plays, sad or glad, with sensible, spirited plots. They frankly enjoyed slapstick. They were disgusted by films whose action was left to subtitles, whose sets and costumes predominated over acting, or whose emotional appeal did not ring true.

They went to the movies expectantly, but often came away disappointed, if their expressions and comments meant anything. Why? POOR PICTURES. It must be that. I heard "Fine show," when jazz did its worst with a charming picture, and "Poor stuff," when a conscientious orchestra left nothing to be desired but a worthy film.

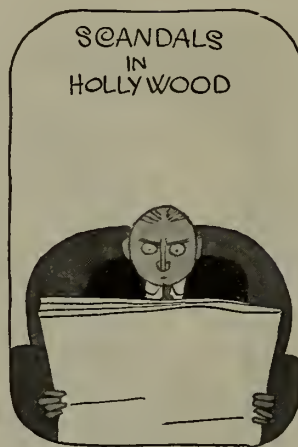
High prices and unemployment cut admissions at one end of the social scale, misleading and degrading publicity at the other, but the real reason for diminished attendance is disappointment. People have seen too many good films to

like the crude, disjointed, falsely sentimental performances which constitute fully one-half our picture plays.

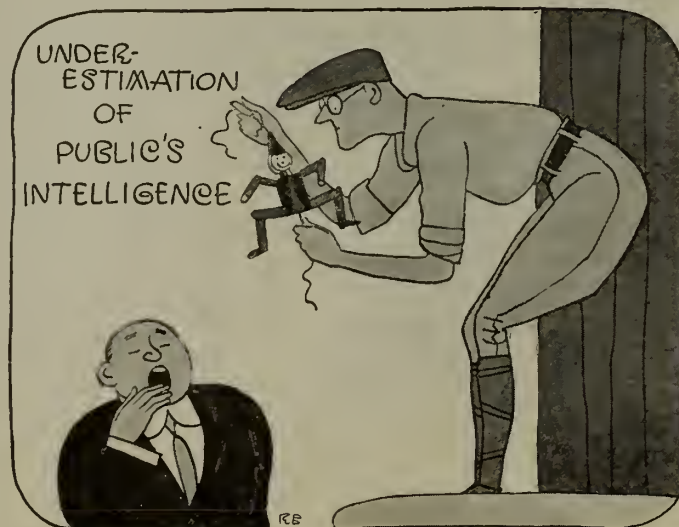
RUTH GIORLOFF

TO my mind the motion picture is one of the greatest mediums of amusement, entertainment and education in the world; but at the present time there seem to be numerous causes contributing to its decline in popularity:

1. The tales of scandals in motion picture centers (much exaggerated, I have no doubt) spread by various papers.
2. The elevation to stardom of some men and women obviously unprepared by either training or experience for such positions.



*It looks as if "teacher" had forgotten to study the next day's lesson and her bright pupils have caught up with her. The public is now through its film a b c's, and wants something new*





# OVER - EXPLOITATION PRICES AND SCANDAL

3. Poor stories, and the distortion of both plot and characters, and even titles, when a picture is supposedly made from some well-known book or play.
4. The insistence of producers, directors, or perhaps a part of the public on the leads playing one type of part continually, regardless of their talents in other characterizations.
5. The very wretched vaudeville programs that are so often presented in conjunction with the films.
6. The great number of moving picture theaters of every description, particularly in the cities.

AGNES R. HURLEY

THE principal reason why some of my friends and I, who were formerly ardent "movie fans," have either entirely eliminated motion pictures, or boycotted film plays produced by certain players, is because we are, like most American middle class folks, fundamentally decent.

The scandalous exposures made during the current year, whether true or not, by newspapers and magazines throughout our land, have torn away from us the veil of illusion about these film folks, and have made us feel that they stand, even some of the highest among them, for rather loose ethical principles. Public pets, like Caesar's wife, should be above suspicion, and these actors and actresses must *deserve* the adulation we show them.

Co-ordinating with this comes the fact that civic, intellectual and spiritual forces in my community have tried to influence us to raise our standards, so that we shall take only the best, and shall avoid plays and players which have been touched by calamitous criticism.

MRS. DAVID PLUMMER

MY husband, who is a clerk, received a twenty-five per cent cut in wages the first of the year. That means we haven't so much money to spend for pleasure as before.

We still have to pay a quarter, or more, to see pictures that are worth at the most ten cents. The pictures turned out now seem to be a jumble of Nothing. One is neither entertained nor rested by them. In their haste to get another picture on the market the producing companies grab up any kind of an idea and make a feature production out of it. The picture industries, becoming too highly inflated with their phenomenal successes, now seem to have burst . . . by way of pin pricks from the box office.

The pinnacle has been reached, and reached too soon. The ascent was too rapid and the descent is as correspondingly abrupt.

Personally I am not interested in the stars that are now being exploited.

The glamour is somehow gone from pictures. I can sit through them all and not experience a thrill. And it used to thrill me just to see the electric sign announcing my favorite player.

MRS. F. J. SHOLLAR

WHILE the diminution of attendance in the motion-picture theaters may be due, in part, to the high admission charges, this fault is not so serious as is the poor quality of the stories.

The public is tired, yes, disgusted, with sex pictures, crime pictures, fighting pictures, and, worst of all, silly pictures.

We see so much of poverty and struggle, of vulgarity and unfaithfulness, of silliness and flippancy, all about us, that we turn to the motion picture with the hope of seeing the beautiful side of life.

We like to look upon the lovely qualities of human beings to balance the selfishness and sorrows of the race. The love of pleasure, the weakness for silky glittering clothes, adds nothing to the charm of woman. The love for automobiles and races is not the quality we love in men.

Give us simple, wholesome, human stories, with sincere men, faithful women, and a generous sprinkling of that great hit—babies.

If the public grows weary of motion pictures, it will be for the reason that they do not appeal to the best in us.

The serious, great-minded among the producers have nothing to fear. Their work will always bring its own reward.

MRS. HETTIE G. TELL

1. The advanced prices. When you could see a good picture, or program, for five cents, almost every one could afford to go. The people of this town have been disappointed too many times by high priced pictures when they were no better than the one the previous night, for half the price. The much advertised stars, or at least

many of them, do not earn the high salaries they receive, and for which the public must pay.

2. The reduction in the price of automobiles (especially Fords) has enabled many more families to own one, and they much prefer to drive in the open air to sitting in a stuffy theater, and,

3. Variety is the spice of life and there are too many pictures of the same kind.

4. The newspapers which delight in publishing statements, detrimental to the character of our favorite friends of the screen, have caused some patrons to become disgusted.

5. So many pictures are unfit for children to see.

E. ALLAN ROBERTS

1. The failure on the part of the producers to provide consistently good pictures. This, in my opinion, is the main reason. The pictures are shallow, they are lacking in suspense, lacking in heart and love interest and the plots are generally weak. The personalities of the screen are bound to lose their magnetism unless they are featured in better plays. Producers should strive to provide pictures (Continued on page 110)



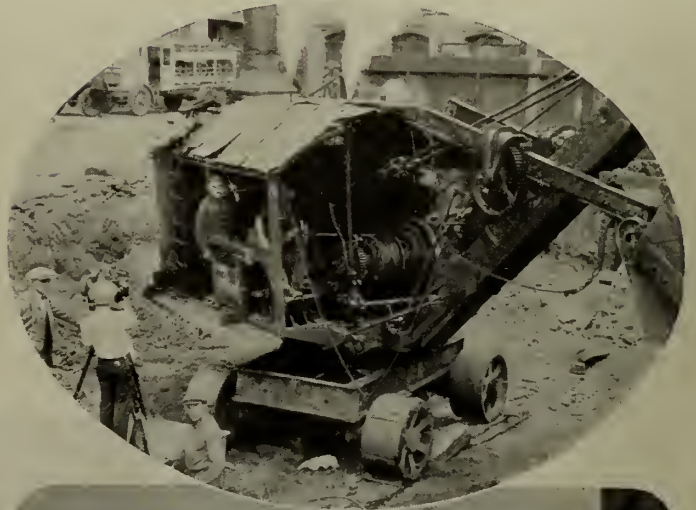
*People are getting tired of seeing themselves ridiculed and burlesqued. A real laundress' daughter would be disgusted at the way she is pictured on the screen. Produce photoplays truer to life!*



# SOUNDS FOR THE

Celluloid drama isn't always silent  
various accompaniments produced

*Added shivers on the part of the audience are induced for snow storm scenes by the operation of a wind machine off-stage. You can almost feel the icy wind in your sheltered seat in the theater*



*Above. Any city dweller will tell you that a derrick in motion is a noisy affair. This instrument reproduces the grating sound peculiar to derricks, windlasses, and other noisy engines of industry*



*This beautiful picture on the screen, and the manipulation of this device by the trap-drummer, makes you believe you were really on some rock-bound coast. The sound of the surf synchronizes with the shadow sea*



# SILENT DRAMA

Here are pictured in action the  
by unique mechanical devices



*Hark, hark, the dogs do bark. Rover couldn't tell the sound made by this contrivance from his own bark. Celluloid canines are assisted in their histrionic efforts from the orchestra*



*Another frequently used device is that which describes the sound of tearing cloth. This is used mostly during comedy scenes—you know, when the bulldog catches the comedian half way over the fence*



*To watch a celluloid baby cry is bad enough. But when a skilful performer upon this instrument makes you hear the child as well, you want to weep, too. George Beban and bambino in oval, aided by the artificial howler*



*A quaint chromo, relic of livelier days. A scene like it on the screen is made even more heart-rending by an excellent imitation of the plop of the cork when a champagne bottle is opened*

# JUST BEFORE THE CONTEST CLOSSES

The contest has been narrowed down to one hundred girls and screen tests are now being made

**T**HE New Faces Screen Contest is almost over. The race has been run—and in a few weeks the fortunate winner, or winners, will be notified.

The young woman who measures up to the Judges' requirements will soon be informed of her good fortune, and her career as a film actress will, before long, begin. The selection has narrowed down to one hundred girls—the most personable and intelligent of the thousands who sent in their photographs to the Photoplay-Goldwyn contest. The winner may not be among the first one hundred; she may be a tardy entrant whose arrival will sweep all previous decisions aside. In any case, the contest is practically closed; the Goldwyn exchanges throughout the country are working overtime making screen tests of the candidates; and in countless American homes, girls are anxiously awaiting the Judges' decision.

The business now at hand is the final selection. Photographs of ten or twelve entrants are now being selected. The final choice out of the one hundred is being made. These candidates will be asked for further information about themselves—you must remember that a photograph, and occasionally a letter, is all the Judges have to work on. The final twelve will, if they pass all the first tests, be given tests by the cameras at the various Goldwyn exchanges. This will be their real trial. The Judges will then select the actual winner from these camera tests, as well as from every other angle.

This Screen Opportunity Idea, launched by James R. Quirk, Editor and publisher of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, has attracted more attention than any other competitive idea ever inaugurated. It became much more than a Contest. It assumed tremendous importance, for it appealed to the highest type of American young woman—and it also appealed to her mother and her father, her brothers and her friends. More than a Contest, because it made no startling, glittering promises; held out no sparkling awards of immediate stardom and fabulous fortune. What it did guarantee to do was to give the ambitious girl an Opportunity to make good on the screen. Just that—and nothing more. But that was more than enough. It attracted the sincere, the intelligent, the far-sighted girls it meant to attract. It gave them all they wanted; simply a *chance*. A chance to make good in the most interesting profession in the world: motion picture acting. More young women have dreamed their dreams of screen success than of any other career. Never before have they been offered such a legitimate, straight-forward and honest opportunity to achieve their ambitions.

The predominant feature of the New Faces contest was its sincerity. The PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the Goldwyn Company stand behind it with their vast resources of judgment, business sagacity, financial success, and artistic ideals. It was no mere publicity scheme. It was an honest attempt to give to the American public New Faces for its screen. Indeed, the public itself has given its staunch support. It has pledged itself in many ways to uphold the best traditions of the American home and family by supporting a young representative of American womanhood, who will endeavor to her best ability to present, in the films,

(Continued on page 46)



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# The First 100

This selection was made entirely from photographs. The Judges have not seen a single entrant personally. The number on the left indicates corresponding number in layout of photographs on these pages

- 6 Champ, Myrtle Barton, Waco, Texas
- 24 Court, Charlotte, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 3 de Rougemont, Rachel, Little Rock, Ark.
- 17 De Viaene, Leonore, Chicago, Ill.
- 19 Fitch, Margaret, Kenilworth, Ill.
- 25 Foster, Laura, New York City
- 7 Galsworthy, Lola, New York City
- 20 Hale, Georgia, Chicago, Ill.
- 16 Hennecke, Gertrude, Chicago, Ill.
- 1 Honmer, Isabel V., Barrie, Ont., Canada
- 30 Jackson, Jessie, Kansas City, Mo.
- 29 Jennings, Hazelle, Washington, D. C.
- 18 Jernigan, Dolores, Little Rock, Ark.
- 27 Laviers, Geraldine, Colorado Springs, Colo.
- 11 Leahy, Frances Marie, Los Angeles, Calif.
- 15 Legault, Jaunita, Perth, Ontario, Canada
- 10 Leonard, Jean, Washington, D. C.
- 5 Messall, Betty, Joplin, Mo.
- 9 Mitchell, Beth, Hollywood, Calif.
- 12 Oliver, Ramona, Hollywood, Calif.
- 2 Orr, Elma, Columbus, Ohio
- 26 Osborne, Genevieve, San Jose, Calif.
- 21 Reitter, Rosalie, Milwaukee, Wis.
- 23 Richmond, Dorothy M., Hopewell, Va.
- 8 Ross, Genevieve, Miami, Fla.
- 22 Skidmore, Barbara, New York City
- 4 Sutherland, Anne, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 14 Williams, Ruth, Selma, Calif.
- 28 Williamson, Ethlyn, Atlanta, Ga.
- 13 Woodbury, Charlotte E., Denver, Colo.
- Alden, Joy, New York City.
- Andrews, Gladys, Montreal, Canada
- Andrus, Helen, New York City
- Baldwin, Helen Virginia, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Barbour, Doris F., New York City
- Barr, Margaret, Denver, Colo.
- Berry, Ruth, Los Angeles, Calif.
- Bigby, Claire, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Brazley, Idrear, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Brooke, Mary, New York City
- Buntinx, Philippine, Sugar Creek, Mo.
- Busch, Andrea, Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
- Cameron, Mary, Hollywood, Calif.
- Carey, Mrs. Walter Eugene, Columbus, Ga.
- Clarkin, Julia, Kansas City, Mo.

(Additional names on following page)





the truest portrayals of real, wholesome, and lasting things.

Fathers and mothers, as a rule, prejudiced against any enterprise which would take their daughters away from home, to thrust them into the world, have reacted surprisingly to the New Faces ideas. They have, almost without exception, admitted its high aims and have been fair enough to endorse it. Many mothers sent in photographs of their daughters, writing letters which brought a gratified glow to the Magazine and to the Goldwyn staff.

Fathers—several of them clergymen, and one a congressman—urged their daughters to participate. PHOTOPLAY has received enthusiastic letters from heads of families everywhere. It will keep these letters, because they are the best refutation of the reformers' belief that the photoplay is an instrument of evil.

The nation wide response to the call for New Faces has been inspiring. The state of New York, because Manhattan is in it, sent in the most entrants. California was a close second. The girls of Missouri evidently want to be shown on the screen, for their photographs came in by the hundreds. Illinois' daughters came forth—chiefly from Chicago. But also from farms in the Middle West and ranches in the far west; from old southern mansions and Montana mining towns—beautiful girls and charming girls; tall and slim, or petite and plump; brown eyes, blue eyes, gray—it seemed as if the beauty and the brains of America were represented in PHOTOPLAY's New York offices! The letters they wrote were almost as interesting as the pictures.

One girl said, "I was just packing my things to go abroad with my aunt—my first trip, too!—when I read your announcement of the New Faces Contest. I abandoned my European vacation and rushed off to the photographer's. I hope I have a chance!"

Another young woman wrote that she had always longed to find an opportunity to see what she could do on the screen, but that she had never before been offered a chance. "I didn't want to send my likeness broad-cast to the casting directors in California and New York; I had no faith in the schools of motion picture acting; and I hadn't the means to travel to the coast to apply in person for work in the studios. I am more grateful than I can say to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and Goldwyn Pictures Corporation for their offer."

"I am sending you, Mr. Editor, a photograph of my only daughter,"—from Mrs. L. K. J., of Portland, Maine. "I would have been shocked and surprised five years ago if anyone had told me I would be doing this, because for one thing I did not believe there was a place for young girls from American homes in the film studios; and for another I wanted my daughter to stay at home with me. But your articles about the ideal conditions in the Goldwyn studio, and the fair and clean manner in which the New Faces Contest is being conducted, have made me change my mind. If my daughter wins, I shall be proud of her, and glad to accompany her to California."

There are many, many more. And they are expressions of public sentiment—the finest sentiment—which this Magazine values.

This contest has exceeded the artistic limitations originally set for it. The high type of young womanhood which responded, and the exceptional public attention, as well as the interest of many of the film producers, make it of much more than usual significance.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is gratified beyond measure at the amazing proportions assumed by the New Faces Idea, and is grateful to the girls who have made it such a success.



The winner of the contest will occupy this star dressing room at the Goldwyn studios in California

## The First One Hundred Selected by the Judges

(Continued from preceding page)

Coloquhoun, Mae, Toronto, Ont., Canada  
 Craven, Evelyn, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Day, Polly, Harrisburg, Penna.  
 de Rosier, Rose, Pawtucket, R. I.  
 Dodd, Genevieve, Portland, Oregon  
 Eason, Lorraine, New York City  
 Elliot, Annabel Virginia, E. St. Louis, Ill.  
 Emel, Alice, Seattle, Wash.  
 Enright, Irene, New York City  
 Forde, Margaret, Washington, D. C.  
 French, Adelaide E., Lawrence, Mass.  
 Gallagher, Mary C., Indianapolis, Ind.  
 Gardiner, Virginia (through error appeared as  
 Anne Gardiner), Lima, Ohio  
 Glennister, Rosheen, Santa Monica, Calif.  
 Goldneb, Georgette, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.  
 Hantz, Lillian, Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.  
 Hilton, Ethel, Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Howell, Pearl A., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Johnson, Kay, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.  
 Johnston, Jeanne, New York City  
 Julier, Erma J., St. Louis, Mo.  
 Kelly, Helen, Milwaukee, Oregon  
 Kiwel, Mary Kathryn, Crookston, Minn.

Kobak, Josephine, Milwaukee, Wis.  
 Langlois, Falvé, Ranger, Texas  
 Lynch, Helen, Fall River, Mass.  
 McClelland, Sarah, Manlius, New York  
 McDonald, J., Miss, Los Angeles, Calif.  
 McFaul, Ivy, Wichita Falls, Texas  
 Manger, Phyllis, New York City  
 Manning, Nora B., Chicago, Ill.

Marquis, Helen, Clinton, Iowa  
 Martin, Ruby, Sacramento, Calif.  
 Martyn, Naomie Jeanne, Dallas, Texas  
 Mayberry, Helen D., Hartford, Conn.  
 Mehrtens, Margeritta, Jacksonville, Fla.  
 O'Darrell, Darion, St. Paul, Minn.  
 Olmstead, Hazel B., Troy, New York  
 Parker, Mary Louise, Terre Haute, Ind.  
 Patterson, Edith May, Pine Bluff, Ark.  
 Pomfret, Elva, Brooklyn, New York  
 St. Dennis, June, Kansas City, Mo.  
 Salmon, Mrs. Robert, Havana, Cuba  
 Schoenwandt, Edith, Cincinnati, Ohio  
 Smith, Hazel, Johnstown, Penna.  
 Smith, Marguerite C., Montgomery, Ala.  
 Stahl, Adah, Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Teeman, Anne, Chicago, Ill.  
 Tewksbury, Ann, New York City  
 Thomas, Mary Allen, Cincinnati, Ohio  
 Thomas, Okla O., Salt Lake City, Utah  
 Ufford, Margaret, New York City  
 Valstead, Lillian, Chicago, Ill.  
 Weitzel, Edythe R., San Francisco, Calif.  
 Youngman, Evelyn, Cleveland, Ohio

Since Samuel Goldwyn was not elected President of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation at the last meeting of the board of directors, his name has been withdrawn as one of the judges in the Photoplay-Goldwyn New Faces Contest. This will in no way affect the selection of the winner. Mr. Goldwyn's name is merely withdrawn and the choice will be made by a committee from the Goldwyn Company, acting with James R. Quirk, Editor of PHOTOPLAY.



# A HOLLYWOOD GIRL

Who would like  
to look like Gloria Swanson

By Herbert Howe

THE Boosters' Club of Hollywood was holding uncheon in the Garden Court tea rooms. Old ladies with spectacles and fussy bags and old gentlemen with spectacles and fussy whiskers were responding to the urge of their leader, a bald but frisky fellow.

"Now all together," he exhorted brightly, "three cheers for dear old Hollywood!"

Timorously came the "Rah! Rah! Rah!" followed by nervous apologetic giggles.

As I descended the stairs to the street they broke into a quavering refrain:

"Holly-wood, Our Holly-wood,  
How We Love Our Holly-wood."

So this was the modern Sodom and Gomorrah.

Drawn up at the curb outside the entrance to the tea rooms was a town car with chauffeur. The door opened timidly, an invitation to the august interviewer.

Inside were two great brown eyes peering from out the surrounding brown of hat and coat. Coming closer, I saw two very small brown feet placed primly together. And closer—a petal mouth which seemed to be saying "Ooh!"—and sometimes did.

So this was a Jazzobel movie star.

"Wh-where would you like to go?" came breathlessly from the Brown Eyes.

I consulted the Brown Eyes for a moment and then said, recklessly, "Anywhere!"

"Ooh!" said the petal mouth—or seemed to say it.

"Let's see Hollywood," I suggested.

Relieved, the brown slenderness shrank back into a corner, and we were off.

Miss Colleen Moore.

You would instinctively call her "Miss." Even when you knew her you might feel like calling her "Miss Colleen," just as the noble heroes in old Southern romances used to address their heroines.

"Miss" Colleen goes with crinolines, and small feet placed primly together, and the perfume of lavender, and ribbons in the hair, and small hands fluttering out of delicate old lace.

Colleen has a shrinking manner. I thought of the shrinking violet, but that nowadays is a hot-house affectation. Indeed, at first you might suspect our heroine of affecting a little of the demure and dainty manner that becomes a period ingenue. She seems



*She wants to look like Gloria Swanson, but she confesses it's no use—she's just a simple Hollywood Girl*



Photo by  
Clarence S. Bull

*Colleen gives an impression of dignity on a bicycle, and Pat O'Malley wonders what's it all about*

quite out of her century. Somehow all sorts of old-fashioned phrases and gallantry begin to stir within you. And the modern male, so long a serf to the equal-rights-lady-on-the-pedestal, finds himself disdending his bosom and talking throatily, with a feeling, I fancy, akin to that of the rooster just before he crows.

WHILE I indulged in this posture, she regarded me silently, then ventured the information that she was having her car re-upholstered. What color did I like?

"Gray."

Yes—submissively—gray was a very nice color.

A pause.

Did I like brown?

"No."

"Oo-oo!" The Brown Eyes were glancing over the brown dress on down to the brown stockings and brown pumps.

"Ooh-ah," I jibbered. "That is—not brown for cars—brown for dresses and eyes and—things."

"Ah?" doubtfully.

A little confidence began to stir from the timorousness.

I felt very conscious of being an interviewer, a large and important fellow. I condescended to point out some of the show places of the town. Miss Colleen wanted particularly to see Wally Reid's house and the famous swimming pool. She said it

was funny how people thought that all the stars knew one another. Fans often wrote her letters in which they requested her to give their love to Mary Pickford. She said she wished some one would introduce her to Mary so she could.

"I think," said she, launching bravely upon the conversational seas, "that I ought to adopt a—a pose. I'm not—very—in-dividual."

After a little thought she finally exclaimed that she would like to be just like Gloria Swanson. Did I know Gloria? I pretended, of course, that I did. She regarded me with great respect.

As it was necessary for Miss Colleen to go to the Goldwyn studio to have her hair dressed, I asked if I might be dropped at the Harold Lloyd studio, where I had an interviewing appointment.

"My!" she ejaculated as I stepped from the car, "it must be wonderful to know all the stars!"

Entirely feminine, essentially feminine. So I mused as I kicked my heels together outside the Lloyd studio an hour later. . . . She had said she would be back in half an hour. Entirely feminine, essentially feminine.

Finally the car whirled up. The door jarred open excitedly.

"Look at me—*look* at me!" gasped the lady within. She made a little bravado gesture and struck a pose. Her hair was piled in grand and fearful style, as near like Gloria Swanson's as it could be.

"I tried it another way first," she confided. "You know how

she does it now—parted on the side and combed down over one cheek—so! But it didn't look right. . . . My nose. . . . My nose looked funny."

I was enthusiastic in my admiration.

"But wait—wait!" she exclaimed, chucking me boldly, like a robin pecking for a crumb. "Wait until I get the right expression."

She turned away to get it, then turned her head swiftly around. Her chin was uptilted in the grand manner, her cheeks glowing brighter than usual, the Irish snub nose sticking high in the air like the twig to an apple.

"Who do I look like?—quick!—Who do I look like?" she demanded.

"Like—like an apple!" I exclaimed triumphantly.

"O—oh!" she wailed, the fine hauteur melting. "I guess I'm hopeless. But—honest—didn't I look a little bit like Gloria?"

I shook my head cruelly.

"Well," she ruffled. "I *can* be dignified—almost all evening,—then—"but toward the end my hair gets mussed—and I lose it all."

"Your hair?"—alarmed.

"No, the dignity."

(Concluded on page 118)

## WHY THEY GET FABULOUS SALARIES

By Herbert Howe

**W**HENEVER a star's salary is mentioned some one invariably gasps that it's more than the president gets, and isn't it awful.

The inference being, I suppose, that the president of the United States is a worthier performer than a movie star.

One of my colleagues, however, swears sacrilegiously that if Warren Harding gets \$75,000 a year Wally Reid ought to get a million.

Yet my friend cannot be called a Reid admirer.

There's logic to his argument.

We pay the president only \$75,000 straight salary, 'tis true, but that doesn't take care of such little incidentals as wars and things in which he may choose to indulge himself.

A movie star has no such expense account. He may not do a great deal of good but he can't do nearly as much harm as a chief executive. Consider the billion dollar bills that Mr. Wilson ran up as against the trifling amount on which Charlie Chaplin gets along. And even the most fervent Woodrow fan must admit that Charlie gave us a lot more fun for our money. There's no room for argument here.

As for brains, I should say it was a case of about fifty-fifty.

I don't know why the president's salary is taken as a standard of wage with which to compare salaries of movie stars. No one ever thinks of drawing a comparison between John D. Rockefeller's stipend and that of Douglas Fairbanks. John certainly gets more than Doug, and yet we've never seen him do half as much. And, vice versa, no one gets at all excited when told that John receives many times more than does Warren Gamaliel. They probably figure that his gas is worth many times more.

Perhaps the reason we always think of the president's pay envelope when considering a star's is that we pay them both.

There may be some question—particularly among the persons called "Reds"—as to whether or not we have anything directly to say about government expenditures, but

the most colorful of us cannot deny that we do fix the wages of movie stars. If there ever was a direct primary, the box-office is the polling place.

Don't think for one moment that Mr. Jesse L. Lasky or Mr. Samuel Goldwyn are philanthropists who strew money with indiscriminate gestures. It may look that way sometimes when they bestow a handsome contract upon a dumbbell who does not qualify, but they have a good commercial come-back for so doing. If one dumbbell gets over, why not another? Even Solomon, with all his wisdom and experience with women, would never be able to tell in advance just what direction the public thumbs might take in reference to stars.

**W**ALLACE REID receives \$3,000 a week every week in the year, an annual income of \$156,000. And every year of his five-year contract he receives a nice little hike of five hundred or a thousand per week. He gets it because he earns—or collects, anyhow—many times that sum for the officials and stockholders of the company which employs him. There's nothing personal about it. It's simply the old economics of supply and demand. There's a world demand for Wally Reid, and there's only one of him. Therefore he is multiplied as swiftly as the camera can click and wholesaled throughout the universe. He sells like Ford cars, and who says a Ford isn't a good business proposition—for Mr. Ford?

It is plain to see why we buy Fords. What would the world be like if we didn't have something to occupy us? And a Ford certainly does that. Well, so does a movie star. But, in addition, it may be said that a Ford sometimes gets you somewhere, whereas a movie star doesn't add a jot to your mental, moral or spiritual progress. Yet you pay him just the same.

I cite Mr. Reid's salary as an example because it is a known quantity. There are others who receive a great deal more, but the figures are not so easily computed because they are not on a regular salary basis.

(Continued on page 118)

### A Whale of a Picture!

**T**HAT'S what it's going to be. Elmer Clifton, ambitious young director, has decided that there's just one way to outdo Griffith and Von Stroheim in the way of stellar magnitude, and that is—to star a whale!

So Elmer has gathered together a company of hardy players and set sail for the whale's paradise somewhere south of Haiti.

He has chosen Raymond McKee for the role of whale-ador—that is, the one who harpoons the whale.

D. W. Griffith, who has been sort of a directorial father to Elmer, is of the opinion that his protege will end up by making the picture off Coney Island with a rubber whale. He's just jealous, he is.

But that's nothing compared to the outraged feelings of Dorothy Gish.

You see Elmer used to direct Dorothy.

"And so," wails Dorothy, "he says he ought to be able to direct a gentle little whale!"



# JUST A GOOD BUSINESS MAN

While the others are at tea  
Ruth Roland watches the ticker

By  
*Adela Rogers St. Johns*

**T**HERE is, of course, a more or less general impression of what a motion picture star is like.

Some have black hair, like Bebe Daniels, and some have blonde curls like Mary Miles Minter.

Aside from that, they are much alike. They have many characteristics in common. They are all soft and alluring creatures, temperamental and unreliable and very, very feminine. And essentially unbusiness-like.

Isn't that about the way you regard them all?

Well, let me tell you something.

There are just as many different kinds of motion picture stars as there are different kinds of prohibition officers.

For instance, if I should ever be called upon to write about a woman for one of these magazines that deal chiefly with business methods, and that tell you how to get rich blacking shoes in your spare time or how to rise from newsboy to bank president in a couple of weeks, I would choose a motion picture star as my subject.

Ruth Roland.

I have spent a good deal of time roaming around Hollywood gazing at the stars. I know most of them well enough to have some general idea of their characters and their general traits and abilities—and disabilities.

And I say that here, if ever, is a unique and interesting and sometimes baffling personality.

Feminine, yes. Charming, quite. Apparently no different from 999 other pretty girls with teeth-revealing smiles and figures that will stand the present fashions. Not a great star nor a great actress, but a very excellent serial star, whose pictures in the past two years have grossed large amounts of money for the company that pays her \$2,000 a week. An actress who has, I discover, a very large personal following.

But the fact that her hair is curly and fluffy, that she has really exquisite pansy-purple eyes, (her one real claim to beauty), and that she rides softly and luxuriously in the most stunning town car in Los Angeles, doesn't alter the fact that Ruth Roland is first, last and always a competent business woman.

Underneath that smooth, well-groomed exterior, she knows more about stocks and bonds than the man who invented them. She can, for instance, quote you the price of any recognized stock and tell you how many points it has dropped or climbed since yesterday. She understands how to estimate the percentage your money can really earn.

If Ruth Roland is a rich woman today—and there is no doubt that she is—it is due more to her intense business sagacity than to her powers as an actress. Her acting has given her the capital to operate with, but she has used it to an advantage that would shame the average young business man.

She owns Hollywood real estate. More than that, she understands how to make money on the turn-over of real estate—when to buy and when to sell. She has an unerring eye for chances and she rarely makes a mistake. Also, she has something that few business women, even good ones, have, *courage* to make decisions involving large sums of money and make them quick.

She speaks of her broker, her lawyer, her real estate dealer as normally and naturally as the average woman speaks of her butcher or her dressmaker.

If she hadn't been born on the stage and had waited until she was grown to pick out her career, Ruth Roland under present day conditions, would probably have developed into a feminine financial genius. An Emma McChesney. A constructive feminine force in a business way.

She has made the very most of her every talent and her every opportunity, where women with a great many more gifts and chances have booted them away.

She has saved her money and ordered her life because she is farsighted and has the strength of will to live up to her vision. Ruth Roland has never been to Europe. She has no



*She is the  
Champion  
Coupon  
Clipper  
of  
Hollywood*

gorgeous jewels. She lives well, but conservatively—like a girl born to wealth rather than one who has suddenly achieved it.

She neither drinks anything at all nor smokes even a social cigarette.

She keeps herself in perfect physical condition. No other actress in the past year has worked as hard for as many weeks consecutively and with as little time between as this serial star. Yet she never looks nor acts worn or nervous.

The even tenor of her ways is not affected by the doings of others. Her home is smoothly and intelligently run.

If you met her, you would admire her, I think. Cool sanity and good judgment and self-respect are always causes for admiration. Oh, you'd never get the heart throb, the laughing-crying choke, the quiver around your heart that some stars give you—Mary Pickford, for instance, or Lillian Gish.

She is admirable, rather than lovable. To use the old phrase of fortune teller, her head rules her heart.

Her history is an interesting one.

When you come to think of it, it rather amazes you to realize that of all the motion picture stars, Ruth (Concluded on page 105)



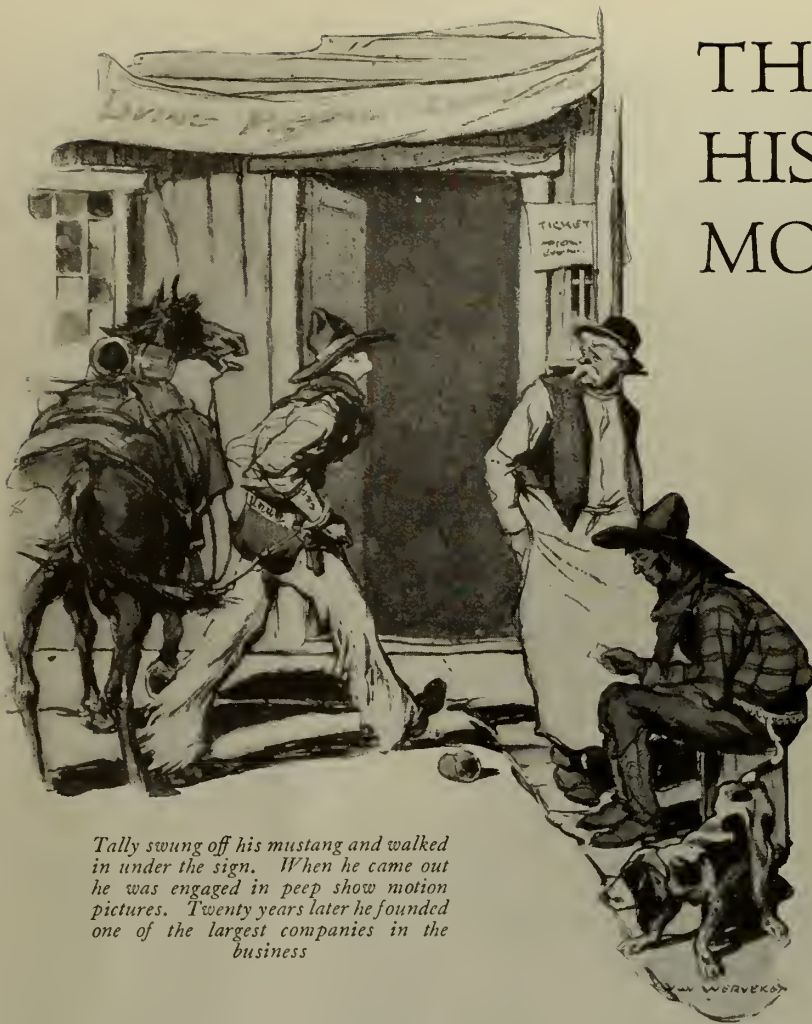
# THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF THE MOTION PICTURE

## Foreword

NEVER before has the deep inner history of the amazing development of the institution of the motion picture screen been brought to light with appreciative revelations of the buried and forgotten romances associated with its beginnings. For more than a year Mr. Ramsaye has been exploring the treasureland of human stories hidden in the dusty archives of the films.

In the preceding chapters the complex era of screen inventions has been set forth, telling all of the workshop period when half a score of inventors were trying to put the living pictures on the wall. In this chapter begins the telling of the even more amazing history of the introduction and exploitation of the motion picture—the days when it was getting a timid, hesitant recognition from casual adventurers looking for opportunities of the moment.

Here you will learn the beginnings of many phases of the curiously tangled affairs of the shadow world we call the screen. And here you will see today, for the first time, many of the men who went to their ruin or rose to their triumphs with the motion picture, as they were two and a half decades ago.—THE EDITOR.



Tally swung off his mustang and walked in under the sign. When he came out he was engaged in peep show motion pictures. Twenty years later he founded one of the largest companies in the business

## CHAPTER V

WITH this chapter come the first swift tragedies of the great drama of the development of the institution of the motion picture, the crashing of a potential fortune and the crumbling of a newly flowered romantic love.

The motion picture so richly laden with promise thus early proved equally filled with disappointments.

The screen projects of Woodville Latham and his sons Grey and Otway, which had raised within them much high hopes, began to meet with trouble at every turn.

The beginnings of the mutoscope that was to evolve Biograph were just beginning to push above the motion picture horizon, hardly to be recognized as significant yet. The Armat type of projection machine was just demonstrating its superiority, under Edison colors, and this superiority was to wipe out the Lathams' feeble, flickering eidoloscope.

Investors were wary of the Latham project, just at the time when it needed money and a strong business guidance. Woodville Latham's years were coming upon him heavily. The old vigor and consciousness of ability that had made him a recognized figure of importance in the war machine of the Confederacy through strenuous, taxing years of service were fading. Where Woodville Latham sought backing men listened attentively and respectfully. Then they reflected in appraisal of the cold, hard probabilities, measuring the solemn, dignified old man against the gaities of his sons, and turned away to say no.

Up at the Hoffman House Otway and Grey were the jolly

good fellows. Life to them had many a lilt of song. They loved the tinkle of ice in the tall tumbler and the jeweled beads that rim the glass when good liquor has lain long in the wood.

Meanwhile opportunity was slipping away. The last possibility that the eidoloscope would get the technical betterments that it required to keep pace with competition had disappeared when W. K. L. Dickson went over to the K. M. C. D. Syndicate and left the Lathams "high and dry." Incidentally, he took along Eugene Lauste, the French mechanic originally trained in the Edison plant, and who had given but a grudging allegiance to the Lathams at best. The eidoloscope was showing its library of five subjects in a number of cities under state's rights concessions. And among these showings was the first motion picture exhibition at Coney Island. This was in 1895-96. Alfred Harstn, a youth who

had been variously employed about peep show parlors and the like on the East Side, became the operator of this Coney Island show.

Casting about in his difficulties to find assistance Woodville Latham sought out Richard Anthony of E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., a concern engaged in the making of photographic supplies, cameras and related products. The Anthony concern had acquired an interest in the patent claims of the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin of Newark, inventor of celluloid film for photographic purposes. It was a logical assumption by Woodville Latham that there was a community of interest between the machine that consumed film and the concern that produced



May Irwin and John C. Rice in "The Widow Jones," a stage hit of 1896, from which the Edison studio photographed a scene entitled "The May Irwin Kiss." Then and there censorship was born

(Copyright 1922 by Terry Ramsaye)



A remarkable chapter of  
an epic story  
of the early days of a  
great industry

By Terry Ramsaye

it. The Anthonys listened and took an interest in the Latham patents. It seemed a timely aid then, but it was to prove unfortunate. Destiny was against the Lathams.

At about this time the Lambda Company, the original Latham concern, became the Eidoloscope Company, largely with a new set of stockholders. It was decided to make more machines and more films. The first experience of exhibitors, as exemplified in the brief store show career of Le Roy Latham, in 1895, indicated that a community could soon grow tired of pictures that merely moved. A variety of subjects seemed important. Otway Latham, who had produced the first subjects for the eidoloscope, was commissioned at the instance of the Anthony interests to go to Mexico and make pictures of a bull fight, and if possible to get pictures of the religious festival of the Flagellantes, a Mexican religious sect which annually carried on a ritual somewhat like the Passion Play, but frequently involving, in an excess of zeal, the actual crucifixion of the actor in the role of the Christus.

Such expeditions for the films are commonplace



Secrets of '96

and forgotten adventures told in this  
chapter

The crash of the first romantic loves of the  
motion picture world—a tale of Old Mexico.

How the pioneer of the screen went down the  
road of misfortune and became a book agent at  
the end of his career.

The newspaper "sob artist" who became a  
great producer because Edison laughed at a  
cartoon.

The one long kiss by which an actress started  
censorship of the screen.

The newspaper man who went to New York  
and caused a theater revolution—the father of  
vaudeville.

The cowpuncher who rode into the film busi-  
ness in hair pants and jingling spurs—up the  
trail to millions.

*The first real life romance of motion pictures was crushed by a temperamental misunderstanding. The first motion picture expedition ended in disaster. Otway Latham and his bride Natalie quarreled and parted. The screen itself never told a more tragic story*

affairs enough now. But this was the first one. It was a daring notion, a wild conception then. It involved the expenditure of some thousands of dollars, in a time when the few other films that had been made at the Black Maria and about the streets of New York cost perhaps from twenty-five to fifty dollars each.

Otway Latham and his bride, Natalie Lockwood, set out for the City of Mexico. The arrival there of the world's first motion picture expedition was an event of acclaim in that enthusiastic capital. The Mexicans were fired with interest about the pictures that lived and moved. Young Latham and his beautiful young wife were considerably entertained. This was in the height of the days of the regime of Porfirio Diaz, the dictator-president. There were fetes and bull fights and garden parties, bright with the zest of Mexicans at play.

One day Otway Latham went to the arena to see a bull fight, leaving Natalie at the hotel.

What followed may have been a fling of resentment





*J. Stuart Blackton, who in 1896 was a cartoonist and space writer on the New York Evening World. He tickled Thomas Edison with an interview on motion pictures and got introduced to the screen the next day in the stellar title role of a picture called "Blackton, the Evening World Cartoonist"*

out of a temperamental mood of the young girl artist, or it may have been just out of no reason at all. But whatever the cause much unhappiness came to both.

Now in Mexico where the decorative senorita blooms there also abounds the gallant young don, a dark-eyed, splendid and mysterious sort of person, given to soft Castilian manners of high sheen and pretty phrases.

When Otway returned from the bull fight he found Natalie slightly missing. The thick-headed porter in the patio suggested that the "Senora" had gone for a ride. Otway paced the plaza and waited, his first awakened husbandly wrath rising higher as the hour advanced. In time a handsome young don drove up in his carriage and escorted Natalie to the door.

There was a sharp exchange of glances between Otway and Natalie as she bid her escort goodbye. In a grim silence they went together to their quarters. Then the silence ended. They talked in tense tones.

It is easy to picture the scene.

"Where have you been?" in accusing tones. Then the quick heat of reply, as counter accusations, and all that, in a humor that makes mountains of mole hills, and eternities of seconds.

And after it all tears and an awkward, hesitant time when Otway would have made peace. But Natalie was stung beyond forgiveness and reconciliation.

That afternoon was the parting and the end, the last of their romance save for one tremendously tragic aftermath that was some fourteen years way in the unborn future.

Natalie packed her trunks, filled with bridal finery, and bid Otway and America goodbye, forever. She had pushed love out of her life and turned again to her art. She sailed for France and shortly was established in a studio in the Quartier Latin, Paris. The tragedy that had destroyed her romance created her art. She rose to some considerable distinction as a painter of portraits. Her fame was spread, too, by her eccentric refusal to paint pictures of men. Her models were all women, and with recognition came important commissions. She was busy and outwardly happy. Love and all its distractions had been left behind, dead and buried in the City of Mexico. But Otway Latham, the handsome young Virginian, lived in her heart, as perhaps even she did not know. But in time we shall see.

Otway in the unhappy calm that followed this dramatic mishap turned back more seriously than before to his picture making and completed his views of the bull fights. The film was shipped to New York by express. At the border, despite caution labels, the curious Wells Fargo and customs officials opened a number of the cases, exposing the costly undeveloped negatives to the light. Thus nearly half of the precious film of the first expedition to foreign parts was ruined. The same sort of official blundering on many an international boundary has since been as costly.

Such of the film as escaped fogging at the hands of the prying customs officers was developed and printed for the eidoloscope in New York. It was put on show in a balcony projection room at the old St. James Hotel in Fifth Avenue. The bull fight pictures were a great wonder of the moment and drew large crowds to the St. James. The films were exceedingly faulty in terms of the motion picture of today. There were blank spaces where the raging bull ran out of the picture and the screen showed only the sparse grass and dust of the arena for long intervals. The Latham camera did not have the panoramic and tilting devices which enable the modern cameraman to follow a moving center of interest. Also the processes of editing films by cutting out uninteresting and imperfect sections had not yet been evolved. Even the film cement used for splicing pictures was not available in the Latham plant then. The pictures went on just as they came from the camera.

This was in the later days of the St. James as a hotel. And in passing there is a tale of the place at the time that is worth recording here. The hotel was owned by two brothers, much given to betting with each other. The elder was amazingly lucky, and there was a good deal of chaffing and laughing at the unlucky younger. The brothers and a typical lobby group were sitting in the deeply padded chairs facing Fifth Avenue one day during the bull fight picture showing when the lucky elder brother turned about in his chair and in a tone that commanded the attention of the crowd, spoke out with a proposition.

"I'm going to give you a chance to get even," he announced. "How does this sound to you?"

An anticipatory grin spread over the group of loungers.

"Yep, what is it?" The younger brother was cold.

"Well, sir, if you will give me fifty cents for every negro man who passes this hotel in the next ten minutes, I'll give you a dollar a head for every white person."

Negroes were no more numerous



*Albert E. Smith, who gave spirit cabinet and sleight of hand performances on programs with J. Stuart Blackton, the "chalk talk" artist and lightning cartoonist-lecturer, the beginning of an eventful motion picture association*



on the Avenue then than now. It seemed a preposterous proposition. The younger brother seized at it.

"It's a bet," he answered, drawing out his watch. They agreed on a starting time and with the crowd in the window for checkers and timekeepers they started counting and tallying the traffic by colors. A hundred white had gone by when the blare of a band was heard coming from up the avenue. In a few moments a negro funeral came into view, slowly moving down the street. It was one of the longest negro funerals New York had ever seen. The counters were busy as cab after cab laden to the limit rolled by the St. James.

As the last load of darkies rode by the time was up—and the elder brother owned most of the St. James.

A shout went up from the lobby crowd and the spectators at the picture show in the balcony poured out to see what the fun might be.

The Anthony concern during the presentation of the Mexican subjects set about making a new Latham projection machine to be called the Biopticon. A dozen of the machines were put through the factory. But, considering them defective in several important respects, since the more effective Armat machine known as the Edison Vitascope had already appeared, the Anthony concern decided to withhold the Biopticon from the market and none of the machines ever reached the public.

Meanwhile, finding that the loop device that he had used to supply slack film to the intermittent mechanism of his machine had been adopted by others, Woodville Latham urged that action be brought against them as infringers of his patent. So the famous interference case of Woodville Latham vs. Thomas Armat vs. Herman Casler was begun in the Patent Office at Washington. An interference case is in substance a hearing before a patent examiner to clear up contentions of conflicting claims between patentees. The findings are necessarily not final, since the issues are subject to actions in courts after a decision by the Patent Office. This was one of the longest and most bitterly fought interference cases in the history of the patent office. E. & H. T. Anthony and Co. spent no less than ten thousand dollars in this action and only ultimately triumphed with a decision in 1902.

And since eidoloscope profits failed to appear, Grey Latham, anxious to repair falling revenues took a fling at the stock market. The market took a turn, down. There were margins to cover at once. Grey appealed to his father. Woodville Latham's only



*Siegmund Lubin, who came to America an immigrant, and while peddling smoked glasses to view an eclipse of the sun, encountered "Pop"*

*Rock at the New Orleans Mardi Gras in 1896 and followed him into the motion picture business, to a ten million dollar success—then oblivion and failure*

assets were in his eidoloscope, so he went to the Anthony concern for a loan. He obtained a thousand dollars to give to his son. It was agreed that if the loan were not repaid in one year the patents should become the property of the E. & H. T. Anthony Company.

The thousand dollars was wiped out in a new fluctuation in the stock market. The year went past. Grey Latham sought out Richard Anthony asking an extension of time in behalf of his father's debt. It was granted. Twice again the time limit was extended. Then the Anthony concern, fighting for its life in the film litigation with the Eastman concern, defending the Goodwin patents, fighting too in the Patent Office in behalf of the Latham machine, was forced to foreclose on its loan in execution of the agreement. Richard Anthony wrote Woodville Latham a letter notifying him of the taking over of the patent claims, but promising that royalties would be paid when affairs were in such shape that the Latham projectors could be manufactured. That day was never to come. The foreclosure of the loan closed out the last interest of the Lathams in the motion picture.

The progress of the screen swept on through other agencies and other hands. More competent workers, better technicians and more ruthlessly efficient business men had taken over the destiny of the motion picture. (Continued on page 115)



*The interior of Thomas L. Tally's "Phonograph and Vitascope Parlor" at 311 Spring Street, Los Angeles, opened in August, 1896. Motion pictures were shown in both the Edison Kinetoscopes and the Casler Marvin Mutoscope, peep show devices, and also on the screen by the Armat Vitascope. The screen was viewed through holes in the partition at the back of the room, because patrons feared the dark projection room*

# CORINNE GRIFFITH'S NEW CLOTHES DESIGNED

Make Your Clothes  
Expressive!

Says Corinne Griffith

to

Carolyn Van Wyck

ONE of the most charming personalities in pictures is Miss Corinne Griffith. She is noted for her individual costumes; her interesting adaptations of the current mode. Miss Griffith, collaborating with me and with Le Bon Ton, presents to you here some delightful dresses, several of which, I am sure, you will wish to make your own! The chief charm of this star, from a dress standpoint, is her complete adaptability to almost any whim of fashion, combined with a piquant touch which is peculiarly her own.

Carolyn Van Wyck



Design 21

Sweet pea pink crepe de chine combined with lavender georgette makes this lovely frock, on which fagoting is lavishly used both as a trimming and to join the georgette to silk. The scalloped edges of georgette on apron front and back and those on sleeves, are picot finished. Cost of materials, as follows:

4 yds. crepe de chine (40 inches wide).....	@\$3.00	\$12.00
2 yds. georgette (40 inches wide).....	@ 3.00	6.00
Extras.....		1.25
		<u>\$19.25</u>

IT'S always been a mystery to me why some women fail to make their clothes express themselves.

A girl I know is a very good example. She's a pretty girl, slim, well proportioned—a girl to build dresses around. And yet—she never looks her best. She is timid. She's afraid to use her imagination and buy or make frocks which say something. With the result that she is seldom noticed. She does not stand out in a gathering. Other women, less charming, make a better impression because they have permitted their clothes to be expressive. They are not too timid to be themselves, sartorially speaking.

What I am going to say is not generally being said. I know that. But this is it. I believe one should be absolutely fearless in one's attire. I believe a woman should not hesitate to wear what are usually called "daring" things if they become her. The extreme, the ultra chic, the dashing—they create a personality. They attract attention. They make their wearer stand out.



There is more than a touch of Oriental splendor in this evening gown of Miss Corinne Griffith's. The heavy weave of the white crepe of skirt is flecked with silver threads, and the long over-bouse of white net is embroidered and beaded with pearls and silver. Plain and pearl embroidered silver tissue fashions the captivating head dress. Bracelet of platinum and pearls

Not everyone, of course, is designed by nature to wear unusual clothes. But the woman of medium height and slender figure is well adapted to any caprice of fashion. She should try out every idea—before the mirror in her boudoir. If she is at all clever, she may, with a bit of silk and some lace, or



Design 22

The gleam of iridescent nail heads add charm to this alluring model of blue crepe and chiffon. Chiffon is used for the kimono cut blouse and draped sash end and crepe for the vestee and deep draped girdle, which blouses over the plain skirt of crepe. Cost of materials:

3½ yds. crepe (40 inches wide) @	\$3.50	\$12.25
2 yds. chiffon (40 inches wide) @	2.50	5.00
Nail heads and extras.....		2.50
		<u>\$19.75</u>



# BY LE BON TON WITH PATTERNS FOR YOU

any materials she may have around, concoct a most becoming frock.

It is my contention that gown designing is inspirational. You can't, I agree, simply pick up any odds and ends of material you may have around the house and make of them a beautiful, smart dress. But if your talents lie in that direction at all, if you have any idea you'd like to carry out, why don't you go right ahead, ignore almost entirely all the fashion commandments, follow the dictates of your heart—and most women have clothes very much at heart—and see what you can do? If you sew yourself, all the better. The first result may be appalling. Mine was. But I slashed it and draped it and borrowed a bit from a pattern and something else from a fashion book—and I wore the dress!

You may have heard it before, and you may be rather skeptical about the truth of it—but I have several times been struck by an idea for a dress late at night and have jumped out of bed to make a sketch of it. I have dreamed several of my prettiest frocks that way.

This Le Bon Ton fashion service in PHOTOPLAY is an ideal arrangement. I am very particular about having others design my clothes for me. As a rule they cannot carry out my ideas as well as my own dress-maker. I often buy things from the shops and from fashion designers, but they usually are made after my own designs. However, Le Bon Ton has been exceedingly skilful in catching the personalities of the picture people and adapting them to their own patterns. These dresses, sketched here, and designed for me, embody many of my pet theories about clothes.

People have often written to me commenting on the fact that my picture clothes are "different." I intend them to be. If I wear just any frock—buy it from some shop—there will be dozens just like it; and nobody cares to see a screen star in a negative costume. Incidentally, I believe emphatically in costumes. As a rule, I plan my clothes that way. When I think of a dress, I think also of the hat to match it, and the cape. Everything I have is matched. I am particularly fond of turbans of the same materials and

(Continued on page 102)



Design 23

This charming wrap of Corticelli Spirella crepe displays much original chic by its softly draped effect achieved by cutting the fronts very long and then turning them and gathering them into the bound slashes on upper part. The unique collar is fashioned from a band of crepe padded and braided. The cape is unlined. Materials total:

5 yds. Corticelli Spirella crepe		
(40 inches wide).....	@\$3.75	\$18.75
Extras.....		1.00
		<b>\$19.75</b>



Charming Corinne Griffith wears a lovely afternoon gown of light beige colored crepe de chine, topped by a long over-blouse of cream white crepe de chine figured in beige. The kimono sleeves are cut in one with the ungarled blouse, which is puckered on either side and held with beige ribbons. The neck is simply bound and finished with a ribbon bow

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Doug Fairbanks and  
Marguerite de la Motte  
in "The Three Musketeers"

## THE FILM YEAR IN REVIEW

By Frederick James Smith

WITHOUT trying to seem unduly pessimistic or anything like that, I want to go on record as declaring that the photoplay now shows far less signs of breaking its shackles than two years ago—or even one. I hate to be a kill joy, but the cinema drama is certainly in the doldrums.

Not, of course, that the year was wholly unproductive of good. With a multitude of gentlemen spending enough coin to put the German mark on a paying basis, something naturally is achieved in the course of human events. Not that there aren't sincere and able workers in the field of the films. There are—but most of them are but rubber stamps for the aforementioned swivel chair experts. Personally, I look for little improvement until the photoplay develops a new personnel from top to bottom. Until that course, the public's present deep seated apathy to the photoplay will continue.

The usual slam at the silent play consists of the phrase, "lack of good stories." I put the blame on a wholly different basis. The silversheet has had—and still reveals—a multitude of excellent stories. The fundamental trouble lies in the stereotyped telling. Fine tales are distorted, hacked and utterly ruined through lack of imagination in the screening. I could fill this page with a list of the dead and mutilated.

Until the silverscreen breaks away from its present method of dropping each and every story into the same mould we see no indication of the patient's recovery. The photoplay must develop a technique of its own, it must put freshness, originality and imagination into the making of motion pictures—the only remedy.

The readers of PHOTOPLAY—in discussing the present film depression—put some of the blame upon over-exploitation of players. This really isn't a serious thing because it is impossible to *make* a public favorite. Think of the scores of so-called stars of two or three years ago and consider the few survivors. Some of these players, it is true, waned with the dwindling of a quickly dying vogue. But most of them shot across the sky of publicity—and fell. "Stars" will continue to appear and disappear. Manufactured stars have always studded the history of the spoken stage but the footlight drama has withstood the shock.

Realizing the severity of the test of time, I feel rather like taking off my hat to such admirable survival-of-the-fittest representatives of the screen play as Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Lillian Gish. They have withstood a mighty and never ending test.



Gladys Hulette and Dick Barthelmess in what  
"Tol'able David." This is the season's best example

But to return specifically to the season beginning on July 1, 1921, and ending July 1, 1922. After hours of meditation with our notes, I have arrived at a list of eight premiere productions, enumerated at bottom of page. With all due consideration I place Richard Barthelmess' adaptation of Joseph Hergesheimer's short story of the Virginia hills, "Tol'able David," in first place. This, at least to my simple way of thinking, seems the best example of the complete coordination of film making forces presented by the whole year. Much of this credit goes to the director, Henry King, but a great deal I accord to Mr. Hergesheimer, who worked consistently upon the script. The result, I insist, is a superb example of what intelligent thought can achieve on the silversheet. A simple story of a mountain boy who drives the government mail coach and wins his standing as a man and a Kineman, it was nevertheless lifted by a finely imaginative attention to detail into a vital picture. Barthelmess himself did his best work since his poetically attuned Yellow Man.

Place the other selections in any order you see fit. D. W.

Griffith did a big and noteworthy thing in presenting the old melodrama, "The Two Orphans" as "Orphans of the Storm," but he failed, it seems to me, just where he attempted his biggest effort. In other words, he dropped his fragile valentine romance of the two little orphans from the French countryside and the love of the dashing chevalier into the maelstrom of the French Revolution and promptly lost it. What was a slender love tale in that mighty panorama of a whole race in travail?

I am highly enthusiastic over Goldwyn's presentation of Anzia Yeziarska's "Hungry Hearts," because it seems to me to be the first time that anyone has caught the voice of the silent immigrant hordes of humanity daily besetting our shores. Miss Yeziarska literally tore a page from her own life's experiences and Director E. Mason Hopper caught much of her sincerity and half inarticulate directness. The struggles—spiritual

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### The Eight Best Pictures of the Year

- "Tol'able David"
- "Orphans of the Storm"
- "Hungry Hearts"
- "The Three Musketeers"
- "Bits of Life"
- "The Loves of Pharaoh"
- "Foolish Wives"
- "One Glorious Day"





Mr. Smith terms the best picture of the year, of the complete co-ordination of film making forces

and physical—of a family of newcomers to the Promised Land is transferred to the screen with keen sympathy. There is, praise heaven, little of the stereotyped. And "Hungry Hearts" has a matchless performance of a Russian mother by a film newcomer, Mme. Rose Rosanova.

Doug Fairbank's version of "The Three Musketeers," directed by Fred Niblo, may be a decidedly jazzed version of Alexander Dumas' roystering adventure of swashbuckling love and intrigue, but it had a fine spirit of speed and dash. Many commentators found Doug's D'Artagnan to be more of America than of Gascony but I discovered a certain sense of character we have never before sensed in Fairbank's work. He gave a distinct touch to feeling and shading to the gouche country lad who develops into the most debonair swordsman in all gay Paris. This picture brought to light Barbara LeMarr as Milady, neatly subdued for the censors, although the other roles were poorly played.

Marshall Neilan, it seems to me, is the one American director, capable of getting a sense of humor on the screen. Chaplin, you ask? His is a sense of tragi-comedy, not of humor. Neilan revealed his forte, along with his keen ability at melodrama and variety, in his Grand Guignol picture of the photoplay, "Bits of Life," a telling of four entirely separate stories. Of these I liked best the story of the deaf man living in his tottering world of dreams, although the opus of the briskly humorous young graduate of the college of crime, adroitly played by Rockcliffe Fellows, lingers in our memory.

The previous film year saw a half dozen interesting film invaders from Germany. But one stands out in the past twelve months, Ernest Lubitsch's "The Loves of Pharaoh," relating the passion of a monarch of old Egypt for a slave girl. I do not place this with Lubitsch's better and



Mme. Rose Rosanova and E. A. Warren in "Hungry Hearts"

earlier pictures, although it is far and away ahead in the technique of lighting and cinematography. Unfortunately, Lubitsch is becoming familiar with all our American qualities, which include the aforementioned evil of stereotyping. Yet there is a fine flash of imagination in his scene showing the grim death judgment of Isis.

No doubt I court the annoyance of our readers in naming Erich Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" as one of the chosen eight. Yet we dare it on several points. There were superb flashes of direction, both of mass handling and the intimate subtlety of intrigue. And it represents an attempt to get away from the cut and dried Pollyanna movie, howbeit Von Stroheim went to the other extreme of utter cynicism and depravity. Moreover, Von Stroheim, in writing "Foolish Wives," constructed about the worst story from the viewpoint of structural feebleness. Like the Missouri negro's mule, the darn thing wouldn't stop once it got going. Von Stroheim's playing of the dissolute, monocled and dapper scoundrel, Count Karanzin, sticks in the memory.

A simple little thing, "One Glorious Day," rounds out our list. This is a whimsical little spiritistic comedy, deftly directed by James Cruze, and relating the sprightly story of a lively celestial, one Ek, who comes to inhabitate the body of the bashful Ezra Botts. Will Rogers' playing of Botts, both with and without Ek inside, was a joy indeed.

There were a number of other pictures coming close to making my chosen eight. For instance, Mary Pickford's visualization of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's goody, goody "Little Lord Fautleroy," was one. This, however, is in the best literary standards of 1890 and a little too hyper-Pollyannaish for us. Jack Barrymore's "Sherlock Holmes," built around the William Gillette drama of the master detective's duel to the death with that super-scoundrel, Moriarity, interested us, largely because Barrymore seems to be the one male on the screen who succeeds in getting a mental process across. True, he wasn't Sherlock but

he was an interesting Barrymore. Norma Talmadge's "Smilin' Through" is no doubt exceedingly popular but it reminded us of a highly ornate frosted birthday cake—and little else. Here is sugar coated spiritualism presented in the best Dr. Frank Crane mood. Plus sob stuff galore. Goldwyn's "The Sin Flood," based on Henning Berger's "Syndaflodden," played on the stage as "The Deluge," had its interesting qualities. Director Frank Lloyd succeeded in getting a tense emotional note into this revelation of a motley lot of people caught in a saloon during a flood and face to face with death. The swivel chair gentry fixed up the ending into the usual clinch but, for all that, this picture play has its qualities.

My selection, and highly personal

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## The Best Screen Performances of the Year

Lillian Gish's Henriette  
Rose Rosanova's Ghetto Mother  
Dick Barthelmess' David  
Doug Fairbanks' D'Artagnan  
Asta Neilsen's Hamlet  
Mary Pickford's Dearest  
Erich Von Stroheim's Karanzin  
Will Rogers' Prof. Botts  
Jackie Coogan's Boy



it is, of the best film performances of the year may be enumerated briefly:

Lillian Gish's tender and moving Henriette in "Orphans of the Storm," Rose Rosanova's mother in "Hungry Hearts," Dick Barthelmess' country boy in "Tol'able David," Doug Fairbanks' swashbuckler in "The Three Musketeers," Asta Neilsen's superb feminine Hamlet in an imported Danish version of Shakespeare's tragedy, Mary Pickford's mellow Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Pola Negri's flashing desert dancer in "One Arabian Night," Von Stroheim's scoundrel in "Foolish Wives," Will Rogers' haunted bookworm in "One Glorious Day," and Jackie Coogan's finely repressed performance in "My Boy." Close behind these I would enumerate, Gladys Hulette's simple playing of the girl in "Tol'able David," Ernest Torrence's matchless brute in the same picture, and Claude Gillingwater's gruff and embittered old Earl in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and then there is Helen Ferguson's emigrant girl in "Hungry Hearts."

Our directors presented no particular instances of advance during the year, although Fred Niblo and Henry King might be said to have come distinctly to the front. Griffith revealed a seeming slowing up, Cecil De Mille dropped and then fell out of sight through illness. Neilan demonstrated his usual mercurial ability; Rex Ingram has not lived up to his "The Four Horsemen"—and that's all. While William de Mille hasn't electrified anyone yet, we believe he is one of the few film directors on the right trail. At least he is trying to feel out a screen technique. Maurice Tourneur seems to be continually wavering between aesthetic ideals, an attempt to screen down to "what the exhibitors demand" and a curious emotional freezing. Surely from a directorial standpoint, the American photoplay seems at its lowest ebb. Yet there are future events to be watched. Ingram is going to try Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," the highly promising King Vidor of two years ago may come back with Laurette Taylor's "Peg O' My Heart," and Allan Dwan seems likely to surprise us with Doug Fairbanks' "Robin Hood." We shall see.

The meteoric rise of Rodolph Valentino stands out as the biggest personal item of the season. Valentino hit favor with "The Four Horsemen" and, although he has not done a single thing of note since, has been climbing day by day. Yet this seeming phenomena can be explained. Valentino represents a certain suave Continental note which has been lacking from our screen, surfeited with sons-of-the-soil heroes. Wallie Reid has been steadily waning, nor has Thomas Meighan quite held his own. Cruel as it may be to say it, Rodolph is now the cinema man of the hour.

Barthelmess still presents a problem. His future will depend upon his next few pictures. Off hand, one would say that the public's present trend away from simple hero stuff may tend against him. This is certainly true of Charlie Ray, who seems to have been slipping out of sight. Glenn Hunter, presenting an adolescent variation of the Ray youth, is fighting the Barthelmess battle, too. He got off to a good start with the Tarkingtonesque "The Cradle Buster."

Such is the situation that presents itself with reference to these stars. To come to others.

I never had Metro's faith in Bert Lytel but he has, at least, a certain vigorous interest. Eugene O'Brien has dropped from stardom, which marks the passing of a certain type of idol. So that's that! Conway Tearle gathered no vogue, Jack Holt does not strike me as a potential star, despite what the powers at

F. P.-Lasky believe, and the elderly William Farnum is just about through.

Offhand, we would divide the feminine film popularity between Miss Pickford and Miss Talmadge, with Gloria Swanson as a strong runner-up. Miss Swanson's pictures haven't been much from a literary standpoint, but they have been from a sartorial angle. Here again is to be noted the demand for smart sophistication. Of the stars of the past few years, Mae Murray has shown a remarkable come back. Miss Murray doesn't appeal to us personally but we recognize her renewed box-office qualities, as for instance, the Castilian jazz baby of "Fascination." Hubby Robert Leonard seems to have caught George Fitzmaurice's methods of directing his wife. (By the way, why hasn't Fitzmaurice been doing more?) En passant, we might note that such stars as Mary Miles Minter, Wanda Hawley, Ethel Clayton, Katherine MacDonald, and others are approaching the path leading to cinema oblivion, a path which such players as Pauline Frederick, Clara Kimball Young, Mildred Harris, and at least several others seem to have traversed. Betty Compson is an interesting example of a highly promising actress now in progress of destruction because of inferior direction and weak stories. Dorothy Dalton has been striving all year to stage a successful come back, even to bobbing her hair, but the result is still in doubt. I note one highly attractive young person, Corinne Griffith, who may do something if she ever gets away from that morgue of the movies, Vitagraph. Priscilla Dean is Universalling—which means that she is working consistently—and that's all. Maybe Florence Vidor will do something, although folks who think they know tell me she is "too refined" for film success. Which would be a sad screen commentary.

Nazimova has been wandering the bizarre paths heading towards ultimate film departure. Here is an instance of ego getting the better of ability. Her "Camille" was a series of close-ups with freakish tea room backgrounds. Pola Negri, who flashed into blinding prominence last year, does not hold so secure a position among our fans at this moment. Old re-issued pictures, released under the semblance of being new, have hurt this brilliant personality. Constance Talmadge has become too set and limited in her flip comedy tricks. She needs direction and comic material.

Agnes Ayres was promoted to stardom this year but has done nothing to justify the deed yet. Elsie Ferguson seems to have gradually slipped out of the world of the cinema. May McAvoy has promise—but not in the routine stuff she is getting. This applies to Bebe Daniels. Anita Stewart has withdrawn at least temporarily from the films. Which is a pity, when one recalls her infinite promise at old Vitagraph. We still believe Viola Dana has possibilities—if she had stories. The horde of lesser luminaries, Doris May, Shirley Mason, Marie Prevost et al. has been growing steadily less in numbers. Marion Davies continues in lavish productions. Elaine Hammerstein will never set the world on fire, but, at that, she is the best personality on the Selznick lot.

Of the comedians, Charlie Chaplin is of course still pre-eminent, although he has turned out nothing but one or two pot boilers, with much of comic device but little of the soul. The greatest advance among the laugh makers has been registered by Buster Keaton. This sad-faced farceur hit his high point with "The Boat." Harold Lloyd, to our way of reasoning, slips from his place second to Chaplin when he attempts a long serio-comedy like "Grandma's Boy." Lloyd's forte is (Continued on page 109)



*D. W. Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" and Marshall Neilan's "Bits of Life" are interesting screen contrasts, one a valentine romance on a screen of blood and the other a thing of high humor and keen melodrama. Herewith interesting scenes from the two*







## AN ALL STAR CAST

**D**IRECTOR and leading man: Marshall Neilan.  
Leading lady: Blanche Sweet.

They were cast as co-stars for life in Chicago, in June. The whole world knows Blanche and Mickey. Since she was "the Biograph Blonde" she has been beloved for her beauty and her talents. He was an actor in the good old days, but he's too busy directing celluloid best-sellers now to pose for any close-ups. Remember "The Unpardonable Sin," which they made together?

The bride came from California to be married in Manhattan, but Mr. Neilan dashed out to Chicago to meet her and they were married there. Sorry we haven't a close-up of them together, but they're entirely too happy to bother with photographers.

# THE SHADOW STAGE

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

*A Review of the New Pictures*



SONNY—First National

**R**ICHARD BARTHELMESS and Henry King represent the finest combination that the motion pictures have yet developed. "Tol'able David," of course, was a classic, and "Sonny" proves that it was legitimately so.

Barthelmess plays a very difficult dual role in this latest production. He is two doughboys—one a rich youth, the other a poor boy who, in civilian life, ran a pool room. He draws the line of distinction between them with remarkable skill, and although they both wear the same uniform and frequently appear on the screen at the same time, there is never the slightest confusion as to which is which. In France, the rich youth is killed, but before he dies, he persuades his buddy to change identification discs with him, so that he may go home and take his place. This, of course, gives rise to a complicated situation, which is worked out logically by Henry King.

The supporting cast is excellent, particularly good performances by Margaret Seddon, Patterson Dial and Pauline Garon.



NERO—FOX

"**N**ERO" has everything—just everything.

Real Italian ruins, centuries old, for sets; chariot races; heart interest fires; tall willowy Italian ladies; lions; babies; orgies; sunsets; murders; Violet Mersereau—more darn fun!

It's a three-ring Circus Maximus. It's a grand combination of "The Sign of the Cross," "Ben Hur," "The Light Eternal," and "Foolish Wives." If you don't take it as a super-de-luxe feature you will probably enjoy it. Much too long, it has nevertheless several moments, notably those participated in by Paulette Duval, the voluptuous lady who plays *Poppaea*, and Jacques Gretillat who is *Nero* as nearly as the sedate J. Gordon Edwards permits him to be. The great moment is the gathering of the Roman legions. This might have been inspiring; it is merely impressive.

In the usual Fox manner, quantity has been mistaken to mean quality. Mr. Edwards reminds us always of a college professor compiling the accounts of some colorful life. He makes determined efforts to be true to history, no matter, you can imagine him saying, how improper history may be. But Mr. Edwards causes his picturesque personages to act as shadows of their former selves. With the result that "Nero" might just as well have been made in California.

There are, however, as many extras as have ever been assembled in a single production; gorgeous scenery; and some splendid acting. All those in favor of importing the actress who plays *Acte* and Miss, Mlle., Mme., or Signora Duval please rise and say "Ah!" Alexander Salvini is the grandson of the great Salvini and, considering this handicap, he is very good as the young *Horatius* who loves the Christian maid, our Violet. They do not, contrary to report, really burn Rome. But they get pretty good results from a miniature City of Seven Hills, and pretty tints.



OUR LEADING CITIZEN—Paramount

**T**HE wholesome combination of George Ade, Tommy Meighan, Lois Wilson and Al Greene should have made a picture that the grown-ups could go to see on the pretext of taking the children. Unfortunately the stereotyped direction rather tires out the Ade humor. If you are from the Middle West, you will recognize most of the characters as old friends and acquaintances. If you ever lived in a small town anywhere, you'll feel right at home with *Lazy Dan Bentley*, war hero who returns to Wingfield and goes fishing until the leading lady of the town persuades him to run for Congress. The whole story is told entertainingly in other pages of PHOTOPLAY. Meighan makes the most of his role. Lois Wilson as the heroine is prettier than ever; Theodore Roberts was never better; and James Neill is a superb rural congressman.



PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION  
*of the*  
 SIX BEST PICTURES  
*of the month*

NERO  
 OUR LEADING CITIZEN  
 SALOME  
 NANOOK OF THE NORTH  
 SONNY  
 HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL



HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL—Goldwyn

A WESTERN and a comedy, but so close to human nature—so perfect in its psychology—that it ranks as a really big picture. Raymond Hatton in something that is almost worthy of his unusual ability as an actor.

A tailor's assistant in a little East Side shop loses his girl to another man at a dancing contest. Labeled a coward and heart-broken, he is practically driven from town. He goes west, via the box car route, and is dumped off unceremoniously in the middle of a desert. There, suddenly, heroism is thrust upon him and he is forced to step into the character—ready made—of a brave man. His struggles, his pathetic lack of confidence, and his final victory, make an evening of genuine family entertainment in which we find thrills alternating with laughs.

Shannon Day is the lady who started the trouble, and charming Virginia Valli is the heroine who smooths away the cruel hurt to his soul. But the real co-star is the title writer.



NANOOK OF THE NORTH—Pathe

NOT a story, in the accepted sense of the word. Just an Eskimo's fight for existence in a land where food is the only problem. Long wastes of silver snow, countless miles of frozen sea, the wail of the wind and the howl of the sledge dogs—all of these are in the picture. The realism is so intense that even a summer audience gets that thirty-five below zero feeling. It should make, therefore, ideal entertainment for the dog days.

Nanook, a great hunter, and his family are the all-star cast. There is no acting, no keeping in front of the camera. The cast, with the spectator, seems to forget that there is a camera! Nanook spears fish, and kills them with a well directed bite—he harpoons walrus and seal, and eats of his kill without the formality of cooking. Even the four months old baby eats raw meat. And, at the trading post, the three year old revels in castor oil—a sight to astonish the average boy who has suffered the affliction.

One learns much about this race of northern nomads. They have no beards, although they never shave. And they are gentle and affectionate, despite the red-bloodedness of their diet. Little can be said of their family life, which seems a bit rabbit and intimate. But much can be told of their bravery and fearlessness and good-sportsmanship, certainly admirable qualities.

The picture was made in the Hudson Bay country—four hundred miles from the farthest outposts of civilization. The direction and the almost faultless photography are the work of Robert J. Flaherty, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and an explorer of some note. He has given to civilization a gift and lesson—and every family should profit by them. An exceptional opportunity to study a primitive race as it actually lives.



SALOME—Alla Nazimova Production

OSCAR WILDE'S "Salome" is a thing of acute aesthetic appeal—a hot house orchid of decadent passion. Alla Nazimova and Mrs. Valentino, who designed the sets and costumes after Aubrey Beardsley, have kept in a good measure to the original, although Herod and his queen, we fear, savor a bit of Sennett rather than of old Judea as Oscar painted it with his lavish adjectives. The action of the film adaptation has all the speed of a "slow motion" reel. That is, all but the Dance of the Seven Veils.

We are not sure whether we like Madame Nazimova's idea of Salome as a petulant little princess with a Freudian complex and a headdress of glass bubbles. We rather believe such a Salome would not have stirred men so in those good old pagan days. You have our warning: this is bizarre stuff.



OVER THE BORDER—Paramount

RUM-RUNNING across the Canadian line, with Tom Moore as a not very bright member of the Northwest Mounted and Betty Compton as *Jen*, the saloon keeper's little daughter. A trite story, even if Sir Gilbert Parker did write it, with only the good acting of a blizzard to give it interest and excitement. Another victory for the royal mounted and knock-out drops!



THE ORDEAL—Paramount

THIS picture is well named. It is an ordeal in every sense of the word. Agnes Ayres plays a molested wife who goes through numerous tribulations, which include every well known form of crime from murder up. Conrad Nagel and Clarence Burton are also in the cast, but they are unable to atone for the absurdity of the story. It's another of those sister tales, in which the elder pays for the whims of the blonde baby.



GOLDEN DREAMS—Goldwyn

THIS lurid melodrama has its moments, but they are few and far between. Except for certain artificial thrills, it is just so much waste celluloid. There are hired assassins, evil Spanish noblemen, Mexican mobs and wild animals running wild, but they do not seem to work together with any degree of harmony. The hectic hodge-podge is anything but golden, and the only dreams are those which take place in the audience.



THE FIVE DOLLAR BABY—Metro

WINSOME Viola Dana again, in the remnants of an Irvin Cobb story. All about a baby left, for eighteen years, at a pawn shop—and then claimed, with attendant complications! John Harron—more like Bobby than ever—and Arthur Rankin are a pair of youthful leading men. Cute (that's the word!) but very unexciting—unless you have a passion for oatmeal. Take *all* of the children.

CONSIDERABLE mature thought and mellow consideration were required this month to decide upon the six best photoplays. Because not one film contribution stood out as strikingly distinctive from the mass of the month's productions. The summer dog days of the photoplay are surely here.

William Fox's "Nero," made in Italy, does not measure up to J. Gordon Edwards' other historical investigations, such as they were. "Nero" doesn't get down to human essentials, as did, literally and figuratively speaking, "The Queen of Sheba." There are no Blythian revelations whatsoever. For another thing, the big event of the spectacle is the ride of the Roman legions from somewhere in the shadow of the Alps to Rome that the Christian virgin may be saved. Not only should Mr. Edwards apologise to Rand and McNally but a royalty should go to that dash-to-the-rescue expert, Professor D. W. Griffith.

"Sonny" is a nice little film play built from an exceedingly bad drama, showing that the worst speakie often makes the best silversheet contribution. "Sonny" does not equal that Barthelmess classic, "Tol'able David," of course.



ONE CLEAR CALL—First National

ANOTHER close-up of a soul's regeneration, punctuated with some fine acting, some beautiful photography—and a certain amount of homely hokum. Henry B. Walthall gets together once more with the Ku Klux Klan, but this time he is the victim. The lovely blonde Claire Windsor and the popular Milton Sills are also prominent in the cast. Fictionization of this film appears in this issue of the Magazine.





THE BEAUTY SHOP—International-Paramount

IF you see this, and sit next to someone addicted to intoning the subtitles, you will leave the theater in a semi-conscious state, if you are able to leave at all. There are titles to explain every scene, or vice-versa. And they contain the greatest aggregation of old puns ever assembled in a single production. Raymond Hitchcock, Billy B. Van, James Corbett and Louise Fazenda fail to get a laugh. This used to be a musical comedy.



WATCH YOUR STEP—Goldwyn

THIS is a humanly amusing little Charlie Ray story about a young millionaire who assumes the guise of a tramp and, as such, wanders to a small town where certain difficulties and a flapper—await him. He obtains employment at the General Store and falls in love with the village belle. Unfortunately Cullen Landis isn't a Ray but Patsy Ruth Miller, as the village belle, is pretty.

Bringing George Ade to writing for the films was a happy thought. First Ade, as it were. But "Our Leading Citizen" has been dropped into the regular movie mould. Result: few Ade flashes survive.

"Nanook of the North" is an Esquimo screen novelty. If you're tired of confetti snowstorms, the never ceasing whirl of the winds across the lonely, endless plateaus of northern ice will get you. The informal way the Esquimo consume chunks of a raw walrus and bite the heads off fish may offend your sense of etiquette. Better not see "Nanook of the North" on Friday, anyway.

"His Back Against the Wall" is one of those a-little-different pictures, with that excellent player, Raymond Hatton, given something of a real opportunity.

"Salome" is a radical step into the field of impressionism with Oscar Wilde's highly aesthetic tragedy as a basis. It will depend upon *you* whether or not you like it. That is, if you like melodramas that mel with a smash, stay away from this. We are not altogether sure, if you hit the other extreme, that you will like it. You may see it as clumsy imagery. But, at least, it is an effort.



SILVER WINGS—FOX

A MESSAGE for everybody. There are laughs, sobs and thrills a-plenty. But the heart interest makes the big appeal. *Anna Webb*, as created by Mary Carr, is not one of the vivid, gesticulating mothers who have recently attained screen popularity. She is an etching, rather than a poster. The cast though not well known, is well chosen. Percy Helton, as the misunderstood son, deserves much praise.



THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT—Metro

DRAMA from the Swedish—so drab and grim in its realism that one longs, almost, for a bit of unassuming slapstick to liven up the program. The story of a bad man of the slums and a saintly mission worker who gives her life for her people. The bad man is reformed in the end—but by that time the gloom is so intense that even salvation doesn't matter. Impressive but depressing. *Not for children.*



THE WOMAN WHO WALKED ALONE—Paramount

DOROTHY DALTON enters the misunderstood sisterhood and steals into the villain's room at night to get Wanda Hawley's little lost love letters. Everyone believes the worst. Dorothy looks hurt, goes off to Africa, and marries Milton Sills. If one could only be sure of meeting Mr. Sills in South Africa! You may like it if you're devoted to Dorothy or mad about Milton. The dear mounted police are here, too.





ROSE O' THE SEA—Mayer-First National

**W**E warn you against all films with an "o" in the title. This is all about a waif o' the sea who becomes a sales-girl o' the city, then the fiancee o' a millionaire's son, and finally the wife o' the millionaire. Anita Stewart and Rudolph Cameron. Thomas Holding, who always looks as if he is doing a slow-motion for the weeklies. Why does he do it? Oh Anita! Oh First National!



SOUTH OF SUVA—Paramount

**B**y the time Mary Miles Minter is about to become an offering to a heathen god and the natives are making merry, you wish that the South of Suva company, including the original author, were far, far south of Suva. Here is a man whom the tropics "get" in the peculiar way the tropics have; and a man whom the tropics doesn't "get." Guess which one wins Mary! Take this or leave it. We advise the latter course be taken.



FALSE FRONTS—Pyramid

**H**ERE is a photo-drama that points a moral. If the moral were put over unobtrusively, there would be no cause for complaint. But it is hammered in incessantly with the persistence of an electric drill, and its repetition becomes terribly monotonous. Edward Earle, Barbara Castleton and Frank Losee are the featured players. We are unable to say why. Perhaps some one will be able to tell us.



HIS WIFE'S HUSBAND—Pyramid

**A**SIDE from the beauty of Betty Blythe, this picture contains little of merit. It is an involved story of a widow who marries a mayor, only to find that her renegade first husband is still alive. This provides very thin material, and there is consequently a dearth of action. This was adapted from "The Mayor's Wife," was later retitled "Should Husbands Know?" and finally has been named "His Wife's Husband."



THE CROSSROADS OF NEW YORK—Sennett

**T**HIS is one of those wild comedy-melodramas, of the type that is essentially Sennett. It includes about everything in the way of action and rousing farce that is known to mankind, and consequently it is consistently entertaining. We suspect it was done as a serious melodrama and then jazzed with comedy titles. The plot? We give up. If you see it, you may unravel it—possibly.



NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE—Paramount

**B**EBE DANIELS and Jack Holt—who both seem a little out of their element in a straight Western setting. Bebe's paradise plumes and Jack's dinner jacket are sadly missing. The plot never surprises—it runs true to type with a banal result. Shannon Day does her bit well, as do Charles Ogle and Alec B. Francis. But the picture is not worth while—unless you like these stars in *anything*.





SHERLOCK BROWN—Metro

SOME months it's the good old triangle or the divorce evil. Some months it's the mother drama or the wild and woolly. This month it's detectives, and Bert Lytell's *Sherlock Brown* would be the best of them all if it had ended with the third reel. It drags terribly toward the end but, despite that fact, it's worth seeing. And it won't hurt anyone!



QUEEN O' THE TURF—R. C. Pictures

A RACING melodrama of the good old school which might well be entitled "Villains in Kentucky, or Snakes in the Blue Grass." The time-worn situations that people always have liked, and always will—including the bought jockey, the noble, fat fiance who gives up the girl, and the heroine who rides her horse to victory and saves the family honor. Good entertainment for the whole family.



MISSING HUSBANDS—Metro

BILLED as "the sensation of Paris," but hardly vivid enough to cause more than a ripple in America. An intensely imaginative picture of one lost continent and twenty-four lost husbands. So many poisoned drinks and drugged cigarettes that even the plot reels and totters. Superb sets and an excellent French cast, but hardly enough explanation. Worth seeing because of its novelty—but leave the children home!



TROUBLE—First National

JACKIE COOGAN has scored again. "Trouble" does not possess the humor of "The Kid" or the pathos of "My Boy," but it gives the infantile star an opportunity to do better work than at any previous time in his brief career. The high spot of the picture is the court room scene, when Jackie testifies by some remarkable pantomime. But the story is of the rubber stamp variety.



THE PALEFACE—First National

YOUNG Mr. Buster Keaton, he of the mournful map, has been coming along with the proverbial leaps and bounds. His latest effort is a serious discussion of the American Indian problem—enlivened by Buster's infallibly divine comedy. Without altering his Eskimo pie expression Norma's brother-in-law performs his best work in months. This is a picture that is pretty certain to satisfy.



DOMESTIC RELATIONS—First National

ONE of the duller pictures on record. Obviously a vehicle for Katherine MacDonald's more or less celebrated American beauty, it even falls short in this respect because of unnecessarily poor photography. The theme is once more provided by a neglected wife and an ultimately repentant husband. You know the rest. There is one thing to be thankful for—no little child to lead them. (Continued on page 100)



# PLAYS &

If you keep up with these columns you will know more about film folks than they know themselves

By Cal York



Oh, yes—didn't you know? Vera Steadman and Bobby Vernon are married. Here are their babies. What? No—she's Mrs. Jackie Taylor; his wife is a non-professional. The babies made their debuts about the same time

MARILYNN MILLER has announced her engagement to Jack Pickford.

Rumors that the famous Ziegfeld dancer and star of "Sally," and Mary's brother were going to be married were emphatically denied several times. As is usual in such cases, the rumors were later confirmed.

Miss Miller is the widow of Frank Carter, an actor, who was killed in an automobile accident while on his way to join his wife over a year ago. Pickford was married to Olive Thomas, whose tragic death in Paris robbed the screen of one of its most brilliant personalities.

Marilynn is quoted as saying that she will not be married for a long time, and that when she does marry, she will probably see very little of her husband, as that is the only way a marriage may be happy.

Jack is in the east, to get racetrack scenes for his return picture, "Garrison's Finish."

Mrs. Charlotte Pickford is building a beautiful residence on the Palisades at Santa Monica, and has moved into the top floor of the garage to be on the ground while the carpenters are at work. From there she confirmed the news of her son Jack's engagement to Marilynn.

"Jack telephoned me on long distance from Boston the other night," said the mother of the Pickfords, "and told me it was true. I am very happy over it and so are his sisters. We have all met Miss Miller and think her a fine and lovely girl."

IT is undoubtedly a strain, directing.

Ask the gentleman who, assigned to superintend a big special, made in a large eastern



We might as well tell you the secret at once: the old lady is Marion Davies, too, made up for one of her two roles in "The Young Diana"



# PLAYERS

referring to the affectionate name by which her daughters and her sons-in-law address her.

It is rumored that when he was introduced to his son and namesake for the first time, Buster Keaton was seen to smile.

**B**EFORE an admiring audience of young and middle-aged flappers, Rodolph Valentino, the present Great Lover of the films, was freed of the charge of bigamy in a Los Angeles court room, because of insufficient evidence.

Rodolph smiled his famous smile—for which he weekly receives a handsome sum—thanked the court, bowed to the audience, and left. He may not remarry Winifred Hudnut before a year.

You remember the marriage in Mexicali, Mexico, of The Sheik and Natacha Rambova, Nazimova's art director; and the arrest of the actor for bigamy in Palm Springs, Cal. Rambova turned out to be Winifred Hudnut, step-daughter of Richard Hudnut, perfume magnate; also Winifred De Wolfe, daughter of Mrs. Edgar De Wolfe, society matron of New York and Frisco, and relative of Miss Elsie De Wolfe—Winifred, who disappeared seven years ago from her mother's home and was sought in every country in the world. She was finally found in Chicago, where as Vera Fredowa, she was performing as the dancing partner of Theodore Kosloff, famous Russia terpsichorean artist—the same Kosloff who is at present an important member of the Lasky company. Winifred later went to California, where she was Natacha Rambova, artist and designer of sets for Madame Nazimova. "Camille" and "Salome" are examples of her art. As "Miss Shaunessey," the same young lady was named in the divorce proceedings of Jean Acker Valentino. An interlocutory decree of divorce was obtained. In May, Valentino and Miss Hudnut-De-Wolfe-Fredowa-Rambova went to Mexicali, Mexico, where they were married. Old John Law stepped in and apprehended the bridegroom. He went back to Los Angeles to answer the charges of bigamy. His bride was put on a train for the east.

According to one newspaper account, Mrs. Valentino the Second had barely enough funds to transport herself and a Pekingese puppy, named Rodolph, from California to Manhattan. She refused to discuss the case except to say that "I wouldn't have married him if I hadn't loved him, and anyway, it's nobody's business."

The day the case was dismissed Valentino said:

"I'm mighty glad that it's all over. If I did wrong, I am truly sorry. I never intended to break any law. I thought I was within my rights in going into another country and I knew many people had done it without being accused of anything wrong.

"I loved my wife so much that I could not seem to wait the long year. We ran away and were married only because we love each other so much, as much as ever man and woman loved. We had only the very-highest thoughts when we went away—to be married and to love each other and to have some day a little baby of our own.

"I want to thank all the dear, kind American people for their goodness to me and their belief in my innocence of wrong intention. America has been so good to me that I would not break one little law of this land. I am willing to do everything I can to make up for it all. I am willing to do anything except give my wife up for good. Rather than that I go to live at the North Pole."

And that, my dears, is all there is; there isn't any more.



Remember Ethel Grandin of the old Imp pictures? She married and retired. Then Charlie Ray decided he simply had to have Ethel play opposite him in "A Tailor Made Man"—so here she is. Hasn't changed a bit, has she?

**P**OOOR Fannie Ward!

After going to all the trouble of selecting designs and having fittings for her summer wardrobe—imagine having to go around to all the designers in Paris and picking out your clothes—she had them stolen from her by an unscrupulous taxicab driver.

Fannie left her gowns and hats and things in a cab outside a Parisian shop where she had ordered a dozen pairs of new shoes to match the gowns. She was in the shop for a second and when she came out the taxicab was gone. So were her gowns and hats and things.

And she had to do all that shopping all over again!

**G**LADYS WALTON is getting a divorce.

This will surprise many of you who didn't know that the little Universal star was, in real life, Mrs. Frank Liddel, Jr.

Hollywood has heard many accounts in its courts of mental cruelty and other curious grounds for divorce, but Gladys' plea that her husband was given to fits of weeping and melancholy, thereby interfering with the pursuance of her social and professional duties, is voted the most ingenious.

Mrs. Liddel said she didn't see what Frank had to weep about anyhow, as he contributed nothing to her support and had no worries that she knew of.

The judge to whom Gladys confided her marital troubles granted her an interlocutory

decree of divorce, as well as a bit of advice. He asked her if she would promise not to run away to Mexico and get married all over again. Gladys promised.

**D**OROTHY PHILLIPS is returning to the screen, after a rather long absence, in a melodramatic thriller entitled "Hurricane's Gal." Reminds one of the first big hit Dorothy ever made, as the dramatic heroine of "Hell Morgan's Girl."

**I**F the blackhand, or whatever it is, has to pick on somebody, we wish they'd let Bebe Daniels alone. There are a lot of people, even in Hollywood, that the blackhand might pop off with considerable benefit to the industry, but we want them to let Bebe alone.

Two experiences in a month have actually worried the Spanish beauty a great deal.

First a man, evidently suffering from excessive use of drugs, came to her home one evening and after gaining admittance announced that he had come to kill Bebe Daniels. Fortunately Bebe wasn't home, and Mrs. Daniels with great presence of mind kept the man busy while the servants called the police. He was arrested and taken before the lunacy commission, where he was convicted of the use of narcotics.

Only a week later, Mrs. Daniels received a letter from a blackhand crew, stating that unless Bebe left ten thousand dollars at a





At the Pickford plant, scenarios are diagrammed before they're written. A chart is drawn setting forth the motive and theme of the story and showing the action. Here's our Mary and her brother, working out Jack's new film, "Garrison's Finish"

lonely bridge near Naples, she would be shot at the first opportunity. The writing was declared by the police to be the same as that in a note sent to Theodore Kosloff and other prominent citizens.

A double dressed in Bebe clothes went to the appointed place, followed by a police guard, but apparently a lookout warned the black-handers, and a big car dashed away from the scene just as the fake Bebe drove up.

"I don't see why they pick on me," said Bebe. "I try to be nice to everybody and I get less salary than most any other star, so why should they want to hurt me?"

**P**ARAMOUNT has reopened its Long Island City studio.

Alice Brady is working there under Joseph Henaberry's direction. The picture is "Missing Millions," with David Powell playing opposite. Miss Brady was a vaudeville headliner for a few weeks in a tabloid version of a play produced by her father, "Driftin'," in the varieties known as "Cassie Cook of the Yellow Seas."

Elsie Ferguson is scheduled to make "Outcast" in the eastern plant at an early date.

**A**FTER seeing Pauline Frederick's magnificent performance in "The Glory of Clementina," her last photoplay, it seems more than ever a pity that while she was a screen star she was not provided with suitable stories.

**A**LICE JOYCE REGAN evidently has no intention of returning to pictures.

Friends say that the former Vitagraph star is lovelier to look at than ever, is perfectly happy in her home life as the wife of James Regan, Jr., and the mother of a daughter and a new little son.

She has not communicated with the Brooklyn studio since she left it after making her last picture. How many other women, having tasted the joys of fame and individual fortune, would be content to give it all up for domesticity?

There's Louise Huff, too. She is devoting her entire time to her home and family. As Mrs. Edgar Stillman, wife of a wealthy engineer, the little blonde presides over two charming homes, one on Long Island and the other in Manhattan. It is said she is awaiting a new

arrival—an addition to the nursery at present occupied by her daughter, Mary Louise, and her little son. She last appeared on the screen opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The Seventh Day." She's a sweet and gracious person.

**T**HE Indianapolis Speedway classic is over and Wallace Reid was not among the drivers who contested so bitterly for the honors of motordom.

The Famous-Players-Lasky corporation were firm in their stand that his long-term contract with them made it impossible for him to take such a chance of death, injury or dis-

figurement and when Wally's attorneys told him that they could make their claim good in a legal suit, which threatened, Wally complied with the request of the Speedway officials that he keep the suit from being filed and withdrew.

**T**HE motion picture elite turned out very well for the recent Los Angeles Horse Show, at the Ambassador Horse Show Arena.

The affair was a very brilliant and exclusive one, engineered by the local "400" and in the first line of boxes I saw Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Mrs. Ray wrapped in a beautiful moleskin cape; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett), Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schenck (Norma Talmadge), with Miss Constance Talmadge; Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Buchanan and Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Kyne. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil de Mille had a box party—I think both Mrs. de Mille and Mrs. Charles Ray were on the horse show committee. The evening was quite cool so that all that could be seen of the ladies' costumes were their gorgeous fur wraps.

The opening night of John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Circle," in Los Angeles, was also quite a social event in the motion picture colony. Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram (Alice Terry) had a box party which included Mr. and Mrs. Paul Iribe and Casson Ferguson. Alice wore black velvet, low cut, and a big tortoise shell Spanish comb. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett) were in a box, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel. Mrs. Nagel wore periwinkle blue, and a black lace hat. Theodore Roberts and his wife were there, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Durning (Shirley Mason), Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid (Dorothy Davenport), Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Walter Hiers, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan.

**U**NIVERSAL, whatever its faults, has never been backward.

In publicity and advertising it has always rushed in where Famous Players, Goldwyn and the other companies probably feared to tread. Anyway, "U" is now determined to cash in on the present tremendous popularity of Rodolph Valentino, recently elevated to stardom by Famous.

Before the name of Valentino was known to the world, when the Italian great lover was a



The home of Norma, Constance and Natalie Talmadge; Buster Keatons Jr. and Sr.; and Joseph Schenck saves the bally-hoo man a lot of trouble. All of those celebrities living in one Hollywood mansion makes it easy



player of small parts for any company which wanted him, he made two pictures for Universal. One, with Dorothy Phillips, "Once to Every Woman," the other, "The Delicious Little Devil," which starred Mae Murray.

Universal has resurrected these comparatively old releases, and is presenting them at the Central Theater on Broadway. It billed Valentino equally with Miss Phillips. But when the showing of "The Delicious Little Devil" was announced, Mae Murray, the star, at present, of her own company, protested that she alone was entitled to stellar billing and that if Universal put Valentino's name in equal electric it would start something, preferably a legal row.

Miss Murray put pieces in all the papers that "The Delicious Little Devil" was not to be confused with her present features. So Universal is starring Mae Murray in the picture, with a cast which includes Valentino. Which would seem to make everything all right.

In "Once to Every Woman," Senor Valentino's rôle is not a long one. It is cut short in the fourth reel. The character he plays is killed. It is said that at some of the performances the audience rose as one woman and left the theater as soon as Rodolph passed out of the picture.

A NICE old lady was visiting the Goldwyn studio at Culver City the other day and Cullen Landis showed her around the lot. She was greatly interested in everything and most polite and grateful. She especially admired the sets and the size of the studio.

"Yes, it's going to be the Goldwyn policy to make only big pictures this year," said Cullen, "bigger than we've ever made before."

"Dear, dear," said the old lady, "is that so? Seems to me they're big enough already—how big will they be when you make them bigger?"

THE mother of Irene Castle Treman passed away recently at the Treman home in Ithaca.

Shortly after the funeral, Irene Castle sailed for France for a rest. Her mother's death was a great blow to her. Dr. Foote, her father, died several years ago.



Colleen Moore just loved her work until Rupert Hughes handed her a role in which she is called upon to become a butterfly and live up to the best butterfly traditions. This camera man gets all the exercise he needs on the set

IT took Constance Talmadge just eight minutes to get her divorce from John Pialoglo, wealthy Greek cigarette manufacturer, when the case came up in the Los Angeles courts.

Much to the disappointment of the Talmadge fans who packed the tiny courtroom and filled the corridors for miles, the youngest Talmadge was only on the stand a few minutes. "Just a few days after we were married," said Connie, with a rather wan smile, "he told me to get out, to take my things and go, and that the sooner I got a lawyer the better. He said he didn't want me around."

Doesn't seem humanly possible, does it?

Then the young comedienne went on to state that her husband refused to allow her to go on with her motion picture career, although there had been a distinct understanding before their wedding that he was not to interfere with her work.

The judge listened to Constance's tale and as there was no defense made by Mr. Pialoglo, who is in New York, he granted Miss Talmadge an interlocutory decree.

Connie is living with her mother in Los Angeles and is busy filming "East Is West." She intends to remain in California indefinitely, although the whole family is planning a summer voyage to Europe.



The Hales of Hollywood: Gretchen Hartman, Allan, and Allan Jr. This young man's parents will have hard work keeping the film producers away from him with contracts. Even now he exhibits complete camera unconsciousness

HAROLD LLOYD and Bebe Daniels spent a joyous and hilarious evening recently when a Broadway theater in Los Angeles showed as the main attraction on its bill a comedy which these two stars made together five years ago.

"My goodness," said Bebe afterwards, "I never did have so much fun. Why, when we made that picture if we could have got it in a Broadway house—any kind of a Broadway theater, for just a few minutes, we would have fainted with joy. We used to go to see our pictures in the nickel palaces down on Main Street, in Harold's little old flivver, and mother'd come out and cover the seat and the floor with newspapers, so I wouldn't get my best dress dirty. It seems funny now—that little picture on Broadway—Harold's 'Grandma's Boy' down the street a block and me in 'North of the Rio Grande' a ways up the street. And we can drive down in a limousine. Haven't we had a lot of luck?"

These excursions of Harold's and Bebe's may be what is giving rise to the new gossip that these two are going to return to their first loves—each other. Close family friends have been whispering for some time that Harold and Bebe are still devoted to each other and that eventually they would marry.

But Bebe continues to have a brigade of suitors, and I saw Harold and Mildred Davis at the ball game together twice last week and at the Ambassador one evening, and they are such an adorable couple. So it's hard to tell.

(Continued on page 90)



## THE PASSING OF THE AMERICAN BEAUTY

**L**ILLIAN RUSSELL, the toast of America for many years, and internationally renowned as a beauty and a personality, passed away in Pittsburgh, Pa., June sixth. The nation mourned her.

She carried her remarkable beauty with her to the grave.

Since her retirement from active theatricals, as Mrs. Alexander P. Moore, wife of the Pittsburgh newspaper owner, she carried on many activities. Appointed by Secretary Davis as special immigration inspector, she had just returned from a trip abroad where she studied immigration conditions. A slight injury received on

board ship, resulting in uremic poisoning, was the reported cause of her death.

Her brilliant career as comic opera singer is known to the world. She was beloved for her vitality and brains as well as her beauty.

The film world knew and loved her. Many important picture premiers in Manhattan were graced by her presence. The screen always claimed her interest, although she made but one photoplay, "Wildfire," from her stage success.

Besides her husband, she is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Russell Calvert.



Many times in many places audiences had thrilled to see Amory stand before them in bewildering, neglected loveliness

The famous screen idol, the slim and lovely enchantress of the studios and the girl whose letter from Georgia brought her supreme happiness—the happiness born of the pain that tries souls

## THE FAN-LETTER BRIDE

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

Ray Van Buren

**H**AVE you ever been in a laboratory and seen the brilliant fluids, red and green and purple and yellow, mingled in a glass test tube?

Mixed by an expert hand, even the most deadly of them produce marvellous things, things beyond belief.

But now and then the wrong colors flow together, and the results are tragic or amazing. Very different from the planned formula. Any life-chemist who knew Amory Allen and Peter Gray could have prophesied a little of what might happen if their lives touched vitally.

But no one could have foreseen how it would reach out and draw Anne Bent, of Georgia, into the white-hot laboratory of Hollywood, to experiment with the elemental forces of life and love and happiness.

There is no question that "on location" has come to be a phrase of varied significance in Hollywood.

It has been used, perchance, as an alibi for erring husbands—merely the motion picture synonym for business trips and lodge meetings. It has served Cupid more successfully than any other

single device. Marooned in the dullness of desert camps, snowed within the high walls of the Sierras, or lost amid the giant redwoods of the Yosemite, the world fades quickly—too quickly. Events move.

The thing that happened to Amory Allen and Peter Gray would probably have happened anyway. But the location trip to Wildwood brought it to a swifter and more poignant crisis than it might otherwise have known. Circumstances had merely provided a short cut.

It was very cold at Wildwood in November. The wind tore peaceful snow from its graves on the giant trees and swirled it against the windows of the log cabin. That big, rambling pleasure resort lay half buried in stark whiteness, forlorn as a deserted summer girl.

Amory Allen woke to hear the whimpering of the wind and the



scratching of branches against her window.

She snuggled down under the scanty blankets and pulled her sable coat more tightly about her. But the cold had penetrated her slim, exquisite body and she shivered again and again. Physical discomfort was the one thing that drove her utterly wild. What a fool she had been to consent to do this outdoor stuff in winter! What a complete idiot to let them persuade her to come without her maid!

Her nerves protested violently against the invisible fingers that seemed trying to tear away the walls of the ugly, bare bedroom.

"I can't stand *this*," said Amory with a gulp, and jumped out of bed.

In the pitch darkness, there was no one to see that leap. It had been, actually, Amory's leap to fame. Many times in many places, audiences great and small had thrilled to see Amory spring from strange, satin couches and stand before them in bewildering, neglected loveliness.

Now she put her feet into silly, silken mules, wrapped her furs about her and slipped into the hall.

It was very dark, but she hoped that a glimmer of fire might remain in the huge fireplace of the main hall, to warm and lighten her.

As she passed the last door, the dimples flickered into her white face, and she knocked. Then fled down the stairs.

Peter Gray had not been sleeping. Which was a very unusual proceeding for Peter.

The wind and the snow and the cold had no effect upon Peter. He liked them. He was used to batting about on hunting trips, and taking care of himself. He had learned all about discomfort in the trenches and it no longer had power to annoy him. A big, strong, capable, self-confident young chap. The new type of leading man. Suggesting an engineer, a mining expert, a bridge-builder, almost anything rather than an actor.

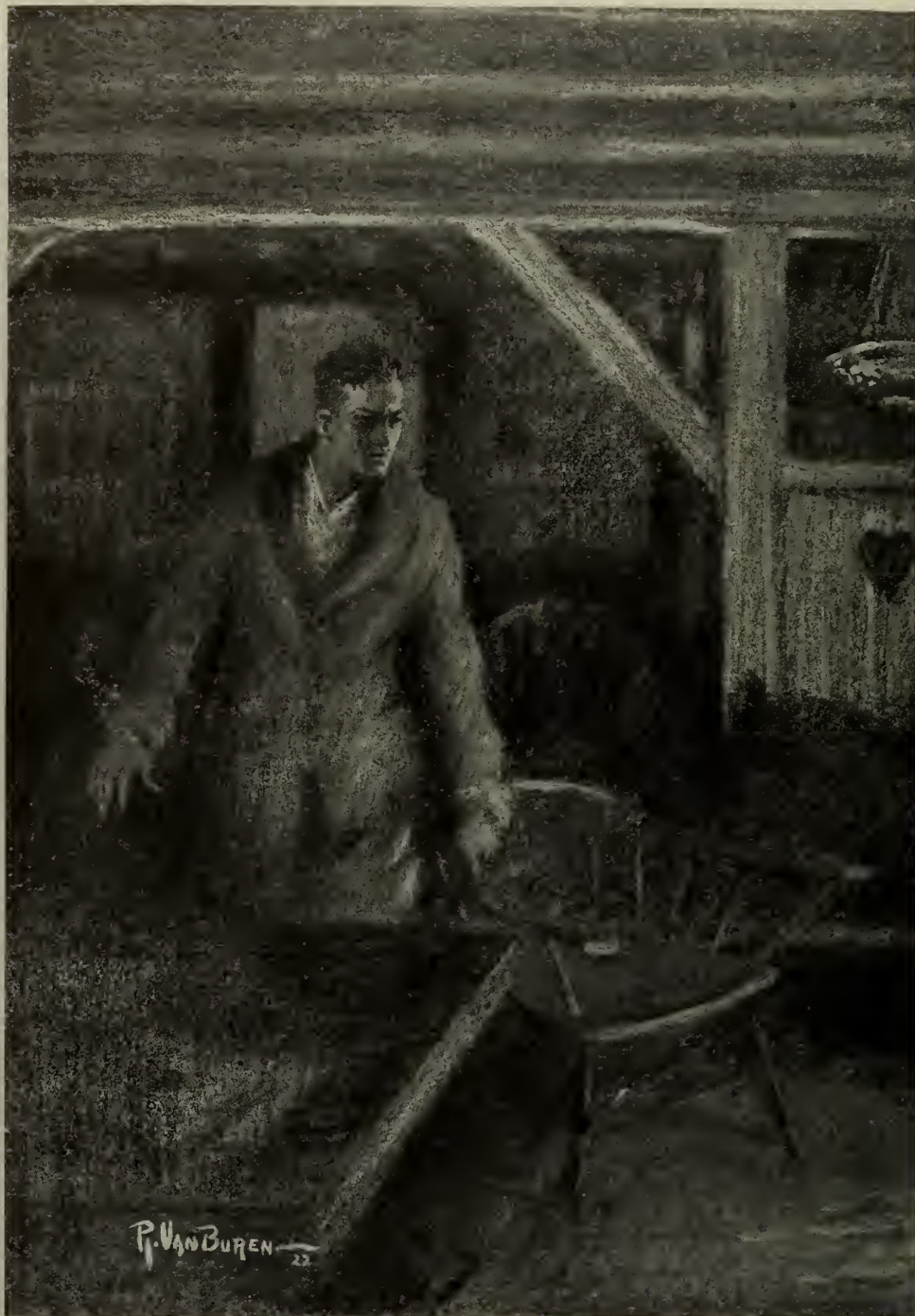
For the past hour he had resolutely counted sheep. It was typical of Peter that he should pit that ancient superstition against the turmoil that rode him, the clamor of heart and senses that had been stirring him ever since the company came into this wilderness to make snow stuff.

But between him and the fence over which said sheep should have jumped came continually the picture of a little, pointed face, of eyes that were the color of a dark topaz.

The very first time Peter saw her, at the studio a day or two after he had been sent out by the New York office to play opposite her, he had a dizzy, heart-pounding breathless second, such as follows the first drag at an opium pipe.

Nine out of ten men who saw Amory Allen had that same sensation. One of the shrewdest producers in the business paid her a thousand dollars a week chiefly on account of it.

Still, no one had ever been able to determine exactly why slim, fragile Amory, with her pure brow and her delicate sweetness, should stir the elemental forces of life to such strange issues. There was no voluptuousness, no siren call, no startling lure of the fleshpots. Rather the lure of a honeypot. Subtle, she was. Full of suggestions that stole on the senses like incense in a temple. Men gazed upon the masses of her bronzy curls and immediately



*About the rough stone fireplace hung a glimmer of rose and flame. And in shoulders and her big topaz eyes very wide open. With her little hands*

dreamed them against a background of scented baby pillows.

A famous critic had once compared Amory Allen to lavender and pink hyacinths in a Grecian vase.

Peter's first, throbbing response to her had been followed by a steady glow of sensation.

So that, lying awake on the hard, lumpy bed, he sought sleep in vain.

The knock startled him. A ghost-knock it was, yet somehow real.

He wondered if his too-wakeful brain had played him a trick. But Peter's brain was not apt to play him tricks. He was, or had been, a very well-balanced, sensible young man. In fact, an amazingly well-balanced young man for an actor. Well, he *had* heard a knock. Then, he caught the sound of fairy footsteps on the stairs.

He buttoned his sweater over his trousers; laced his sneakers with fingers that shook. Answered that ghost-knock. Followed those fairy footsteps.

There was the faintest glimmer of light in the great, raftered





*the very heart of it, Amory. Amory, with her masses of curls about her dragging the luxurious, soft coat about her, and slim ankles pearly bare*

hall. The corners were swathed in black, but about the rough stone fireplace hung a glimmer of rose and flame.

And in the very heart of it, Amory. Amory with her masses of curls about her shoulders and her big topaz eyes very wide open. With her little hands dragging the luxuriant, soft coat about her, and slim ankles pearly bare.

"Oh, Peter," she said, "I'm so glad you've come. I'm so cold and so frightened. I 'most froze in my bed and I couldn't, couldn't, sleep. Something kept beating on my window and I was afraid.

"Peter, can we build up the fire and will you stay here with me? Just a little while?"

Peter did not answer her because he could not. The wonder of her had him by the throat. Enmeshed. Smothered. His spirit, and it was a very proud and upright and manly young spirit, lay prostrate before the light of her eyes and the helpless appeal of her husky, sweet voice.

Silently, while she kept near to him as though afraid of the shadows, Peter rebuilt the fire. Coaxed it into a lovely, hot

blaze. Drew the big chairs close to its warm, fragrant heart. The pine cones he had piled on top crackled and sputtered and gave out the most delicious fragrance.

Amory sank into the big chair, taking deep, contented breaths. Her coat slipped open to frame a childish throat and shoulder. Peter remembered that they used to say you could see the red wine slip down her throat when Mary Stuart drank, and he wondered if it might not be the same with Amory—so transparent and fine she seemed. Her eyelids drooped childishly over the exaggerated, unbelievable eyes.

"Peter," she said softly, drowsily, "d'you know, you're very good to me? You take such good care of me—out in the snow. You're so strong. I'm awfully glad they brought you clear out from New York for this part. Now you're here, I can't imagine it could ever have been anyone else, can you? You're awfully nice, Peter."

Somewhere within him, Peter's soul on guard sounded a tiny note of warning. But adoration for this small, lovely woman-thing swamped it—buried it almost unheard.

Without knowing how he got there, he found himself beside her in the big chair, holding her close to him. Feeling the most exquisite joy in her yielding loveliness.

"Amory, I love you, I love you," he said, over and over, without thinking or caring to think of any other words. He had forgotten the very meaning of artistry in love-making. Memory of any other love-experiences had ceased to function. "My sweet, sweet little girl. I don't understand what's happened to me, Amory. This is *love*, that's all. I never dreamed it could be like this. You're so wonderful, so wonderful. Do you love me? You can't—but, oh, do you?"

"Oh, but I do love you, Peter," she cried softly. "I just adore you. I've been quite mad about you from the first moment I saw you."

The ring of passionate sincerity in her voice matched his own.

Peter heard a whole chorus of heavenly angels singing about his head.

"You're the sweetest armful in the whole world," he said, bending

his high, dark young head to hers. "Do you know, Amory, when I kiss you I hear a great, magnificent symphony orchestra playing wonderful music, I hear the throb and thrill of a thousand violins in my head?"

Then he let her go and got up, to stand very tall and straight before her. His uncompromising young gray eyes looked down into her topaz ones.

"Dear, I don't know just how to tell you this. I—I'm not very different to most men. God knows, I wish now I were. But—I haven't been rotten. I've never asked anyone to marry me before, but if you had a father—there wouldn't be anything to tell him. I know I couldn't be good enough for you, ever. But I love you so much I feel I have a right to ask you to marry me. I've tried, my precious little goddess, to—what is it the poet says, 'To keep my sword and my honor clean to lay them both at my lady's feet.'" He blushed at himself, then rather finely, he added, "And I'm laying them at your feet, dear. Will you marry me?"

"Of course I'll marry you, darling," she said and even the





"By heaven," Peter yelled. "What does it matter now? I think I'll marry the girl who wrote this letter. Better marry a woman you've never seen than some you've held in your arms"

recording angel could not credit her with a lie. As she spoke, she meant it with everything in her. "Of course. But not right away. Oh, darling, isn't love wonderful?"

"I—I just worship you, Amory," he said.

The dawn crept whitely into the big room. A cold dawn, timid and reluctant to enter. Its chilled fingers touched Peter's dark hair and broke the spell of his rapt gaze at the little, sleeping face on his shoulder.

The fire burned a soft, steady glow.

With a sigh, Peter picked up the soft, relaxed little figure. His muscles were stiff from the long hours he had held her warm and comfortable and protected that she might sleep well. But he carried her easily upstairs to her room and laid her on the bed.

Before he went out, he knelt down and kissed one small, bare foot, from which the silken slipper had fallen.

## II

**DINTY KELLY**, besides being an excellent heavy, was something of a life-chemist himself.

He put the paper down and sat, his feet on top of the fine oak desk, looking out at the busy boulevard with reflective, bitter eyes.

He blamed himself horribly, horribly, and yet—what was there he could have done or said to Peter in these past two months? How could he have approached the thing without destroying his own deep friendship with Peter—and to no purpose? You could not tell any man in love with Amory much—Peter you could tell nothing.

Dinty lit his pipe and puffed at it, but the very tobacco tasted bitter.

Wasn't it enough that she had mangled his own dreams and ideals and left him with this bitter taste in his heart? He didn't really matter much. Whatever he got might very well be back pay for some of his own doings. He admitted that. After all, he was a pretty bedraggled old sinner. Whatever Amory had smothered in him, she had first created. They were, in the last analysis, hers to murder if she liked.

Besides, Dinty understood Amory Allen. He understood utterly the things about her that Peter could never understand, and his own hurt had balm of his knowledge. There wasn't an ounce of real badness, of coquetry, of intention to hurt, in Amory. She was what she was. When she said a thing, she meant it. If, two hours later, she no longer meant it, she could see no sin in that.

He understood. But Peter was a different matter.

Peter wasn't Irish. He was American, with predominant strains of English and Dutch. Peter was young, too.

He had not been born to the easy emotionalism of the actor.

It was still a mystery how he had strayed from the path of righteousness—righteousness in this case being selling bonds, working in a bank, or being associated with a conservative business firm. When Peter, after his graduation from college, had decided he wanted to be an actor and had gone into the movies, his mother had taken to her bed for a week. She took the thing—everything—very hard. It was her pride that was most hurt. His father merely asked him coldly to change his name. He did. He would have had to anyway. Peter van Raysdaal would never have done at all.

Many, many of the van Raysdaal bonds, Peter had broken. He was, for instance, the most lovable, companionable, young egg in the world, of that Dinty was convinced. He played a more than average game of golf. His courage was stupendous. And his

egotism amazingly negative. He was given to and delighted in, all-night discussions over a bit of bootleg whisky and a number of tattered volumes which he owned, and which ranged from a collection of *La Vie Parisienne* made while he was in Paris during the war, to pet copies of Kant, Spencer and Darwin.

But some of them he had not broken, chiefly a slow, cold pride, an intense regard for public opinion whether right or wrong, and a sullen strain of vengefulness.

It was those things that occupied Dinty as he sat looking at the paper, reading again and again the headline, looking more than once at the pictured face of Amory Allen, with its sweet brow and thin, amorous lips.

He wished nervously that Peter would come.

It was after five. Peter was usually home—they shared a comfortable and rather distinguished apartment on Hollywood Boulevard—around five. He never stopped to take off his make-up at the studio, but came straight home to undress, shower, and lounge about in all stages of nudity, talking to Dinty meanwhile.

Dinty Kelly closed the paper and shoved it under the big blotter on the desk. It only remained to pray that Peter would not see it before he got home. Dinty did not relish breaking the news of Amory's new engagement to Peter, but he knew Amory well enough to be sure she had funk'd it, and he preferred doing it himself to letting Peter learn it through printer's ink.

Peter had seen the paper, however.

More than that, he had seen Amory.

Perhaps in all his life, Peter never entirely got over the anguish that came to him as he gazed at this woman he had worshipped. The eyes in whose depths he had drowned his being. The lips on whose altar he had laid his soul. The slim (Continued on page 80)



# WHEN IN ROME DO AS THE CAESARS DID

Incidentally,  
Photoplay's staff  
tourist doesn't  
seem to be  
suffering from  
homesickness

By Herbert Howe

I THOUGHT I'd seen all the sights of Rome—St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Forum, the Catacombs, the Colosseum—and then I rounded a corner one day and beheld Saul's Temple behind the walls of Jerusalem.

For a moment I thought the good frascati wine I'd tossed off for lunch had done me wrong. No Baedeker ever listed Saul's temple among the sights of Rome; no previous tourist ever saw it there; yet before my eyes it loomed, not ivoried with age as is St. Peter's nor a fragmentary ruin as is the Forum but in all the glory of a newly-risen splendor, for it was not built at the command of Augustus nor yet of any pope but by order of William Fox, film emperor, and under the direction of his chief tribune, J. Gordon Edwards.

Mr. Fox's precept seems to have been, when in Rome do as the Caesars did—or one better. This "set"—it seems *lese majeste* to call it that—measures 540 feet by 180 feet and towers more than sixty. It is probably the largest ever constructed



J. Gordon Edwards, the director who brought Nero to life after his own idea of that fiddling emperor, with Paulette Goddard, dolled up as the ancient vamp. That's Nero listening in on the story



It may not be the world's best picture, but what do you expect when you've got to direct through an interpreter who's got ideas of his own?

for a motion picture. The wall of "Intolerance" was higher but of far less extent. Indeed, Saul's temple is just about the swellest ruin in Rome.

Soon after my arrival in the eternal city I asked an Italian whether or not the Fox company was still thereabouts. I had seen no publicity reports concerning it since it left New York over a year previous.

"Yes," said my friend, with a curious smile. "That is the company which photographed the Fountain of Trevi in a film production of 'Nero.' You recall that the Fountain of Trevi was built some sixteen centuries after Nero—but I suppose a few centuries are a small matter to a film company."

I loftily assured him that we never spare expense or centuries.

He added that a newspaper in Rome stated that the cinema ladies instead of wearing the sandals of Nero's time had been seen stepping about in the French heels of Mr. Fox's era. Furthermore, that the minister of justice—or whichever minister it is who issues permits—had refused to grant an official permit for "shooting" the fountain because he feared the American people might blame him for the anachronism.

A scrupulous minister, I'll say, one worthy of being Will Hay's successor.

I learned later that the newspaper making the criticisms had been carrying on a systematic campaign against the "uninvited guests" from abroad who were encroaching upon native film preserves. The resentment was quite human on the part of the Italian cinema interests. You may recall that when a German film was unfurled



in Los Angeles some of our own filmers sobbed copiously about the boys who died in France.

This slight animosity was not general by any means, for, of all the dear disagreeing allies of the late war, Italy seems to be the most pro-American and most truly appreciative of what our Red Cross did for her. The fact that those democratic sovereigns, King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena, were expected to pay a visit at the Fox studio during filming activities indicates more nearly the real spirit of Italian hospitality.

I was informed that upon the occasion of the royal visit (providing it did transpire) a brass band of forty pieces would play. Naturally I inferred it was in honor of their majesties. Not at all! It was for the "extras." The studio manager had read some place that music hath power to soothe wild beasts, so he was going to try it on the Roman mob. He admitted that he was very dubious as to its efficacy, dolefully recalling the fracas in the stadium when seven thousand "extras" were employed in the chariot-racing scene of "Nero."

The modern stadium had been rigged up to represent the Circus Maximus of Nero's time. The benches were filled by the "extra" legions, who behaved exactly like kids always do at a circus. No sooner had they been seated than they started howling for a drink. Pails of water were rushed among them as swiftly as possible, but not as swiftly as their thirst increased. When a water wagon appeared to lay the dust in the arena, prior to the



Edwards and his principals

racing, the entire mob arose as a single bird and swooped upon it. After the noble Romans had at length been returned to their seats, with the aid of two hundred soldier police, a political argument broke out in a box and other little disputes began exploding all along the line. Fortunately a battery of twenty-seven cameras had been trained upon them during their more tranquil moments, for within two hours the whole stadium was a seething cauldron, and the police had to act as bouncers.

Such temperamental mobsters, although paid but fifty cents a day, are expensive at any price. Such is the opinion of Mr. Carlos, the keeper of the Fox exchequer in Rome. For one thing, their "day" ends at noon. Their health positively requires a siesta after lunch, and by the time they open their dewy lids again the light is too far gone for further filming. One day when several thousand were employed in a particularly important scene, Mr. Carlos offered to double their daily wage if they would work one hour after lunch. Their reply was an outraged refusal. Not for all the liras in the world would they so tax their nervous systems.

"Extras" are divided into two classes, the *comparse* or fifty-cent boys, and the federated artists of alleged greater skill known as the *generici*, who receive about a dollar and a half. At least that is what I gathered from Nerio Bernardi, the young Italian who plays an apostle in "Nero" and the role of David in "The Shepherd King." There may be some discrepancy in my statements, however, as Nerio spoke  
(Concluded on page 120)

## THE PURE, WHITE DRAMA

*Referring to the films when the reformers have done with them*

THE poor down-trodden film drama is slowly but surely getting whiter and whiter. Save for an occasional blush or two, it is as white and pure as Griffith's snow storm in "The Two Orphans."

The censor's soft-pedal has been applied so often that it has intimidated our scenario and title writers—our actors and actresses. In the western drama, we have, for instance, Bill Hartbanks, the heavy hero, enter the crowded soda-fountain dance-hall, and, feeling for an imaginary rail, eye the villain coolly, delivering this subtitular monologue:

"Replace your gun, old fellow. Do not imagine that you can trifle with me. I will bear gently with you because I know you have imbibed too much raspberry soda, but I warn you, leave Little Nell alone, or I shall muss up that beautiful lavender shirt so that you will never be able to wear it again."

While, in the good old days:

"Whoa there, you white-livered skunk! Drop that there gun or I'll send a wireless to Satan to oil hell's hinges so it'll be ready for you when you get there. I'll learn you to leave Little Nell alone, you sulkin', no-good devil-dog!"

And then there is Little Firefly, the tease, who has, in her simple, childish manner, ingenued up the matrimonial proceedings between the hero and the perfectly nice girl he was to marry.

Little Firefly has taken refuge on the chandelier, and is playfully swinging back and forth, kicking liberally with every swing.

Our hero: "I say, child, come on down! I only want to remonstrate with you, in a brotherly fashion, for having broken off the engagement. I have loved many girls before but I know that this was my one real romance. So when, in your ingenuous way, you

showed her the letters I wrote to that college widow years ago, I know you meant well; that it was just a little prank—perhaps I should thank you, even. Come, little sister—I will take you to the picture show."

Before the soft pedal was applied:

"You blooming little romance-buster—what the—well, just what did you mean, showing Eva those letters? Wait—just wait until you get tired up there; you can't hang on forever, you know. I've got a switch that makes Battling Burrows' look like the willow dad used to cut for me. Don't worry; I won't hurt you, that is,—much!"

When Thais Tompkins, the latest lovely vamping model, is enthroned on her divan of ermine and lace, and the poor fish from the small town is gazing up into her eyes, the censors have fixed it so that she says something like this:

"I know you think I am a bad person. Really, I am not. I am educating twelve little orphans; I support my mother, aged grandmother, and ten nephews; my dear husband—for I am married, you know—was wounded in the war, and I am hoping and praying and paying for his complete recovery. When you return to Tompkinsville, tell the home-folks Thais is the same girl she was when she left them."

Formerly:

The boudoir of Thais, the wickedest, the beautifullest, the most gorgeous and sinful woman in Greater New York. She has sent hundreds to death or worse. Spender of millions—in money and souls; exotic passion flower now working her wiles on Harry Smith, whose qualities of mind and heart have made him the most promising young man in Tompkinsville.





*"Make her leave my missus alone," the negress demanded, standing defiantly at the head of the bed where the unconscious patient lay*

# ONE CLEAR CALL

It sounded above the clash of primeval emotions and brought two people to happiness

*By Frances Nimmo Greene*

Fictionized by  
Jerome Shorey

**T**HE head nurse was annoyed. "It's quite irregular, Dr. Hamilton," she snapped. "The patient in No. 16 was brought here, unconscious, by her colored maid. All the maid would say was that her mistress is a stranger in the city and had fainted at her hotel. When we insisted that she should give the woman's name the impudent thing told us it was none of our business. At the hotel, when we telephoned, they said she had registered simply as 'Miss J. Smith,' obviously an assumed name. There's something queer about the whole affair, and I think we should notify the police and show this insolent creature—"

"There, there, Miss Lane—let's not be hasty. We can at least wait until the patient recovers consciousness. After all, we're here to cure the sick, not to interfere in their private affairs."

"Well, of course, Dr. Hamilton, if you're satisfied to let a colored servant ride roughshod over the rules—"

"Please, Miss Lane," Dr. Hamilton protested as gently as he could, and that was very gently indeed, "I'll look into the case myself, and see that you are treated with proper respect."

Dr. Alan Hamilton was accustomed to such outbreaks on the part of people with a little authority, jealous of their dignity, and he did not take them seriously. He was young and tolerant, happy in his work and correspondingly successful. His patients agreed that it was enough to make anyone well, just to feel his cool, firm touch and look into his searching eyes. The older doctors had so far recovered from their professional jealousy as to

admit that he was a brilliant surgeon and to agree that the hospital had never been so successful as since he had been in charge. Accustomed to looking at the vital side of things, it did not disturb Dr. Hamilton to learn that a patient was anxious to conceal her identity, though, of course, the maid must learn that she would have to respect the hospital staff. For the purpose of making this clear, he went to No. 16 as soon as he had disposed of the day's routine. Before he could open the door, he heard the sound of voices through the open transom.

"I won't go back—I won't—I won't!" the first voice moaned, the voice, apparently, of a woman in delirium.

"Won't go back—where?" Dr. Hamilton recognized the voice of the head nurse.

"Now you git out of here and leave her alone!" The third voice was that of a negress, tense and angry. Dr. Hamilton flung the door open.

"Make her leave my missus alone," the negress demanded, standing defiantly at the head of the bed where the patient lay.

"Miss Lane, I asked you to leave this matter to me. Please do so," said Dr. Hamilton. The nurse swept from the room, slamming the door in flagrant violation of all hospital ethics.

The doctor ignored the quarrel and devoted his attention to the sick woman. From what little information the maid would volunteer, it seemed a case of severe nervous shock, not likely to prove serious, requiring little more than rest and quiet. She was young and beautiful, plentifully supplied with money, and Dr. Hamilton was imaginative enough to scent all kinds of possibilities of romance. When he had assured the maid that no further efforts would be made to discover the secret she was so anxious to conceal, the woman melted sufficiently to admit that her own name was Yetta, but even this she volunteered grudgingly. There was something sinister about the woman, yet he could not but admire her ferocious determination in guarding her mistress.

Dr. Hamilton informed the hospital staff that the mysterious patient was to be left strictly to herself, as Yetta would be able to take care of her without the help of any of the nurses. After

a few sarcastic remarks concerning the doctor's susceptibility to beauty, the affair simmered down and soon was forgotten. There were no eavesdroppers when the sick woman finally recovered consciousness, and turned to Yetta, bewildered.

"You saw Henry Garnett come into the hotel and you fainted, but he didn't see you," Yetta told her.

With a sigh that was almost a sob, the young woman sank back and buried her face in the pillow.

Morning and afternoon Dr. Hamilton called to see his patient, and he was honest enough to admit that this was not entirely because she required his professional services. She interested him, though he made no effort to get her to divulge her secret. Yetta was invariably present—it seemed almost as if she were the mistress and not the servant. And if the doctor suspected he was falling in love, it was not so with Yetta—she knew it. When one day, in reply to the doctor's smiling question, "But what am I to call you?" the convalescent said, "Just call me Faith," Yetta dropped a glass to the floor, and Dr. Hamilton knew by the look in her eyes that it was no accident.

At last Faith was fully recovered, and when the doctor came to say goodbye, he knew he was losing something that had become very dear. So when she told him that she was not leaving the city for the present, but had taken a home not far from his own, he felt a rebirth of hope. This was of brief duration, however, for she said he must not come to see her unless she sent for him. Depressed and mystified, he returned to his busy round, thankful at least that he had enough to do to keep his days and nights occupied, finding work the best medicine for disappointment.

A few days later another patient came to Dr. Hamilton. This was no surprise—no mystery. He had often wondered how long Henry Garnett would be able to continue his career of dissipation before his constitution would begin to crumble. They had been boyhood chums, friends at college, and then their paths diverged. Garnett became a professional gambler. Suddenly, coming into possession of a large sum, no one knew how, he opened a disreputable resort, the Owl. He corrupted the police and the city

authorities, and his bar, his gambling rooms—and worse—flourished openly.

"Alan," he said, "I'm sick. Will you take the case, or," and he smiled cynically, "are you like the rest—regarding me as a curse that should be destroyed?"

"I don't approve of your morals, Henry," Alan replied, "but I'm here to take care of your body, and I'll do it."

"All right—look me over and tell me the truth, no matter—"

A fit of coughing, violent and prolonged, interrupted him. Dr. Hamilton led him to the consulting room, but before he started his examination he knew what to expect. Garnett had been fighting consumption with whiskey and nerve. The end was only a matter of months, a year at most, and Alan told him so. He received the news with a gambler's stoicism.

"Anyhow, Alan, you'll make it as long as you can? You'll help me—there's a lot of things I need help about. You'll come to see me, often?" he pleaded.

"Certainly," the doctor promised. "But you'd better begin getting things straightened out for the reckoning."

Alan had no secrets from his sister, Maggie, with whom he made his home. He used to tell her that her "social prescriptions" were the solution of many of his most difficult cases. When he told her about Henry Garnett, she protested.

"You must turn the case over to one of the older doctors," she said. "You're just getting started, and although everybody likes you, if they get an idea that you're friendly with Garnett, it will ruin your career."

"Sis, we're going to disagree for the first time," he replied. "I'm not going to desert Henry."

"Don't call it deserting," she argued. "You have a splendid influence for good, and this will hurt others by weakening that influence."

He went for a walk, to think it over alone, and his steps led him, as they so often had led him of late, involuntarily, past the house where Faith had made her home. It was set far back from the street, among some big magnolia (Continued on page 103)



"Alan," Henry Garnett said, "I'm sick. Will you take the case, or are you like the rest—regarding me as a curse that should be destroyed?"





# Why you cannot cut the cuticle

*without actually injuring it*

SKIN specialists tell us that we cannot cut the cuticle without actually injuring it. For it is almost impossible to trim off the dead cuticle without cutting through to the delicate nail root 1-12 of an inch beneath.

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# The Fan-Letter Bride

(Continued from page 74)

lovely body he had revered and protected even from himself. All there. Yet this was not his Amory now. It was worse than death, this moment when he gazed on all these dear, familiar things and knew no way to reach them, to bring them back to him.

He was very cold at first, this young Peter Gray. All six feet two of him, in the high boots and rough shirt of a miner he was playing, with a revolver at his hip. Yes, he had seen the paper, but he did not believe it. Another press agent yarn. He stood pat, even while his mind tried coldly to convince him. So he went direct to Amory.

It would have been better if he had not.

She had gone home early and he went up to the mansion shining high above the boulevard as fast as his big roadster would take him. The paper stuck in his pocket.

With her lived an aunt, a cold and silent woman who liked Peter.

"He's the best of the lot," she told Amory.

Peter had followed a Russian dancer whom Aunt Hettie particularly detested.

"She's gone to bed," she said to Peter, as she opened the door, and the gleam of pity in her eyes struck him as lightning strikes a tree. "She said she wouldn't see anybody. She's all tired out. But you can go up if you like. I'm not going to step you."

Peter went up three steps at a time.

HALF an hour later he came down, holding to the railing, and he went out like a blind man, or like a man mortally wounded who must reach some goal before the last enemy stops him.

Aunt Hettie went upstairs, her lips pinched, her nostrils white.

Amory Allen lay huddled on the bed, her shoulders twisting. Her face quivering.

"Well," said Aunt Hettie, "I told you. What'd he do?"

Amory sobbed. "Oh, Auntie, he was terrible. Brutal. He—he said awful things to me. I hate him."

"Um," said Aunt Hettie, "I daresay. What'd he say was so awful?"

"He—he said I was"—Amory sobbed again—"he called me a liar and a cheat. Oh, Auntie, how could he when I'd loved him so? I did love him, Auntie. But I can't help it, can I, if I don't love him any more? Love isn't a thing you can control, is it? I never lied to him, never. It'd be a lie now, if I went on pretending. I was wild about Peter. I meant to marry him someday. But then I met Warren and I—just fell out of love with Peter and in love with Warren. And Warren loves me and wants me to marry him and I said I would. I never dreamed the papers would get hold of it and print it before I could tell Peter. I tried to tell him. I don't see how it's my fault, do you?"

"There's no use my telling you what I think, Ammie," said Aunt Hettie, "but you better quit crying or you'll be sick. Come here and sit on my lap."

Dinty knew as soon as Peter opened the door that he had seen the paper. When he saw his eyes, he knew he had seen Amory.

It was late and Dinty had spent the last restless hour trying to steady his nerves by answering some of Peter's fan mail. Being a heavy, he had little of his own.

"Well," said Peter, looking at him sullenly, "I suppose you know all about it. I suppose everyone's known all along, but me."

Dinty went on calmly reading the letters Peter's secretary had marked personal.

"Yes, I know," he said quietly, "but I know, too, that you're going to act like a man and not like a spoiled kid. Get yourself a stiff drink and sit down by the fire."

Peter took the drink. But the sight of that open fire turned him sick and he went to the window. From where he sat, Dinty saw the young shoulders heaving, and yearned over the boy. But he merely went on ripping envelopes. The silence lasted long. Then

Peter turned incredibly bright, hard eyes to Dinty.

"It isn't that I mind losing her," he lied coldly, "it's the rotten way she did the whole thing. If she's that kind, it's better I lose her now, better than to have married and found out afterwards."

But the very thought of marriage with Amory, the thought which he had cherished so close to his heart, was more than he could bear. Back and forth he went, back and forth.

Suddenly he caught sight of the paper beneath the blotting pad.

With an oath, he tore it open, upsetting the ink, scattering the fan letters like white and pink and blue leaves in his path.

"Ah, that's it," he held up the sheet so that

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PHOTOPLAY'S fiction has been declared to be so real as to seem like life itself. The writers thoroughly know motion picture studio environment.

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the black line—Amory Allen to Wed World Series Hero—screamed at them, "that's it. I suppose everybody, even you, will be hiding things from me. Watching me to see how I take it. Pitying me. Good God, pitying me! Oh, Amory—Amory."

At that, Dinty went to him, steadying him with the touch of his shoulder, with the stern grip of his hand and with slow, calm words.

"There, old boy," he said, "never mind that. People aren't worth considering, y'know. The thing is to face yourself and your own feelings and get hold of yourself."

"I can't—I can't. Dinty, I'm so raw I can't think. I can't see. If she'd told me, if I'd had any warning! It's—knocked me out. Why, only yesterday, she was in my arms, she told me she loved me. Only yesterday, we were planning our—wedding trip. She was to be—my wife. If she'd told me—"

"That," said Dinty, from the depths of his wisdom, "was out of the kindness of her heart, Peter. She didn't want to hurt you. Amory can't bear to hurt anybody."

BUT Peter had gone back to the headline. To the sensational story beneath it of the whirlwind courtship by the greatest southpaw in the world. To the announcement of their approaching marriage. All that while she had been promised to him!

"The wedding will take place within a month," he read aloud, and Dinty tightened his grip.

"But Peter, maybe it won't," he said. "She may get tired of him just as she's tired of—a lot of men."

"No," said Peter, "she just told me she was going to marry him. That she really loved him. And I've got to go on in that damn studio, where everyone knew—oh, she never made any more attempt to conceal it than I did. She let everybody see my condition all right. Now—I'll be the prize sap of the world. That's the thing I can't stand on top of everything else. On top of everything else. Jilted. Laughed at—the studio joke. The boob."

Dinty knew the symptoms. The angry lust for revenge that eats the heart of a man who

has suffered as Peter had suffered that day. He could remember when he had locked his own door and thrown the key out of the window to keep himself from going to Amory, from strangling the life out of her soft throat.

But he did not know Peter—not entirely.

He saw the cold, purposeful gleam begin to grow, saw the shamed tear stains fade in the fire of anger. Dinty did not know it, but just then Peter looked very like his mother.

"Well, she won't get away with it with me," he said coldly, "not that part of it, anyway. I won't be made a laughing stock for the whole industry, nor an object of pity for my friends, not while my name's Peter van Raysdaal. I won't have my scalp hanging at her dressing room door as an added testimonial that she's worth the thousand bucks a week Harriman gives her. She's mashed me up pretty badly, but I'll take that satisfaction away from her. She'll never have a chance to gloat over me."

"Why, damn it, Dinty, I never asked any other woman in the world to marry me and she didn't have the decency to tell me when she threw me over. Well, I'll make you a little bet, Dinty. I'll bet you a million dollars I'm married before she is."

Dinty jumped to him, held up a pleading hand. "Peter, old boy, for God's sake don't do anything you'll regret all your life. You're half crazy now, with hurt, I know. Who should know if I don't? What does it matter who laughs at you? But you're wrong about Amory. She won't gloat. She'll be sorry for you—sorry for you."

IT happened to be just the wrong word.

"Sorry for me—sorry for me. A-hh. Well, she needn't be sorry for me, your Amory. I'll have a bride of my own before she's one."

Dinty went coldly practical. "You insane idiot," he protested, "you can't just go and get married. Do you know what marriage means—how long it lasts?"

"I thought I did," said Peter, "but I've learned better. I asked one woman to marry me because I loved her. It didn't go so good."

"But—but, who are you even thinking of marrying? Who can you ask to marry you that doesn't know you love Amory? You mad-man!"

"What does it matter whom I marry?" Peter's head dropped again, wearily. His eyes fell on a square, gray-white envelope at his feet. With hands that shook violently he caught it up, tore open the pages. Read it, laughed.

"By heaven" he yelled, "what does it matter now? I think I'll marry the girl who wrote this letter."

"Peter," said Dinty, his own face gray and wet, "you are mad, absolutely mad. You can't marry a girl you've never seen—don't know. You can't."

"Why can't I?" demanded Peter, and his eyes for a moment did look almost mad, so cold and hot and wild they were. "Better marry a woman you've never seen than some," he swallowed the word, "than some you've held in your arms. Besides, I do know this girl. Not her body, perhaps. I'm not blinded by her beauty. But she's been writing to me for five years. Read this, Dinty."

Slowly Dinty read the letter. Phrases of it struck him, even while he struggled for some argument to dissuade the man before him. An unusual letter. A fine letter. Interesting, even witty here and there. It was astonishing how many letters of that calibre came in fan mail nowadays.

"Why can't I?" Peter flung at him again, pointing at the letter. "Wouldn't you rather marry a girl who could write a letter like that than to marry—Amory Allen? Wouldn't she understand what marriage means better than—Amory Allen? I'll be a husband before she is a wife. And I'm going to marry *this* girl if she'll have me."

He dropped into Dinty's chair at the desk and began to write madly on the telegraph blank he snatched from the drawer.



# Washing tests made by nation's biggest manufacturer of yarns

Show safe way to  
wash knitted goods

Wool is more easily harmed by poor laundering than any other fabric. A strong (or alkaline) soap, for example, will harden, yellow and shrink wool. Rubbing takes away the fluffiness and gives a board-like appearance.

It is as important to the manufacturer as to the wearer to find the safe way to wash woolens. For this reason the makers of the Fleisher Yarns had careful laundering tests made. The letter from this company tells the interesting things these tests showed, and why, as a result, it is recommending Lux as the safe way to wash woolens.



S.B.&B.W FLEISHER, INC.  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
WORSTED YARNS

Lever Bros. Co.  
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had different colored garments of light, medium and heavy weight yarns washed in Lux. Each garment was given the number of washings it would normally receive.

The wools kept their fluffiness and shrank so little that it was hard to believe they had received such frequent washings. A harsh soap not only takes the "life" out of wool, but shrinks and mats it so that all the softness and fluffiness disappear.

The very satisfactory results obtained with Lux are a striking testimonial to the way it cleanses. We knew, of course, that Lux was pure, but we had no idea that a product which cleansed so thoroughly could be at the same time so absolutely mild. We are glad to recommend it to our customers.

Very truly yours,

*S.B. & B.W. Fleisher, Inc.*



## How to wash knitted things

Measure knitted and crocheted garments before washing. Remove knitted buttons as the wood may stain the material. Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through garments; do not lift them out of the suds as the weight of the water will stretch them. *Do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out — *do not wring or twist.*

Lay on towel to dry, pat into shape, stretching to the right measurements again. Dry in even temperature.

Send today for our booklet of expert laundering advice. It is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. R-8, Cambridge, Mass.

# LUX



"What," he demanded suddenly, "is her name?"

Dinty turned the square, fragrant page.

"Her name," he said slowly, "is Anne Bent. And she lives in Georgia."

### III

MRS. PETER GRAY did not wait for the chauffeur to open the door of her smart little town car. She flung it open herself and with that quick, boyish swing of hers, flew up the front steps of the gray, shingled bungalow.

She had been to a meeting of the entertainment committee for the Children's Hospital, of which she was chairman. And she was afraid Peter might have reached home before her. It was one of the things she could not bear to have happen.

He was at home and Anne went to him with a little cry of regret.

"Pete," she said—she was the only person in the world who ever called him Pete, "I'm sorry to be late, but it's this old benefit for the Children's Hospital. It takes a deal of time, it does. Not that I mind. I like it. Oh, Pete, if you could see some of those poor babies. I—I just actually ache about it. Well, anyway, Amory Allen promised to appear and today she sent word she couldn't make it. I had to get someone to fill in for her."

She dropped her severe, tailored coat on the floor and flung the smart, straw hat on the table.

Not a pretty girl, exactly. Tall, rather finely built, with a lithe, quick, almost boyish grace. Rendered somewhat stately by that crown of dark, smooth hair of hers. A broad, intelligent brow. A brave, humorous mouth. Her brown eyes were set wide apart, interested, eager, gentle eyes. The poise of her head was free, adventurous. A woman full of life and vitality and fun—yet oddly, surprisingly shy and reserved for all that.

In Anne Bent there were many avenues marked quite plainly "No Trespassing."

She saw his face, where he sat in his favorite chair under the reading lamp she had so carefully adjusted for him, and stopped short.

"Pete," she said, and he saw again the dawn of light that sometimes came into her eyes for him, "something's happened, my dear. What is it? Can I help?"

Peter Gray shook his head. Because he respected Anne so much; because he felt abashed before that look of hers; because he hated himself for the thing he had done to her, Peter tried very hard to smile naturally at her and to wipe from his face the expression he knew must be there.

He failed.

"Nothing wrong, dear," he said.

It was characteristic of Anne that when she saw he did not wish to talk, did not care to share his trouble with her, she dropped the thing instantly. Patted his shoulder with her light, boyish touch and went on into the kitchen.

From there he heard her bright voice, never drawly in spite of its southern accent, in conversation with Chloe, the darky cook she had brought with her from Georgia. Heard her moving about. He could almost see her stirring this, tasting that, putting the finishing touches here, absorbed in the details of cookery, which she loved.

Ten minutes later she came back with a cocktail on a small tray. She never drank herself, but she had a positive genius for mixing delicious things for him.

"Come to dinner," she said, "heavenly soup. A new one. It'll make you feel better spite of yourself."

During the first part of dinner she carried the talk gaily, mixed a salad dressing with her aristocratic hands. She could be very entertaining, this wife of his.

But tonight he could not hold his thoughts together. And seeing it, Anne got herself a book, propped it against her water glass and read contentedly and happily while she ate.

She did not sulk nor pout her silence. It was

rather as though she herself had chosen it and enjoyed it equally with him. If there was anything wistful in her frank, brown eyes, it was hidden by her drooping lashes.

Peter had had many bad times in the three months since he and Anne Bent were married. Times when the whole world crushed him in like a hideous monster, times when sheer physical vertigo took possession of him.

He sat opposite her now, while the maid served dinner in the leisurely fashion Anne loved, trying with every ounce of strength in him to beat down this thing, to throw it off.

And could not.

He had tried always. He had fought, as a man fights at death-grips, to drive Amory Allen from his thoughts, from his heart, from his very blood. He had battled in the silent watches of the night, and he had fought in the cold light

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DON'T overlook Miss Van Wyck's department, "Friendly Advice." Miss Van Wyck gives wise, kindly counsel and invites you to call upon her for help if you need it.

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of day, when nightmare is so much more horrible.

Ever since he had stood, angry and embarrassed and sick with shame, in the station waiting for the train that was to bring him his bride, and had seen her come toward him, so brave and decent and fine, he had tried with everything in him somehow, somehow, to right this horrible mistake.

It would have been different, all of it, if Anne had been different. If Anne had been at all the sort of woman you might possibly expect a fan letter bride to be. But she was not. She was—just Anne.

IN the first confused, strange week of their honeymoon, he had learned something of her and of the reasons that she was his bride. Of the terrific loneliness and unhappiness of her home, where she lived with a married sister who, as Anne boyishly put it, "thought her a doggone nuisance." He had sensed the spirit of adventure that made her accept the offer in his telegram. He had discovered a family instinct for gambling with life, and could plainly see Anne pitting the chance of great happiness against the chance of complete failure.

Sometimes, it eased a little, the ache for Amory. Sometimes in trying to make up to his wife for this thing he had done to her, he forgot Amory and her topaz eyes.

For he knew that in spite of the tone of fine comradeship she had taken, in spite of her assumption that marriage was only a partnership based on congenial tastes and pleasant association, Anne loved him almost as he loved Amory.

That, primarily, fundamentally, was the reason she had come to him in answer to that mad telegram. That was the reason she had dared this wild adventure.

It had all seemed a little better lately. He was between pictures and he and Anne played golf every day. Anne played a corking game, better than he himself did. And spring swept the hills of Hollywood and the Country Club lay bathed in the scent of new life, the warm, thrilling sun of creation.

Anne rose and strolled with her boyish swing into the drawing room.

A moment later, the soft notes of the piano drifted out to him. Anne played exceedingly well. He rather admired her, too, for spending two or three hours a day at her practice. So many women nowadays went slack after mar-

riage on a thing like that. But his wife was all energy. He knew that she went for long walks in the hills back of their house and came in exhausted to curl up in great content with a book in the sun. That she worked for hours in her garden and had a blessed touch with flowers. That she and Chloe united to put up messes of wonderful preserves and jellies and to invent and arrange new dishes for his delectation. She puttered about, too, busily happy, raising poultry, arranging flowers. Occasionally he caught her designing a lamp shade or a floor pillow.

She would never be formal, but his house ran with a carefree ease and delight that surprised him.

Too, she tended to all his fan mail herself. She had, he discovered, a strange streak of sentiment about it.

Perhaps all that was what gave her that calm, unruffled bearing, so different from the restless dissatisfaction of most women he knew.

Not the sort of woman a man relished having cheated. Not the sort of wife a man liked to think of having robbed of her birthright. When he thought of what might have come to him as the result of his rash, act, his spell of temporary insanity—he recognized it as that now—he was filled with gratitude to Anne.

But gratitude is not love. Nor is respect, nor admiration. Nor even comradeship.

And the fact remained that he still loved Amory.

THEN this thing today!

To be cast opposite Amory Allen again. To be forced to play her lover—maliciously enough, her husband. To hold her in his arms, kiss her lips, spend day after day close to her, hearing her voice.

He couldn't do it. It wasn't fair. To him—to Anne. It simply couldn't, couldn't be. He had seen Amory only once since the day he stood at her bedside. A day or two after his marriage. And it had given him a week of absolute hell. Since, he had avoided her as a pestilence. Avoided the mention of her name, the sight of her picture.

And with all that, he still loved her, longed for her. Found himself dreaming of her, remembering every little word, every kiss.

What would happen if he were forced again into her presence?

He had gone straight to the casting director, then to the studio manager, then to Harriman himself. They had laughed, argued, asked for reasons, explained. He was under a long term contract. He was getting a very large salary for a leading man. They could not afford to have him idle. Miss Allen was ready to work and there was nothing else they could send him into.

His thoughts grew a bit wild. But they had him. If he broke his contract, he'd have to give up pictures. More than that, if he did, he branded himself. Everyone would know why he broke his contract. Everyone would know. The story of his marriage to a girl "back home," the assumption and rumor that he had perhaps been playing Amory's own game with her and had always intended to marry this handsome, dark-eyed, aristocratic southerner—that story would blow up.

He was in for it.

Nothing soothed the torment of the thought. Even when Dinty and Johnny Clarendon dropped in later for a few rubbers of bridge—Anne was an excellent player and the four spent a couple of evenings a week over the card table—he could not keep his mind on the cards.

Anne, in her brusque, kindly way, caught him in a stupid revoke and broke up the game with easy laughter.

"That'll be all," she said. "Pete's got to go to bed."

She did not know what she was fighting, Peter Gray's wife. No one had ever told her of Amory Allen. But she sensed the foe in the dark and met it with her best of courage and kindness and good cheer—the only weapons she had ever known.

(Continued on page 108)



# Pompeian Beauty powder



## The Lure of Beauty

No wonder he finds it hard to say good night. With the warm coloring of her cheeks, her lustrous skin and radiant eyes, her beauty fascinates him. You will share the secret of her beauty instantly—when you, too, use the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? Lastly dust over again with powder to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct shade is more important than color of your dress. New NATURELLE is a more delicate tone than Flesh, blends with medium complexion. Our New RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes.

### "Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

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Vanity Case (\$1.00) . powder and rouge  
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THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

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Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.





## Better than jewels —that schoolgirl complexion

The girl with a clear, smooth skin, radiant with freshness and natural color, should leave jewels to those less fortunate. The charm of a perfect natural complexion attracts far more than elaborate dress and ornaments.

If your complexion lacks the beauty which women envy and men admire, don't depend on clothes and jewelry to draw attention from its defects.

Every woman can transform her bad complexion into a good one, for alluring freshness and clear color isn't a gift of Nature, but a matter of care.

### *How to have a perfect skin*

No girl need be afflicted with a bad complexion, for improvement is simple and easy. Daily cleansing, gentle but thorough, is the secret.

You must use soap, for nothing else will remove the dirt, oil and perspiration which collects in the pores and causes most skin trouble. Choose Palmolive, because its action is soothing. Harsh soap should never be used for washing the face.

Massage the smooth, creamy lather gently into the skin until it removes all clogging deposits.

Don't forget your neck and throat. They are as conspicuous as the face for any lack in beauty.

Careful rinsing leaves the skin stimulated, freshened and free from the accumulation which enlarges the pores, causes blackheads and carries infection.

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Palmolive Soap is blended from the same bland, soothing oils which adorned the sumptuous marble baths of Egyptians, Greeks and Romans.

But although very expensive, the gigantic volume in which Palmolive is produced keeps the price very low. Users profit by Palmolive popularity. The Palmolive factories, working day and night, and the importation of the rare oils in vast quantities, allow you to enjoy this finest facial soap for the modest price of 10 cents—no more than ordinary soap.

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*With a world of ancient beauty arts at her command, she depended on cleansing with Palm and Olive oils to protect, improve and preserve the freshness and smoothness of her skin.*

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# WHAT WAS THE BEST PICTURE OF 1921?



Actual size  
Solid gold, executed  
by Tiffany

The first Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor,  
awarded to Cosmopolitan Productions for "Humoresque," the best picture of 1920

**T**HE Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor has become an institution.

Every year, beginning with 1921, the Medal is awarded to the producer of the best picture of the preceding year. The first Medal of Honor Contest determined that the best photoplay for the year 1920 was "Humoresque." The Medal was presented to William Randolph Hearst, whose Cosmopolitan Productions was responsible for the masterpiece; a Medal of solid gold, executed by Tiffany and Company, of New York. The new Medal will be exactly like it, except for the name of the winner. And it is up to the readers of PHOTOPLAY to decide who that winner shall be.

The Medal is the first annual commemoration of distinction in making of Motion pictures. Ribbons and palms have been awarded for excellence in the other arts. Until PHOTOPLAY inaugurated its Medal of Honor Contest, the screen producer received no particular recognition for splendid service. Now the public is permitted to honor the maker of

the year's finest photoplay. The people who appreciate great silversheet expressions now have an opportunity to express that appreciation. The two million readers of this Magazine are to be the judges.

It will be awarded to the producer—not to the director, not to the distributor, but to the producer whose vision, faith and organization, made the best Photoplay of 1921 a possibility.

The voting is delayed six months after the close of 1921 so that pictures released at the end of the year may have an opportunity to be seen in all parts of the country.

Undoubtedly there has been progress in picture-making during the past year. There have been fine films—so many of them that the list of fifty suggested best pictures was difficult to compile. You are not confined to this list in your selection. You should choose your favorite picture because of its merits of theme, direction, acting, continuity, setting and photography. These are the ingredients which make masterpieces.

Below you will find the list of fifty pictures, carefully selected and considered. Your choice of the pictures made in 1921 will probably be there. If, however, it is not, you may cast your vote for it, first making sure that it was released during 1921.

Fill out the coupon on this page, and mail it, naming the photoplay which, after honest and careful consideration, you consider the best. These coupons will appear in three successive issues, this being the second. All votes must be received at PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than October 1st, 1922.

The Gold Medal Contest has attracted world-wide attention. It has the enthusiastic endorsement of all the better elements in the film industry. It has helped to put the picture on an artistic basis; to give it its real value as a great and youthful art in the eyes of the world. You are responsible for the financial and artistic success of good pictures. Let's hear your applause! Mail the coupon!

## Suggested list of best photoplays of 1921

- |                                |                                 |                                |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <i>Affairs of Anatol</i>       | <i>Forbidden Fruit</i>          | <i>Old Swimmin' Hole</i>       |
| <i>After the Show</i>          | <i>Forever (Peter Ibbetson)</i> | <i>Orphans of the Storm</i>    |
| <i>Behold My Wife</i>          | <i>Four Horsemen of the</i>     | <i>Outside the Law</i>         |
| <i>Bits of Life</i>            | <i>Apocalypse</i>               | <i>Over the Hill</i>           |
| <i>Black Beauty</i>            | <i>Hail the Woman</i>           | <i>Passion Flower</i>          |
| <i>Bob Hampton of Placer</i>   | <i>Held by the Enemy</i>        | <i>Penalty</i>                 |
| <i>Bunty Pulls the Strings</i> | <i>Heliotrope</i>               | <i>Queen of Sheba</i>          |
| <i>Camille</i>                 | <i>Idle Class</i>               | <i>Sacred and Profane Love</i> |
| <i>Connecticut Yankee in</i>   | <i>I Do</i>                     | <i>Sentimental Tommy</i>       |
| <i>King Arthur's Court</i>     | <i>Journey's End</i>            | <i>Sign on the Door</i>        |
| <i>Conquering Power</i>        | <i>Kid</i>                      | <i>Small Town Idol</i>         |
| <i>Conrad in Quest of His</i>  | <i>Kismet</i>                   | <i>Three Musketeers</i>        |
| <i>Youth.</i>                  | <i>Last of the Mohicans</i>     | <i>Tol'able David</i>          |
| <i>Devil</i>                   | <i>Little Lord Fauntleroy</i>   | <i>Through the Back Door</i>   |
| <i>Dinty</i>                   | <i>Lying Lips</i>               | <i>Wedding Bells</i>           |
| <i>Disraeli</i>                | <i>Man, Woman, Marriage</i>     | <i>What Every Woman</i>        |
| <i>Dream Street</i>            | <i>Mark of Zorro</i>            | <i>Knows</i>                   |
| <i>Experience</i>              | <i>Midsummer Madness</i>        | <i>Without Benefit of</i>      |
| <i>Footlights</i>              | <i>Old Nest</i>                 | <i>Clergy</i>                  |
|                                |                                 | <i>Woman God Changed</i>       |

### Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

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

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1921.

NAME OF PICTURE \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_



# WHY DO THEY DO IT

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

**T**HIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen in the past month, that was stupid, unlikely, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



## MISTAKE IN MAKEUP

**I**N "The Sons of the Soul," starring Vivian Martin, the first appearance of the hero, played by Fritz Lieber, shows the scar which he received while rescuing the little girl from the burning building, on the left side of his face. The next time he appears, and all the way through the picture, the scar is on the right side.

HENRY S., Newark, N. J.

## WE ARE BAFFLED

**W**E know that William Farnum was splendid in "Perjury," but we wonder how he managed to retain that excellent crop of hair, through all his years in prison. It is customary to shave convict heads, we believe. Why this error?

AGNES BOWMAN MILLER, Jackson, Mich.

## CONTINENTAL KIDDING

**I**'LL admit that the old native medicine man in the second chapter of the made-in-Germany serial, "Mistress of the World," was a tricky individual, but he pulled one that I couldn't let go by. The natives were chasing our hero and heroine and their Chinese friend, both parties being in canoes and paddling for all they were worth. The old medicine man, in the rear boat, remember, takes out his bow and arrow and shoots. Whereupon we see the arrow pierce the chest of the Chinaman, who keels right over. A little added touch of humor was, that having killed the yellow man, he announces that the black man's magic was stronger than the white man's.

GEORGE M. NYE, New Haven, Conn.

## MAYBE MORAN WAS A WEATHER PROPHET

**I**N "Moran of the Lady Letty," the good ship *Lady Letty* is shown sailing along under a cloudless sky. All the crew are on deck, in their shirt-sleeves. Dorothy Dalton as *Moran* appears on deck muffled in a full "sou'wester," including the hat, just as if a terrific storm were raging on the calm Pacific!

D. W. S., Greenwich, Conn.

## THIS REQUIRES PRACTICE

**I** SAW a picture called "Whistling Dan" sometime ago in which Tom Mix was dragged through miles of dirt and brush, yet when he was released he looked as fresh and clean as when he first appeared, in a spotless shirt. In the same picture, the heroine has a wild ride to the rescue of the hero. After riding miles and miles, apparently, she looks as if she had just emerged from a beauty parlor—not a hair-pin out of place.

VIOLA A., Los Angeles, Cal.

## A HIGH CLASS COPPER

**S**INCE when do policemen on a beat wear patent leather shoes? The one who arrested Lionel Barrymore in "Boomerang Bill" did. J. C., Cincinnati, Ohio.

## OH, MOLLY

**I**N "Molly O," I caught several incongruities.

The wash-woman-neighbor had her finger-nails perfectly manicured. *Molly* herself wore one wig to the ball and had another one on when she came home.

H. A. J., California.

## SHOWING UP THE SHEIKS

**I**T IS amusing to one who has been brought up in the desert to see pictures such as "The Sheik" and "The Sheik's Wife." Permit me to criticize:

One does not see an Arab with glasses, and still less with pince-nez.

Arabs fight on horseback, and if they come off-saddle it is either that they are badly wounded, or to fight in barrage. The horse is made to lie on one side and the man shoots from between the four legs of the animal. Much of the philosophy of the nation is founded upon the purity of blood of their horses and all true Arabs will look for the welfare of their horses first. An Arab does not part from his faithful mount during combat.

The Arabs only use camel's oil *burnettes* for light and not the candle to light the *rohallas*.

ACHMED-ALI-BEREZ, late of Oran, Algeria.

## WE BITE—WHY?

**T**HE director who made "The Glorious Fool" let his imagination run away with him. Mary Roberts Rinehart, who wrote the story, used to be a nurse, so why did she let these things happen?

Why was Helene Chadwick on "special" with a patient in a dying condition while she was a probationer? Why didn't the head nurse wear a cap? Where did Helene get her method of taking a temperature? She put the thermometer under her patient's arm, then took a nap.

A NURSE, Bluefield, West Va.

## HAIR-DRESSING NOTE

**I**N "Back Pay," when Hester leaves her home and husband and goes to a boarding house, she is in a hurry and pushes her hair up under her hat. Later she removes her hat—and her hair is neatly brushed and becomingly coiffed.

RUTH McALLISTER, McKeesport, Pa.

## DATES—AND DATES

**I**N "Pardon My Nerve," with Buck—pardon me, Charles Jones—we are told via the subtitle that this is "a story of the

old-time West, when men used horses instead of flivvers, fists instead of law-suits, and posses instead of traffic cops."

But later when the crooks are fixing the papers to get possession of the ranch, one of them reads "Bill of sale, February 14, 1922."

In Thomas Meighan's "The Bachelor Daddy," Tom reads a letter from his friend which is distinctly dated 9-13-22. At that rate, the story hadn't happened yet.

N. B., Atlanta, Georgia.

## NUMBER?

**A**GNES AYRES, as the telephone operator in "Bought and Paid For," leaves the switchboard when she goes off duty, carrying the headpiece, or receiver, with her. She stops to talk to Jack Holt—still holding the receiver—and then walks off with it. This isn't done. I'm an operator and I know.

E. R., New York City.

## ABSENT-MINDED MAN!

**F**RANK MAYO, as *John Morton* in "The Man Who Married His Own Wife," has his cigarettes monogrammed "J. M." His wife, Sylvia Breamer, had raised considerable objection because *John* persisted in throwing his completed cigarettes into the flower pots. After *Morton* had changed his name and is in hiding, having disguised himself, he smokes a cigarette, follows his habit of putting the butt in flower pot, and when his wife, who is present, looks at it she sees that it is monogrammed "J. M.!" I laughed and laughed.

N. T. H., Salisbury, Md.

## PERMANENTLY WAVED

**I**N the serial, "Winners of the West," Myrtle Lind in crossing a creek fell in, after the fashion of film people. When she reached the bank her hair was straight and dripping. An instant later it was dry and fluffy, and still later it was beautifully curled and marcelled.

In another episode of the same serial, the villainess stuffs a note into a crevice in a fence. It is seized from the other side and made off with. When the girl is again shown on the other side of the fence, the note is still there.

ELIZABETH DAWSON, Brooksville, Fla.

## THE LATEST MIX-UP

**I**N "Chasing the Moon," with Tom Mix, the star carelessly picks up an instrument in a chemical laboratory. It is covered with a deadly acid which burns his hands, and he drops it. Then the chemist appears, picks up the instrument and holds it for some time, while explaining the deadly nature of the acid, with no visible ill effects.

JOHN G. K., Indianapolis, Ind.



# Win \$5,000



19 year old Samie Ross, Hackensack, N. J., who won \$5,000 in last Reeper Contest.



Mrs. B. R. Young of Girard, Pa., is another winner of a \$5,000 contest prize.



**Each Won \$5,000 Will you win this time?**



**Can You Find More Than 15 or 20 Words in This Picture Beginning with Letter "R"?**

There is Road, Rake, Rope. How many more can you find? Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is! Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn the picture upside down.

**Costs Nothing to Try!**

Just send in your list of "R" words. If the judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "R", they will award you first prize. If your list is the second best list, they will award you second prize, etc. Get started RIGHT NOW!

**Win the \$5,000 Prize!**

- You do not have to buy any Vimogen Yeast Tablets to enter this contest and win a prize.
- If the judges decide your list of "R" words is best and you have not ordered any, you will win first prize . . . . . **\$50**  
(See column 1 of prize list)
- If you send in an order for one \$1 package, and your list is awarded first prize, you win . . . . . **\$750**  
(See 2nd column of prize list)
- If you order two \$1 packages and your list wins first prize, you get . . . . . **\$1,500**  
(See 3rd column of prize list)
- And if you order five \$1 packages, and you are awarded first prize, you get . . . . . **\$5,000**  
(See 4th column of prize list)

And besides there are 104 other big cash prizes. Second prize in column 4 is \$2,500. Third prize \$1,250, etc. Just think of it — 105 chances for you to win.

**No goods bought in this contest are subjected to exchange, refund or approval.**

**\$600 Extra for Promptness** The last day for mailing your solution to win any of the above prizes is November 15, 1922. But for every day ahead of that date that your order for goods is received, a special extra prize of \$10 for each day will be added to any first prize you win. You can send your order today and get a receipt for the money. Then any time before November 15, you can qualify this order by sending in your solution. \$600 extra is to be awarded in this manner for promptness. Try to get this extra \$600. In case of ties, duplicate amounts will also be awarded.

**Win All You Can!** Be sure to send your order for \$5 worth of Yeast Tablets if you wish to qualify your list of words for the \$5,000 first prize and the other prizes in the 4th column of the prize list. Don't delay sending in your order. Get the extra prize for promptness. Send your order today.

## Yeast Tablets!

A splendid yeast product. Something entirely new. A wonderful scientific tablet that embodies all three natural vitamins. Enables your body to derive proper nourishment from the food you eat. Helps build up vitality, strength, endurance. Most all people are undernourished, though many don't know it. Try this scientific way to bring back the springy step, the buoyant freshness of youth, or the youthful natural complexion

that all women long for. Think how wonderful life would be without that continual "tired feeling", with plenty of energy to work hard and play hard. Take this opportunity — find out what Reefer's Vimogen will do for you.

**Start Today — Now!** Send today for Reefer's Yeast Tablets and qualify also for the biggest prizes. \$50 or \$5,000 which do you want?

**FREE**

Everyone sending for a large size picture will receive, fully prepaid, a package of a world famous, exquisitely scented, high priced Complexion Powder. Send for your free package today sure.

**E. J. Reefer, Dept. C-172 9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Prizes	Prizes			
	If no Reeper's Yeast Tablets ordered	If one Reeper's Yeast Tablet ordered	If two Reeper's Yeast Tablets ordered	If five Reeper's Yeast Tablets ordered
1st prize	\$50	\$750	\$1500	\$5000
2nd prize	35	375	750	2500
3rd prize	25	200	400	1250
4th prize	25	125	250	600.
5th prize	25	75	150	400
6th to 55th prizes, each	2	4	8	25
56th to 105th prizes, each	1	2	4	10

**OBSERVE THESE RULES**

- 1—Any one excepting our employees and their relative may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind.
- 2—All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and envelopes must be postmarked by post office closing time, November 15, 1922.
- 3—Contestants who have sent lists or orders before November 15, will be qualified for the higher prizes provided orders for Yeast are received through the mail, postmarked on or before November 30.
- 4—Only English words will be counted. Obsolete, hyphenated or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or plural of a word will be used, but both singular and plural will not count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, teapot, or teatime will not count. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.
- 5—The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "R" will receive first prize, and so on down the list of 105 prizes. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the "correct" or "meeter" list.
- 6—For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.
- 7—Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.
- 8—If a contestant sends no more than one list under an assumed name or pre-married name, then all lists of such contestant will be disqualified.
- 9—You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive rotation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. It will aid the Judges materially if you will arrange your words alphabetically, and if you will use paper size about 6 in. by 9 in. Failure to do so, however, will not count against you, nor will neatness or handwriting affect your score. Typewrite your list, if possible. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.
- 10—The final decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection whatever with the E. J. Reefer Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering this contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the list winning first prize and the names of the prize winners will be published, and a copy of such list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends in a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
- 11—An additional prize of not over \$600 for promptness, as specified above, will be awarded.
- 12—In case of ties for any prize offered, each tying contestant will receive full amount of the prize so tied for.



# Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful



What a Mother Can Do To Keep Her Child's Hair Healthy—Fine, Soft and Silky—Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant.



**T**HE beauty of a child's hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

## A Simple, Easy Method

**F**IRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

**T**HIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

## Makes Your Hair Beautiful



WATKINS  
**MULSIFIED**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

## Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

**I**T may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so. His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse the lather all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.





## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**GWENDOLYN, HIGH POINT, N. C.**—Viola Dana is a little bit of a thing, with greenish gray eyes and a very white skin and curly dark brown bobbed hair. She is very good to look at and extremely amusing to listen to. She has a wonderful sense of humor. She married John Collins when she was an Edison ingenue. Mr. Collins died of influenza and she has never married again. She is the sister of Shirley Mason. The family name is Flugrath. Viola is a Metro star. Shirley is Mrs. Bernard Durning in private life. She is a Fox star and her husband a Fox director. I am sure Viola will write to you when you tell her how much you like her. If you do go to Hollywood, give her my best regards. Now that you know the way, why come often, Gwendolyn, as we used to say on the old homestead.

**JOHN H., TAMPA, FLORIDA.**—So you wrote to Mary Pickford a month ago and she never answered and you're not going to see her pictures any more. My, my! This will distress Mary beyond a measure. Won't you please reconsider your hasty decision? Incidentally, Mary's pretty busy. You may hear from her later.

**WAYNE, HAMMOND, IND.**—Kenneth Harlan is being sued for divorce by Flo Hart Harlan. You can see Kenneth in the Constance Talmadge pictures, the latest being "The Primitive Lover."

**MRS. L. B. W., SULPHUR SPRINGS, IND.**—The three greatest mothers of the screen are probably Mary Carr of "Over the Hill," Vera Gordon of "Humoresque" and Mary Alden of "The Old Nest." Mrs. Carr is really the mother of six. Miss Alden is a younger woman; she has no children. Vera Gordon is a mother in real life. Mrs. Gordon is also in "The Good Provider." Mrs. Carr's newest Fox release is called "Silver Wings." Mary Carr is a charming woman. She gave up a promising stage career to be a wife and mother, and her success was delayed a little, but all the

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

more deserved when it did come. You have probably seen her husband, Thomas Carr, in pictures—also her children.

**N. F.**—Your poetry makes me blush. I am covered with confusion at so many compliments. Fortunately for me I am not a Rodolph Valentino. Think of the adulation heaped upon that defenceless young man! Still, I suppose I could stand it, too, if I received several thousand dollars a week compensation. It's all in what you are accustomed to, as the feller says. Nazimova has been married only once, to Charles Bryant, who is still her husband. She releases her photoplays through United Artists now, the company which is composed of Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks.

**ADORAN, ROCKVILLE CENTRE.**—Rockville Centre must be Valentino-mad. Rudie—but I suppose we can't call him that any more—is working in California. The Paramount studios in Long Island City have been closed down for months and all production is on the west coast. Valentino's parents still live in Italy. Johnny Walker, the lovable black sheep of "Over the Hill," is married.

**MYSTIC ROSE OF PLAINFIELD.**—I have not forgotten you by any means. You always have been and will remain one of my favorite and favored correspondents. You have very good sense and, what is even better, a sense of humor. I agree with you that the Gish girls are one of the strongest arguments for the screen and against the reformers. No wonder your mother liked them. Pearl White is still in Paris at this writing, but Pathe expects her back any day to begin work on a new serial. Address her care Pathe, 35 West 45 Street, New York City.

**PAM, NEW HAVEN, CONN.**—Mary Miles Minter's real name is Juliet Shelby Riley. Her mother is Mrs. Charlotte Shelby. Her father is still living in New Orleans, I believe. The family name is Riley. Mary isn't married or engaged. Her new picture will be for Paramount, "The Cowboy and the Lady," in which Tom Moore will be leading man and featured player.

**E. K., NEVADA, MO.**—Edith Johnson is the heroine of all the William Duncan pictures. She is also his leading lady in real life. Monte Blue is married, but I don't know his wife's name. I like Monte, too.

**EDDYTHA.**—Well, I never! To think that I should live to see you spell it *Eddytha!* The cast of "The Third Eye," one of those serials, follows: *Curtis Steele, Malcolm Graw, Warner Oland; Ritta Morland, Eileen Percy; Dick Keene, Jack Mower; Detective Gale, Mark Strong; Zeida Savoy, Olga Grey.*

**BOBBY, JO.**—So sorry to disappoint you but I do not like purple ink. Never have. Never will. I prefer green or even red. Purple—never! And I couldn't think of corresponding regularly with anyone who writes with purple ink, even if I had the time, which I haven't. They are calling Buck Jones Charles, now. I imagine he was christened Charles, but somehow I can't get used to it. Beatrice Burnham in "Get Your Man." (Continued on page 96)





## When Listerine meets halitosis

**T**HE distressing thing about halitosis (scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) is this: You're usually not aware yourself of whether you are guilty—whether or not your breath is just right.

Let Listerine put you on the safe side. It will do so quickly and pleasantly unless, of course, halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated disorder which a doctor or dentist will need to correct.

This is what happens when Listerine meets halitosis: Halitosis most commonly is due to the acid fermentation of starchy and sugary foods in the mouth; to putrefaction of food particles retained about the teeth, or to excessive use of tobacco.

Listerine, by virtue of its peculiar antiseptic properties, halts both putrefaction and fermentation and removes disagreeable mouth odors.

It leaves the mouth and breath sweet, fresh and clean, putting your mind at ease as to whether or not you may be offending those about you.

How much better it is, then, to have Listerine at hand in your bathroom, to use it systematically and to be sure you are on the safe and polite side!—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

**LISTERINE**  
—the safe  
antiseptic



*A brunette and a blonde baby. Misses Bebe Daniels and Julia Faye act like this in the first part of the film version of "Nice People." Then they reform. Bet everybody is going to like the first part better than the last*

## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 69)

**T**HEDA BARA, vamp, is permanently dead. Theda says so herself.

Theda may come back to pictures, but it will be as the virtuous, persecuted heroine, not as a purple lady with a Past.

What Theda's managers and Theda's public think about this has had no effect upon Miss Bara—pardon, Mrs. Brabin. She is, as the saying goes, adamant. She will never vamp again.

Weep and wail all you like. And if you remember "Kathleen Mavourneen," the Fox photoplay in which Theda played a sweet, simple colleen, you will undoubtedly weep and wail.

Mr. Brabin will direct Mrs. Brabin in her first new picture.

This is almost more than we can stand. Imagine—the lady who made sinister eyebrows and wicked looks and homewrecking what they are today—an ingenue, directed by her own husband, in plays which even the children will love.

**T**HE good old north west has been having everything its own way.

There have been, this summer, more frozen dramas all about Royal Northwest Mounted

Policemen and heroines wrapped in furs than ever before.

In one week on Broadway there were three. Just to mention a few: "Over the Border," "I Am the Law," "Out of the Silent North," "The Valley of Silent Men," and "A Virgin's Sacrifice," Corinne Griffith's latest which was staged in the great white ways.

It was a cool, clean summer.

**L**ILLIAN GISH is to have her own company. This time, she is going to be associated with the United Artists, which is composed of Chaplin, Pickford, Fairbanks, Ray and Griffith—or an offshoot called Allied Artists, practically the same organization.

The heroine of David Griffith's best photoplays is generally regarded as the screen's greatest tragic actress, and stardom is, in this case, hard-earned and well deserved. It will come as the climax of a career of terrifically hard work, conscientious study, and quiet perseverance. Everyone who knows Lillian Gish knows of her untiring devotion to her art—and with her it is art—for there is never a rôle too difficult for her to play, never a scene too strenuous for her to undertake. She is better fitted to manage her own





*The Great Film Mystery: is Rodolph Valentino wearing a wig in "Blood and Sand," or did he permit his slick hair to be coiffed into the curly mop you see under this Spanish cap? Cheer up—it's only temporary. Later on in the picture he looks more like Julio*

film affairs perhaps than any other screen woman except her friend Mary Pickford.

It is stupid to retell the stories of her kindness to studio associates, her sympathy and her quiet charities. Her road has not been easy to travel, especially of recent months, since her mother's serious illness. Her new pictures—there will be three of them a year—are to be made at the Griffith studio, presumably under that director's personal supervision; so she will not be entirely removed from the scenes of her artistic triumphs.

**M**ARY PICKFORD'S divorce from Owen Moore has finally been upheld.

The Supreme Court of Nevada handed down a decision sustaining the decree of divorce which she obtained at Minden, and which Attorney General Fowler so persistently tried to have set aside.

Fowler claimed that Mary had obtained her divorce by collusion.

The Court's decision closes the entire Pickford-Moore case.

Now Mrs. Fairbanks may be let alone for a while.

She is, by the way, working hard on her new picture, which is a new version of "Tess of the Storm Country," which she made for Famous Players some years ago. This time it will be called, simply, "Tess."

The set for the village in which the action is laid was built out of doors, at Chatsworth Lake, California.

Our Mary was a real life heroine on location when a girl member of her company was stung by a scorpion which she carelessly turned over with her foot. Familiar with the treatment necessary in such cases, Mary took charge, sent for her first-aid kit, and administered to the girl, her quick work saving a life. Incidentally, the Pickford press department did not send out this story. It became known through the grateful girl whom Mary Pickford assisted.

**A** FRIEND was talking to George Walsh about a certain lion, which worked with him in a recent Universal serial.

"He looked awfully vicious," said the friend; "how did he actually behave?"

"He wasn't vicious at all," said Walsh, indifferently, "I liked him. Just once he got funny, and I had to hit him in the jaw. I felt real bad about it, too."



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**Just your morning Puffed Rice doused with melted butter**

Children eat Puffed Rice like a confection if you crisp and lightly butter. For the grains are like nuts puffed to bubbles.

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They crush at a touch and melt away into fascinating granules.

No other process ever created a grain food anywhere near so delightful. Mix them also with your berries.





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The prolific press agent for the Universal company sent this picture in with the following caption, which needs no explanation: “How important is the person telephoning Erich von Stroheim? Mighty important you may be sure, for the famous director-author-star is hiding out in the mountains around Universal City to write the continuity for his next story. His secretary and the manager of his unit are on sentry duty behind him.” Even privacy must be acted and publicized

CORINNE GRIFFITH, looking even lovelier than usual, all curled up in a big chair with Billy, her black pom, said she wanted to go abroad. She had a month’s vacation and she had never been to Europe. There was a boat sailing next week, and she’d like to take it.

“The only trouble is,” said the beautiful sapphire-eyed Corinne, “I don’t know a soul in Europe—except two people who are in Paris—and they wouldn’t want to be bothered with me.”

“How about the Vitagraph representatives in London and Paris?” someone suggested.

“They might take me around, mightn’t they?” mused Miss Griffith. “Still, I don’t know anybody—and they don’t know me. Oh dear!”

It never occurred to Corinne that she is somewhat of a celebrity, that her pictures are shown in London and Paris, and that several thousand people would be only too glad to see her. So she spent her vacation in Hot Springs, Virginia, instead!

WILL ROGERS is working hard these days.

He is the foremost star of the sixteenth edition of Flo Ziegfeld’s Follies, now holding forth at the New Amsterdam Theater in Manhattan; and besides that he is *Ichabod*

Crane in “The Legend of Sleepy Hollow,” which is being made into a motion picture by Carl Stearns Clancy. This is Rogers’ first film appearance since “One Glorious Day,” made for Paramount after he had completed his Goldwyn contract.

WHEN William Fox bought “If Winter Comes,” A. S. M. Hutchinson’s charming novel which has, strangely enough, become a commercial as well as an artistic success, there was a general gnashing of teeth by those who dislike to see their literary favorites mutilated in the movies.

But Mr. Fox evidently has no intention of butchering the whimsical tale to make a box-office holiday. He has sent Harry Millarde, who made “Over the Hill,” to England to direct the story on its native heath; and he has engaged to play *Mark Sabre*, the hero, a real English gentleman, Percy Marmont.

We talked to Mr. Marmont a few months ago when he was playing opposite Mabel Ballin. “More than anything in the world,” he said, “I would like to play *Sabre* of ‘If Winter Comes’ on the screen. It’s the character of all characters in fiction that I would give my heart and soul to recreating. But I suppose there isn’t a chance.”

Besides realizing his artistic ambition, Marmont achieves another: a visit to Britain.

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THE new Griffith picture—one of the second raters—that is to say, not an "Orphans of the Storm" but a "Dream Street"—is under way at the Mamaroneck studio.

It's tentatively called "At the Grange," and is a southern story—an original. In the cast are Carol Dempster, whose latest film appearance was opposite John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes," and Henry Hull, a popular leading man from the "legitimate."

THE latest wild rumor is that Rodolph Valentino's real name is McGinnis. The rumor hails from Danville, Kentucky. A paper down there printed the story that the screen idol's father was Everett McGinnis, who for years was foreman of the Kentucky Advocate. The story goes that the McGinnis family, including the son, Rudolph, moved from Kentucky to Colorado more than thirty years ago, and with the passing of the years the name of McGinnis became Valentino.

Seems a shame to spoil such a good rumor, but Valentino's real name is Guglielmi, and he was born in Castellaneta, Italy.

"PEG O' MY HEART" is to be filmed by Metro with Laurette Taylor in her original role.

"Peg" was the bone of contention between Paramount and J. Hartley Manners, the playwright. William de Mille made a photoplay of it several years ago, with Wanda Hawley in the principal part; but owing to legalities the film was never released.

Manners won his suit and preparations are now under way for the Manners-Taylor production. King Vidor will direct the popular stage star in her first screen effort.

ANNE CORNWALL is the "champeen sister" of the screen.

In her first film part, she was sister to Alice Brady. Next she was a temporary member of Irene Castle's family; then she was Dick Barthelmess' sister. Now she is Gloria Swanson's kid sister in Gloria's latest extravaganza, "The Gilded Cage," in which the lasky star exhibits the most gorgeous plumage—and eccentric—that she's ever startled the middle-west with.

JOSEPHINE QUIRK, who looks like a prize vamp, but is actually an author and scenario writer, has been ordered by her physician to take a house out of town, preferably by the sea, where she can rest from a recent illness.

So Joe has the most adorable red brick studio arrangement in Santa Monica Canyon, and she has christened it "Dumbbell Villa."

IT'S a familiar procedure when an actor changes his real name to one more euphonious for publicity purposes.

But Carl Gantvoort, who plays the hero of those Zane Grey-Hampton pictures, opposite Claire Adams, was born Carl Gantvoort, and stayed that way, in spite of possible arguments from the press agents and others.

Carl Gantvoort has a brother who is a business man. This brother changed his name to Holland.

BRYANT WASHBURN'S youngest son has some difficulty with his small vocabulary, but if he can't find the right word he never hesitates—just substitutes another one that sounds just as good to him.

The other day he ran in to his mother, pretty Mabel Washburn, and yelled with great excitement, "Oh mama, mama, Jimmy the boy down the street slid down the cellar door and he got a—got a—got a fivver in him where he slid down the cellar door."

A FIRE in the laboratory of the Universal Studio the other day caused the company a loss of \$60,000 when it destroyed thousands of feet of film, taken on Priscilla Dean's new picture, "Under Two Flags." The picture was over half done and every bit of the negative was burned. Re-filming will start immediately.



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A street in New York's East Side? Yes—if you'll overlook the lights and the orchestra. Otherwise, you may deduce that the street really is a one-sided affair, constructed on the Goldwyn lot in Culver City. Big electric lamps are being used here in daylight as an auxiliary to the sun; and a pianist and violinist are helping the actors—Colleen Moore and Antonio Moreno

REX INGRAM'S new discovery is almost as hard to keep tabs on as the Russian leaders.

This young man, who played *Rupert of Hentzau* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and who is being largely touted by the discoverer of Rodolph Valentino and Alice Terry, originally was introduced to us by his real name, Ramon Samaniegos. Later deciding that this Spanish title was too difficult for the ordinary American flapper to pronounce, they changed it to Jose Ramon, which lacking class they finally hit upon Ramon Navarro.

*Requiescat in pace.*

ALLA NAZIMOVA is resting at her eastern home—Port Chester, N. Y.

Alla and Charlie—Charles Bryant, her husband and business manager and director—came quietly to New York just as the latest bulletin on the Valentino case said that the Latin lover had been freed of the bigamy charges against him. The rumors that Nazimova had been sought as a witness were denied by her. She said she was not called, but that if she had been, she'd have been glad to testify for her former leading man and the designer of the sets for "Salome".

That picture, by the way, had its premier in Manhattan and all the leading lights of the celluloid were there in the flesh. The picture—well, it's reviewed in the Shadow Stage in this issue.

HELEN JEROME EDDY and her chum and housemate, Ray Carol, advertised for a maid.

A colored lady of much volubility answered. After some conversation, Miss Carol said, "Well, Miss Eddy and I—"

"My goodness, honey," said the colored lady, turning to Helen, "is your name Miss Eddy? Now ain't that funny, I worked for a Miss Eddy a long time last year—but she wasn't a nice quiet girl like you. Her name was Helen Jerome Eddy and she was a movie and lands sake, I tell you there was certainly doings around that shack. She was a high

stepper, come from down in Texas, where I come from. Yep, she was a racy lady, that Helen Jerome Eddy."

Poor Helen nearly collapsed upon her window seat and it took Miss Carol some time to make the colored lady admit her "mistaken identity."

THE WRITERS' CLUB is fast becoming one of the social and intellectual centers of the film capital.

The clubhouse is large, delightfully arranged and situated in the midst of spacious and beautiful grounds. The members of the Writers are mostly people with big names and large importance in the industry.

The little white enamelled dining room is becoming a favorite and unique place to lunch—usually you will enjoy your repast in the company of such celebrities as Peter B. Kyne, Frank Condon, Milton Sills, Marion Fairfax, Tully Marshall, Josephine Quirk, Clara Beranger, Frank E. Woods, Thompson Buchanan, Jeanie MacPherson and William de Mille.

SINCE Tom J. Geraghty has returned to the Lasky Hollywood studios from London, where he was supervising director of the Famous Players' British studio, his associates have been kidding him for occasionally indulging in the luxury of wearing suspenders.

"Although I was born and raised in Rushville, Indiana," says Mr. Geraghty, in explanation, "I gave up wearing galluses when I went to the big city.

"Over in London, where I stayed for nearly a year, I earnestly strove to conform to the English customs. So I had six suits designed. I soon discovered how Americans are spotted so easily in England. They wear belts. If you wore a belt with an English suit you might have to go home in a barrel.

"There is one point I wish to make plain to my friends, however. To be sartorially correct they are not referred to as galluses or yet suspenders.

"Braces they are. That's the word!"



AFTER law suits and papers and damages and other things like that, Larry Semon and Vitagraph have adjusted their differences, and the comedian has gone to work again in Hollywood on a new comedy.

Five hundred thousand dollars was the sum Vitagraph sued for. One million was the extent to which Semon "suffered." Nobody seems to know what all the suing was for; but it seemed to have something to do with Larry taking a long time making a picture, and Vitagraph putting out an advertisement to which Larry objected.

Anyhow, the hatchet is buried, and it's a good thing, because these producers and actors should realize that law suits are decidedly passé. They just aren't being done any more.

IF we could have a Censor Board composed of Robert W. Chambers, Rupert Hughes, and Elinor Glyn pass on our pictures, we wouldn't object so strenuously to censorship.

The lucky Londoners are, according to report, to have their films censored by a board of which Ethel M. Dell, popular novelist, is a member.

Miss Dell, expert in writing of passionate problems, is to determine the length of screen osculations. It is said that the masculine members of the British board are not in harmony on this point.

Leave it to the author of "The Way of an Eagle" and other intense accounts which have for the past few years delighted the hearts of a portion of our Anglo-Saxon womanhood, to see that screen smacks are fairly realistic.

HOLLYWOOD has lately witnessed the temporary shattering of one charming romance, over which many tears are being shed, 'tis whispered.

The much-rumored engagement of little May McAvoy and Eddie Sutherland, good looking juvenile and nephew of Tommy Meighan, is definitely broken.

May and Eddie fell in love, so the tale runs, and tender vows were exchanged. But Mama McAvoy considered her famous daughter a bit young to become engaged. So she consented to an "understanding"—a sort of probationary affair.

Having very strict and orthodox views on life, she made the agreement that if Eddie didn't swear, drink, smoke, chew or gamble for a year, and at the end of that time May still thought she loved him, they might become officially and ceremoniously betrothed.

"MA" TALMADGE has written a book. It's the first literary effort of Peg, as she is called by her famous daughters, and it is, naturally enough, a history of the Talmadge family.

She tells "The Story of the Three Talmadges," Norma, Constance and Natalie; with sidelights on their lives before they became film personages. If Peg writes nearly as interestingly as she talks, the book ought to be good.

MABEL NORMAND sailed for Europe very quietly, only a few intimate friends knowing her plans.

With her was a friend, Miss Juliet Courtial. The comedienne said she needed a rest from work and that she didn't know how long she'd be abroad. She will meet her mother in London.

CONSTANCE BINNEY is now in England, having left Paramount.

She has already started work on the film version of "A Bill of Divorcement," the popular and powerful play in which Allan Pollock scored such a success in the past New York season.

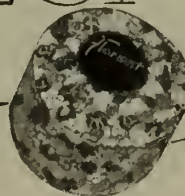
Constance was, you remember, one of the Realart stars before that company was dissolved.



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## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 89)

**FOURTEEN.**—I am oh, so sorry! I am sorry to have to begin our merry little department this month by being oh, so sorry, but it can't be helped. The reason for my great grief is that I am obliged to tell you—because I always tell the truth—that Douglas McLean is married, that Conway Tearle is married, and that Charles Meredith is married. But please believe, Fourteen—probably, if the truth were known, twenty-four—that I am oh, so sorry!

**BABE, SAN DIEGO.**—The lovely young lady named Irene Marcellus, whom I remember admiring when she was a member of the Greenwich Village Follies chorus, and whom I remember admiring still more when she was a member of the Ziegfeld Follies chorus, went west to act in a Neilan photodrama. I haven't seen her shadow lately, but I surmise she's still with the Neilan company. You might address her care the Neilan company and if you receive an answer from Irene you'll know my surmise is correct. San Diego Babe, do you get me?

**W. A. BRODERICK, JR., SHARON, PA.**—You are so modest you gladden my old heart. It isn't often we find such nice, quiet, unassuming boys nowadays, I'll tell you! And just to show you how much I appreciate you for being so modest, I'll say that when you ask me to have Mae Murray, Norma and Constance Talmadge, and Pauline Frederick send you their autographed pictures right away, I would, if it'd carry any weight, wire the girls to ignore any communications they may receive from you. As it is, try your luck. It may be bad, but try it.

**K. K.**—If you have deduced from my answers that I am prejudiced against yellow stationery, then I am well repaid. Did you also deduce that I am prejudiced against pink, purple, and sky-blue stationery? Charlotte Pierce is the attractive giggly girl who's been playing opposite Charlie Ray of late. She was in "Gas, Oil and Water." Charlotte is a recent discovery. She, Ethel Grandin—remember Ethel in the old Imps?—and Jacqueline Logan support Ray in his first United Artists production, "The Tailor Made Man."

**G. NISHIMURA, GUNMA KEN, JAPAN.**—I am awfully sorry I can't send you the photographs you ask for, but I never have any to send out. You'll have to write to the players direct, care the companies. A Studio Directory—a list of all the more important producers—appears in every issue of PHOTOPLAY. Glad you like the honorable Magazine.

**JASMIN.**—Yes, I am a film fan of long standing. I have stood outside theaters night after night, sometimes even in inclement weather, to put it politely, waiting for a glimpse of Charlie's feet or Mary's curls or Lillian's tears. I believe I have the long standing record. Conway Tearle is forty. Mahlon Hamilton, who is a married man, is thirty-five. Mrs. Hamilton is a non-professional.

**CUDDLES.**—With apologies to Lila Lee, I hope. Constance Talmadge in "Good References," "Dangerous Business," "Polly of the Follies," and "The Primitive Lover." Also coming—"East is West," which should be what was known in the community I came from as a gosh-darned hum-dinger. Now, if you don't see Connie it's your own fault, not hers or mine.

**WILLIE.**—Who is this Douglas Fairbanks you've been hearing so much about lately? Let's see—Miss Browne-Smythe—my files, please. Fair—ah, yes! Fairbanks. He is a young actor who was born in Denver, who was on the stage for quite a spell, and who

then made some movies and finally settled down and married a young lady named Mary Pickford. Reported he's making one o' those movin' pitchers now, right out there in California, called "Robin Hood." But if I were you I wouldn't be too quick to believe those re-ports.

**BLUE EYES.**—Madge Kennedy is twenty-four and the wife of Harold Bolster, a New York broker. She has formed her own company named the Kenma Corporation, which if you'll observe closely, is made up of the first syllables of her last and first names. Madge is a mighty nice girl and I hope her new pictures—of which the first is to be "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"—are good ones. She lives in Manhattan. The Talmadges live in California now. Natalie Keaton is the mother of a son. Norma, Constance and Mrs. Talmadge live with Natalie and Buster.

**VIRGINIA, MCKEESPORT, PA.**—Authorities have been asked point-blank if life is possible on Mt. Everest. If it is proved that it is, me for Mt. Everest. June Caprice hasn't been seen on the screen very often of late. There— isn't that just genteel, the way I put that? Neat, I calls it. "Rogue and Roman" was one of June's last pictures.

**KATHERINE.**—Your pink paper with the border of a deeper pink lead me to believe that you would in your letter disclose the fact that you think the Charlie Chaplin comedies are silly. If I weren't so scrupulously dutiful I wouldn't answer you at all. (This is for the Editor.) You won't have to go to see the Chaplin comedies any more just to see La Purviance, for she is to be the star of her own pictures. But if you're tender-hearted you will continue to patronize the Chaplins because he would be awfully hurt if you stopped going. (This is for you.)

**GERTRUDE H., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.**—Lila Lee is not married although she has been the heroine of the usual number of reported engagements. Blanche Sweet married Marshall Neilan in Chicago in June. Read all about it in this issue.

**MARIE R.**—I don't know that it's against the law for a wife to go through her husband's pockets. But if my wife—providing I had one—went through my pockets it would merely be a waste of time. Warner Richmond, Green Room Club, New York City. Warner Oland is a member of the cast of "East is West," Constance Talmadge's latest picture. Have no information on James Dyrenfoub. I can't even pronounce the name.

**THELMA OF GOSHEN.**—I don't wonder you're confused, the way the stars change their courses. Betty Compson had her own company, releasing through Goldwyn, before she became a Paramount. Goldwyn is still releasing some of her pictures.

**BEATRICE, CHICAGO.**—The very idea—what will the other girls say? Calling our Rodolph Randolph Valentino! His next picture is "Blood and Sand" but don't let me catch you calling him Randolph again or I'll give you his real last name and the name of the Italian town he was born in and make you learn to spell and pronounce them. So there!

**JACK L., NEW LONDON, CONN.**—Earle Foxe was Mabel Normand's leading man in "Peck's Bad Girl," but I have no record of his having appeared with Pauline Frederick. Miss Frederick has left pictures to go on the stage. She is now married to Dr. Rutherford. Willard Mack was formerly the husband of Polly. Theda Bara's last stage play was "The Blue Flame." (Continued on page 108)



# Hattie of Hollywood

(Continued from page 29)

stimulus of love. Naturally, there is nothing in that fact that need concern you."

She couldn't answer this. Her simple little standards had slipped all awry. And when he took her in his arms again she, in a spirit of queer unreality, met his kiss.

"Now," said he, "smile at me!" And pinched her cheek.

She, still trembling, actually smiled.

He took her himself to her dressing room, a miniature bungalow out in the golden sunlight, one of a pretty row; gave her the key for her very own. Her beggar costume hung there already. And on the dresser lay those books of his. She had to hide them from Emily as best she could by standing in front of them and then hurrying her out and locking the door. She decided to put them in a drawer of the dresser.

13.

ALICE'S house hunting didn't turn out successfully. Rentals proved appallingly high. The pretty little white bungalows could be had at two hundred to four hundred dollars a month. They couldn't pay that. And they couldn't stay on in the hotel. Already Hattie had had to ask De Brissac for an advance against salary. And at last, a gloomy family, they moved into a cramped little apartment over a grocery on one of the avenues that cross the Boulevard. There was no private bathroom for Gran'ma and there were stairs to climb. Hattie went to and from the studio on the street cars that passed the door. It came out that Alice had assumed an automobile almost as a matter of course. But there was to be no automobile.

Disillusionment was now complete. Even at the studio; particularly there. For the studio proved to be a great factory, in which De Brissac and his assistants fought against time and against a terrific overhead charge for the use of space and light and material and the time of the mechanical staff; in which swarms of preoccupied men and women went to work, at nine in the morning and kept at it, at times, until far into the night; in which all of life was routinized and systematized until it seemed hardly worth going on with.

In time, as the first forlorn feeling gave place to one of familiarity with her environment, Hattie found it not even exciting. Her stolen moments with De Brissac and his shrewdly restrained caresses were all that broke the monotony. Day after day she found herself looking forward to those moments. But the sense of furtiveness deepened. For the lot was a vastly more respectable place than would have seemed possible to the girls in the mailing room. Men with comfortable homes and pleasant families came daily to work as in a treadmill of business. Most of them were kind to her in their casual meetings. And De Brissac proved a dynamo, as Henry O'Malley had said. Hattie had never seen anyone work so hard, so patiently, so—the word came—conscientiously. His many-sidedness, his leadership, his power, his curiously casual affection for herself bewildered and in time piqued her. There were moments, after his caresses had become a matter of course, when she found it confusingly difficult to understand how he could turn so coolly away and plunge again into his work. But his atmosphere enveloped her. It was becoming, as he had so frankly meant it to become, the atmosphere of her life.

An odd discovery was that Hollywood exhibited to the outer eye no night life whatsoever. It was as quiet as a country village. There was nothing of the exuberant promiscuous whirl of Broadway; nothing to compare with the evil of that crowded subway or with the lurking menace of the dark



# Teeth You Envy

## Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

### That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

### Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively

combat it. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

### Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

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Canton, Ohio  
Canadian Agents  
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto

## An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

What was the best picture in 1921? Cast your vote today. Use the coupon on page 85.

streets or even with the quietly furtive intrigue of the office buildings. The temperamental folk were here, of course; gradually she came to hear the gossip of the lesser actresses and extra girls concerning gay parties, but these were private affairs in secluded homes. They used to have such back in Elizabeth when she was a little girl. There was gossip even there. And so this child could find no trace of the Hollywood of tradition; could find only a scattering little city spread out under the violent sun and rain of Southern California and an uncomfortably crowded apartment in which she had to live with a dispirited jangling family, (for which, strangely, she was now the sole provider), and that busy factory where they made pictures in a dogged spirit of fighting down ever-mounting costs and were surprisingly nice about it. . . . If she herself was drifting into a perplexing affair with De Brissac, if she was beginning to hunger secretly for his kisses, to make opportunities to be with him in that wonderful office, why, it was, after all, a situation that might have arisen anywhere . . . anywhere he happened to be. She fought him, of course. Sometimes she even locked up those books. There were days and days when she saw him only on the set. And when they traveled out on location she was glad to have Alice along. Increasingly her nights were darkened by dreams in which a deepening fear took ever new shapes. Sometimes in the night it seemed as if she were slipping little by little down a relentless slope toward a precipice. Blackness lay beyond.

She turned more and more frequently toward Henry O'Malley. Some influence other than De Brissac she must have. She couldn't sit or walk alone with her thoughts any more; they were too turbulent. She couldn't read, excepting in the books he gave her that were sweeping her mind swiftly out of the girlhood she had known and leaving it forever behind. And even while she felt unhappily drawn to him she dreaded the days when he might have more time for her. He spoke sometimes of those days. So she let O'Malley see more and more of her.

IT was necessary to be furtive about that, too. Both of them knew well enough that De Brissac wouldn't like it. On the set they acted like the merest acquaintances, but they met sometimes after hours and outside the studio. More and more often they met thus. Sometimes they dined together in out-of-the-way restaurants. Alice, reassured by the quiet character of Hollywood, gave up worrying about her, especially as late hours were assumed on De Brissac's set. And Gran'ma was confined to her bed now, and couldn't pursue. She learned, with O'Malley, to enjoy Chinese food. That was safest, because he knew that De Brissac loathed it and never entered the places. And sometimes he drove her in his smart little car to Long Beach or out over one of the passes. But they never stayed out late; the work was too hard and the morning hour too near.

A fact she didn't understand was that it was precisely when De Brissac was nearest to her unhappy spirit, was stirring her emotions most deeply, that she had the most friendly quality to give out to O'Malley. Sometimes she wondered if she had become double-faced; but whatever she had become it was so. She would sit with her elbows on a Chinese table of carved black wood and marble listening with a nervous eagerness while he talked on and on about himself and his inventions and the immense future that lay so clearly ahead. She could talk with him now. It was so plain that he was at heart only an eager boy. She found she was stimulating him, helping him on in his big fight. He told her that often and she thought it fine. He was not given to insistent love making. Sometimes they held hands. On a few occasions when he was deeply moved she passively let him kiss her. It was odd, at

those moments, that she thought not so much of De Brissac as of the dimmer figure of Willie Mazzini (she had owed Willie a letter for weeks; she must write him). At times she believed that Henry was heading toward a proposal of marriage. The thought was alarming and yet beautiful. It was hard to think what she should say if it did come to that. Certainly they were drawing closer. The difficulty was that both men were drawing closer. Situations might easily arise. Sometimes Henry exhibited signs of jealousy which both flattered and frightened her. She let it all drift. The months slipped rapidly, silently by; the soft climate tinged with unreality every day.

Even the increasing nervous tension of all concerned in the work of making the picture seemed unreal. Everyone but De Brissac was tired. There were quarrels. Mr. Zeck was back in New York, and during his absence the general manager, a Mr. Kugler, undertook to cut down expenses. A new Mr. Lemsol appeared one day, a tall, austere man with curly black hair, walking thoughtfully over the lot with Mr. Kugler. It was instantly whispered about that he was the new chairman of the board, and that Mr. Zeck was putting up a battle to hold his control of the Earthwide interests. But the work marched on. The moment came when Mr. De Brissac told them they were entering on the final fortnight. Even he began to exhibit signs of the long strain now. The lines in his face deepened and dark puffs appeared under his eyes. The lids, too, darkened. He took to having Hattie slip into his office at the end of the afternoon and rub his head. One day he told her that he was having the fight of his life. "But I'll win," he added quietly. He held her long in his arms that day. Timidly, furtively, she mothered him. She knew that he would win. No one could withstand his tireless energy. He never for a moment let down in manners or dress; was always smart in costume, always cool, and, in that desperately world-weary way, patient.

A NEW director took possession of a vast area of floor space next to the complicated group of sets that now seemed almost a queer sort of home, and began a picture there. Hattie began to notice a small, dark girl with strange eyes, nervously lighted eyes, who took to wandering over from the other set and, apparently, watching herself; a young girl, hardly older than herself. Mr. De Brissac shook hands with her the first day, and then, Hattie thought, avoided her; though once she saw them talking in a corner. She wondered somewhat about that. He didn't speak of it. From day to day she became increasingly conscious of this girl.

It was spring now. The rains were over, the rains that had come so abruptly flooding down from the mountains and roaring through the deep gutters of the city; the days were pleasantly, languidly hot in the open if still sharply cold in the shaded places; on Sunday afternoons a long procession of automobiles moved down to the beaches where bathers crowded by thousands, romping and swimming. Alice and Hattie took Emily often down to Santa Monica for a dream-like afternoon on the beach.

One day at noon Hattie sat in her miniature bungalow on the lot freshening her makeup after a hard morning's work. She had left the door open in order that the sunshine might stream in. De Brissac had whispered that she was to come to his office at five-thirty. She was thinking about that. She would go, of course. She always did. Oddly, the Hattie of the secret meetings seemed not to be the Hattie of the quiet rides and dinners with Henry O'Malley, and not even remotely the Hattie who was learning to be kinder and more helpful at the apartment. It was as if her life were divided into three compartments, from one to another of which the slender flame of her personality flitted like a ghost. Often



now it seemed that life had to be like that. De Brissac was fond of saying so, that every life was scattered on various queerly separated roads, that it was merely necessary to employ a little judgment in seeing to it that the roads never converged. And then he would quote Henley's "I am the master of my fate." He really seemed master of his own. And his insight was uncanny. Lately he had said—"You probably find it hard not to talk about me. You mustn't talk. Learn to smile and be gentle and pretty and say nothing" . . . Now it was so that when she had been increasingly beset by that tendency to bring his name into almost every conversation; not in any degree to dwell on their deepening secret but just to bring in his name, to quote his offhand remarks. He was right, of course. Any shrewd person would sense his domination of her spirit. She had been training herself to keep his name wholly off her tongue. As a result, she knew, Alice and Gran'ma, whatever else they might worry about—and they were worrying a little about Henry—suspected nothing. Even Henry, despite his flashes of moody, vague jealousy, had no real suspicions. He thought her too young and innocent. He saw no change in her. Whatever might happen, he mustn't see any.

A voice said, very quietly, "Hello!" She started, and turned in her chair, then slowly let the lipstick down on the dresser. That dark little girl stood there, her nervously bright eyes staring out of a yellow makeup, seeming to flicker with a green light.

"I used to have this room," the girl added, with a tight little smile. Hattie couldn't fathom the irony in that slow voice. She could only reply, inadequately, "Oh, did you?" Her wits were fluttering. She hadn't yet outgrown the girlish fear that her own turbulent thoughts might be in some way visible to others.

Then, as surprisingly, the girl turned away. Hattie sprang up and stepped to the door in time to see her skirt flicking around the corner of the miniature street of bungalows into the open lot. . . . She was gone. Hattie felt her color mounting under the paint. Why had the girl come? What—who—was she?

14.

SHE stood in his office, waiting expectantly, unhappily, for him to rise from his desk and take her in his arms; and as she waited she loathed herself. Often she felt like that.

The moment came. Then he dropped into one of the big chairs and drew her down beside him and caressed her hands.

"Three days more," he said gently. "And God, but I'm tired."

It was his first admission of the sort. It touched her.

"Your strain is over," he added. "Just those few retakes for you. But you've done it. You haven't failed me. I'm going to put you across as no new girl ever has been put across."

She caught her breath. But her mind couldn't follow his. The work had been too exacting, too mean, too much a business of struggle and routine and dimly perceived quarrels in those upper regions of the management, for her with her limited capacity to grasp the possible result of it as one of the smoothly running great pictures you saw in the theatre. No, in that direction her mind went blank.

"But my strain isn't done yet by a long shot, dear," he continued. "Not by a long shot. There's going to be a big fight over the cutting. I shall win it, but it's going to be a fight. . . First, I'm going to take a week off. A little rest. Our time has come, little sweetheart. At last. I've stimulated you. I've given you everything that it was in me to give. Now you're going to stimulate me—give to me. . . Tell you how I've planned. I've had the yacht overhauled and put into commission. It'll be beautiful out on the water from now on. You must manage to slip away for a few days without that sister."

Posed by Lois Wilson, leading woman in Paramount motion pictures. Miss Wilson, like many other attractive stars of the screen, uses and endorses Ingram's Milkweed Cream to protect and preserve the complexion.



## Sunburn, tan, freckles

—they need not mar your complexion

ENJOY this summer the sports you love best—without sacrificing your complexion. Play tennis or golf as much as you like—swim to your heart's content—secure in the knowledge that your skin is protected from sunburn, tan and freckles.

For you can guard your skin against the burning rays of the sun. You can protect it from the coarsening effects of hot, dusty winds if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

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

If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use at once.

It will soon soothe away old traces of redness and roughness,

banish slight imperfections. Its continued use will preserve your fair, wholesome complexion through a long summer of outdoor activities.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Use it regularly, according to directions in the Health Hint booklet enclosed in the carton—keep your fresh complexion through the trying heat of summer.

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

**Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder**—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50 cents.

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## The girl you turn to look at

She was once bothered with freckles probably as much as you

A girl cannot pay a more sincere compliment to another than by turning to admire and study her. What makes her look so well? No more beautiful than you, yet she is more attractive. Why?

One thing she will not tolerate is freckles. Perhaps you never have realized how they mar one's appearance. She removes them with

## STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Now sold in the new purple and gold box.

It leaves the skin without a blenish and causes no downy growth. You'll always find Stillman's on the tables of well dressed girls.

If your druggist has no supply, write us direct. Mailed in plain package. 50c a jar. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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Hattie's mind stopped. This was the crisis she had so well known must come, but now that it had come she couldn't meet it. There had even been dark moments when she wanted it to come. She closed her eyes, and sat very still. The only words that phrased themselves in her mind were, "Oh, I can't do that!" She couldn't utter them. She tried and failed. They seemed even a little unfair. She was thinking wildly of Alice and Gran'ma and Emily, of Henry, of Willie Mazzini and Fred Schmandt. A moment came of bitter clarity, and she knew that she would fight this inevitable situation, would struggle, would take up mental positions and try desperately to defend them, only to yield wretchedly at last. She couldn't withstand him. Even, in a queer way hating him as she now hated herself. She would lie to Alice. Somehow, in a fever of the spirit, she'd manage it. The whole long drift had led to this.

THERE was a soft knock at the door. They sat motionless. Few dared to intrude on De Brissac in his chosen hours of seclusion and study. The office orders were that even the telephone must not be rung excepting on urgent business. Once before Mr. Zecek himself had knocked, and Hattie, feeling like a criminal, had hidden in the adjoining wash-room until he went away. But Mr. Zecek was still in New York.

The knock sounded again, and still again. He laid his fingers on her lips. Then an odd expression came to his face. He got up. She followed, and stood beside him. He glanced toward the washroom door, but then, as she moved a step in that direction, stopped her.

"No," he whispered. "Just stand there where you can't be seen. I'll attend to this."

She moved over to another chair, stood uncertainly beside it, then behind it.

He turned the catch of the self-locking door and opened it a few inches. She heard a feminine voice. He said something about being too busy just now. The feminine voice

(End of Second Installment)

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 65)

LADY GODIVA  
Associated Exhibitors

BUCKING BROADWAY—  
Educational

A STUPID, foreign picture, recording the first bareback equestrienne act in history. With fewer thrills than one would suppose possible—except when the title writer enters into rhymed competition with the original lines by Tennyson. When the lady rides, unclad, through the streets of Coventry, the horse gets the balance of the applause—and quite deservedly. And when the castle collapsed a stone block was seen to bounce.

## THE HALF BREED—First National

MARY ANDERSON and Wheeler Oakman in a hodge-podge of impossible happenings and emotions and reactions. All set in a frame of beautiful but wasted Arizona scenery. The plot wanders aimlessly about with neither starting place or purpose of apparent end, and there is a great display of the hand-kissing, shoulder-patting sort of affection. Probably the world's most futile picture—to date.

## SHERLOCK HOLMES—Educational

THE real Sherlock Holmes, this time, done into a number of two reel pictures that each tell, as a separate story, one of the world famous mysteries. There is no sticky love interest to be upheld—this is the cool detective of the test tubes and the many clues—who works, step by step, toward a solution. The cast is well chosen of English players. Worth while.

persisted. He opened the door wider, as if to step outside, but a slight figure suddenly darted into the room, slipping alertly under his obstructing arm. It was the dark girl. Her eyes rested on Hattie an instant, those strange eyes, then she rushed across the room. She seemed to be drawing a cork out of a small bottle. She raised her arm and threw out the contents of the bottle toward Hattie, who stood, bewildered, holding to the chair.

De Brissac caught her and they struggled. The door slammed shut. De Brissac screamed as if in pain, and swore angrily. She had heard him swear once or twice, but never like that. Then he got the girl somehow into the washroom and locked the door.

He showed her a burned hand; quietly now, stoically. "Acid," he said. "Didn't get you, did she?"

Hattie shook her head, and stared at the blistering hand. It must be hurting terribly. She helped bind his handkerchief about it.

"A crazy girl," he said. "I'll find George in a minute, and figure out some way of handling her. We don't want talk, of course. . . . You're a wonderful girl, dear. You never flinched."

With his uninjured hand he drew her toward him. She yielded, leaning weakly against him, because she felt weak and dizzy; for the moment she couldn't think at all. But in another moment thoughts came. That girl wasn't wholly crazy. She wondered in a vivid flash of horror if she, herself, simple little Hattie Johnson, could ever be brought to throwing acid or shooting or—there was terror in these swiftly crowding thoughts. Perhaps, Why not? . . . She broke away and stood dizzily alone. Those so neatly separated compartments of her life had been thrown together as by a devastating explosion. It seemed as if millions of eyes were already looking in.

He came again to her side, almost as tenderly as if there had been no interruption, but she pushed him away and rushed out.

ARISTOUS comedy of a stagestruck son and an equally affected father. Much chasing around through passages and chorus rooms and behind scenes. A delightful touch is provided by the gentlemen of the ensemble in miniature Von Stroheim uniforms. Good for a couple of dozen laughs.

## THE GRAY DAWN—Hodkinson

PLACE—California. Time—1850, B. H. (meaning before Hollywood). A gripping story of the time when the Vigilantes took the law into their own hands and began to bring the dawn of order after a night of political chaos. Carl Grantvoort and Claire Adams are the hero and heroine, Robert McKim is the polished villain, and George Hackathorne again demonstrates his ability. An interesting family picture, with the younger children once removed.

## OUT OF THE SILENT NORTH— Universal

ALL French Canadians are simple and inclined to self sacrifice, according to the teaching of the motion picture. And *Pierre Baptiste*, Frank Mayo, is no exception to the rule. He defends his hated rival with his life and—because of his unselfishness—wins the girl and gets the mine. Virtue triumphant! Barbara Bedford adds another star to her good conduct card. Fairly cool entertainment for sultry weather.



**THE MEN OF ZANZIBAR—Fox**  
 THIS Richard Harding Davis story has been transformed almost painlessly to the screen, but with very little of the author's charm. Much chasing through hallways and underground passages, and a triple near-impersonation—made up of William Russell and two other men who are astonishingly like him. This will either make or break the picture—according to the personal taste. A family film that is quite exciting, despite its faults.

**RETRIBUTION**  
 A SPECTACULAR drama of mediaeval Italy at the time when Lucrezia Borgia was treating all her enemies with her deadly home brew. The picture is attractive to the eye, and well acted, but it is weakened by injudicious cutting and frequently makes no sense whatsoever.

**GYMNASIUM JIM—Sennett**  
 ONE of the wildest and funniest two reel comedies that have appeared in many moons, or in many suns, when you come right down to it. It represents the usual combination of slap-stick gags and melodramatic thrills, but laid on with more than usual vigor. Billy Bevan, Mildred June and several other well known Sennettors are among those present.

**STEP ON IT—Universal**  
 HOOT GIBSON and Barbara Bedford in a whirlwind western with good characterization, good titles and good sets. About cattle thieves and revolver fights and tight situations. Hardly an original plot, but exciting enough to hold the interest. Pictures like this are a breath of fresh air in this day of sex best sellers. Even the most unsophisticated mothers can see this, even though Universal did make it!

**KISSED—Universal**  
 MARIE PREVOST at her best—which is very good. She forgets to act and is really *Connie Keener*, a girl who craves romance and is engaged to marry a busy man who has little time for the moonlight and rose petals of life. Because of a thermometer bursting kiss in the dark, she breaks her engagement and goes on a still hunt for Prince Charming. For the family—almost.

**STRANGE IDOLS—Fox**  
 NOT only the idols are strange. Almost everything comes under the same head—except the plot, which is only ancient. A wife who loves jazz and a husband who doesn't are stirred up with a dash of heart throb, some near emotions, and a bit of parting. They are garished, in the last reel, with some innocent child stuff. And are left to cool. No one will want a second helping.

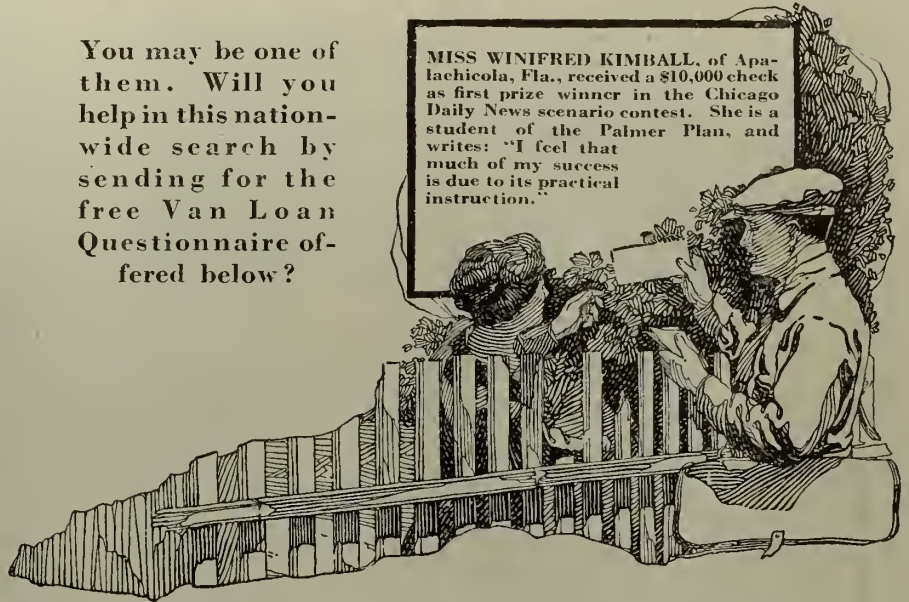
**THEY LIKE 'EM ROUGH—Metro**  
 VIOLA DANA in a series of charming tantrums that end in the arms of a personable husband—who is a real cavern man. A story that is thin of fabric, but neatly woven, and some impressive settings in the big timber country of Northern California. Plenty of fun for the whole family, whether the members of it agree with the title or not!

**THE DAYS OF BUFFALO BILL—Universal**  
 ONE can usually be sure of a Universal serial. And this one is especially lively, picturing as it does a romantic and rather obscure phase of American history. Railroads in the building, Indians, and the brave band of scouts who held the frontier—all are real and thrilling. Art Accord and Dorothy Wood are the hero and heroine; Duke Lee plays the difficult role of Buffalo Bill.

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You may be one of them. Will you help in this nationwide search by sending for the free Van Loan Questionnaire offered below?

MISS WINIFRED KIMBALL, of Apalachicola, Fla., received a \$10,000 check as first prize winner in the Chicago Daily News scenario contest. She is a student of the Palmer Plan, and writes: "I feel that much of my success is due to its practical instruction."



THE Palmer Photoplay Corporation is in the position of a lawyer who has been commissioned to find the missing heirs to a great estate.

The motion picture industry *must* have new scenarios. It *must* have them if it is to continue to hold its vast audiences. It *must* have them if its great studios and investments are not to become worthless. It is willing to pay fortunes for these stories; it is ready to crown the successful scenario writers with fame and maintain them in luxury. Who are these people who can tell a story? Where are they?

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And still the search goes on. Hundreds of thousands of copies of the Van Loan Questionnaire must be distributed this year; will you send for your copy? You may be one of the thousands (out of the hundreds of thousands) for whom the rewards of this new era wait.

### The Van Loan Questionnaire— a big new invention

Not every man and woman can write stories for the screen. In the past many who had no real talent or chance for success have wasted time in fruitless trying. Such waste of time and money is no longer necessary. By an interesting new development it is now possible for you to know almost at once whether you have any gift of creative

imagination and whether it will pay you to develop that gift.

The invention is a Questionnaire such as was used by the United States Army in establishing the qualifications of officers and men in the war. This Questionnaire has been created with special reference to the needs of the motion picture industry by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated Photoplaywright and Professor Malcolm MacLean, formerly of Northwestern University.

We invite you, without obligation, to send for your copy of this Questionnaire. We ask you to co-operate with the new forces in the motion picture industry by making this free test of your creative talent in your own home.

### We shall be frank with you

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is the largest seller of motion picture scenarios in the United States. It is in business to secure scenarios for which producers will pay large sums.

The Educational Department of the Corporation is organized to train men and women of talent to a point where they can produce such scenarios. Therefore the Educational Department must and does deal very frankly with those who fill in the Questionnaire. If your talent is not sufficient to justify you in going on, you will be promptly notified.

If, on the other hand, you should be one of the thousands now unknown who are to be important factors in this second era of the motion picture industry, the facilities of the Educational Department will be placed at your disposal if you choose to take advantage of them.

### At least test yourself—the test is free

Surely this simple test is worth trying. Failure to attain high rank in it involves you in no loss. You have merely invested a stamp and a pleasant hour of mental discipline. On the other hand, success with the Questionnaire may open the way to fame and immense reward.

Do not pass by lightly the chance to share in this second era of the motion picture industry. Send today for the Van Loan Questionnaire.

### PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation

Dept. of Education, 124 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your Questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

Name.....  
 Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address.....









"Where are you going?" he demanded, and she replied dully, "I'm going to him—he needs me"

## One Clear Call

(Continued from page 78)

trees, and he saw her walking about in the moonlight. It was the first time he had been so near to her since she had left the hospital, and he could not resist the impulse to disobey her order. As he entered the yard, she heard his step. She could avoid him only by flight, and she waited.

"You must forgive me," he said, "but there's something troubling me. I want your advice."

"Come in," she said, and led the way to the house.

"I won't mention any names," he began, and then he told her about Garnett, his promise to help the dying man, and the possible effect upon his standing in the city. "What would you do?" he asked, when he had ended the story. "Help him, or leave him to an unsympathetic outsider?"

"You must help him, of course," she replied. "I knew you would say that, because I know it is right."

She walked to the gate with him. In the deep shadow of a low-hanging tree he took her arm with a gentle insistence. She resisted the pressure, trembling.

"You know I love you," he whispered, but she made no reply.

"Is there—someone else?" he asked, and his heart sank as he saw her nod her head slowly.

He turned away, and hurried down the street. Slowly she went back to the house, and found Yetta waiting for her.

"The man you told him to help is Henry Garnett," the negress said.

"No!" Faith exclaimed. "How do you know?"

"It's my business to know about Henry Garnett," Yetta replied.

While Garnett had made it his business to fortify himself with the city authorities in such a way as to be immune from police interference, this did not quiet public anger. The garish lights of the Owl were an eyesore to all decent citizens, and at last that mysterious organization, the Clan, which flourishes here and there in the South, decided to take action. With the utmost care and secrecy the plans were worked out for a raid which would wipe out Garnett's establishment. They did not know he was a dying man, they did not know he was himself devising means to close out his business. They only knew that they had endured the blot upon the city as long as they intended to. And one night the white-robed, masked body gathered outside the city, and swept through the streets. Somewhere the

cry started, "The Clan is raiding the Owl," and spread on the wings of feverish excitement.

Dr. Hamilton was at home when the news reached him. He remembered his promise to help the man whom he had once known as a friend. Ignoring his sister's frantic appeals, he jumped into his car and drove to the Owl. Already the front of the place was riddled with bullets and the leaders were calling to Garnett to come out and surrender. Alan elbowed his way through the mob and mounted the steps of the building.

"You shan't do this!" he shouted. "I know your arguments—that it is justice and that there's no other way for justice to be done. But that's no excuse for cowardice. You're a gang of cowards!"

Yells of "No" greeted this accusation. "All right then, I'll tell you how you can prove that I'm wrong. If there's a man among you who has not patronized this kind of place, let him take off his mask and go in and get Henry Garnett."

Silence ensued, while the masked riders shifted uneasily in their saddles. Alan knew he had won. Then he clinched it.

"If you'll go, I'll make you this promise, and you know that I'll make good—the Owl will be closed in thirty days."

The riders hesitated, a few wheeled their horses and rode away, the others gradually following. Alan went inside, up the stairs, and found Garnett standing at a window, a revolver in his hand.

"You've saved my life, and some others," Garnett said. "But is that my limit—thirty days? I tell you the Owl shall not close while I live, just on account of this thing tonight."

"I've made a promise—and I think you'll help me keep it," Alan replied.

Neither spoke for a few moments. Garnett sat in his chair, musing, and Alan did not interrupt his thoughts. At last the gambler spoke.

"There's one thing I want—just one thing. Perhaps you can help me. I want to find my wife."

"Your wife?"  
"I married her in Texas. She didn't know anything about me, but some kind friends enlightened her, and she left me. I haven't been able to find her since. I'll give you all the facts tomorrow, and maybe you can find her for me."

When Alan went down to his car, he found Yetta waiting for him beside it.



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"She wants you to go to her," the woman said.

Faith was waiting for him, and rose quickly and came to the door when she heard his footsteps on the verandah.

"I must tell you," she gasped. "I heard they were raiding the Owl and I went down there. I saw what you did, and I must tell you—I am Henry Garnett's wife."

Overcome by the revelation, Alan felt his last hope fading. He stared at her, and looked away. He had promised to help Garnett find his wife, and he had found her—the woman he himself loved. Bewildered, groping for a decision, he vaguely noticed that Faith had taken her cloak from a chair where she had thrown it, and was putting it around her shoulders.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"I am going to him—he needs me," she replied, dully.

"No, I can't let you go to him," he cried, and throwing his arms around her, looked into her eyes.

Before either of them could summon the strength to resist their desire, their lips had met in a kiss that revealed the consuming fire of their love. After a delirious instant, she drew away from him, but she removed her cloak and sat down.

"I can't go now," she said. "I wanted to be strong—but I can't. You must leave me—I must not see you again. I must go away."

He did not even ask her where she was going. He believed she would not have told him, but he did not want to know. If he knew, he would be tempted to keep his promise, and tell Garnett, and he was utterly resolved to break faith. He did not offer any excuses to his conscience. All the tragedy of disappointed love focused in a single determination, that Garnett should never know.

The next day, Faith left the city, taking Yetta with her, and leaving no address. Her departure was as mysterious as her arrival. The house was left in the care of an old man, who had been told that he would receive instructions by mail. And when the instructions for the closing of the place arrived, they were transmitted through agents.

For the first time in his life, Alan Hamilton took no interest in healing the sick. He turned over the affairs of the hospital to assistants and neglected his private practice. Soon he was hardly recognizable, as he slouched about the streets, even seeking in alcohol some sort of relief from the constant ache at his heart. He would not admit to himself that the torture was less because of the loss of the woman he loved than because of his broken faith with the man he had promised to befriend. But he avoided Henry Garnett, who heard the reports of Alan's dissipation and was puzzled. Several times he tried to reach Alan by telephone, but Alan refused to talk to him. Garnett had seen so many men go wrong, and had materially assisted so many to do so, that he did not regard the phenomenon as unusual. He deplored the demoralization of his friend, but with the gambler's fatalism decided it was no affair of his.

ONE day, as Alan slouched home because he could think of no place else where he could so easily avoid acquaintances, Maggie came running out to meet him.

"Alan, Alan," she called. "Something wonderful has happened! Guess who's here."

He looked at her, unintelligently, blankly.

"Faith has come back!" Maggie cried.

"Faith—come back?" he repeated mechanically.

"Oh no, you're mistaken."

"No, I'm not. She's in the house—right now—waiting for you."

Alan pulled himself together, conscious for

the first time of his condition. He could hardly bear to face her. He felt that, in dishonoring himself, he had dishonored her. But she was tender and sympathetic, for she understood. A few moments with her, and he was himself once more—strong and ready for the test he had shirked. They agreed that Faith must go back to Garnett, that it was the only solution. So great was their relief, that they were almost happy, as they prepared to carry out their plan.

"Is Yetta with you?" Alan asked.

"Yes, I left her at the hotel," Faith told him.

But Yetta was not at the hotel. She was, at that moment, in Henry Garnett's room at

## One Clear Call

NARRATED, by permission, from the First National—Louis B. Mayer Production by Frances Nimmo Greene. Directed by John M. Stahl with the following cast:

Dr. Alan Hamilton . . . . . Milton Sills  
Faith . . . . . Claire Windsor  
Henry Garnett . . . . . Henry B. Walthall  
Maggie . . . . . Irene Rich  
Yetta . . . . . Annette De Foe

the Owl. And when Alan left his sister and Faith in his car, and went upstairs to break the news to Garnett, it was a cold greeting that awaited him. Garnett ignored his outstretched hand.

"Before I shake hands with you, answer one question," Garnett said. "Have you been making love to my wife?"

"I loved her before I knew she was your wife," Alan confessed. "But even if I had known it, I would have loved her. Now I have brought her back to you. She is outside. I don't ask you to forgive me—but be good to her. She is innocent. She wanted to come back to you before, and I wouldn't let her."

He did not wait for Garnett's answer, but went to the door. Faith was there, waiting. She went into the room, and Alan closed the door behind her.

It seemed hours to Alan before she came out. Really, it was only about fifteen minutes. When she came, there was a puzzled expression on her brow.

"It is very strange," she said. "He spoke hardly at all. So at last I said, 'Well, Henry, what do you propose to do with me? I've come back, and I'm going to take care of you.' He said, 'No, I think I know a better way. You had better go now. You'll understand tomorrow.' What could he have meant?"

"I cannot imagine," Alan replied. "Do you think I should go up and see him again?"

"No, he said he wanted to be alone," Faith said.

So they drove back to Alan's home, but they had hardly arrived when a telephone message came from a servant at the Owl, asking Dr. Hamilton to hurry back. He found Garnett huddled in his chair, dead. On the table in front of him was a glass, a little liquid remaining in the bottom, together with a trace of a gray sediment. A wrapping such as druggists use for powders was in the waste basket, and other powders with similar wrappings in the drawer of the table. It was thirty days since the Clan had raided the Owl. Henry Garnett had made good the promise to Alan Hamilton.

THE  
SHADOW  
STAGE

Pages 60-65

In this issue

Exceptionally  
worth while

THE  
FILM YEAR  
IN REVIEW

Pages 56-58



## Just A Good Business Man

(Continued from page 49)

Roland has been a star longer and held her place and remained a star, longer than anyone else on the screen except Miss Pickford.

Do you remember Ruth as the Kalem Girl, in the old days with Micky Neilan?

She has never been off the screen, never had a vacation longer than two weeks, and has worked for only two companies in eight years—Kalem and Pathe.

She was a famous stage child. At four and five, she did a single act, billed as "Baby Ruth," and she was known from coast to coast. Her mother died when she was seven and she continued her career under the supervision of her father, a newspaperman, and an aunt, who still lives with her.

When pictures first began to attract public attention, Ruth, who was still in vaudeville, saw their possibilities. Out to the Kalem studio in Edendale she went and asked for a job. And got it. But to get it she had to tell them she could ride. In her childhood she had ridden, but it had been years since she had been on a horse. Nevertheless, that first day, she rode fifty miles and had to be lifted from her saddle when she reached the studio. Her hands were a mass of blisters, the saddle had rubbed her raw, her muscles ached and throbbed. She cried all night, but she was on the set the next morning at nine o'clock.

SHE would never admit that she didn't know how to do a thing, or that she couldn't do it.

One of the cowboys who worked with her told me that he and a lot of the other cowboys used to climb up on an old barn and watch her practicing in the seclusion of the back lot.

"She never give up till she got it, neither," he said with a grin.

She taught herself to be a splendid horse-woman and a first class athlete.

A year or two later, the fork in the road of life came to her.

Cecil de Mille had seen her work and sent for her to play the lead in his first picture "The Warrens of Virginia." It was the very start of the Lasky company. Mr. de Mille was an unknown quantity in pictures. They could offer her only \$125 a week, with no guarantee of a raise, or even of continuation of production.

At the same time, Pathe approached her with a three year contract, starting at \$175 a week. In those days it was a big difference. The problem worried her for a few days. But it was foregone that she should take the Pathe offer.

Perhaps she realized instinctively that she should stick to her trade.

Serial making in those days, when there were practically no facilities, when cameras were in their early stages, when there were not even ordinary mechanical devices for eliminating danger, was hard, rough, dangerous work.

"I was scared to death, lots of times," Ruth told me, as we sat in her rose boudoir, "but I never refused but once to do a thing. The director wanted me to fall backwards off a twenty-foot cliff, onto a hard rock road. I said I wouldn't do it. I'll never forget the look of scorn he gave me. 'Showing the yellow streak, Ruth?' he asked. I fell off the cliff."

But those were the days when she made the "Who Pays" serial and "The Red Circle."

Even now, her work is intensely hard. And she is constitutionally a hard worker. It isn't in her nature to shirk. She knows where everything is, where everything is going to be, in her whole production.

When you come down to consider it, quite an unusual personality, quite a unique character for a screen star, isn't she?

# Thousands Who Don't Dream They Can Write Really CAN!

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

YOU may consider the above a broad statement. But is it? Is writing a magical art set aside as the special province of certain gifted dreamers?

I do not think so. I think that the vast majority of stories and photoplays are made up of characters, emotions, and reactions that you and the rest of the world know all about. I have discussed this subject to great lengths with a number of persons. Invariably, they have agreed with me that fiction, in its sensible phases, is nothing more than an interesting picture of certain characters revealing themselves by their actions and their words. Thus, when a writer has certain characters to write of, he merely makes them do things that will show clearly and interestingly what kind of people they are.

The life of the most commonplace individual is chock-full of stories. A woman, in reporting to a friend the little rumors, anecdotes, and gossip she has heard, has at her finger-tips plots and ideas for any number of interesting stories and photoplays. There is something interesting about every man and woman. Our daily existence is a history of blunders, hopes, surprises, privations, meetings, partings, adventures, journeys, accidents, romance, thwarted hopes, burning desires, and the like without end. Any of these phases of life can be made into splendid stories and photoplays. And, by certain methods that have just come to light, great numbers may now learn how to turn their knowledge, ideas, and experiences into salable stories and photoplays far easier than they ever dreamed it could be done.

I have enjoyed the privilege of considerable travel, and as a consequence have had the opportunity of meeting hundreds of aspiring writers. And always I have been eagerly asked for advice. How do I do it? What are the secrets of my success? Who started me off? Did I have a pull? How do I know what to write about? And the like in many varieties.

And always I answer: The art of writing is not such a horribly complicated thing as you seem to think. I myself am merely a receptive medium upon whose mind life, experiences, and characters make certain impressions. I then put these impressions into stories, novels, articles, and photoplays. Your instincts, emotions, joys, and tribulations are not greatly different from those of myself or any well-known author, for that matter. Then, most assuredly, your impulses, impressions, and the ideas peculiar to you and your life should be made into stories and photoplays. You know how you have acted under certain

circumstances. Why can you not put story characters in like situations and make them do the same?

You perhaps are not aware that the greatest stories and photoplays have been based upon the simplest, most primeval passions and emotions brought up-to-date and arranged in such a manner as to create suspense. When a story or photoplay is thus based on truths and elements of human nature that are the very essence of homely, every-day existence, it is no more difficult to drive home a convincing and sincere effect than it is for water to run down hill. You know your niche

of life, your occupation, your surroundings, your friends, and all the elements of your existence, far better than anyone else knows it. And, if you have taken the time and trouble to become interested in the people and the world about you, you certainly ought to write a far stronger story or photoplay of that life than anyone else could.

The fiction which I have written has been successful because it has been about the life that I know—and I feel assured that hundreds would obtain equal success if they would only stick to picturing phases of existence with which they are thoroughly familiar.

I have pointed out this very truth to struggling writers in past years, and I have been greatly amazed at the speed with which they have progressed when thus fortified with the confidence that in their little world were myriad plots which they and they alone were capable of digging up, brushing off, and presenting to the public.

The reason so many ambitious writers fail is because they struggle too hard to attain what is not half so difficult as it is made to seem. So many aspirants puff and fret and cast about frantically in hidden places for the secrets of success which all the while fairly stare them in the face. Their work is rejected because it is too obviously manufactured for the occasion, like a country boy attired for a city dress ball. They overstrain, they overstep. Had they written naturally of real life as they know it, they might have astonished the world.

Perhaps I have brought a new light to bear upon this subject of story and play writing. If so, I am very, very thankful. There is more to be said, however—some vitally interesting things concerning writing and writers that I would like to tell you if the space permitted. But it doesn't, so I have arranged with my publishers, The Authors' Press, of Auburn, N. Y., to send you a book which tells you a great many more things about my methods and secrets of writing, how to get ideas, how to succeed, and so on. It is a delightfully engaging little book and will be mailed free of charge to anyone really interested in learning how to write stories and photoplays by newly revealed methods that make writing so very much easier. This little book is named "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing." It is very aptly named. I can assure you that its pages reveal the promised short-cuts in a very charming manner. I know you will be vastly pleased and instructed after having read it. It contains information that it is a shame to have kept from the public so long.

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From  
*Carolyn Van Wyck*

ELSIE J., ATLANTA, GA.  
It is always a mistake to write indiscreet letters. But I do not need to tell you—you have already realized the fact! I quite understand how innocently you wrote the little notes; that they were the outpourings of a girl who was in love with love—rather than with any individual. The unfortunate part of the affair is that you wrote them to a man who had none of the finer instincts—who had not the slightest conception of chivalry.

He has said that he will give them—your letters—to the man you are engaged to marry, the man who has really won your heart. Even though you have begged him to destroy them, he has laughed and shown an unswerving purpose. There remains only one thing to do—and I think that you should have done it long ago, before the situation became so acute. You must tell your fiance the truth of the matter—explaining to him, as you did to me, that you wrote blindly—with a childish heart and mind that were flooded with moonlight and romance and what has been called “puppy-love.” Make him understand that the letters meant nothing real, and never could have meant anything. And, if the man is worthy of the affection you have given him, he will utterly believe you. His anger will be directed against the other man, not against you. True love—the love that is a part of marriage—must be built upon honor and trust and faith.

least. And—if possible—a pint of cream. Be careful, also, to take a proper amount of healthful exercise.

DOROTHY S., BOSTON, MASS.  
I am afraid that you are playing with fire—that you are allowing circumstances to take the form of a trap from which it will be hard to escape. It is unprofitable, always, for a girl to spend much of her time—outside of business hours—with her employer. Said employer has told you, quite frankly, that he is not a marrying man—that you amuse him and help him to pass the evenings, and that is all! Knowing his attitude, and being aware of your growing affection for him, you yourself must see the danger.

I would perhaps speak differently if you had not, in your letter to me, so carefully drawn the man's character. But you have told me that he is intensely selfish and egotistical. In allowing yourself to be seen with him, you are creating a false impression. In being with him you are creating a false situation.

Please, while there is still time, assert yourself. Let him know, surely, that you are through! If it pains you to tell him—if it would be hard for you to see him and work with him, daily, after telling him—I think that you should begin, at once, to look for a new position. There should be plenty of work for an efficient private secretary in a city as large as Boston.

GLORIA, PLYMOUTH, MICH.  
As you are tall and slender you can wear ruffles and pannier and two-piece frocks. Any broken line will make you appear shorter than you will seem in a straight line. Also—wear your hair low and affect the new flat slippers that are so smart this season. Attention to such details will help.

MOLLY STEWART, AUSTRALIA.  
To one who is finding life “very beautiful, gay and interesting,” the mere question of weight should be a very small one indeed! The thrill of being finished with school and ready to make one's bow to society is a most wonderful thing!

If you desire to gain weight you can do so by drinking a great deal of milk and cream. It is the safest and surest method of putting on pounds. Two quarts of milk a day, at

You tell me that you exercise a great deal, and regularly. If you do that, the surplus weight must be largely a question of diet. See the advice that I have given to E. L., of

**LABLACHE**  
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—The Editor

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—is what your Genuine Chinese Good Luck ring brought me. My wife's name is Annie. I had tried all our ring brought success in love, business and financially. Ours is the genuine and original ring, stamped inside with the Chinese characters for Good Luck. Believed by Ancients to bring Good Luck, health, wealth, Prosperity. Solid Sterling silver. Price, Postpaid, Cash with order \$1.50, or, C. O. D. \$1.60

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Illinois, on the same subject. Arrange your hair in a high fashion, and do not puff it over the ears—this will make you seem less heavy.

Any of the creams advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE are safe and reliable. And the new complexion clays are splendid in the matter of removing blackheads. The French powders are often the best. You must be sure to use a fine quality. In the shade "Rachel," as you are a brunette.

J. L. K., DENVER, COLO.

A girl who cheapens herself in the eyes of her companions is never popular—in the real sense of the word. Smoking, drinking, using unpleasant slang and profanity "because the rest do it"—they are extremely serious mistakes. *Mistakes that you must not make!* You may get a laugh from the gallery, but that laugh will not be worth very much in the last analysis. The sort of a girl who is most admired is the sweet, genuine girl who is not ashamed to still hold fast to the ideals and gentle truths that have made the American woman a tradition and a sacred trust. I have heard soldiers, overseas, speak with real reverence of the purity and wholesome sanity of the girl "back home." She was the vision that kept many a man straight—that took him bravely over the top. The girl who destroys that vision, even though she does it thoughtlessly, has killed something that is very beautiful. Do not, because you have not realized certain facts and truths, sell your birthright for a smattering of applause.

E. R., PLAINFIELD, N. J.

You're right. Better a girl with a plain face who looks neat and smart and chic than a beautiful girl who gives a sloppy, careless appearance!

The question is—how to achieve this chic? The matter of income isn't, as you seem to think, the most important consideration. Study your type, your coloring, your figure, and get the most out of them that you possibly can!

You are tall and slim, with dark hair and eyes and an olive complexion. But you are inclined to be pale and you are of a retiring nature. And so, though vivid colors would suit your face and figure, they would clash with your personality. Wear, instead, pastel shades and plain dark colors. Concentrate on good material and line. A touch of rouge, perhaps—the "ashes of roses" tint. And, above all, affect an extreme simplicity—so is the utmost chic obtained!

MISS E. L. KINNEY, NEWARK, N. J.

Between thirty-five and forty is a difficult age for the average woman, particularly if she is unmarried—and all of her friends are married! I can understand just how you must feel; the loneliness and the diffidence and the "put-upon-the-shelf" sensation. Oftentimes, I have no doubt, you stay away from places because you are the "odd" one. Oftentimes you miss many a pleasure because you do not want to intrude.

I know that my advice will sound inadequate to you. You desire something constructive—and on this subject I cannot give anything of the sort. I can only say that you must try to conquer your self-consciousness, that you must put aside your feelings of false pride. Your friends would not ask you to join in their good times if they were not fond of you—if they did not enjoy your companionship.

Do not think of yourself as an old maid. You're not! Love may come to you any day and, even if it does not come, you have the best of life before you—and you should fill it with all sorts of beauty and interest. As you have plenty of time on your hands I think that it would help if you took up some special reading or study. And then there are many things—heart-warming things—that you can do for others. Settlement work would splendidly fill in the gaps that cause you such distress.



## The other woman may so easily be you

TWO MILLION women who have learned to realize  
this possibility are safeguarding themselves against it

By RUTH MILLER

The other woman—always a cloud of disapproval has followed her. Her offense may not be great; she may only lack small social graces. But always she is some one you would not want to be.

And yet—the other woman may so easily be you—especially in one respect!

We are keenly critical when "the other woman" offends with the disagreeable odor and moisture of underarm perspiration. But it is not so easy to recognize ourselves in the role of offender.

The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity by excitement, heat or nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult.

We may be *innocently* guilty of that very lack of daintiness that we condemn in others. For it seems impossible to detect the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration in ourselves.

Fastidious soap and water cleanliness cannot protect you. The only sure safe-guard for your daintiness is the way now adopted by two million women and thousands of men—regular practice of the underarm toilette, through Odorono.

*Odorono corrects all forms of perspiration trouble*

Odorono was originally a physician's prescription to correct the unpleasant moisture and odor of perspiration. It has been perfected by years of scientific research by the chemists in the Odorono laboratories and other leading chemists. It is a clean, dainty, antiseptic

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toilet water, easy and pleasant to use and effective in its control of underarm moisture and odor.

Physicians and nurses recommend it as the safe and most effective means of relieving all forms of perspiration annoyance.

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says: "Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

Used regularly twice a week, Odorono keeps your underarms dry and odorless, in any weather. It leaves a delightful feeling of perfect cleanliness and gives assurance that you will never suffer the criticisms you have often made of other women in this respect.

Odorono not only assures your perfect comfort and cleanliness, but it protects your blouses, frocks and lingerie from unsightly stain and unpleasant odor. No other precautions are necessary.

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As a specialist in the toilette of the underarm, I am always glad to advise with those who are troubled with perspiration. If you will write to me, I will send you our new booklet of information on the subject together with a sample of the Odorono Company's "After-Cream." Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 908 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Canadian address, The Odorono Co. Ltd., 60-62 Front St., West, Toronto, Ont.







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## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 96)

**ANNE, ASHEVILLE.**—Your letter is filled with such formalities as viz., i. e., and to wit. Are you studying to be a lawyer? Barbara Bedford has brown hair and eyes, is five feet six inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Bedford is her actual honest to goodness name. She was starred by Fox for a few months. Her latest films have been for Universal, viz., i. e., and to wit: "Step On It," with Hoot Gibson; "The Man Under Cover," with Herbert Rawlinson; and "Out of the Silent North," with Frank Mayo. Barbara may be addressed at her home, 5269 DeLongpre Avenue, Hollywood, California.

**D. PATRICIA.**—You ask particularly for a nice long answer. But, my dear D. Patricia, you ask nothing that has not been answered time and again in these columns. All about Rodolph! He was born in Castellaneta, Italy, May 6, 1895. (I believe I have not said that for about fifteen minutes.)

**MABEL, ST. LOUIS.**—Mary Pickford's curls are real. She hasn't a permanent wave. Her hair was curly before the wave was invented. Jack Holt was born in Winchester, Va., on May 31, 1888. In "Uncharted Seas," with Alice Lake—Rodolph—he was *Rudolph* Valentino then—took the part of *Frank Underwood*, the man who runs away with the other man's wife.

**GEORGIA OF LITTLE ROCK.** Not *the* Georgia of Little Rock? Well, I declare! I never did think I would ever meet you. What a small world, etc. Alice Terry is married to Rex Ingram. She is the beautiful blonde—in real life a brunette—who played in that director's "The Four Horsemen," "The Conquering Power," "Turn to the Right," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and will be in "Toilers of the Sea."

**VIOLET, FRISCO.**—Bill Hart hasn't retired. He and Winifred Westover Hart are awaiting a new arrival. When the Hart heir is born, Winifred will probably return to the screen as Winifred Hart. All of the sets for "Foolish Wives" were made in or near Universal City, California. Vera Gordon was the mother of "Humoresque." Wally Reid is just thirty-one.

**ELIZABETH W. P., PHILADELPHIA.**—My best bow to you. You're a dear, sweet child, and you display marked literary abilities, unusual good sense, and a charming unselfconsciousness. Here, my friends and fellows, is one young lady who is not catty; who can see sermons in stones and good and beauty in the wives of her favorite leading men. None of Stanley Weyman's novels have been filmed that I know of. I agree with you that they should be. Did you see Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes"? Splendid. Bert Lytell has left Metro for Paramount, where his first film will be "To Have and To Hold," with Betty Compson. Please, please write again.

**BOBBY.**—So you challenge me to a bout. What about? (This will never, never pass the censor.) Yes, I have been told that foot work is very important in boxing; in fact, I think I would excel at the foot work. Anyway—Bert Lytell is married. He's a member of the Lasky company now. Come again, any more, said he, breathing a long sigh of relief as the door closed.

**C. E. N., NUTLEY, N. J.**—Right up to the minute, aren't you? You're right, C. E. N. Mary Pickford did play the Indian in "Little Pal." Yep—and she made a picture called "In the Bishop's Carriage" once, too. You keep them all pretty busy trying to catch up with you, don't you? (Concluded on page 121)

## The Fan-Letter Bride

(Continued from page 82)

When the day came to start the picture, Peter Gray went down very early. He wanted to be on the set when she came. It would be easier. He was trembling like a raw colt. His hands were hot. His mouth dry. He was in evening clothes and Anne, when she kissed him her cool goodbye, thought she had never seen him look so handsome.

It was a drawing room set; very stunning, very elaborate.

When she came, Amory Allen wore a thing of soft clinging laces, a thing that suggested and lured, but never revealed. Her hair was caught about her head with golden ribbons. Never quite beautiful—yet never needing to be. All the famous, potent charm uppermost.

She lit a cigarette and dropped into her own canvas chair. Her greeting was friendly, good-natured.

Peter stood there, waiting patiently for the waters of agony to close over him. Waiting for the dizzy, maddening sense to begin, for the aching hurt.

They hadn't been on the set half an hour until her history was brought up to date for him. The famous pitcher had gone the way of all flesh. It was a certain wealthy young business man now, handsome and rather brutal. Amory, it was declared, was quite, quite mad about him.

Suddenly, like the flash of a poisoned dagger, a hideous thought tore through Peter Gray's mind. In—oh, in a space that could easily be counted in days, this lovely, fragile thing had been in the arms of four men, that he knew of. Kissed, loved by four different men. Too fond. Too craving of devotion.

Common! Common!  
He caught himself with a jerk. Sacrilege, treason, such thought.

But he could not hold it.

Too easy. Too sweet. Like opium. Drugging, drugging with mere dreams and visions and leaving always that strange, unsatisfied, clamorous awakening. If a man grew tired of kissing her—what then? Too free with the bait of herself.

The director called to him, "Take her in your arms, Peter. Kiss her, show how much you love her. You've got to bring out the contrast between the husband's devotion to her and her easy acceptance of it."

Peter shuddered. Put out his arms. Caught again that old, wonderful fragrance. That armful of loveliness.

But the bomb never exploded.

He opened his eyes.

She was in his arms—Amory. She was looking up at him with her topaz eyes melting, melting.

And it meant absolutely nothing to him.

He was holding a beautiful, alluring, young motion picture star, a rather common, good-natured, big-hearted selfish young creature.

That was all. She had never been—his Amory.

It seemed to him that he would never get home that afternoon.

It was twilight, a time of fascinating shadows and brilliant lights. He called riotously for Anne and heard a faint answer and the barking of the dogs from behind the garage. He dashed out through the garden, her garden, alive and fragrant with the breath of orange blossoms, of narcissuses and lilacs. Flaunting gaily the purple and white of flags and the flame of marigolds.

She was putting the baby chicks to bed, the three dogs shoving about her. There were nine baby ones, born only the day before. Buttoned



in a big gingham apron, Anne was busy getting the foolish, fluffy things into their box with the mother hen.

"Hi, Pete," she said, from the ground, "aren't they adorable? I never saw such things in my whole life. I'm going to raise a lot of them. I'm glad we bought this place. Maybe the house isn't as elegant as some trick ones, but I do love this yard."

He said nothing, smiling down at her on her knees in the dirt.

He had never, never dreamed of this—of this thing she was doing to him, with her sweetness and devotion, her simplicity and frankness.

Healing him!

Looking up, she met his eyes and went rather white.

He dropped down on the ground beside her, locked one arm about her. She dropped her head on his shoulder. They stayed so silently, for a long time, while the shadows deepened.

"Anne," said Peter Gray at last, "I can never tell you how glad I am that I love you. I—I think you'll make a man of me yet."

IV

**B**UT never, even after the babies came, could Peter Gray stand the sight nor the fragrance of an open fire.

For a man may give up his dreams and replace them with a thousand finer realities, but you must not remind him of the time when he thought they had come true.

The Film Year in Review

(Concluded from page 58)

fast farce, not the sacred Chaplin province of a great tragic clown who comes but once in generations.

The ending of the year on July 1st, finds Famous Players-Lasky, First National and Goldwyn topping the list of producers. F. P.-Lasky, we regret to report, seems to be developing a steady output of stereotyped stuff. Their productions are becoming a routine lot of drama ground out of the same machine. First National, releasing a number of productions made by various distinct organizations, has not hit so manifest a sameness of output but the final average runs about even with F. P.-Lasky. Goldwyn is turning everything around into "big specials." The result is to be watched with interest. Here, it appears to us, is the right idea—if it is ably carried out.

Metro is curbing its production activities. William Fox divides his attention between "big specials" and the usual cheaper melodramas. And the big specials, such as "Nero" and "Silver Wings," have not equalled his "Over the Hills" and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" of last year. No indeed!

If Pathe does nothing else, it releases the Harold Lloyd pictures. Enough! Universal is true to form, turning out the usual mellers. Vitagraph seems to be passing slowly but surely out of the picture. Selznick Pictures prove that the powers that be there apparently have genius in selling bad pictures—or something. Otherwise, how do they continue? Robertson-Cole has just shifted personnel and the result seems to be an adoption of Universal ideals. Oh, well!

"DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in Robin Hood."  
Not Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood."

Wary of imitators since a company dragged out an old version of "The Three Musketeers" at the same time the Fairbanks masterpiece was released, Doug has made his own name a part of the title of his latest and largest production.

First National First

**H**AVE you noticed that when you go to a motion picture theatre that the pictures that interest you most, that the pictures that are the most fascinating entertainment and the finest artistry are First National pictures?



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## What's the Matter With the Pictures?

(Continued from page 41)

that will create a more lasting impression on the audience, thereby avoiding adverse criticism.

2. *The continued high admission charges.* This is of secondary importance but it has a bearing on the situation. Increase the popularity of the "People's Amusement" by maintaining a high standard of photoplay, yet establishing admission rates more consistent with the actual costs of production and presentation.

There may be other causes, but I do not think they are of sufficient importance to mention. Give the above the attention it deserves (particularly the first item) and I feel sure you will have the answer.

EDGAR BRANDON

**O**VER-ELABORATION is the Nemesis of the motion picture business today. This applies to every branch of the industry. In other words, the big ones of the craft are guilty of stretching the human equation to an alarming degree in their mad endeavor to corral all the nickels in the world.

Over-elaboration in scenic effect; over-elaboration in detail; over-elaboration in the star system; over-elaboration in the climax, are a few of the defects that mar the newest of arts.

Over-elaboration in advertising is another blemish, while the bizarre living of a goodly number of the artists rather detracts than adds to the dignity of the profession. We learn of young stars living in luxurious mansions— young people who, on the legitimate stage, would in all probability be earning, at the most, a few hundred dollars a week. The contrast is an affront to good taste, hence a handicap for the best in pictures.

An abolition of the star system, and a general elimination of the over-elaborate in picture making would certainly tend to elevate the movies to the pinnacle where they belong by virtue of their potential powers for entertaining and enlightening.

LULU JACKLIN

**A**S an average American mother with three children, and a husband who earns only two thousand a year, I will say that, in my opinion, the high cost of living is the main

cause of the slump in attendance of moving picture theaters the past year, the high cost of living, together with unemployment and high admission charges; people can remember before the war when whole families could go to the movies for fifty or seventy-five cents at most, now they have to pay that much for one ticket—naturally they stay at home or content themselves with going to see the public school or their church pictures, at ten and fifteen cents admission.

Another reason for the diminution of attendance is that the American public has been satiated with that kind of entertainment, until it has become critical to the point of demanding real, reasonable stories, sans servants, hunting lodges and mansions. Such luxuries are possessed by only about one per cent of the people, therefore impossible for most of the population. Give us stories that inspire toilers to achievement.

VIRGINIA BURROWS ALGY

**T**HE unrest and dissatisfaction in the world today is affecting pictures.

When the soul is not at peace with itself, everything is wrong.

The public knows not what it wants, how can the producer know? The world is seeking; producers are striving; authors and actors are struggling, and all are alike unsatisfied.

The public really wants truth at any cost, though it doesn't know it. It is tired of extravagances, popular actors, improbable situations.

It seems to me, in the effort to please, to have action, everything has been overdone, made unreal, unconvincing. Impossibilities do not satisfy. We leave the theater happy when we have caught some small gleam of truth about life, about God, about our neighbor.

The million dollar production confuses us, but we are smiling after witnessing "The Four Seasons," although there was no excitement, little action—just nature and truth, and we go again.

The world is soul hungry—feed it, but not with loaves and fishes. Its nerves are on edge—give it love.

The producers are striving too hard to please a public that knows not what it wants. Rest a little, and give it truth.

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## The Girl Picture Magnates

(Concluded from page 23)

down, they used to sit by their little fire, over their cups of tea or chocolate and dream dreams.

Helen Jerome Eddy was to be a star, a star who played only clean, lovely, and beautiful pictures, pictures with a fine high thought and a theme back of them. And Ray Carol was to write those stories for her, to produce them herself, to supervise their artistic construction. To do all this, they had to have their own company—to be independent.

Then the picture slump came and it hit both girls pretty hard.

But Ray Carol had weathered much worse storms than that. And in it, she saw her chance. She realized that there was a need for pictures, that production was very low, and that if she could finance a company for Helen she could get a good release and a good percentage of her picture.

So she decided to finance a company. To raise the money to make her own pictures with Helen Eddy as a star. Right then it wasn't easy to get money to make pictures, either.

But Ray Carol, with dreams in her eyes and that faith of hers in the accomplishment of things that are dedicated to fine and lovely ideals, succeeded. All Hollywood listened in amazement to the announcement of her success. Perhaps it was partly due to the fact that she and Helen Jerome Eddy were willing to risk every nickel of their own savings and to throw their own salaries into the production, trusting to get them back later.

Anyway, with the money in the bank, she went to Robertson-Cole and from them she won the best releasing contract they have ever given a star.

"But it is our own company," said Helen Eddy, "we have absolute say. We can make now the kind of pictures we have always dreamed of—pictures that we hope will make people happy, more confident, more trustful. We've been a long time making this dream come true, but it's been worth it. And somehow I just feel that because we want so much to do the right things in pictures, we will succeed and people will like us. We've both been in pictures a long time and we have a lot of experience. And we're going to work ourselves to death to give the people what we hope they want."

So you see, sometimes dreams do come true—if you make them.

## Gloria's Successor

(Concluded from page 31)

bursts of speech, flavored with the languorous vowels and sliding consonants of her homeland.

When there is music, she cannot keep her feet and her shoulders still, but she glances up at you like a child caught stealing jam. Still, she has moments of lazy, serene repose. She was never known to be on time for anything. Her emotions are very near the surface.

She is married to Jack Gilbert, the Fox star.

You probably remember Leatrice first in "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Before that she made "Ladies Must Live" with George Loane Tucker and before that she was an extra girl, determined somehow to make her way on the screen. Her last picture was "The Bachelor Daddy" with Tommie Meighan.

After "Manslaughter," which gives her one of the greatest dramatic opportunities an actress has ever had, she is to make two more pictures with Mr. de Mille, the first actress since Gloria Swanson to have that chance.

And C. B., with his title of star-maker, sits back and watches her with his usual enigmatic smile tinged with satisfaction.

Probably he knows everyone is saying, "Well, C. B. has done it again."



Miss Faire appeared in "Without Benefit of Clergy"—"Fight in Mad"—and is booked for appearance in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

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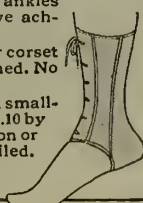
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# Dorothy Dalton's Beauty Chat

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# "What About Harold Lloyd?"

(Continued from page 21)

business—and I bar nobody. Nobody. You can go through his pictures and list the funniest gags ever pulled on the screen—excepting always some of Chaplin's. Lloyd's stuff is always more or less subtle, mental, it's always clean, delightful, wholesome. And I happen to know that Harold himself is responsible for most of them—for all of them. He's the hardest worker I ever saw. And, when you stop to consider it, his work is the most consistent thing on the screen. I'll tell you one thing. I don't believe Harold Lloyd ever made a picture in his life that wasn't his best effort. He hasn't turned out a potboiler yet—and that's more than I can say for anybody else in pictures."

"What I love about him," said the pretty star from the dim corner of the porch where only the aureole of her bronze hair shone, "is the way he gives credit to everybody. He's had the same director and the same cameraman for six years. Harold is the inspiration, the real head of everything, but I never saw him fail to give proper credit for the least little bit of an idea."

The young man who is almost engaged to the pretty star, turned her slim fingers over in his hand as he remarked, "You know, now you're talking about this, it's a funny thing to realize what a fine athlete Harold Lloyd is. I worked with Doug on his last picture, and I tell you Lloyd can do anything Doug can do in the athletic line. Why, think of the fight stuff in 'The Sailor-Made Man' and the stunts in 'Never Weaken.' Didn't they knock your eye out? Maybe people don't exactly call him a genius, maybe they don't rate him quite as high artistically as they should, but the good old box office keeps hitting on all four. Harold gets a big percentage of his pictures and he paid the government \$165,000 income tax last year. Harold Lloyd is the biggest, single, consistent box office attraction in America today and any exhibitor will tell you so."

"But—but why," asked the famous novelist, "why isn't he given credit as a great artist? Why, if all this is true, isn't he rated in groups and in criticisms, as a genius? Surely there must be some reason!"

It was the cue I'd been looking for. "Because we just all take him for granted, that's why. We all know how good he is, but he isn't a showman. He can't praise himself. He can't pose and he's more interested in other people than in himself. He's so quiet and modest and ordinary personally that he doesn't lend himself to adulation or to exaggeration or to analysis. He's so appreciative of the public's kindness that he doesn't even realize how much we just accept him. Sometimes I think he's a little wistful about it—sometimes the box office and the unspoken admiration don't quite make up for the way we ignore him artistically. Because he loves his work and he wants to do fine things."

"But—why, just yesterday he asked me if some evening when I had a bunch of newspapermen sitting around up here chinning about newspapers and swapping yarns about stories they'd worked on, if I wouldn't just let him come up and listen. Said he was crazy about stuff like that and he wouldn't say a word. Is there any other actor in the world—in the world—who would ask to come for an evening and just listen to a lot of other folks talk about something he wasn't in?"

"NO," said the Gang.  
"Harold Lloyd gets more joy out of clean, simple, natural things. He's full of pep and life and fun. Goes out in the alley back of his house to practice putting. Knows all his neighbors and their children and invites them in to use his swimming pool. Never took a drink in his life, and yet he's a regular he-man. Just a fine, clean boy and a great artist."

"It doesn't happen often," said the dramatic critic, "but I believe you're right. The critics really seem to be appreciating him more and more."

"Tell me something about him," said the famous novelist. "I like his pictures but I don't know anything about his history. All this intrigues me."

"HE was born in a little town in Nebraska," I said, "and he went on the stage in stock around Omaha and small towns in that district when he was twelve years old. His mother had always wanted him to be an actor. He played with Frank Bacon, in the old days. Later, he had a lot of Shakespearean training—studied hard. When he was nineteen, he came out to San Diego and became professor of Shakespeare in a dramatic school there. The school failed pretty soon after that, he told me, and he went to Los Angeles and got a job playing bits in stock."

"Well, the stock company failed, too, or closed, and his father suggested that he try to get into pictures. So he went out to Universal City and hung around. But he couldn't get on the lot. Didn't have a job and nobody'd give him one. Finally, when he was hanging around in front of the cafeteria across the street, he noticed that fellows with make-up on didn't have to show a pass at the gate. So he bought some make-up and a funny outfit and put it on. So he got inside the studio, and had a chance at least of being noticed."

"Still, he didn't have a job, but he hung around the sets watching, and finally a director cast him for a Yaqui Indian. It was his first part. Well, he stuck around, playing character bits and he struck up a great friendship with another extra man, Hal Roach. It happened that Roach had a little money, and one day he said to Harold, 'Say, let's quit this dramatic stuff and we'll make a comedy.'

"They did it. They didn't have a studio, so they made it all in the streets of Los Angeles. Roach marketed it to Pathe, and they had to wait until that was paid for to make another one. Lloyd had established a sort of character, along the Chaplin line, Lonesome Luke. He made a bunch of two-reelers for Pathe as Lonesome Luke and then one day, sitting in a theater, he watched Chaplin and he decided that he was a bum imitation of that great comedian. He wanted—he must—have something new."

"At last he and Roach hit on the idea of using the big, horn-rimmed glasses, but otherwise playing this chap straight—a regular young American. They liked the idea, but it took them a year to sell it to Pathe, and when they did, they had to go back to making one-reelers to get them accepted. And it took another year to get back up to two-reelers. It was a pretty tough fight all the way, but Harold had made up his mind to be something new—something that was his. And he did it." Then came the natural suggestion from this discussion.

"Let's go down and see his last picture? 'Grandma's Boy,' again," said the pretty star.

For almost an hour we stood in front of that theater in a line, waiting. People were staying to see it through a second time. In the line that blocked the sidewalk for half a block I counted thirty-four old ladies and twenty children. From the dark pit ahead of us came stimulating roars of laughter—roar upon roar. Then sudden, tense silences.

As a torrent swelled into the street, I glanced up and saw a slim, dark, erect young man, in a tan overcoat and plaid cap, walking leisurely up the street, with an older man beside him. No one noticed him, and he peeked sideways at the crowd and smiled happily.

"Hello, Harold," I called. But he only waved, and slipped quietly into the crowd.

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## Our Leading Citizen

(Continued from page 35)

ing craft advertised to all the world that the candidate for Congress on the independent ticket was going far, far away, if the gasoline and the motor held out.

Meanwhile Oglesby and de Mott were wasting no moments. Before the flush of anger had died out of their cheeks, it was chased out by a flush of gratification, when Bragdon, summoned to Fendle's office, quickly signed the undertaking that Dan had rejected. A telephone message to the *Courier* ordered that great moral daily to flop as quickly and as gracefully as the editor knew how, from the support of Dan Bentley to that of Bragdon. The machine was working in its most efficient manner, grinding the independent candidate into mincemeat.

WHEN the conspirators heard that Bentley had been seen chugging down the river, a camping outfit in his boat, and Cale Higginson grinning happily at the tiller, Sam de Mott had another inspiration, and he was cold sober at that.

"Now's the time to challenge him to a debate," he suggested to Oglesby and Bragdon. "He's sore about something, and he won't stop till he's miles down stream. That tub of his can't hardly make a mile an hour against stream if he did want to come back, but like as not he's going to camp out and not come back for several days. We can drum up a big meeting for tonight, challenge him to a debate with Bragdon, and then tell the world he didn't dare show up. We've got him hog-tied, boys."

"You're sure he can't get back?" Bragdon queried, nervously.

"Surest thing you know. Why, that boat of his 'll hardly run with the current, let alone against it."

Katherine, busy with her women's committee, heard the gossip of Dan's mysterious departure, and hurried to his office to confirm it. His stenographer told of Oglesby's visit and Dan's rejection of the proposal. She also divulged the condition of the Bentley campaign fund. Katherine saw the situation at a glance—enough to satisfy her as to the course necessary in the circumstances. Dan had turned Oglesby down, and left the city because he had no means to carry on his battle. Oglesby had switched to Bragdon, and was taking every advantage of the situation. By this time the *Courier* had its extra out, with the news of Bragdon's challenge to a debate and the insinuation that Bentley had quit and dared not face the issues of the campaign. Katherine bought a copy of the paper. Then she had an inspiration. After hurried instructions to the young man who was nominally managing Dan's campaign, she drove home. At dinner she told her brother she believed she would like to attend the Bragdon meeting that evening.

Sam de Mott had done his work well. There wasn't a corner of Wingfield that did not know about the challenge Bragdon had hurled so manfully at Bentley. The fact that Bentley was out of town before the hurling was done, was carefully ignored. So the biggest hall in Wingfield was filled with citizens anxious to hear a spirited battle, most of them believing that Dan would pretty near scalp Bragdon on account of the insinuations made in the *Courier*. It promised to be a triumphant evening for the Oglesby-de Mott-Bragdon coalition. As they watched the crowd gather, they looked at each other with wise smiles. Katherine sat beside her brother, expectant and nervous, as the minutes slipped past. Finally de Mott, the chairman of the meeting, rose, and rapped with his gavel, calling the meeting to order.

"You have seen the announcements of the reason for this meeting," he said, in his best platform manner. "One of the candidates is here—the Honorable Cyrus Blagdon.



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The crowd was disappointed. They had not come to hear a monologue but to see a fight. Bragdon shouted and sawed the air in an effort to hold the attention of the crowd, but they were yawning and wondering if it wouldn't be a good thing to go to a moving picture. So, seeing that they were slipping away from him, he decided to close with a bit of snap, and yelled at the top of his voice:

"And now, my friends, in conclusion, I regret that my opponent is not here tonight, because there are many questions I want him to answer. But he is not here, my friends, and why? Because he knows he cannot answer the questions I would ask him—because he is a coward—a—"

## Our Leading Citizen

NARRATED, by permission, from the Paramount photoplay, copyright 1922 by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Scenarioized by Waldemar Young from the story by George Ade. Directed by Alfred Greene with the following cast:

Daniel Bentley.....Thomas Meighan  
Katherine Fendle.....Lois Wilson  
Oglesby Fendle.....William P. Carleton  
Colonel Sam de Mott...Theodore Roberts  
Cale Higginson.....Guy Oliver  
Hon. Cyrus Blagdon....James Neill

Blagdon paused and stared toward the door. There was astonishment and terror in his eyes. The crowd turned and looked with him, and saw, coming up the aisle, in fishing togs, the other candidate.

"That's a lie, and you know it's a lie," shouted Daniel Bentley, as he climbed upon the platform. "Now go on with your speech and let's hear some of those questions you want me to answer."

Blagdon hesitated and was lost. He hawed and hemmed, and Dan turned to the crowd.

"Well, there's just one question I want Mr. Blagdon to answer," he said. "It is this: What was the nature of the document you signed, in the presence of Mr. Fendle and Mr. de Mott, that resulted in the *Courier* supporting you, and this meeting being called when it was known I was out of the city?"

Bragdon muttered something about having an engagement to speak at a meeting in another part of town, and made a hurried and inglorious exit, while Dan went on with a little heart to heart talk from his favorite text, "Lead us not into extravagance, but deliver us from taxation."

"But how the devil did he get back?" muttered Oglesby to de Mott.

Katherine heard the question, and answered it.

"I sent him a copy of the *Courier's* extra, brother dear, by your speed boat. And, by the way, I've decided to marry him, but he doesn't know it yet. I'm telling you, so you won't do anything to make the family relations unpleasant. You'll find he'll be a very nice brother-in-law."

He was.

Moral: There are no lazy men. The so-called lazy man is simply one who has not struck the right job.

## Studio Directory

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

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal

Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Katherine MacDonald Productions, 504 Girard St., Los Angeles, Cal. (s) 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

R. A. Walsh Productions, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hope Hampton Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Flensing Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

BALLIN, HUGO, PRODUCTIONS, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

(s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Cal. Marshall Neilan and Maurice Tourneur Productions.

HART, WM. S., PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.

INCE, THOMAS H. (s) Culver City, Cal.

INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., New York City.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Caluena Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Mae Murray Productions, 344 West 44th St., New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th St., New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). (s) George B. Seitz Productions, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.

R-C PICTURES CORP., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Nazimova Productions, United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Cal.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; (s) 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.



# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 53)

Following on his picture and market misfortunes Grey Latham suffered a new buffet of fate. He came to the end of things with Rose O'Neill. She left her husband and went west. Presently there was a divorce. Grey Latham turned to the stock market and real estate for a living. Otway went into a mercantile line, presently taking a decree of divorce for desertion by Natalie Lockwood, and remarrying. His new bride was Mercedes Allen, an actress.

Pathetically the father, Woodville, put his motion picture hopes aside and cast about in quest of a new field. He moved away from the theatrical district and the scenes of his shortlived dream of affluence. He took up quarters in a modest rooming house uptown and never looked at Broadway again. The years in which the screen rose in power and began its shower of gold upon luckier men saw Woodville Latham forgotten and unknown, going from house to house, a book agent selling "The Children's Hour" and volumes of the sort. The taste of the years was bitter.

Major Latham grew dour and silent and irritable. He was given to sleepless nights, long tired-eyed hours of reading and endless cups of black coffee. The landlady commented on his long burning of the light in his hall room. It was past her understanding that a man who sold books all day should want to read books all night. She probably deemed it unmoral to be awake after 11 o'clock.

SO went the later days for Woodville Latham, a major of artillery, professor of mathematics and chemistry, the pioneer of the picture screen, a gentleman of old Virginia—and after all a book agent ringing doorbells in Harlem.

Swiftly the new born motion picture industry forgot him. A long way ahead there was yet another day coming for Professor Latham, of just a day, brief but tremendous even though tintured with the gall of failure. In a chapter on ahead he comes once more out into the light just before the end of all his problems and strivings.

And in that fall of 1896 when the Latham picture affairs were running into rapid decay the motion picture was making vigorous beginnings elsewhere, more especially in connection with the state's rights sales of the Edison Vitascope, invented by Thomas Armat, marketed by Raff & Gammon.

Among the earliest of the Vitascope customers of Raff & Gammon was the late William Rock, endeared to motion picture memory as "Pop" Rock. Mr. Rock had been variously about New York, Harlem and Hoboken in the pool-hall business. He was given to fancy vests, jewelry of sorts and was among the wise 'uns in matters pertaining to prize fights and horse races. He had tried out the peep show machines in his pool halls with success and he was minded to take a flyer in this new fangled projection machine which threw the picture on a sheet. "Pop" Rock got his Vitascope and a handful of films and went to take possession of Louisiana, the territory allotted to him. The Mardi Gras at New Orleans seemed a likely opportunity for the living pictures.

Down in New Orleans Mr. Rock struck up an acquaintance with a curious little chap, a belligerently busy peddler of smoked glasses through which the purchaser might view an impending eclipse of the sun. This little man was Siegmund Lubin, an immigrant arrival of a short while before. He was alert and anxious to share in the great opportunities of the day. He was after a foothold or a toehold most anywhere. Now the impressive William Rock had one of the largest and most ornate of gold watch chains and wore other gleaming tokens of success. Mr. Lubin decided that Rock was a winner. He

stuck around and made friends. As a matter of course he took a look at the living pictures and puzzled over them a good deal. He wanted to know all about them. Lubin was to be a great screen name in years to come. The funny little immigrant who peddled smoked glasses at the Mardi Gras was destined to be the master of a ten million dollar corporation—for a while.

Meanwhile the young newspaper man Jimmy Blackton, who had been among the first to interview Edison about the vitascope was building up a friendship at West Orange and about the Edison establishment. Edison was vastly interested in Blackton's lightning skill with the sketching crayon. Through a long two hour session Edison sat watching Blackton make funny drawings on a big sketching block. He "haw hawed" in that abandoned Edison way as the features of William McKinley, Grover Cleveland, that genial fisherman and statesman, and David B. Hill flashed out of the swiftly drawn lines of the charcoal pencil.

The versatile young Blackton was a space worker on the New York World then and he padded his income variously, among other things by giving "chalk talks" or illustrated cartoon lectures. At times he appeared jointly with Ronald A. Reader and Albert E. Smith, who as disciples of The Great Hermann, presented sleight of hand and spirit cabinet performances.

And down on Park Row there are some greyheads on the copy desks who say that Jimmy Blackton used to make all of his drawings two columns wide when one column would do, just to get more space, therefore more money, for his work in the World. Mr. Blackton's newspaper specialty was "sob stuff," being principally stories about starving families evicted by heartless landlords. Pictures of furniture standing on the sidewalks could be drawn rapidly and easily.

Blackton's chalk talk demonstration gave Edison the notion of making it into a motion picture. So the Black Maria turned out a subject entitled "Blackton, the Evening World Cartoonist." It was something of a success, and the close-up pictures of the charcoal sketches might with verity be called the ancestors of the modern animated cartoon of the screen.

THE Vitascope was now appearing in a number of cities in the hands of the territorial buyers. Raff & Gammon were handling the films and machines under their deal with Edison. Percy Waters, a prominent executive of today, was employed in the New York office and out of the demand for new film subjects and the return of old films established what approximated for the period the film exchange of today. The films, however, were sold outright to the exhibitors, and the old films purchased back at a price depending on their condition. When renovated they were offered for sale again at a price slightly below that for new prints. Something like five years had to pass before the rental system was evolved.

Two enterprising men from Connellsville, Pa., bought the Vitascope rights for Indiana and California. They were Richard Paine and Robert Balsley. They gave the first motion picture screen exhibitions west of the Rocky Mountains. One of their first bookings included fourteen weeks at the west coast Orpheum theaters. Paine and Balsley in this run showed Los Angeles, where, lacking new films to give the enterprise continued interest, the show shut down. The machine stayed in Los Angeles and, as shall presently be told, went into service soon again to make more screen history.

Among the earliest of the motion picture raids on Broadway drama was a fifty foot feature presenting "The May Irwin Kiss".

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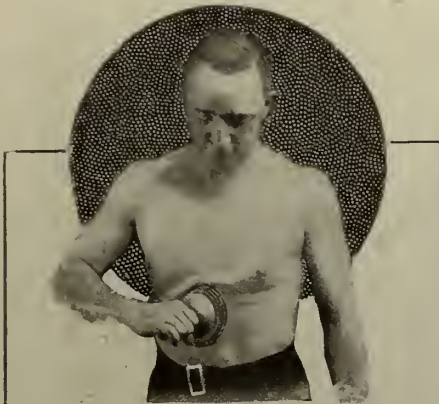
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It was a scene from a current stage success containing what they called a spicy episode in those days before Al Woods came along to give the public what it enjoys most. The picture was a violent success of a sort. It certainly pointed to the power of the screen to give a dramatic accent far over and beyond the stage. This picture went out to Vitascop customers. In Chicago it got the first press criticism of the screen and the first suggestion of censorship.

Browsing in a second hand book shop a few weeks ago Randolph Bartlett, the author and screen editor, came upon a copy of "The Chap Book" dated June 15, 1896, published in Chicago, in which Herbert S. Stone, the editor, in his column of notes remarked:

"One's acerbities of temper are not pleasant things to emphasize, and geniality and indulgence are tempting. But the ever recurring outrages to decency and good taste which I see in books and on the stage force me constantly into the role of Jack the Giant Killer; in common phrase 'I have my hammer out most of the time.'

"Now I want to smash the *Vitascope*. The name of the thing is in itself a horror, but that may pass. Its manifestations are worse. The *Vitascope*, be it known, is a sort of magic lantern which reproduces movement. Whole scenes are enacted on the screen. LaLoie dances, elevated trains come and go, and the thing is mechanically ingenious, and a pretty toy for that great child, the public. Its managers are not satisfied with this, however, and they bravely set out to eclipse in vulgarity all previous theatrical attempts.

"In a recent play called *The Widow Jones* you may remember a famous kiss which Miss May Irwin bestowed on a certain John C. Rice, and vice versa. Neither participant is physically attractive, and the spectacle of their prolonged pasturing on each other's lips was hard to bear. When only life size it was pronounced beastly. But that was nothing to the present sight. Magnified to Gargantuan proportions and repeated three times over it is absolutely disgusting. All delicacy or remnant of charm seems gone from Miss Irwin, and the performance comes very near being indecent in its emphasized vulgarity.

"Such things call for police interference. Our cities from time to time have spasms of morality, when they arrest people for displaying lithographs of ballet-girls; yet they permit night after night a performance which is infinitely more degrading. The immorality of living pictures and bronze statues is nothing to this. The Irwin kiss is no more than a lyric of the Stock Yards. While we tolerate such things, what avails all the talk of American Puritanism and of the filthiness of imported English and French stage shows."

To prevent a confusion in the reader's mind, it may be remarked that the phrase "living pictures" as used by Mr. Stone refers to staged tableau effects, not motion pictures.

This explosive condemnation, brought on, one might admit, because of the crass obviousness of the purpose of the picture, is the more significant because it is not written at all in the usual manner of Mr. Stone. "He was," says Mr. Bartlett, "simply a literary high-brow, and paid little attention to anything but esthetic matters." Certainly Mr. Stone was riled by that kiss.

It will be recalled that the first close-up was a sneeze by Fred Ott of the Edison staff, about which was built the first seedling of a screen comedy. And now comes the second close-up with a kiss, a long full grown vamp kiss and, presto! the censorship movement starts.

There could hardly have been a clearer

demonstration of the power of the close-up, which remained practically an unutilized screen property for many years after.

It is worth while here to pause and point out that the matter of the content of screen pictures was left quite casually to the whim of the camera men, a group of inventors, machiavists and "experts," graduates of the peep show parlors. There was no recognition of the large editorial functions of picture production. The motion picture was a method of getting the money, and that only. No one expected it to last more than a few months as a novelty of the day. The experience of years had to come to drive the picture makers to seek the services of the writers and dramatists, makers of ideas. The beginnings of the screen were as a parasite on ready made sensations and subjects. And in that period of primitive opportunism the motion picture committed its basic sins against taste and intelligence which survive in a degree today. Also these primitives awakened against the screen a prejudice which should have more fairly been expressed as a judgment against the makers of pictures rather than the medium.

In England the casual attendance of an impresario's wife at a scientific lecture was the tiny first link in a chain of development of the screen in the United Kingdom. It was the night of February 28 in this same eventful year of 1896 that Robert Paul appeared at the Royal Institution with his "Theatrograph," which projected animated pictures on a screen. This showing was in itself an important recognition by one of the world's greatest scientific organizations. The motion picture got there a dignified attention and acceptance of a sort that it has never to this day received in the United States, the land of its birth. Paul was warmly congratulated by the eminent scientists in attendance at the showing. For the very reason that the motion picture had received no scientific recognition or standing in the United States, these English scientists knew nothing of the prior work of the Lathams, or of Armat. Nor it seems had they heard of the also earlier achievement of the same result by Louis Lumiere in France.

IN that audience at the Royal Institution was Lady Harris, the wife of Sir Augustus Harris, the famous British showman, who had acquired the Olympia. She gave the "Theatrograph" a keen discerning attention and reported enthusiastically to her husband.

The next morning Paul received an invitation to breakfast with Sir Augustus.

Harris surprised Paul by telling of a report of the same sort of a machine invented by Lumiere, probably with a shrewd purpose in the back of his crafty head. Then, having thus prepared the way, he asked Paul for a proposition for the showing of the "Theatrograph" at the Olympia.

Paul hesitated. He apparently had doubts about the value of the device for public entertainment.

"I suppose it will not draw for more than a month, but what do you say to a sharing basis, 50 per cent, on the receipts," Harris suggested.

Paul agreed. The machine went on at the Olympia and proved such a pronounced success that the manager of the Alhambra, a vaudeville house, engaged Paul to install another machine for a fourteen-day run. That run extended to four years.

Paul engaged with a feverish activity in the exhibition of pictures and the making of projection machines, which he sold to all comers at eighty pounds each.

The motion picture caught on with a rush. The little workshop at 44 Haddon Garden ran night and day. Candy butchers, carnival men, green grocers, all manner of men rushed to the newly found quick money business, the living pictures. For weeks the Paul establishment was thronged by pressing purchasers. Lines formed to wait for machines.



Often young Cecil Hepworth, arriving in the mornings to deliver his electric lamps for the Paul machines, had to pick his way up the stairs through the waiting buyers who slept on the steps to be on hand for the delivery of their projectors.

In England there were no hampering patent rights and no litigation in the way of early development. Paul did not seek and could not have sought rights of monopoly. The motion picture in England was any man's game.

Over across the channel in France Lumiere had by this time made a number of theatre showings in Paris. So from the three great world capitals, London, New York and Paris the motion picture was going out to conquer the world for the screen.

We must now turn back about two years earlier to pick up the story of a man who came to be a major influence in the early day development of the pictures in the United States. And probably the best introduction to this man comes in the words of the late Robert Grau, who used to tell with zest about a certain chat one day down at Tony Pastor's bird cage of a theater in Fourteenth street. Grau and Pastor had been watching the variety bill at that house together. It was what was rated a strong bill that week, with Filson & Errol, Maggie Cline, Barry & Bannon and half a dozen others, all regulars. But the attendance was light and the audience indifferent.

"What's the matter?" Grau turned from counting the house and looked at Pastor.

"Bob, the old time variety show is dead." Pastor spoke with a slow deliberation to let his words sink in. "It is 'refined vaudeville now'. That fellow Fynes up the street running the Union Square for Keith is putting us all to sleep. He's going to raise Cain with the variety business in this country unless something stops him."

Now this man Fynes, J. Austin Fynes, had come to Broadway some twelve years before, leaving the night editor's desk of the Boston Herald to join the staff of the Clipper, a dramatic weekly. Incidentally he became the dramatic critic of the Evening Sun—a position in which he was succeeded by Charles Dillingham, by the way. Fynes had been thinking of the variety show and its evils a long time. When B. F. Keith, the Boston "continuous variety" showman, came on with his opportunity Fynes seized it. It was a chance to demonstrate.

AND now a part of that opportunity was the new motion picture. Since the variety shows of the day drew heavily on European acts for their performers it was natural that Fynes should choose to import the Lumiere machine and its pictures from France. There would be more novelty in them than in the native Vitascope products, he held.

Keith's foreign agent got into touch with the Lumieres and made an exclusive deal. It became rumored about up and down Broadway and Rich G. Hollaman of the Eden Musee, also alert for European novelties, learned of the Lumiere contract. Posthaste he sought out Fynes and argued him into allowing the Lumiere pictures to go also into the Eden Musee, on the contention that the Musee was not a theater but an educational museum.

So it came that on the night of June 29, 1896 both Keith's in Union Square and the Eden Musee in 23rd street presented the same first program of motion pictures. The advance notice in the New York Times of Sunday June 28, 1896, reads:

One of the English equivalents of the vitascope, called the Lumiere cinematographe, will be placed on exhibition at Keith's Union Square theater tomorrow night. It is much better than its name, as was proved at a private view yesterday. It is said to be the first stereopticon kinetoscope exhibited. Its pictures are

clear and interesting. One represents the arrival of mail trains in a railway station, another the bathing pier at Nice at the height of the season.

This was the coming of the first foreign film to America.

J. Austin Fynes was setting a pace in vaudeville. His introduction of the cinematographe ordained for the motion picture a vaudeville career which continues today. For many years the vaudeville theater was the only important agency of film presentation.

So much for Broadway. The scene changes.

DOWN in Texas in the spring of '96 a wandering cowpuncher rode in off the range to Dallas. He had alkali dust in his eyebrows and a determination to quit "hoss wrangling" for something more immediately profitable. He was tall, gaunt and sinewy. He was tanned and tough and ready for anything from a social glass to a social duel. He could rope 'em and tie 'em and brand 'em. He could ride anything on four feet without grabbing leather. That was Thomas L. Tally.

Mr. Tally slapped the dust out of his hair pants and rode up and down the main stem of Dallas, giving the town a dry eye. He was looking for something or anything, entertainment, excitement or opportunity.

A sign caught his eye. "Living Pictures—Kinetoscope Parlor."

Tally swung off, dropped the bridle reins over the mustang's nose and walked in under that sign. He was prepared to be shown what this thing was.

"Howdy, stranger!" Tally proceeded to get acquainted fast. The proprietor of the establishment had that chronic Texas complaint, the desire to be elsewhere all the time. They talked business, while the mustang waited in the street with his ears down.

When Tally came out he was in the peep show motion picture business. He went to a hotel and took off his chaps and spurs. That was a big day for Tom Tally. That was the day he started on the road to a million or so and the founding of the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, twenty years ahead.

In August of that same 1896 a sign at 311 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, announced that T. L. Tally had opened there a "Phonograph and Vitascope Parlor" where one might hear the latest song hits from New York and see living pictures. Motion pictures were served in three varieties. The peep show kinetoscope pictures, the American Mutoscope, the Casler peep show machine, and on the screen as presented by the vitascope. Tally had chanced to come into possession of the machine which had been doing duty at the Los Angeles Orpheum.

Mr. Tally found that his patrons down in Spring Street were wary about going into a darkened room to see pictures on the screen. To meet this condition he fitted up a partition with holes in it, facing the projection room screen, so that patrons might peer in at the screen while standing in the comfortable security of the well lighted phonograph parlor. A real sport could put the phonograph tubes to his ears and look at the pictures at the same time. Three peep holes were at chair level for seated spectators, and four somewhat higher for standees—standing room only after three admissions, total capacity seven. The price per peep hole was fifteen cents.

The Tally showing was typical of the motion picture business of the west in that period.

In this chapter we have seen the decline of the pioneer screen promoter from a transient success to the drab tedium of the book agent in the closing chapters of an eventful life. In the next by curious contrast will come the opening phases of the story of a young man whose book agent days sent him into a remarkable career in the world of the motion picture, with adventures all the way from Detroit to Delhi.

(To be continued)

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You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

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# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

## A Hollywood Girl

(Continued from page 48)

"Oh."

"But you should see my new dress. It's—chiffon, orchid and blue chiffon!" She cocked her head preeningly.

"Um!"

"But you never can tell," she wilted. "It may not get over."

I suggested that if it didn't it might be cut and edited. That always helps an evening gown—especially the cutting.

Suddenly she became very solemn. She informed me that there were two sides to her nature; that she was, in fact, a sort of Miss Jekyll-Hyde. I was extremely awed by this revelation. As proof of this dual character she pointed to her eyes. One of them, she pointed out, was gray while the other was brown. She turned toward the light so I might notice the difference.

"Yes," I muttered. "That one's gray!"

"No! that's the brown one," she protested.

We finally decided, for the sake of her dual nature, that I was color blind.

"Oh, it's no use," she moaned. "I can't do it—I can't be mysterious like other girls are in their interviews. I never did have any confidence in myself. Mother always is having to bolster me up. Oh, honestly," she turned her eyes upon me, "I'm not at all like I should be. I'm not what you call *militant*. No, really I'm not. The least little thing hurts me dreadfully. If I ever marry, he'll have to be very, very understanding—and kind."

By the time we had reached Hollywood she had regained her composure and was facing life quite stoically. She even giggled now and then in contemplation of the party she was to attend that evening. Bessie Love was going with her. Bessie Love was her best friend, the best and most real of all the girls who started in pictures together.

"I think maybe that's why she hasn't been luckier," Colleen opined. "She can't pose. She's like me—just a Hollywood girl."

A Hollywood Girl!

## Why They Get Fabulous Salaries

(Continued from page 48)

Mabel Normand's salary with Goldwyn is said to have ranged from \$2,500 a week to \$4,500 a week during the three years she was with that company. Mack Sennett recently won her back to his establishment at a salary which is reputed to be \$8,000 a week during actual working time. This is probably the highest weekly salary being paid to any star.

Anita Stewart was receiving a salary of \$4,500 a week up to the expiration of her contract with Louis B. Mayer a few months ago.

Viola Dana, the queen and ace of the Metro pack, has been exchanging her services for \$2,250 per seven days.

Thomas Meighan has a contract with Lasky which provides for a pretty raise every six months or a year. He is receiving, or will soon receive, \$2,500 each Saturday night.

Antonio Moreno signed a contract with Vitagraph some time ago which has advanced him to the \$2,000-a-week class.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Alla Nazimova, and Charles Ray now operate as independent producers. Being independent producers means that they roll their own. That is, they manufacture and can the celluloid friezes in which they appear as central figures. They are also their own distributors through the United Artists organization. This corresponds to the wholesale branch of any other mercantile business. Thus these artists sell directly to their theater manager, and make all the money their pictures can earn above the costs.

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husband, Mr. Fairbanks, about the same. Chaplin has been selling his pictures to the First National organization, which paid him \$500,000 for "The Kid" and \$200,000 for each of his two-reelers. His profit, then, is the difference between the actual cost of making the pictures and the amount paid him by the distributing company. He will soon complete this contract and become an active contributor to the United Artists' circuit.

IN the heyday of business, Nazimova received \$10,000 a week and various personal expenses from the Metro company. She is now an "independent," gambling on her own ability to make and sell boxoffice attractions.

Harold Lloyd recently signed a contract with Pathe whereby he will turn over to that distributing organization five pictures during the ensuing twelve months. In return he will receive one million and a quarter—in gold, not rubles. Thus he will clear for himself something between a quarter of a million and a half million in one year.

Now and then a producer will go wrong in his estimation of a star's potential value, but he usually makes it up on another star.

Mary Miles Minter, for instance, was signed by the Paramount organization a few years ago at a contract which, at its close, called for \$7,500. Luck, as well as business sagacity, was on Miss Minter's side at the time the contract was made. She came forward just as Mary Pickford was leaving the Paramount-Artcraft combine and the officials were in desperate search for some one who might take her place.

Miss Minter was young, pretty, and possessed of Pickfordian curls. Physically she answered the specifications. But for some reason she failed to make a profitable appeal to the public. It is generally conceded in the industry that the company employing her has stood a brave loss.

On the other hand, the same company signed Bebe Daniels when she was known only as a foil for Harold Lloyd in his comedies. She was not famous, nor was she regarded as a particularly rich prospect; hence she was secured at a very low figure. Today we learn that Miss Daniels has not only been leading all the Realart stars but has been selling better than all of them combined.

On what basis, then, may one determine the potential value of a star as a boxoffice attraction? Surely it is not acting ability. If such were the gauge, Theodore Roberts, Mary Alden, Raymond Hatton and other expert minds would be receiving greater remuneration than most of those we have listed. But we know that they do not. Even Lillian Gish, whom most critics declare the finest actress of the day, has never been classified with the millionaire gentry.

No, it is not acting ability which brings the line to the boxoffice.

We do not reward a star for what she can do but for what she is—plus what we think she is.

We are an idolatrous nation. We idolized Georges Carpentier, the fighting Apollo from France, not because we esteemed him a better fighter than Jack Dempsey, but because we were enamored of his personality. Resurrecting the words of an old song, the ladies chanted of—his hair, his eyes, his lips, his smile. In addition, he appears to have the manly attributes which we require of a he-idol. He is a world-war hero, a husband and a father, an athlete with the graces of a gentleman. We howled for him; the ladies prayed for him; and some went so far as to bet on him, sentiment deluding judgment. All this because we admired him as a man, not as a fighter.

That was typically American. Carpentier has the thing we call "boxoffice attraction." It was he, not Dempsey, that filled the Jersey acres with a hundred thousand strong. And in that throng there were almost as many birds of paradise as there were derbies.

Every now and then we declare that the day of the matinee idol is over. As evidence we point to the fall of Francis Xavier Bushman, Crane Wilbur, and Earle Williams. They, we said, were matinee idols. But what of the sturdy Thomas Meighan who comes striding after them? You say he is an entirely different type. True, but he's an idol none the less; the public has simply elected a different type. That's all.

Never in the history of the screen has the public fallen so suddenly prostrate before an idol as it has before Rodolph Valentino. On a pilgrimage from coast to coast, I found the worshippers in awed and ecstatic attitudes. You would have thought the pope had just passed by. They chanted fervently, not of his histrionic skill, but of his hair, his eyes, his lips, his smile. One votary spoke of his sturdy throat and another went so far as to admire his classic limbs as revealed in "The Sheik." He is to schoolgirls and virginal spinsters, alike, the personification of torrid romance. "Ah," sighs the elderly maid, "to be swept off one's feet, despite one's good morals, by such a *Sheik!*"

Rodolph, a sensible fellow, who has endured vicissitudes that would make even the pilgrim fathers shudder, suddenly finds himself canonized, a starry halo about his head and a contract in his hand. Each Saturday at evensong the caliph of the Lasky exchequer humbly presents him with \$1,200, I'm informed. And next year it is to be \$2,500, and the third year \$3,000. I may err by a few paltry hundred, but such are the approximate figures.

Needless to say, devotees of star-worship are mostly women. As in church attendance, so in movie devotions, the zealots are preponderately feminine. You seldom hear a man express regard for a star. When he does it is usually a sportive enthusiasm for Chaplin or Fairbanks or Charlie Ray. Chaplin strikes the universal chord of humor—and pathos, too. He is one star who is adored for being, not himself, but an artist. Fairbanks appeals to the swashbuckling, get-there, do-or-die spirit that is our national pride. He comes close to being the American Ideal; a movie adaptation of Theodore Roosevelt. It was not what Roosevelt did that made him popular with the crowd but what he was as a personality. And so with Doug. Charlie Ray has the ability of turning back the hands of time and momentarily reluming the tragic-comedy of our youth. As Chaplin reveals the Universal Comedy of Man, so Ray reveals the Youth of Man, particularly the Youth of America.

FROM the beginning of history Man has shown an instinct for idol-worship. In the beginning he worshipped idols of wood and clay; today he finds a good substitute in the movie stars. In times of old when he found his idol out,—realized that it was not super-human but a thing of earth,—he destroyed it with a fearful vengeance; today when he discovers a human blemish in a golden calf of the silver-screen he straightway o'ertopples the deity, his hate flaming as high as his love previously did.

A pretty favorite of the studio hot-houses can be blighted in a single night by one breath of scandal. It may be rumor without foundation, but the fan, with the same iconoclastic impulse that prompted his ancestors to bust their idol in the ruby eye, demands that the star be forever dimmed.

Film celebrities may complain of injustice and intolerance, they may argue that their private lives are their own to do with as they please, but here they err! They have been created gods and goddesses, with their own permission. They have accepted the position in the spotlight and courted the publicity which later, like a boomerang, may return to slay them. They have taken tithes and tributes of deities, sold themselves into a bondage of public worship. And they must live accordingly. The public demands not their art but themselves.



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(Continued from page 76)



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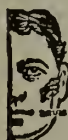
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CHICAGO

no English and my Italian is comparable only to an organ-grinder's English.

For all the divinity of his roles Nerio has a lithesome, worldly air, somewhat reminiscent of the restless Joseph Schildkraut. He was never quiet. When he was not acting before the camera he was rolling feverishly on the grass, bounding up to kiss the hand of some lady, tossing back his acanthine locks, arguing violently with a colleague, flirting boldly with a beautiful little girl who had the face of an angel but not, I fear, the temperament.

The Goliath of the picture is a huge importation from Cairo, discovered by director Edwards while filming the first scenes of "The Shepherd King" in Egypt and the holy lands.

If Mr. Carlos' appreciation of the Italians had somewhat weakened in the fray, Mr. Edwards' enthusiasm more than restored a balance. He was completely enamored by the charm, the friendliness and the fetching courtesy of these sunny people. As proof he pointed to his cast, entirely Italian save for Violet Mersereau. But he could not speak with the same unbounded zeal of Jericho and Jerusalem, where some of the most spectacular scenes of "The Shepherd King" were staged.

In Jerusalem there exists three religious-political factions: the Christians, the Jews and the Moslems. They seem to have only one biblical belief in common and that is "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

When it came to drafting "extras" the director was stumped. If he engaged all of one party the other two factions might make an onslaught. If he drew equally from all three there certainly would be civil war. Finally Mr. Carlos hit upon a coup d'etat. He went to the commander of the British troops stationed there and offered to donate to the mess fund an amount double that which he would pay native "extras" providing the English soldiers would make-up and act as Arabs. The officer consented, and the soldiers donned the costumes, marched to "location" and did a noble day's "extra" work. The halcyon was of short duration, however, for the next day the native donkey drivers, who were a necessary evil to the operations, got out their razors and fell to carving frescoes on one another. The English officer seeing riot in the air, and powerless to interfere with a native merry-merry, was compelled to withdraw his histrionic forces. And the bold filmers had to evacuate Jerusalem, return to Rome and there in a calmer atmosphere duplicate the walls of the holy city.

I WAGER that William Fox when perusing the expense accounts sent back from overseas wonders why he has to build so many ruins in Europe, which is supposed to be the home of them. The foregoing will explain somewhat. Anyhow, consolation is supplied him in the low cost of construction. Saul's temple would have been an impractical expenditure in Hollywood. Even in Italy, where labor is comparatively cheap, it would have been a tremendous expense had the construction been of wood. The Italian method of building "sets" is ingenious and economical. Saul's temple is but a skeleton of wood overlaid with *cameracana*, woven cane, which, covered with cement and painted, presents the appearance

of solid stone. Although but a thing of straw it was sturdy enough to withstand some high winds that blew down several diffusers. The elaborate sculptural works, represented in bas-reliefs, winged lions and Assyrian pillars, were also cheaper and much finer than could be had in the United States, for Italian workmen are natural artists in clay.

It is unquestionably cheaper to produce a big spectacle abroad with "extras" at fifty cents, stars for fifty dollars and "sets" at half-price than in either Hollywood or New York. The real monetary profit, however, is not gained so much in reducing the cost of the production as in increasing the earning power of the picture. The scenery and atmosphere of America has been pretty well riddled by the cameras whereas that of Europe still offers novelty and fresh beauties.

"The Shepherd King" and "Nero" are far from being cheap productions, but I doubt if either cost as much as "The Queen of Sheba," which cannot make claim to half the spectacular grandeur. In "Nero," for instance, there is the scene depicting the burning of Rome for which a veritable city was built on a hill near present-day Rome. For "The Shepherd King" the entire company was transported to Egypt and the holy lands along with four freight cars of material. In one scene with the Sphinx and Pyramids for background there were utilized some five hundred camels, two hundred and fifty tents, two hundred and forty donkeys and about fifteen hundred Bedouin riders.

IN addition to these expenditures there were such trifles as thirty lions to hire and cart across Europe. For the big scene in "Nero" in which the Christians are offered as entree to wild beasts, the three lion actors of "Theodora" were engaged. After the scene had been shown in the projection room Director Edwards decided the effect was not sufficiently thrilling. There were more Christians than three small lions could digest. Rather than skimp on the menu Mr. Carlos telegraphed all over the continent for more lions. He finally located some hungry ones in Germany, but the trainer said he couldn't bring his dainties to Italy. The Christians would have to come to Germany if they wanted to be eaten. So Mr. Edwards packed up a carload of Italian martyrs and took them up the Rhine to be devoured.

When "The Shepherd King" was being filmed, following the completion of "Nero," it was decided to use some lions again. This time Mr. Carlos wired the German trainer to bring them into Italy as only a few were needed. The trainer agreed. But when he arrived at the Italian border the passport officials refused admittance, stating that a special permit must be obtained in Rome. The officials in Rome said they didn't know what kind of permit to issue. So the trainer and his three lions had to sit on the border—and they were still sitting there when I left Italy. Perhaps the purpose of Mr. Fox's hurried trip abroad was to drag them over the line. I only hope that inasmuch as he has so nobly done a Caesar's task he won't suffer a Caesar's fate. But those three little Hun lions are going to be devilishly hungry!

## Crimeless Hollywood

THERE is less crime in Hollywood than in any other police division of the city of Los Angeles, and less than in any town of corresponding population in Southern California, according to the annual report of the Hollywood police division.

Ninety percent of the arrests in Hollywood

in the past year were for minor traffic violations and five percent were for speeding. The percentage of felonies is astonishingly small. Only two deaths by violence have taken place in Hollywood since the town was founded, one this year being the killing of a burglar by a man whose house he broke into.



## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 108)

**CATHERINE.**—So you just can't think about anything else but "Blood and Sand" and when you'll see it. My, my—what a lot of interests you must have. I admit "Blood and Sand" will be worth seeing, with Rodolpho, who is, by the way, five feet eleven inches tall—and Lila Lee as the wife, and Nita Naldi as *Dona Sol*, participating; but I wouldn't let the thought of it upset my whole life. Betty Compson is twenty-four. Agnes Ayres is five feet four and a half.

**F. K. M., GARDEN ISLE.**—No, I never guessed that Eugene O'Brien was your favorite actor, and Barthelmess your second choice, but I am very glad to hear it, and will make a note of it. Dick has made for First National-Inspiration Pictures "Tol'able David," "The Seventh Day," "Sonny" and "The Bond Boy." There are four Moore brothers: Tom, Matt, Owen and Joe.

**RUTH A., CHICAGO.**—Claire Windsor and Louis Calhern were co-featured in the Lois Weber productions. The woman director isn't making any more pictures right now. "The Blot" was one of the Weber-Windsor-Calhern films. "The Lost Romance" featured Conrad Nagel, Jack Holt, and Lois Wilson who is, I think, one of the most charming girls on the screen. I'm for Lois.

**ALICE S., GLENSIDE, PA.**—You want to see more pictures of Valentino in *PHOTOPLAY*? Unless we turn over the entire magazine to him, or get out a special edition, I don't think you will. How did you like the cover of him? Winifred Hudnut married him in Mexicali, Mexico; but they will have to be remarried in nine months before Miss Hudnut will actually be Mrs. Valentino. You have probably read all about it by now. Cal York, who keeps up on marriages, tells you the details in *Plays and Players*. There's quite a rivalry between Mr. York and me. He contends he knows more of the players personally than I do. At the last count he knew 567, while I knew 555. But I have more autographed pictures than he has.

**R. T., PALMETTO, FLORIDA.**—Sometimes it is hard for me to realize that you aren't kidding me. You asked me once who took the leading part in "The Four Horsemen," and now you want to know who played opposite Barthelmess in "Way Down East." *Anna Moore* was Miss Lillian Gish.

**DAISY, NASHUA, NEW HAVEN.**—Thank you, Daisy, very much. I was in a terrible temper today but you have soothed me. I lost my stenographer and my little electric fan. The one I prized so highly flew into a rage and landed in the ink-well. I mean the fan. This was most upsetting, to say the least. You see, my stenographer got married. I knew it would happen sooner or later, but you know how it is. Her particular shade of henna hair is hard to duplicate. I think I'll just hire any stenographer and buy her a titian wig. What do you think? I won't take any drastic step until I hear from you. Richard Neil last appeared in "The Dead Line," a Fox film. I understand he is now writing scenarios.

**ALBERT V. M.**—I am sorry to have taken so long to answer yours, but I have been so busy—I think I told someone else that my stenographer just got married? Well, I gave her away, of course, and since then I have been interviewing hundreds of applicants daily. The girls have heard what an easy job it is—you see I do all the work; I am so tender hearted I can't bear to ask my stenographer to open letters and look up things in the files and type the answers. Once in a while I send her out to buy stamps—that is, I did until she positively refused to stay if she had to be

bothered with that sort of thing. She didn't stay anyway. The job consists chiefly of freezing unfortunate visitors with a look and eating Eskimo pies. Since "Eantomas," Edna Murphy has appeared in "The Northwind's Malice," "Over the Hill," and "Extra, Extra." Just now you can see her in "The Ordeal," with Agnes Ayres. "The Son of Tarzan" was photographed in California.

**MASTER R. LANG, NEW YORK CITY.**—Very intelligent letter. You say Mae Murray's stories have not been worthy of her talents. I agree with you. Such things as "Fascination" do not do her justice, but they seem to be popular, so there you are. And there is Mae, adding to her fame and fortune; and here I am, answering countless questions about her. She and her husband, Bob Leonard, live in Manhattan in the winter time and in Great Neck, Long Island, in the summer. They have no children. Both made films for Universal years ago, but these are now being reissued, so that's how come.

**MARJORIE, WEST VIRGINIA.**—Awfully sweet of you to write to me on a sunny day, good for golf. I suspect that most of the letters I receive are indited on dreary days when there are no calls from the great outdoors. You're a docile child, Marjorie; and your writing is easy to read. So you saw Montague Love in vaudeville as *Fagin* and as *Sidney Carton*, and liked him. He's a good actor. You can see him on the screen in "The Beauty Shop."

**V. L. W.**—Theodore Roberts has been on the stage or screen ever since he was a boy. Theodore is a splendid actor. He does a fine bit of work in "Our Leading Citizen." There is a Mrs. Roberts; they are happily married. Address him at the Lasky studios. Also Valentino, Sills, and Holt. The Bebe Daniels-Jack Holt co-starring combination is not a permanent one, but I believe they are doing another picture together.

**EMILY C., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—You are a spoiled child, and I would give you a verbal spanking if I thought it would do you any good. As it is, I'm pretty busy, and can't stop. Monte Blue is married, but Eugene O'Brien is a bachelor. It is rumored O'Brien is to play opposite Norma Talmadge again. He went abroad for a short vacation upon the completion of his Selznick contract.

**E. H., SNOW HILL, MARYLAND.**—It is like life, our brief correspondence. After trying for a long time to pluck up sufficient courage to write to me, you ask me for the cast of a picture called "Undeclared." I, overjoyed, at the opportunity of serving you, no matter how humbly, rush to my records to find the cast of a picture called "Undeclared." And what do I find? Unlike the picture, I find—defeat; for I have no information of any film of this title. And now—now I suppose it is goodbye?

**KANDY.**—Dalton is Dorothy's real name. She has greyish eyes and brown hair, weighs one hundred and twenty-seven, and is three inches over five feet tall. You say you have never had the slightest desire to go on the stage or screen. Congratulations.

**C. L., WATERTOWN, N. Y.**—I assure you I don't feel as cheerful when I'm writing my answers as they sometimes sound. Bert Lytell is his name, and it's his real one, because he is of the family of Lytells, who have been actors for generations. He was born in New York. Harron is the family name. Robert's brother, John, is appearing successfully in pictures made in California. He was in Neilan's "Penrod."



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# A MOTION PICTURE DICTIONARY

Compiled and Edited by  
*Willard Huntington Wright*

**HALO, n.** That which, despite its invisibility, surrounds the head of every heroine.



**HANDKERCHIEF, n.** A cloth used by gentlemen for mopping the brow.

**HORSE, n.** A domestic animal characterized by its apparent immunity to diabetes, since it is constantly being plied with sugar by tender-hearted young ladies, without detriment to its health.



**IDENTICAL, adj.** Genetic designation for motion-picture plots.

**IMPROPER, adj.** Any display of affection, however slight, on the part of either the leading lady or the leading man, until the latter has formally proposed marriage and been accepted.

**INCENSE, n.** An aromatic taper burned in the boudoirs of ladies of questionable reputation.

**INFANCY, n.** That period of growth in which the motion pictures are supposed to be, and which therefore is advanced as an excuse for all the errors and shortcomings of directors and producers who are not in their infancy.

**INFORMAL, adj.** The manner in which the guests disport themselves at formal affairs.

**INTERVIEW, n.** A collection of innocuous opinions and harmless beliefs which a press-agent deems advisable for a star to hold.

**INVALID, n.** The young brother of an indigent but pure young lady who is the sole support of her family.

**JAMB, n.** The panel of a door, made of *papier-mache* or other fragile material, which will instantly collapse under a blow of the fist.



**JEWELRY, n.** A priceless collection of famous gems kept in the drawer of a dressing-table next to the French windows.

**JOE-MILLER, n.** The leading character in the majority of motion picture comedies.

**JUROR, n.** An old man with white whiskers who constantly dabs his eyes with a bandana while listening to the sad story of the wrongly-accused defendant.

**KICK, v. t.** To place the foot vigorously against the seat of another's pantaloon; practiced extensively as a source of merriment in screen comedies. *n.* That which the civilized patron feels like registering at the box-office after witnessing one of these comedies.

**KISS, n.** A chaste buss, definitely limited as to length, which always indicates the forthcoming marriage of the participants.

**LACKEY, n.** A gorgeously caparisoned male with voluminous sideburns, who is suffering from a disease whose cardinal symptom is an almost inflexible stiffness of the joints.

**LADDER, n.** A climbing device which either falls away or is jocularly removed after one has used it for reaching a high window ledge, with the result that one is always left suspended, as it were, in midair.



**LAME, adj.** The chronic physical condition of all beggars and the younger brothers of virtuous working girls.

**LAMP, n.** The first thing to be broken during a fracas in a Western saloon, the room thus being immediately thrown into darkness so that the pistol shots will appear like spurts of fire.



**LAPEL, n.** That part of the male coat which is shaped like a pelican's wing, and whose point is so long that it can be seen from the rear projecting above the collarbone like a miniature church steeple.

**LEG, n.** The decorative element in motion-picture art.



**LIBERTY, n.** That which the falsely accused hero receives in the final reel of a picture, and which he celebrates by immediately enslaving himself with the bonds of matrimony.

**LICENSE, n.** A permit issued to a picture by a clique of moralists, as a guarantee of its complete innocuity. A certificate of good behaviour, attesting to a picture's prudery, and hypocrisy.

**LIFE, n.** An elaborate and complex combination of activities and impulses, whose one great fundamental purpose is to bring about a chaste caress between two insipid young persons silhouetted against a crepuscular sky-line.

**LILY, n.** A symbolic flower which motion picture producers are continually endeavoring to gild.



**LINGERIE, n.** (1) The principal property used in the perfumed boudoir photoplays of Cecil deMille. (2) That which put the *gloria* in Swanson.

**LION, n.** A senile and decrepit beast which always seems to be on the verge of a complete physical breakdown, and which reveals the utmost indifference and ennui toward the exquisitely manicured Christian martyrs who are thrown to it.



**LIVERY, n.** A drum-major's full-dress uniform with epaulettes and gold braid, worn by butlers of the Four Hundred.

**LOCKET, n.** A trinket discovered about a virtuous young lady's neck and containing a photograph which conclusively proves—to the utter amazement of both parties—that the wearer's real name is not La Tour but Schwartz, and that she is no other than the finder's own flesh and blood.

**LORNETTE, n.** An instrument through which society matrons haughtily inspect all persons presented to them, before acknowledging the introduction.

**LOVE, n.** The *leit-motif* of all motion-picture dramas.

**MACKINAW, n.** An article of clothing apparently made compulsory by law in the far North.

**MAGNATE, n.** A middle-aged gentleman with a square jaw, who shakes his index finger belligerently under the nose of every person with whom he converses.

**MAID, n.** An ex-Follies girl who wears sheer silk stockings, satin pumps, and a Paquin model dress of black taffeta surmounted by an expensive lace *tablier*.

**MAJORITY, n.** A supposedly powerful and dangerous hydra-headed monster with the mind of a moron and the taste of a Hottentot, whose supposititious pruderies and sentimentalities govern the products of the cinema. This monster is held in constant dread by picture producers, who continually strive to placate it with fatuous flattery, and to cater to its appetite by feeding it stupidities seasoned with moralistic object lessons.

**MANICURE, n.** A bit of personal beautification resulting in the finger-nails being sharpened into stilettoes and polished into mirrors. The prime essential in the toilettes of waitresses, tenement landladies, cowboys, island castaways, detectives, house maids, chauffeurs, simple rustic lasses, and burglars.

**MINISTER, n.** A simple-minded person with a bland countenance, who buttons his collar behind and always sits stiffly erect with his fingertips together.

**MIRROR, n.** A piece of glass treated with quicksilver, in which the harassed heroine, while seated at her dressing-table, sees the villain stealthily enter the room through the door behind her.

**MONOGRAM, n.** An elaborate scroll-design of one's initials, worn by society men on their belt buckles, handkerchiefs, cuff links, shirt sleeves and watch fobs.

**MORTGAGE, n.** A lien against a poor widow's home, which is always overdue.

**MOTHER, n.** An aged and decrepit white-haired woman of about ninety, suffering from constitutional lachrymosity.

**MOUSTACHE, n.** A hirsute growth on the upper lip, denoting immorality and villainy.



(To be continued)



NORMA TALMADGE  
318 EAST 80TH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

May 13, 1922

Editor Red Book Magazine:-

I thank you for the opportunity of reading "A Girl of the Films" and I thank Rob Wagner for having written a story that gets below the superficialities of our liars and shows the deeper upon our character forces at work and entertaining as the story is, it has a greater significance than mere entertainment.

Sincerely yours,  
Norma Talmadge

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**The Great Novel of Movieland**

Read what  
**NORMA TALMADGE**  
and  
**CHARLIE CHAPLIN**  
say of it!

Charles Chaplin  
Los Angeles, California

**"A Girl of the Films"**

By  
**ROB WAGNER**

It begins in the  
July Number  
of

Editor The Red Book Magazine:-

Indeed I have read "A Girl of the Films". Better than that, I was present at her literary birth and watched her grow through all her isprightly chapters. In my opinion Rob Wagner has written the epic of the pictures.

Sincerely yours  
Charles Chaplin

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Paris, 26ième mars, 1921



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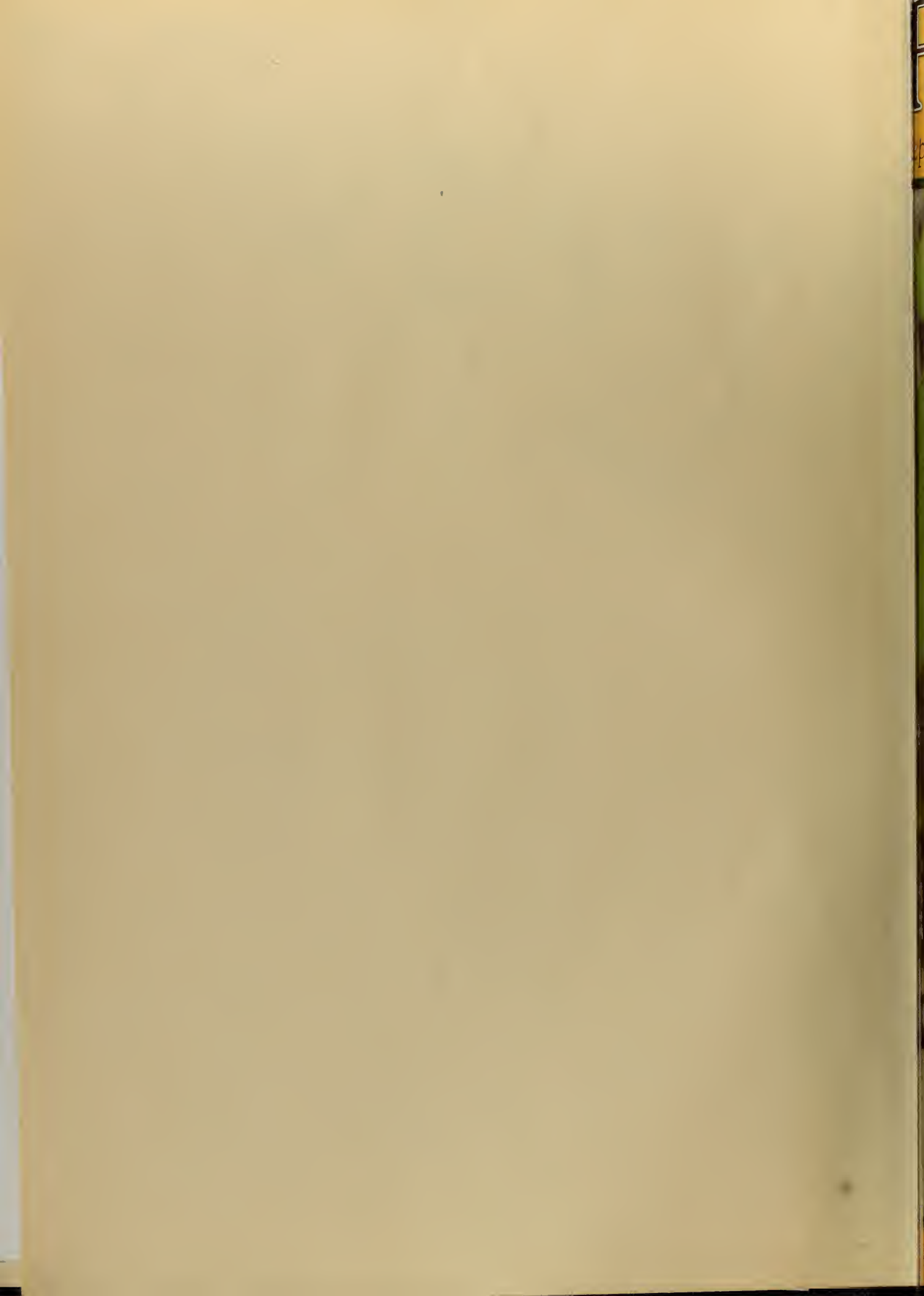
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The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

N. S. E.

# PHOTOPLAY

September 25c



ALICE TERRY

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO PICTURES



*Peter Piper picked a pack of Pep-O-Mints,  
A piquant pack of Pep-O-Mints Peter Piper picked;  
Pete was piqued at pickles,  
Said he, "I'll spend my nickels  
For the candy mint that tickles."*

Pep-O-mint  
Wint-O-green  
Lic-O-rice  
Cl-O-ve  
Cinn-O-mon







Posed by Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph motion picture star. Miss Griffith is one of many attractive women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

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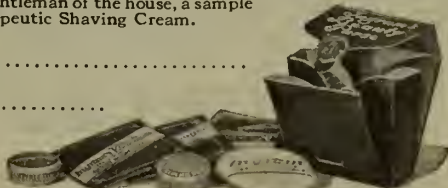
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ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS A  
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*"Nice People"* Screen play by Clara Beranger.  
with Wallace Reid From the play by Rachel Crothers.  
Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel & Julia Faye

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Rodolph Valentino in *"Blood and Sand"*  
A Fred Niblo Production. Supported by Lila Lee and Nita Naldi.  
From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez and the play by Tom Cushing. Adaptation by June Mathis.

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A Cosmopolitan Production

ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS *"The Siren Call"*  
with Dorothy Dalton, David Powell & Mitchell Lewis  
An Irvin V. Willat Production. By J. E. Nash. Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Philip Hurn.

Jesse L. Lasky Presents a Peter B. Kyne Special  
Jack Holt in *"While Satan Sleeps"*  
Adapted by Albert S. Levino from the novel, the "Parson of Panamint." Directed by Joseph Henabery.

Jesse L. Lasky Presents  
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# Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION  
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President  
NEW YORK CITY





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXII

No. 4

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the criticisms before you pick out  
your evening's entertainment.  
Make this your reference list.*

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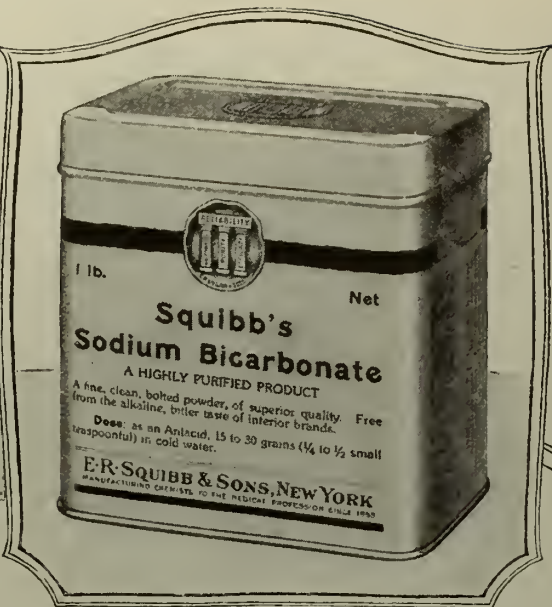
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*The  
New Faces  
Contest  
has Closed  
and soon the judges  
expect to announce  
the winners.  
Followers of the  
screen everywhere  
are anxiously  
awaiting the  
result.  
The latest on the  
Contest will be  
found, with  
pictures of some of  
the leaders, on  
pages 34-35  
of this issue.  
The great question  
now is: Will they  
screen well, or will  
others displace  
them?*





# The "Priceless Ingredient" is your Safeguard

**I**N many drug stores certain shelves are exclusively devoted to Squibb Products. You may have noticed this and wondered why the druggist does it.

He has an excellent reason—a reason that concerns your welfare as deeply as it does his own interests—the druggist knows that in his stock there are no finer articles than those made by Squibb. He knows that each Squibb product contains the Priceless Ingredient which is the Honor and Integrity of its maker.

So he puts in his store a Squibb Section—a department that contains only the finest

household and toilet products, arranged for your selection.

You may intend to make only such a small purchase as a can of bicarbonate of soda. In the Squibb Section you will find this product, refined to a degree of purity such as you have never known. You need to use it only once to realize its superiority. The Priceless Ingredient insures your satisfaction.

In your neighborhood drug store you should be able to purchase all of the Squibb Household Products described below. Today is none too soon to begin to select such articles with care.

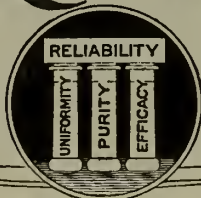
- Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda—exceedingly pure, therefore without bitter taste.
- Squibb's Epsom Salt—free from impurities. Preferred also for taste.
- Squibb's Sodium Phosphate—a specially purified product, free from arsenic, therefore safe.
- Squibb's Cod Liver Oil—selected finest Norwegian; cold pressed; pure in taste. Rich in vitamine.
- Squibb's Olive Oil—selected oil from Southern France. Absolutely pure. (Sold only through druggists.)
- Squibb's Sugar of Milk—specially refined for preparing infants' food. Quickly soluble. In sealed tins.
- Squibb's Boric Acid—pure and perfectly soluble. Soft powder for dusting; granular form for solutions.

- Squibb's Castor Oil—specially refined, bland in taste; dependable.
- Squibb's Stearate of Zinc—a soft and protective powder of highest purity.
- Squibb's Magnesia Dental Cream—made from Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Contains no detrimental substance. Corrects mouth acidity.
- Squibb's Talcum Powder—a delightfully soft and soothing powder. Several exquisite odors—also Unscented.
- Squibb's Cold Cream—an exquisite preparation of correct composition for the care of the skin.
- Squibb's Pure Spices—specially selected by laboratory tests for their full strength and flavor. (Sold only through druggists.)

Sold by reliable druggists everywhere, in original sealed packages.  
The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

# SQUIBB

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New York City



Laboratories:  
Brooklyn, N. Y.  
New Brunswick, N. J.  
Toronto, Canada

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# What Did She Do to Win Him?

The first time that he met her, to everybody's surprise, she fascinated him. Something about her, something she did, something she said, made him sit up and take notice. From then on his interest grew, his calls became more and more frequent, until at last it was evident to everyone that he was hers; that no other girl on earth could be to him what this comparatively plain, unassuming girl was.

This happens every day. It is not only the beautiful women who win men. Women not considered beautiful are getting engaged and being married every day; and their lovers adore them just as devotedly as though they were surpassingly beautiful. What is it about such a woman that inspires devotion? What is it about her that can make a man feel that his happiness depends upon her, and her alone?

Every woman, in winning a man's heart, shows certain qualities of character and practices certain principles. Sometimes she acts instinctively and unconsciously, sometimes purposefully

and consciously—but she can never win him, either consciously or unconsciously, unless she practices those principles. Yet there is nothing immodest, forward, or unmaidenly in anything she does. She has simply been HERSELF—and permitted the man to glimpse her a little more intimately than she does the world in general. The practicing of these principles makes her more refined, more daintily bewitching and maidenly than ever.

Her methods are based on a Psychology as old as the race, upon long established and well-known principles of human nature. There is no mystery about it—except the fact, perhaps, that no one has ever, heretofore, reduced it to a formal science and put it upon a "working basis." There is no accident about it—for when a woman practices these principles she can be just as certain of making herself attractive to men as she is that two and two make four. These principles are simply and comprehensively explained in a set of eight small books, entitled—



Everybody wondered why he married her—when so many more beautiful girls would have gladly been his.

## The Art of Attracting Men

Many girls, without knowing it, do the very things that cause men to lose interest in them. This course in the art of winning men shows how human nature works in men; how certain traits, usually overlooked by the girls themselves, inspire liking, and how other habits, of which few girls suspect the importance, can make any girl, no matter how beautiful otherwise, disagreeable in men's eyes. In fact, many girls, not understanding HOW DIFFERENT human nature in men is from human nature in women, drive away even those men who are at first attracted to them.

This course discloses how, in every woman, placed there by nature, is the latent power to fascinate men. Properly guided, you can call up this power, develop it, and use it effectively when and where you will. You will learn hundreds of methods, modest but skillful, maidenly but sure, for winning a man's adoration. You will learn the tremendous secrets that enable you to subordinate the comparatively trivial matters of dress, accomplishment, or physical beauty—how

to be and how to reveal your REAL SELF—how to permit the man to glimpse the lovable REALITY hidden deep in your heart.

### Do You Know What to Do?

Perhaps you have already met the man you want. If not, sooner or later you WILL meet him, the man of your dreams, the only man who could make you happy. Will you know what to do then? Will you know how to begin? What if he pays no attention to you? Will you know what methods to employ to arouse his interest in you, to keep him interested until he can learn to know the loveliness of your Real Self?

### Not Luck—but Art and Knowledge

There is but one way you can be sure of winning him when you meet him. That way is an ART—and is explained thoroughly in THE ART OF ATTRACTING MEN. If you know men and their nature, if you understand what fascinates them, how they are won, if you have learned the many different plans which thousands of other women have found successful, you will have a hundred-fold better chance than if you are totally unprepared. You will know exactly what you are about, you will make no mistakes. You won't flounder around without aim or plan, but will use tried and proven methods; you won't depend upon luck, but upon art and knowledge.

Any good mother should be glad to place this course in the hands of her daughter. It contains the things—and only the things—that a live, self-respecting, modest and womanly woman ought to know about her own psychology, her own personality, her own God-given powers. There is not an offensive word or allusion in it. Its disclosures, its teachings, are all upon the highest plane.

### Learn Your Own Powers

When the average woman develops her own latent powers and chooses to exert them, she is irresistible. She can employ a thousand little enticements, covertly but modestly bring into action a whole battery of feminine charms and graces before which the average man is as defenseless as a rabbit in the paws of a man-eating tiger. YOU have as much of this ability, this power, as most other women. It is only that, perhaps, you don't know what it is or how to use it. Learn the art of fascinating men, know what a won-

derful thing it is to feel your own power, to be popular, sought after, and altogether bewitching, to go everywhere, to join in all the good times, and to have your choice of a dozen desirable men. Why let yourself be disappointed by lack of knowledge of the power that is within you? Why not employ the arts and the methods and the plans by which thousands of women have been winning the hearts of men?

### Send No Money

Simply sign and mail the coupon below. The entire course of eight small books will then be sent you. When it arrives, deposit with the postman the small sum of \$3.00 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment, and the course is yours. (If likely to be out when the postman arrives, you may send payment with coupon, but this is not necessary.) Keep these wonderful books 3 days. Read them. Test them. Then, if for any reason you decide you do not want them, return the course to us and your money will be refunded instantly and without question.

The course will be sent you in a PLAIN WRAPPER, so that no one but yourself need know what you are receiving. Tear off this coupon, sign it, and mail it today. If you prefer to write a letter, copy the wording of this coupon on a post card or in a letter.

### PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

6358 Delmar, University City, St. Louis, Mo.

Psychology Press,  
6358 Delmar, University City, St. Louis, Mo.

You may send, in plain wrapper, your course, in eight books, on THE ART OF ATTRACTING MEN. I will pay the postman \$3.00 (plus postage) on arrival, which pays for the eight books in full. But if I am not satisfied, I have the privilege of returning the course within 3 days after I receive it and my money will be refunded instantly and without question.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, send \$3.15 with coupon and we will prepay the postage.

### The Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood

are brought out clearly and plainly in this course. The following titles of the eighteen chapters give a suggestion of the completeness and the thoroughness with which the subject has been covered.

1. The Five Stages of Winning a Man.
2. Why Men Are Hard to Win.
3. The Kind of Woman a Man Wants.
4. Developing Your Latent Power.
5. The Real Charm and How to Acquire It.
6. Winning a Man's Admiration.
7. The Quality that Inspires Love.
8. Revealing Your Real Self.
9. The Appearance that Fascinates.
10. Where and How to Meet Men.
11. Peculiarities of Human Nature in Men.
12. Making Men Notice You.
13. Method of Arousing Interest.
14. Undermining the Man's Reserve.
15. Arousing Worship, Adoration and Love.
16. Removing the Obstacles to Marriage.
17. Inspiring the Proposal.
18. General Conclusions.



# Face Pores Give Up Their Poisons To New Magnetic Clay!

**Men and Women Amazed as New Discovery Almost Instantly Reveals a Hidden Beauty**

**N**EVER before has the attainment of smooth, clear, beautiful complexion been as simple, as inexpensive as now. Anyone can now have a fine-textured skin, radiant with the fresh coloring of youth, smooth and firm as a child's. In only 30 minutes, mind you! In one short half-hour you can have a brand-new, beautiful complexion!

It seems almost magical. Tired lines, enlarged pores, sallowness—all vanish. Blackheads and pimpleheads are lifted right away. Hidden beauty that you never dreamed you possessed is brought to the surface.

## What Is This New Kind of Magic?

It's all very simply explained. The face is covered with millions of tiny pores, through which Nature intended impurities to be expelled. But when dust, bits of dead-skin, and other harmful accumulations clog these tiny pores, the impurities cannot escape. The skin becomes dull, coarse, colorless. Soon poisons form in the stifled pores, and blackheads and pimples make their appearance.

Ordinary methods cannot relieve this condition. Water clears the surface of the skin, but cannot get at the tiny mass of impurities and accumulations *beneath the surface*—the bits of poison that are hidden away in the pores and that are causing all the trouble. Massage may help temporarily, but stretches the skin and eventually causes wrinkles.

Only now, after years of research and experiment, has the positive, natural way been found to relieve the condition of clogged pores *at once*. Certain elements when combined in just-right proportions, have been found to possess a remarkable potency which acts on the face pores as a magnet acts on a bit of steel. These elements have been blended into a fragrant, creamlike clay, which is as easy and pleasant to use as a face powder.

Each particle of this amazing new kind of clay is like a tiny, invisible magnet. When you apply the clay to your face, it seems almost as though millions of tiny magnets were drawing the pore-poisons and accumulations to the surface, absorbing them, lifting away the blackheads and eruptions. The feeling is one of physical relief—refreshing and invigorating.

## How to Use Domino Complexion Clay

That's what it is called, this remarkable discovery—Domino Complexion Clay. It is applied with the tips of the fingers, just as an ordinary cream would be applied. You may read or relax while it is doing its wonderful work. In a few moments it will dry and harden into a fragrant mask. There will be a cool, tingling feeling as the tiny pores awaken, and as the magnetic clay draws the clogged-up impurities to the surface.

In a half-hour, remove the clay. With it you will remove every blackhead and pimplehead, every pore-poison and impurity, every bit of dust, dirt and dead skin. Your complexion will be transformed!

It will have the soft texture, the fine, delicate coloring of youth. You will declare that a fairy must have touched your face, gently removed the blemishes and impurities, and revealed a new beauty!

## Introductory Offer No Money in Advance

The wonderful beautifying effects of clay have long been known to beauty specialists. Indeed, many kinds of clay have been used in beauty parlors for years. But only now have the just-right elements been found which, when combined create a **magnetic clay—a clay that draws the impurities to the surface and lifts them away.**

To enable everyone to try Domino Complexion Clay, we are making a very special introductory offer. If you act at once, a full-size jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you direct from the Domino Laboratories, without any money in advance. Just mail the coupon below—no money.



*Gentle as the touch of a fairy's wand, powerful as the influence of a magnet, is the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay. As though the fairy wand had touched each clogged-up pore, the poisons and impurities are released. When the clay is removed, all blemishes and impurities are removed with it—and a radiant, clear, new complexion beauty is revealed.*

**ONLY \$1.95**  
*If You Act at Once*

When your jar of Domino Complexion Clay arrives, simply give the postman \$1.95 plus postage, in full payment, instead of \$3.50, which is the regular price. If, within 10 days, you are not delighted with Domino Complexion Clay, simply return what is left of it and your money will be refunded at once.

Mail this coupon now. A postcard will do if you prefer it. Don't miss the special introductory offer. Tomorrow may be too late—do it today! Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you in a plain sealed package—no marks to indicate contents. Domino House, Dept. 269, 269 South 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Domino House, Dept. 269**  
269 So. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay for which I will pay the postman only \$1.95 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by this specially reduced introductory price, I retain the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar within 10 days and you agree to return my money if I am not delighted with results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

*If you wish, you may send money with coupon. Price outside U. S. \$2.10 Cash with Order*

## Actual Letters From Users

I received my jar of Complexion Clay and I am very much pleased with it. My face was full of blackheads, wrinkles and large pores, and there is a great improvement already. I cannot say enough for it; every woman that has facial troubles ought to give it a trial. It's wonderful.

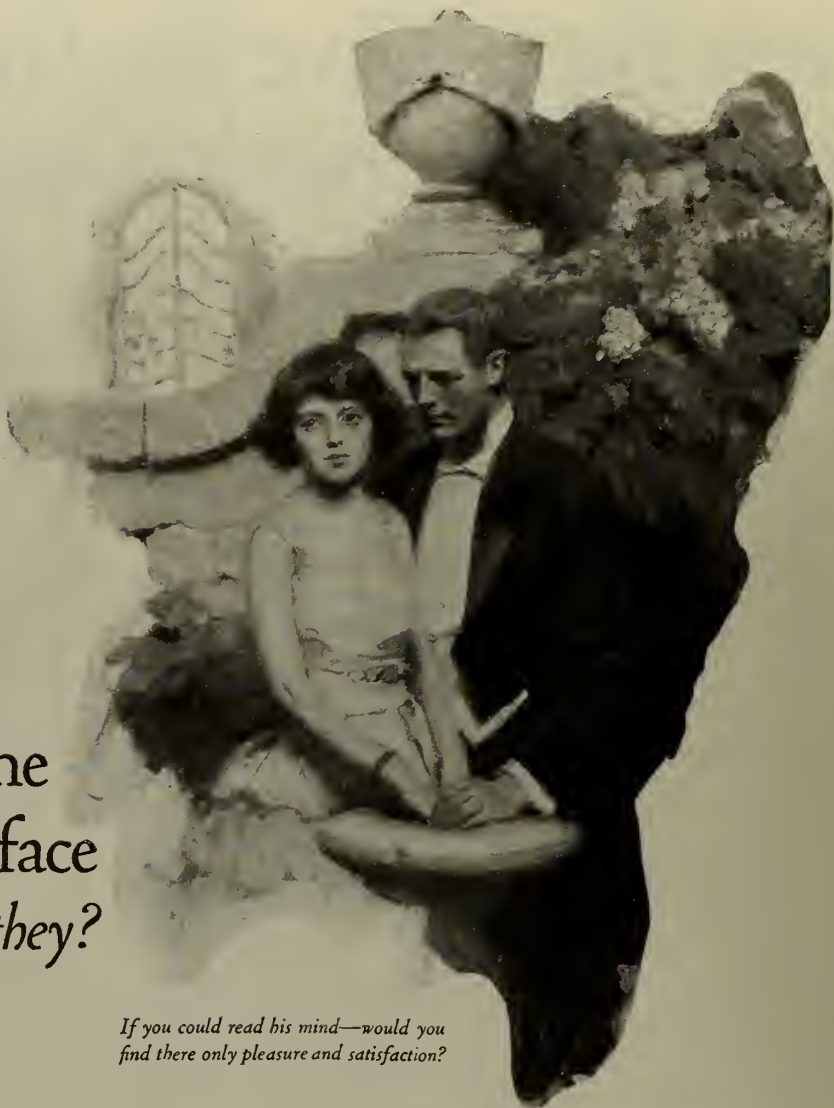
Mrs. A. B. Scott,  
Geneva, N. Y.

I think your Complexion Clay is wonderful and no woman should be without it, and you can tell anyone who wants to write to me regarding same. I used it twice and my friends say I am looking fine. I want to thank you for letting me know of your wonderful preparation.

Thanking you again and a thousand times again. Nothing I ever tried could beat it.

Mrs. A. Pothe,  
137 N. 7th St.,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

# His unspoken thoughts when he looks into your face — what are they?



*If you could read his mind—would you find there only pleasure and satisfaction?*

DOES he think only pleasant, flattering things? Or does some fleeting dissatisfaction underlie his thoughts of you?

Don't allow your skin to be the subject of even momentary criticism. Any girl can have a smooth, clear, flawless complexion. Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. By the right care you can make this new skin what you will!

Begin today to give your skin the special treatment that will meet its special needs. Remember—skins differ widely, and the treatment that is right for one type of skin may fail to benefit another. That is why the famous Woodbury treatments for *each different type of skin* have been formulated.

Two of these famous treatments are given on this page. These and other complete treatments for all the different types of skin are contained in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to

*Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and see what a difference in your complexion just a week or ten days of the right treatment will make.

A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

*A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations*

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing samples of:

Woodbury's Facial Soap  
The new Woodbury's Facial Cream  
Woodbury's Cold Cream  
Woodbury's Facial Powder

The treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 509 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

*Use this treatment for a very sensitive skin*

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Now make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse first with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

*From the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch"*

*A skin that is subject to blemishes should be given this special treatment*

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

*From the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch"*





Edwin Bower Hesser

THE celluloid regions boast no more optically entertaining bit of femininity than Claire Windsor. She is pulchritude plus—a restful Mecca for tired eyes. Fans will soon see Miss Windsor in Marshall Neilan's new picture, "Fools First!"



**E**VER since Bebe Daniels played with Harold Lloyd in film farces, she has held a place of her own in the favor of motion picture audiences. There is no more popular star in the Southern theaters than Bebe of the oriental piquancy





Hoover Art Studios

**H**ELEN FERGUSON establishes herself as one of our able young actresses in Goldwyn's "Hungry Hearts." Here is a performance of distinct excellence. Miss Ferguson will bear watching, for she has been climbing steadily upward



**C**OLLEEN MOORE of the poetic Irish cognomen is another of the film's popular young players. If you were to select the pre-eminent six of the silver-sheet's younger set you surely would name Colleen as one of the elect half dozen





Donald Biddle Keys

**R**ODOLPH VALENTINO! What more can be said of this Latin lover of the films? Rodolph has certainly made strides since he played opposite Mae Murray at Universal. Now he is the super male vamp of the screen



Edwin Bower Hesser

**A**NITA STEWART has been spending the Summer at her Long Island home, resting and forgetting all about films. Anita says she isn't going to make pictures until she can make worthy ones. Here's hoping she comes back soon





Edwin Bower Hesser

**P**HOTOPLAY always had a kindly interest in pretty Lucille Carlisle, fair film foil for Larry Semon. Lucille was one of the winners of photoplay's Brains and Beauty contest of 1915—and has been doing very well ever since

THIS imported white lingerie dress was so soiled that it was actually gray! Its heavy hand-embroidery was grimy. Hard rubbing would have ruined it. Note in the insert below the sheer texture of the fabric and beauty of the embroidery. Read what happened.

(The dress and the letter from its owner, Mrs. S., are on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)



## How a few cents worth of Ivory Flakes saved \$65

Mrs. S. was walking through a Cincinnati department store, when she suddenly stopped to examine a dress.

"What perfectly wonderful embroidery!" she exclaimed. "Why is this dress reduced to half price?"

"A dress like this is so difficult to wash safely, that it has not sold," replied the saleswoman. "It is now so shop-soiled, we are sacrificing it at \$65."

Mrs. S. took it, in spite of the warning, and washed it with Ivory Soap Flakes.

*The photograph shows the dress, not after ONE washing, but after TWELVE washings with Ivory Flakes. Even the pink sash, of two-toned twilled satin, has been washed without harm.*

"It certainly was too handsome and expensive a garment to wash in the ordinary way," says Mrs. S's letter to us. "The hand-embroidery would have torn away from the delicate material with the least careless handling."

Not a thread is torn. The whole dress is gleaming white and fresh and whole!

Why should Ivory Flakes safely wash an "unwashable" dress—in spite of all warnings? *Because Ivory Flakes is simply Ivory Soap.* And Ivory Soap is as harmless as pure water.

Use Ivory Flakes for *all* your sheer, delicate garments which can stand the touch of pure water—silks, woolens, laces, lingerie. *It is safe.*

**FREE—Send for these!**

A generous sample of Ivory Flakes and a booklet of uses will be sent to you on receipt of your name and address. Write to Section 45 - I F, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.



# IVORY SOAP FLAKES

*Makes dainty clothes last longer.*



# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXII

September, 1922

No. 4

## The Source

**W**ATER can lift itself no higher than its source. The motion picture can not violate the laws of nature.

The photoplay can be no better than the mind at its source. All along its course artistic and imaginative minds may stud its banks but the photoplay will be no better than the mind of its producer.

If the motion picture drama now seems to be in the sloughs of a severe depression the blame can only be put to one cause.

The producer is to blame. Daily the screen reveals flashes of brilliant direction, magnificent camera work, superb lighting and admirable acting. But the vital element is lacking.

Now, as never before, the photoplay needs the support of fine minds. Unfortunately the men occupying the swivel chairs fail. There is a manifest lacking in education, in culture, in the finer things that spell—on the screen as well as elsewhere—discernment and good taste.

The day of the button-hole maker has passed—but, unfortunately, the button-hole maker is still with us. Looking over the antecedents of

many of our so-called film "leaders" forces us to marvel at the astonishing progress of the silent play. Seemingly, nothing could hold it back.

But there is a limit to progress in the face of the stone wall of ignorance. The photoplay seems to have reached that wall.

The silverscreen must have new leaders. It must cast aside the dead wood now littering its council tables.

Until that time Rex Beach's recent accusation will hold true. "As an author," said Beach, throwing his charge into the teeth of the movie makers, "I say that it is bunk that you want more and better authors contributing to the films. What you want is more mush and slush, pre-digested pap, stories from Rollo's books, and about God's glorious wonderland. Authors writing for the screen today are handicapped, with ball and chain on their ankles."

Meanwhile the motion picture industry is frantically trying to overcome its loss of public faith.

There will be no advance until certain swivel chairs topple over.

Water rises no higher than its source.

# GLORIA RETURNS

AND BRINGS A BIT

Photographs



**G**LORIA SWANSON has always been called the most beautifully gowned woman on the screen. Her clothes are never commonplace, never just frocks and hats and coats. A lace scarf, draped with a clever hand, a hat tilted at just the right angle, a slipper made infinitely smart by a bizarre little rosette—everything that she wears absorbs, in a remarkable way, her strange and exotic personality! Her clothes are typically her own—no one else could belong to them.

*Both hat and street suit are le dernier cri. The suit is black satin matlesse, with Russian blouse and circular skirt, with bone buttons. The wide straight coat sleeves are extremely new and popular for this type of suit. The hat is a double draped Russian turban of Cire straw, the drape forming a rosette on the side, covering one ear. It is fastened with a crystal pin*

*Paris is hardly aware of this new model. The foundation is white satin, with black Spanish lace overskirt and bodice. The Tunic of lettuce green silk net is box pleated and edged with Valenciennes lace. Black moire ribbon forms the shoulder straps and streamers, and also the large rose medallion*



*A street dress of white crepe de chine, knife pleated and barred with hand run thread. The sleeves express the very last word in French fashion, being drawn in at the wrist, with narrow cuff band. The sash is of grosgrain ribbon, holding a corsage of calico chrysanthemums*





# FROM FRANCE

## OF PARIS WITH HER

by Abbe

And now—Paris! In collaboration with some of the greatest masters of dress, she has achieved an entirely new, and entirely lovely, wardrobe. Not a minute ahead of the style—a year in advance of it. Creations of a chic, and a splendor, to make any normal woman's heart beat the faster. Confections of ribbon and fur and clinging satins. Inspirations of fur and feather. Poems of crepe georgette and spangled net. And Gloria, herself, sparkling like a jewel in the center of it all.

*Gloria is particularly fond of this headdress, which she found very much la mode in Paris. Judging from the effect, we don't wonder at her liking for it. It is of pearl and crystal beads, fitting close to the head. The novelty fan is of amber, with four sprays of white bird of paradise. Both are worn with the gown that is shown in the illustration*



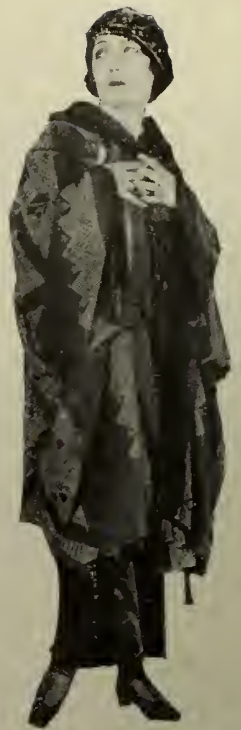
*A Callot evening gown of black satin, with very straight lines. This stunning model depends almost entirely upon its line and the richness of its material for an effect. Jet shoulder straps to the floor*



*Callot afternoon frock—olive green and black brocade form the blouse; sleeves and skirt drape of black crepe de chine; girdle of green and black wooden beads. With this, Miss Swanson wears a black satin hat, folded back straight across the face, and trimmed with osprey. The cane again!*



The very last word in theater wraps. The delicious full, puffed and shirred sleeves, combined with the modern lines of the rest of the coat, give it that chic which is the aim of every woman of fashion. The wrap is of soft draping satin, with dolman shoulders, and cord tassel fastenings. The color is taupe, with a satin lining of lighter shade



To wear at the races, at the dansant, or the matinee, nothing is more fashionable than this French wrap of pussy-willow. It is of jade green and persimmon, with a batik design, pleated and folded to make the lines of the coat. It is lined with persimmon red, and the shoulder ornaments give a futuristic touch—persimmon and black wooden beads



Just a softly draped negligee or tea gown of delft blue crepe de chine. Long, flowing sleeves and fringed panels add a touch of real elegance. A boudoir confection to dream about—or in!



Milady's wardrobe is incomplete without a quite simple gown for street wear in the morning or early afternoon. This one is of gray crepe de chine, made with a tailored blouse effect; the skirt shirred to the wide bell to complete the plainness. It is finished at the bottom with the chic touch of a band of shadow lace. The turban is of very soft gray suede. Gloria is almost nun-like in this

Metallic chiffon accordion pleated as finely as it is possible to pleat, gives this dinner frock a lovely, soft appearance that is very charming. The color is sealing wax red, finished at the bottom with cinnamon brown shadow lace, while the bell, drape, and neck line are composed of cinnamon brown moire ribbon. The dinner hat is a drooping effect in cinnamon brown accordion pleated lace, looped softly over the edge



# Some Villains I have known

In particular,  
Gustav von  
Seyffertitz

By  
Delight  
Evans

I AM bitterly disillusioned. Disappointment such as mine is hard to bear. Almost, I might say, unendurable.

It is all on account of villains. It usually is.

They are not what they seem.

It all began some time ago, when I went to interview Lew Cody. Lew Cody, home-wrecker de luxe; male vamp and dangerous demon. Mr. Cody offered me a chocolate parfait and told me how he liked, more than anything else, to please the dear old ladies in the audience. I looked at him more in sorrow than in anger. He was—and is still—a most charming gentleman. He is not innocuous, but neither he is wicked. Just a regular man.

That was the beginning. I began my search for an honest villain. Without the aid of a lantern I met Marc McDermott. It was on a hot day in a film studio. McDermott looked the part he was playing—one of the lowest, wretchedest parts an ambitious scenarist ever wrote in a script. I met his piercing eyes, and felt that at last I was face to face with a villain. I loved the dirty look he gave the camera in his close-up. I hoped he would give me the same look. He didn't. He gathered his fellow actors about him and suggested that a little ice-cream cone or two would not be amiss. There was no one to send out for them, so Mr. McDermott cheerfully went himself. In a few minutes we were all munching ice-cream cones. I didn't enjoy mine. Mr. McDermott was talking about his wife in such a nice way. I went home and wept. Villains are so very disappointing.

You may think I was, by this time, what you might call discouraged. Not at all. I persevered; and in the course of time I met Ward Crane. Now, you know Crane. He is one of those slick city fellers with smooth hair and a tiny moustache and neat clothes. He is the terror of all the clean country girls on the screen. He never means no good to our Nells. I was prepared for the worst and I felt certain I would get it. Did Mr. Crane live up



to my expectations? Well, he merely told me, without embellishments, the simple story of how he came to be an actor; and related, rather interestingly, that he was playing leads now, having progressed from villainy.

When I recovered consciousness, I thought it all over and decided there was only one other thing I could do. I had put this off because it seemed that I could not possibly do justice, in the public prints, to such a shameless character. This instrument of infamy; this son of Satan—he, at least, was not hiding a good heart under a hard exterior. No spotless past would this time, I was convinced, occur to mar my misery. Because there was never any deed too dirty for this villain to do. There was never a heroine too fair for him to connive against. A list of his murders would make Bluebeard, in his ancient or modern incarnation, turn even greener. I refer, in whispers, to the man who played *Professor Moriarity* in "Sherlock Holmes"; who was evil enough to hate

John Barrymore. He has done other awful things, it is true; but this one outweighs all others. He drew a gun on John Barrymore; he tried to kill him. More than that, he trapped him in a gas chamber.

Gustav von Seyffertitz.

I eyed him coldly. He smiled. I was not taken in. You remember *Moriarity* smiled once or twice, too.

The fact that he did not have his make-up on was, I suppose, calculated to win favor. It was a clever trick. He is, I admit, a personable man enough without the wig. But you've got to school yourself not to let those things impress you.

Then he began to talk. He has an accent which would have its charm if one did not know the man for what he is. But I let him go on.

It seems he was born in Vienna, and won considerable renown there playing in comic (Continued on page 101)

*He is the man who, as Professor Moriarity, in "Sherlock Holmes," was mean enough to hate John Barrymore*





Murray

*Marie Prevost has no desire to be an emotional screen actress. She wants to establish herself as a comedienne, after the fashion of Connie Talmadge*





The first published picture of Marie Prevost in a bathing suit almost ended her career

Murray

# The Perfect Understanding

By Frederick James Smith

**M**ARIE PREVOST is our idea of an interview subject. She didn't once refer to Nietzsche or Schopenhauer. In fact, she doubtless will be surprised to find these lit'rary lads mentioned in her interview.

She hasn't a single theory upon the philosophy of life. Or, if she has, she kept it a secret from our Scotland Yard endeavors.

It seems almost needless to remark just why Miss Prevost achieved celluloid fame. It was back in the gay Mack Sennett bathing girl days, before the photoplay became an art adapted by the censors as their favorite indoor sport. We may ultimately achieve the mellow, howbeit, withered age of George Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" gents of three hundred or so years, but never, never will we forget the sheer aesthetic poetry of Miss Prevost's lines.

Which explains the first words of our interview.

In fact, we approached the interview with practically every remaining shred of our old time zest. That chat, let it be explained here, was to include a visit to the Greenwich Village photographer, Nickolas Murray. Thus the chat took place in a taxi.

**S**HOCK No. 1 occurred at the Hotel Biltmore where Miss Prevost was found to be actually ready.

At the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd street we learned that Marie doesn't care about being a highly emotional screen actress. Shock No. 2, since Miss Prevost is the first film flapper to foreswear cinema tears.

Marie wants to be a comedienne. At Fifth and 38th street she told us so. "Like Connie Talmadge," she explained, "only more so, if you know what I mean."

Marie gazed at the fleeting corner of 36th street. "Don't you think folks like to see pretty girls in funny situations, not that I call myself pretty?" she blushed.

We conceded the pretty girl part of the statement.

"Mr. Sennett used to say that good film comedy consisted of 'pretty girls and homely men in a predicament.'"

We admitted we weren't so strong about the homely men part of the Sennett formula.

At Fifth and 34th street Miss Prevost considered the high light of her career. She considered all the way to 32nd street. "I guess it was when Mamma saw my first picture on the cover of the *Police Gazette*," she sighed. "It shocked Mamma terribly and right then and there I almost had to give up my career. You know, I was in one of those one piece suits."

"We know," we responded hoarsely.

"But they used my pictures for covers for nearly twenty weeks after that," went on Marie.

Twenty-seventh street passed in silence.

"Mamma sort of got used to it by the fourteenth cover," confided Miss Prevost at 26th street.

Marie conceded Sarnia, Canada, to be her birthplace. At 24th street she said Sarnia wasn't so awfully proud of the fact, at that. In fact, since the front page Hollywood (Continued on page 117)

# At Home After January First 1923

Romance in silhouette  
against futuristic  
background

Special Photographs  
by Abbe and Rice



*Mrs. Valentino in her favorite costume at the patio door of the home which she designed and which Rodolph Valentino is occupying alone—until next January, when he and Winifred Hudnut (Nalacha Rambora) can Americanize their marriage—recently performed in Mexico. Mrs. Valentino is in the Adirondacks*



*The walls throughout the living rooms are done in the shade of pale grey that so charmingly lends itself to the bright colors which Rodolph loves. The floor is of black polished tile. Rodolph's lounging suit is bright orange—from the Chinese*



**T**HESSE are the first photographs ever taken of Rodolph Valentino at home. Ruddy is now occupying the beautiful hillside home built and designed by Winifred Hudnut (Natacha Rambova)—who, in Mexico at least, is Mrs. Rodolph Valentino. The new Mrs. Valentino and her star husband spent some months in constructing this home, where they expected to go to live immediately after their marriage in Mexicali a few months ago. When, however, the California law stepped in and declared that this ceremony was not legal and that the bride and groom could not live together as man and wife in California until after the divorce decree of the first Mrs. Valentino (Jean Acker) becomes final next January and another wedding can take place in California—then Rodolph went to live all by himself in the blue house on the hill, while Mrs. Valentino No. 2 is staying with her father, Richard Hudnut, the millionaire perfume manufacturer, in New York.

Rodolph declares that he is perfectly willing to wait for his bride but that it's pretty lonely in the home they had planned together.

*The dining room is raised four steps from the living room, and is stunningly attractive with its black velvet carpet, bright red lacquer furniture, and frosted glass windows barred in wrought iron. The railing is also wrought iron*



*Rodolph looking east from the red brick patio porch on the second story. The house is of grey-blue plaster, and the wood is painted a dull grey brown that is very effective against the purple foothills in the distance*



*Madam Rambova-Hudnut-Valentino's dressing table. Rodolph designed it, and it has some features that are both exotic and unique. One of them is the frosted glass perfume burner in the center which sends a scented vapor into the room by means of an electric arrangement underneath the table*



*She found herself on the floor, clinging with both hands to the door knob*



What does life hold for the pretty beginner in moviedom? Shall she fight the hard struggle for existence single handed? Or shall she follow the tortuous paths of studio politics? Hattie stands at the cross roads—and decides

By  
Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by  
Frank Godwin

*"Oh, well, go and get some lunch and come ready to learn something," growled Mortimer. "Crying isn't going to help us a bit"*

FRANK  
GODWIN



# Hattie of Hollywood

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

FATE makes a star of Hattie Johnson. Circumstance draws her from the factory where she is employed to a land of wonder and romance—the inside of a motion picture studio. While she is watching a scene being made she is mistaken by the great director, de Brissac, for an applicant for a role in his new feature. De Brissac so frightens her that she shows unexpected depths of emotional expression, and the camera records her every look and gesture. On the strength of her remarkable performance she is offered a contract and she accepts despite the objection of her grandmother and her older sister. Taking them with her, she starts at once for Hollywood—which proves to be a commonplace little town, rather than a Bagdad on the Pacific. The family lives in a cheap flat, and Hattie works hard. Her only masculine companion, outside of the studio, is Henry O'Malley, de Brissac's head camera man. He is a wholesome boy and his attentions arouse in her something quite different from the subtle fascination that she feels for de Brissac. De Brissac is at one moment a slave driver, a tireless dynamo, and the next a suave man of the world. Hattie realizes that there have been many women in his life—the walls of his office are lined with intimate pictures—and there is a little girl, with wild green eyes, who comes one day to Hattie's dressing room. But, though Hattie feels a strange fear of de Brissac, she is unable to stay away from his office and there, one day, he tells her that he is going to take her on a yachting trip with him, alone. He is interrupted by a knock at the door and the little green-eyed girl pushes her way in. She has a bottle of acid in her hand, which she attempts to throw into Hattie's face. With a quick movement de Brissac comes between them, and catches the girl's hand. Though badly burned, he sends the girl away and tries to take Hattie into his arms. But she runs from the room.

ALICE was awakened that night by the sound of a door opening, then closing. She lay for a brief time in breathless quiet, thinking of burglars. Then, cautiously, fearful at once of meeting danger in the hall and of waking Emily, she got out of bed, drew on her old lavender wrapper and peered out at her door. There was no one in the hall. She moved out there. The sound of a voice came, Hattie's voice. She stood a moment outside Hattie's door. The girl was certainly talking. Alice, puzzled, hesitating, carefully opened the door.

Hattie, standing before her mirror, turned with a start. She was in her nightgown, feet bare, her two long braids hanging down her back. Apparently she had been staring and talking at her image in the mirror.

"What's the matter with you?" Alice asked, rather sharply.

"I—nothing."

"But you're. . . . Alice concluded this sentence with a nervous wave of the hand.

"I couldn't sleep."

"But talking like this! Are you going out of your head?"

"Of course I'm not."

Alice stepped within and closed the door. "Anyhow, there's no good in waking Gran'ma. I'd like to know what's ailing you, Hattie. You haven't acted like yourself for weeks."

Hattie regarded her with fright in her eyes. Finally she said—"I can't go back to that place."

"Can't go back? You mean. . . ."



"On the lot."

"But that's silly. Of course you'll go back."

"You don't know how I feel."

"What's that got to do with it?" A pause. "What's the matter? Something's happened."

"Why . . . no, it isn't that, exactly. But it's such a drive. I'm tired, Alice."

"What of it? Maybe you think I haven't been tired. How about those days back in New York when I had to dress Emily and cook the breakfast and be at the store at half-past eight and work until half-past five and then hurry home in the subway crush and cook supper." The thought had carried her back to a groove that was worn ineradicably across her nerves; she was talking rapidly, monotonously, in a rush of feeling that was by no means normal. "Maybe you think I don't know what it is to lie awake at night and dread the morning. Maybe you think I haven't tossed and worried and fought myself—come over and over again to the point of giving up the whole business and then set my teeth and gone straight on with it because there wasn't anything else to do."

She seated herself on the bed. Hattie leaned back against the dresser, gazing moodily at her.

"Certainly you'll go back. You'll go back for the same reason I always did, because it's the only thing to do. You'll live up to your contract. Three years of it! That's what you'll do."

"THREE years!" Hattie breathed. "Oh, you needn't think I'm enjoying the situation any more than you are. You dragged us into this. Here we are, now. Perhaps we're ditched—I don't know. I can't figure the thing out. I've been going over our bills. One thing I'm sure of, it's costing us too much to live."

"I have to have clothes," faltered Hattie.

"You have to have a lot of things. So do the rest of us. Right now I've got to spend something on Emily, and I haven't got it. She's in rags. A hundred a week sounds like quite a little money, but it doesn't seem to get us anywhere in Hollywood. Four mouths to feed, and the rent of this place, and all Gran'ma's expenses, and keeping up your position. You're all drawn up at the studio?"

Hattie soberly inclined her head. "Drawn up to the end of this month."

Alice spread her hands. "There you are! And we're broke again. Mr. de Brissac seems to believe in you, perhaps he'd lend you something."

Hattie quickly shook her head.

"Well . . . maybe you think I haven't been facing this thing out. Somehow we're not right. We're not even headed right. You can't break your contract. And if you could we wouldn't have the money even to get us back to New York. No, there's only one thing."

"What's that?" Hattie asked, nervously alert.

"I've seen it coming. I'm going at it in the morning."

"But what?"

"Going into L. A. and make the rounds of the big stores. There'll be one of 'em sooner or later that'll be glad to pick up an experienced saleswoman."

Hattie's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, no, Alice, I don't want you—"

Alice spread her hands again. "What else is there? If it's going to cost us more to live, we've simply got to earn more. What other way is there? And at that it'll give me something to do. Maybe you think I enjoy sitting around here all day trying to keep up Gran'ma's spirits. It's getting on my nerves, I tell you. . . ."

"No, young lady, the thing for you to do is to go to bed and get some sleep. Then, in the morning you'll go back to the lot and do your job. You can't afford to indulge in temperament. Not yet awhile. And as soon as I've washed the breakfast

dishes, I'm going to take the trolley into L. A. That's all there is to it."

Hattie was dressed and waiting when the morning paper came. The newspapers for a year or more had revelled in the scandal of Hollywood. In a state of mind near to horror she stared at the headlines, but there was nothing on the front page. Nothing inside anywhere. She couldn't believe her eyes, and went to it again, page by page: but found not a word about herself or de Brissac, no hint of a near scandal. She got little comfort from that thought. It was merely a matter of time. They hadn't got it yet. The afternoon papers would have it. . . .



*De Brissac managed to catch up with her. He said then—perfectly up with Mortimer for more than one picture, have you, Hattie?"*

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SHE walked very slowly from the street car over to the lot. She even went on past the gate to the corner and stood there watching the stream of automobiles. It seemed to her that she couldn't enter that gate. It would be like walking through her doom. De Brissac might be dead. Then they would drag her into court, and the prosecuting attorney and the police would give her the third degree. There would be confusion on the lot. And every one would believe that she wasn't a good girl. Yes, every one would believe that. In a way it would be bitterly unjust. Or wouldn't it? Alice and Gran'ma would know by night, and she'd have to face them. Somehow.

A man crossing the street, waved his hand at her and went on into the lot. One of the men stars drove his beautiful automobile in through the gates. A girl stopped, an extra named Winters, (Hattie hadn't been able to stand off the extras with the hauteur of the established young actresses; they knew her for one of themselves at heart).



"Hello," said the Winters girl. "Nice to have the steady sunshine again."

"Yes," said Hattie

"You people are most through, aren't you? On Mr. de Brissac's set."

"Yes. Most through."

"Coming on in?"

"In a minute."

The girl glanced oddly at her, then hurried along. Before noon everybody would be glancing at her that meaning way. She wondered if she could stand it. And then wondered bitterly, in

quite as usual. . . . She had to join the group at the bulletin board; made herself walk toward them. They nodded. She read her own name—"Building D, beggar costume, 9:15." The tall Montague Beverly said to Mr. Pete Dunbar, the fat comic—"Location again tomorrow. Retakes. My God, will they never get that stuff to suit 'em?"

She walked through a haze of unreality to her dressing room, locked the door, sank into the chair before the mirror, and stared at the wan face there. She was trembling. She found herself sobbing. . . . This wouldn't do. She made herself up; and then in that dazed, dogged way walked over to the set. It came to that. They couldn't, after all, any more than kill her. It would help if she could somehow control the horrible images that kept forming, shaping and reshaping with exhausting speed, in her dark brain.

The carpenters and property men and electricians were working quietly about the set. Mr. Artshevsky, the art director, was fussing over some draperies. Old Mr. Tremaine in yellow make-up, flowing white hair and the robes of an ambassador from Rome, sat on a property bench reading a Los Angeles paper.

Henry looked up from his camera, smiled guardedly, and after a moment stepped to her side. "Dinner tonight?" he asked, in the pleasantly familiar low voice. She inclined her head. "I'll pick you up at the corner of La Brea," he added, and returned to his instrument. She wondered where she'd be by night. Possibly in prison. But she nodded. Henry's deepening interest in herself was all she had to tie to.

De Brissac appeared, with a bandaged hand, and went quietly to work. Her head reeled but she found herself going through the retake scenes. It was hard to keep her eyes from wandering. At any moment the dark girl might appear; but she didn't appear. Yet work seemed to be going on as usual over on the other set. The tall Mr. Lemsol strolled by, toward noon, with some important-looking men; guests, evidently.

At noon Henry walked across the lot with her. "Notice the chief's hand?" he asked.

She contrived to nod.

"They say he burned it in the laboratory last night."

"Oh!" she murmured. She didn't dare speak further.

"You seem pretty tired, Hattie. Been a long pull, hasn't it?"

She nodded.

"I hope they'll give you a little rest when the picture's done. . . . Well, see you tonight."

She hurried into her dressing room and sat there until two. She couldn't eat.

Later, as the afternoon was wearing by, de Brissac made occasion to say—

"Look in at five-thirty."

She shook her head. They were standing by the set; she mustn't break down here. Everybody would know.

"Everything's all right. That girl was crazy. We've put her in a sanatorium until we finish here. Later they'll give her work down East. She broke down after you left. She won't try anything more of that sort. Thank God, she missed you!"

But Hattie merely shook her head. She felt in her heart that she couldn't for long escape this man; not if he kept after her. Even now she admired his self-command. But she had to fight him. So she shook her head. And he quietly resumed his work.

That little conflict began to seem, once she was back in her dressing room at the end of the day, something of a victory. Something she could, if only for the moment, hold to, as she was so definitely now holding to Henry. A feverish energy that was a new experience came upon her. After dressing, she went over to the publicity department for some heavy paper and twine, and wrapped up his books and marched resolutely to his office with them. Whatever terrible thing might happen, they shouldn't



de Brissac, without a flutter of the nerves—"You haven't tied Hattie's pulse was racing like mad. "No? . . . Well, don't."

case she failed to stand it, what form the breakdown would take. The clear golden sunlight seemed a mockery; she moved out of it into the shade of a pepper tree. Come to think of it, Rosa Winters worked on the set with that dark girl. . . .

She turned and walked heavily back to the gate. The contract . . . must keep it . . . Alice was right, there was no way out. She shouldn't have let de Brissac kiss her at all. With a colorless face, lips compressed, eyes bright (the thought came that maybe they were flickering greenly like the dark girl's) she nodded to the gate keeper and marched in there.

That same mellow sunlight lay warmly on the roadway and the walks, on the big white buildings, on the little group of actors and actresses already in costume and make-up, for the day's work that clustered before the bulletin board. Those people didn't seem to be whispering. Two of them, after a study of the board, walked quietly away. Mechanically she went over to the office for her mail. There wasn't any. And she found no excitement there; the boy said—"Good morning, Miss Johnson"—



find those books in her room. His name was written in each in ink, and one had his book plate stuck inside the cover. She tapped at his door, and when he opened, thrust the heavy parcel into his hand and left him standing there in the doorway. She walked very fast to the corner of La Brea; even, at times ran a little.

Henry seemed very nice when he tucked the robe about her knees and settled comfortably behind the steering wheel. She wondered, as he turned south on Santa Monica Boulevard, where he was taking her. Then he said—

"A little ride'll do you good before we eat, Hattie."

A new bold thought came. She rested her hand on his sleeve. "Henry."

"Yes, child."

"Take me into L. A."

He gave her a glance.

"We might—have dinner at the Alexandria."



The violinist, a moody Russian, spoke to no one; carried a folding stool and his instrument and a book, and sat about in corners

"But—"

"I'm sick of riding around."

He thought this over. Then, at a crossing, swung the car about and headed toward the city.

She glanced up at him. She was cuddled close against him. He seemed, more than ever before, a protector.

"You're not afraid, Henry, that he . . . I don't care myself, but. . . ."

"I'm glad you don't, Hattie. As a matter of fact, I picked up a pretty interesting bit of news this afternoon. I don't think we'll have to be afraid of him. If there's a man in Hollywood that's shaking in his shoes tonight—and you can bet there's a hundred—it's Armand de Brissac."

He clamped his lips shut on that and drove on.

17

AFTER checking their coats he went down to the wash room, and she moved circumspectly across the lobby of the hotel to the news-stand. Her pulse was racing. The evening papers were all spread out there. Quickly her gaze roved over the headlines. . . . Not a word! Only the usual murders and holdups and a society divorce here in the city. But they didn't attack all society because of its continual scandals any more than they attacked other institutions because of occasional personal troubles. No, it was Hollywood, and the picture people they were gunning for. She felt that it was cruel. Hollywood was jumpy with nerves now, anyway, was probably the most desperately restrained community in the world. Back in the mailing room at Pratt & McIntire's, she had heard unpleasant stories about certain powerful bankers and business men. The girls whispered them greedily. But the papers never attacked banks and business because of that. . . . This was the mental attitude she had picked up on the lot. It had become part of her nervous fibre.

"Oh! You're over here! I lost you."

She asked herself, as she walked at Henry's side across the lobby and into the big, beautiful dining room, if he hadn't looked rather sharply at her. Why had he so abruptly stopped speaking of de Brissac? What had he heard? What was he thinking? At least he seemed still fond of her. With this reassuring thought she moved nearer so that her arm brushed his.

It was pleasant to be bowed to deferentially by the head waiters.

She had never before in her life been in such a room, though she had peeped into big restaurants in New York. She wondered a little at her boldness in suggesting the place. . . . Henry seemed, as he seated her and took up the bewildering large menu card, magnificent. He knew just how to pick out a dinner from the confusion of print there. With a hot little uprush of jealousy she wondered how he had learned. He must have ordered dinner for lots of girls.

When the waiter had gone he leaned forward on the table and gazed soberly at her. He had nice brown eyes.

"Here's the de Brissac story. And I think I've got it straight. Lemsol's new secretary told Jimmy Wilson. They're going together." Jimmy Wilson was another of de Brissac's camera men. "His hand wasn't burned in the laboratory, but right in his own office. A girl threw carbolic at him. Rachel Rand. She was in the last picture he made out here, 'The Tempest.' She isn't more than eighteen now. They're keeping her quiet somewhere until he finishes up this week. Cost 'em something, too—holding up the work on her set."

Hattie couldn't move her eyes from his face.

"It hasn't got into the papers. Hushing it up. You see the police aren't in. But wouldn't you know hell would begin to pop just when they're trying so hard to clean up. There's some other stories just waiting to break. . . . Mr. Zeeck's on his way out from New York. I know he's worried. Even if he can hold his control in the business. You see, de Brissac's a big man—he's a wonderful man—but he's got foreign ideas. Hard to handle. Rachel isn't the first young girl in his story. There's always one of 'em around wherever he's working. I don't mind telling you, Hattie, I haven't felt so easy seeing you working with him. Even if he hasn't seemed to be rushing you."

He didn't know! . . .

"You see, de Brissac isn't so young, and he's not a Wally Reid for looks, but he's interesting. Women like him. You'll probably feel that I haven't any right to ask this, but—does he expect you to go on with him after this picture?"





There, in the living room, stood Alice's husband, rather shabbily dressed. "I tell him," said Alice, "his little wife's just going to take care of him"

Slowly, moodily, Hattie nodded.

"How long?"

"Three years."

He compressed his lips on that, and thoughtfully shook his head.

"You mustn't, Hattie."

"What can I do?"

"Who signed your contract?"

"I did, and my sister."

"Is she your legal guardian?"

"Why—I suppose so."

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen last October."

"Look here—there's always a lot of legal technicalities in these contracts with minors. A good lawyer can shoot any one of 'em full of holes. I've got a friend, a lawyer here, who's handled a lot of such cases. He could break that contract."

"But—I don't quite see—"

"You could go into another studio. I don't know what they pay you, but it wouldn't surprise me a bit if we could do better for you."

"I get a hundred a week, this year."

"That's not enough. De Brissac's leading girl? Not enough."

"More next year."

"Not enough, Hattie,"—his color was rising and his voice taking on a husky sound—"probably you'll think it's funny my going into your personal affairs like this, but you see, I—Oh, I'm crazy about you, Hattie! I can't bear to think of your sticking with de Brissac. Oh, he'll be good for a little while after this row. He doesn't want that kind of publicity now, any more than Zeek or the big stars. But just the same it isn't safe. Sooner or later he'd get you. You mustn't mind my saying that! It doesn't make any difference that you're innocent and have sweet thoughts and natural character. You don't know what a skilful man can be. He has a't any scruples.

Really, I don't think he'd understand our kind. He isn't wholesome. I can't leave you there with him. I tell you, I'm crazy about you. Can't get you out of my thoughts."

Her own color was rising. She lowered her eyes.

"I've tried to fight this off. Ever since we first talked on the train. Remember? I really haven't any business thinking about marriage, with every cent tied up in my experiments—"

"I know," she breathed, trying to hold back an exultant smile.

"—but when your thoughts are full of a girl, when you're clean off your head about her, what's a fellow going to do?" His words were rushing now. Nervously he turned a fork over and over and over; stared down at it as he talked. "You see, I've got some capital interested here in L. A. And there's some men up in San Francisco that say they want to talk with me as soon as I can get up there. I'm going Saturday. The unexpected sweep of this new radio business has got 'em all on the run, even the very men that laughed at me last year. Oh, I wish to God I had the thing all put across, nailed down, so that I could take you right out of this dam' picture game and put you in a lovely home in Pasadena. This is no life for a dear little girl like you. I've been through it. I know. You can't tell me a thing . . . Hattie, I can't ask you to marry me right away, but will you tell me I can take you on as a responsibility and straighten things out for you—get you away from that man? We needn't say anything to anyone just yet. But we could understand each other and I could work for you. And the minute I get the capital lined up and company formed, we could be married. Will you tell me that you are with me? Think how it would stimulate me—give me the courage to go on fighting for the big things."

He reached across the table and gripped her hands. The tears welled up to her eyes; she mustn't cry, not here in this public place. She felt all warm and soft. Then fear came, and she couldn't help glancing out under her wet lashes about the room. What if Mr. de Brissac should walk in on them. He might, as easily as not. Or someone who would tell (Continued on page 70)

The Most Realistic  
Novelette of Motion Picture Life  
Ever Written



# How will they Screen?



If they do not, their chances for screen success are *nil*. And the only way to ascertain this all-important thing is to pass the final photographic test.

You must admit that when you pose for a portrait you, consciously or unconsciously, turn your best side to the camera. Aided by a clever photographer, your profile, which is prettier than your full face, is caught. A tiptilted chin, or a certain angle of the body may show up your good points and ignore the bad, so that the likeness may be charming, but untruthful. *You can't be a living statue before a motion picture camera!* While all directors or photographers naturally strive to emphasize the best camera points of an actress, they cannot be eternally posing and striving for effect. An actress has got to act. She cannot sit still, or stand forever in the position which suits her beauty best. She must be graceful or interesting at all times. That is where the difficult part of screen acting lies. The woman who took the most beautiful still portrait the world has ever seen might be awkward and impossible on the screen.

A certain photographic tendency is the "classic" pose. The head thrown back, giving a good chin line. The set of the shoulders, showing their most soft and grace-

*Left, Philippine Buntinx, of Sugar Creek, Mo., one of the leading contestants. Below, Ann Lieser, of New York City and Sarasota, Fla.*



**W**ILL they screen? That is what everyone wants to know. The girls whose photographs you see here are vitally interested; the contest judges want to know, too; and the whole world is awaiting the verdict.

Five girls. Five girls who are—if you can believe their photographs—beautiful and charming. Five girls, one or two or even three of whom may soon be casting their shadows on the screen. *If* the camera is kind! Here let it be understood that the five selected contestants on these pages do not represent the final choice of the judges. These five young women are among the leaders—but the ultimate winner may not be one of them.

And now comes the question: will the motion picture camera deal leniently with them? Will they photograph as charmingly as they look? Have they *really* beauty, and distinction, and intelligence? Or do they only seem to possess these essentials? And what is paramount: do they possess the kind of beauty and distinction and intelligence which the film camera recognizes and registers?



Answering questions of interest  
to every New Faces contestant  
and to the rest of the world

ful lines. That is quite all right for a portrait; but it won't do for the silversheet. Even the most entrancing close-up grows to be a bore if held too long.

There are, of course, "rules." Experts have learned to observe and determine a camera type. Even the experts are not infallible. Sometimes the old camera fools even them. But let us consider a few of the rules.

The ideal girl from a photographic point of view is the girl who stands not above five feet five inches, with a slender pliant figure; with eyes large and dark and set wide apart; with cheek bones which are not too high and hard; with an upper lip which is not too short; with a small, well shaped mouth; with a rounded chin, not too prominent but not receding. And a round face rather than one which is a pronounced oval. This is the girl who is the best subject for the film camera. There are exceptions, always. Eleanor Boardman, a girl whom Goldwyn selected to appear in Goldwyn pictures, beginning at a small salary and small roles, is one inch over the preferred height. But she meets all the other requirements.



Top, Jeanne Johnston, of New York City.  
Left, Helen Norpoth, of St. Louis, Mo.  
Below, Helene G. Parrish, of Bridgeport, Conn.



Outside of the obvious reservations, which exclude the girl who is overplump and too tall, or very thin, there is another consideration. The candidate should not have light eyes. Only one pair of light eyes in a thousand will photograph. You might make a little camera test yourself at home to prove this. Just take a snap-shot of a picture which contains a preponderance of blue and see what color results. It will be a muddy black. If you have light gray or blue eyes, the film camera will give you a blind effect. Your eyes will have no pupils. Some very lovely women have been barred from screen success just because their eyes were not dark enough. Even make-up cannot cover this deficiency. Beaded lashes cannot disguise the fact that light eyes simply will not film. There are gradations of blue which the camera may catch, but at best such eyes are dangerous. (Continued on page 90)

# Winners of Photoplay's First Contest

Six years ago  
PHOTOPLAY held  
the first contest  
of its kind.  
Of the winners of  
that famous  
Beauty and Brains  
Contest three  
young women have  
achieved  
celluloid success



*At the left is Lucille Carlisle, the pulchritudinous leading woman for the film comedian, Larry Semon. When Lucille won her contest fame her cognomen was Zintheo and Spokane was proud to call her a citizeness*

Wizel

*Mildred Moore, who, as Mildred Lee, stepped from Kansas City to success and a place as one of the winners of the Beauty and Brains duel. Mildred has been playing leads with Universal comedies*

*Claire Lois Buller Lee, then of Wichita, Kansas, but now, plain Lois Lee, of Hollywood, Cal. Miss Lee has just stepped into prominence as the Countess Helga in Rex Ingram's "Prisoner of Zenda"*

Monroe

Brown







# An Old Fashioned Girl

Virginia Valli blushes and buys  
chocolates at the drug store—not cigarettes

By Joan Jordan

**S**OFT and sweet and slow and smiling.

Spring sunshine on a placid brook beneath the silvery sycamores.

Delicate as a bit of Sevres, comfortable as an old shoe.

I can imagine any man between thirty-five and fifty falling in love with Virginia Valli.

By the time a man is thirty-five he has emptied the sparkling cup of woman's coquetry and frivolity and sophistication. During that span between thirty-five and fifty, if ever, he has reached the stage where he can regard peace and harmony and serenity and sweetness as the jewels beyond price in the crown of womanhood—if the woman is pretty, of course.

Then, if he is wise, he searches the highways and byways of this 20th Century, for a womanly woman, who is not too clever nor too beautiful, but who has retained a few of the old-fashioned virtues.

For their own sakes, I should hate to introduce a lot of Tired Business Men I know to Virginia Valli. Men who are very tired of flappers and hard boiled eggs and wits and beauties and vamps.

Because in the first place Virginia Valli has all the unconscious charm of modest and unpretentious womanhood.

And in the second place, she is very, very pretty.

Eyes like golden-brown trout pools. That in spite of their calm serenity crinkle pleasantly enough about the long drooping corners. Waving hair that cannot make up its mind whether it is gold or bronze or brown. You know the kind of hair that grows in delicious lines from a smooth brow and a slim, white neck—with little curls blowing and tossing about like spray above a wave. A tender, grave, palely scarlet mouth.

Simple and serene and sincere and silent.  
A good listener but a very poor talker.

The first time I ever saw her was at a dinner

party at May Allison's.

She wore a bouffant frock of shell pink, and carried a big black feather fan, tied about her wrist with black velvet baby ribbon. Against the silvery and blue background of the dining room, in the straight, dark William and Mary chair, she made you think that Gainsborough would like to have painted her that way—painted her and called it "The Toast of the Town."

She was the only person at the table—the guests included Bert Lytell and Bayard Veillier and Conrad Nagel—who did not say a word all through the meal.

And you were glad, because then she did not spoil the very delightful illusions that drifted about her—gleaming sword blades, silk stockinged gallants, minuets, gold-frescoed coaches. The barest glimpse of a silken ankle, a lace handkerchief, a white hand, and if a pretty woman cannot suggest dreams the gods have wasted her beauty.

But Miss Valli herself doesn't seem to have caught up with the times, even though she is in that most modern of all industries.

She has a lot of old-fashioned ideas about duty and husbands and modesty and innocence that went out with lace mitts.

She is the only woman of my acquaintance, for instance, who admits that her husband plays a better game of bridge than she does. She read "Cytherea," but she doesn't know what it is about. She says that her husband understands much more about business and finances than she does and that (*Concluded on page 107*)



Abbe

**P**ORTRAIT of a Popular Girl. Oh, yes, lots of girls are popular. They win beauty prizes and popularity contests and things. But Bebe Daniels is voted the most popular girl in Filmtown, California—which is what we call being popular. Next month we'll tell you why she won this distinction



Beautiful Doña Sol's love was an evil spell but the dashing torero really loved his wistful little wife. Out of the maelstrom of passion came tragedy—red blood upon the yellow sands of the bull ring

# BLOOD AND SAND

By  
Viceñte Blasco  
Ibanex

Fictionized by William Almon Wolff



HE WAS riding in a carriage—he, Juan Gallarda. It was not some one else; it was he, himself. It was his name, his own name, they were shouting.

*“Viva! Viva Gallarda!”*

All the way from the arena he heard his name, shouted so. He could see the laughing eyes and lips of the girls of the street; Rosa, who had scorned him, not so long ago; all of them. It was all true; it must be true. But he had dreamed of such a triumph so often—and this was just as he had dreamed that it would be. Juan was young—oh, very young. But he was old enough to know that such is not the way of life; that what one dreams too seldom comes to pass unchanged.

He closed his eyes as the carriage bumped on over the cobbled streets of Seville. And he played an old game, to see whether, in good truth, he was awake. If you thought back, and back, and back, until your memory went no farther, and started, then, again, and thought forward again, you would know, soon, whether your dream was true!

A little boy, a very little boy, indeed—so far Juan's thoughts went back. A little boy who liked to play; who pretended, even in those days, that he was a torero; who dreamed, even then, of standing in the arena, with a great bull stretched dead before him—a great bull, slain deftly, gracefully, with a single thrust of the torero's sword. Blood and sand—bright yellow sand, red, spreading blood—bull's blood!

And a little boy's mother, with scoldings for his dreams, and tears for the way they led him, and dire beatings with a broom stick to enforce the law—and edicts of “No supper!” too! And little Carmen, his playmate, comforting the

*He thought of Carmen, awaiting him at home—but about this woman there was something that he had never seen or felt before in any woman. She maddened him; she set his veins on fire*

torero, victorious over the ferocious bull but fallen before a woman!

So far, well—here was true stuff he was remembering,

and not just the misty texture of a dream!

The boy grew up. Juan, his eyes closed still, remembered . . . His flight from home; that queer, crazy corrida in the hills outside the town, when he had killed his first bull—the bull that, just before, had gored his leg and killed his friend, little Chiripa. Ah—now he opened his eyes! No. It was no dream. He could still see his friend, lying before him, his eyes glazing, his breath coming fast as the life went out of him. . .

NO. It was all true. He had killed his bull today, in the charity corrida that had been open to the ambitious young toreros of the town, and the multitude had acclaimed him. He had made his mark. Now he would be sought out by all the cities of Spain. He would be famous, rich. He could do all those things he had promised his doubting mother when she had scolded him for idling. She should have such clothes as she had dreamed of wearing in her gay youth, before his father died; a house fit for the mother of the greatest torero in Spain.

The crowd was growing thicker as he came near his home. His mother would be waiting; his scornful sister, too—El Carnacione.

Well, he would forgive her, as he had forgiven her husband, Antonio, who sat beside him proudly now; Antonio, who had scoffed at his ambitions, urged his mother to show

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*Carmen nursed him and cared for him. But so soon as he was better she grew cold. He begged again and again for forgiveness; but her answer was always the same*

him the door! Well, he had proved himself a success.

Home at last! He was out of the carriage. And suddenly a rose came flying toward him. He caught it; saw, too, the girl who had thrown it; a slim girl, with great, black eyes, and a pale face that still, just now, was glowing. Just for a moment their eyes met, and he saw the tremulous smile she had for him. She haunted him as he followed Antonio through the crowd. He knew her—yet did not.

And then he was in his mother's arms, and for the moment everything was forgotten. Her tears were on his cheek; pride and joy had banished in her the memory of every heartache he had caused her. Neighbors crowded around them; it was strange to hear how sure they had all been, always, of the great things in store for Juan.

Ah, yes—it was real—all real, and good! He had risked his life that day; he must risk it again, many and many a time, upon this road that he had chosen. But if the risk was great, so was the reward! Riches, fame, fine clothes, the smiles of women—what promise had he not seen already in their eyes that day! And then the memory of the girl who had thrown the rose came to him. He turned, and there she was, in the house—smiling, shyly. His mother laughed at the expression on his face.

"Don't you remember little Carmen, your old playmate?" she asked.

Juan and Carmen, their eyes meeting, laughed together. She was shy; he was, all at once, a boy again—not the great torero.

"I went to the corrida for the first time—to see you," she said. "But—I couldn't look when you were in danger!"

He smiled; laughed; grew awkward in his embarrassment. But thus the seal was set upon his triumph; it was Carmen's eyes, her blushing cheeks, her few shy words that he remembered always of his first great day.

**M**ADRID—and the Easter corrida! And Juan Gallarda, as was natural and right, engaged for it—to appear at last in the capital, that Spain's newest and greatest hero might be seen and known in the centre of the nation's life.

Through all Spain his fame had run like a fire. Not since the great days of Roger de Flor had a torero won such a reputation. He had dethroned Fuentes altogether; that erstwhile favorite

was sulky and crestfallen as he regarded the meteoric rise of his successor.

At home, in Seville, Carmen awaited him. They were married now—but a cloud crossed Juan's brow whenever he was asked the common question. No little one yet? Ah, well—the good God knew best—in His own time—but for Juan there was small comfort in such words.

He was to fight that day. It was nearly time—at two he must be in the ring. His cuadrilla was ready—El Nacional, the matador; Potaje and El Pontelliro, his picadors; Garbato, who still wore the pigtail of the torero and served Juan well, for all his cowardice.

Don José, his manager, was waiting; Doctor Ruiz, surgeon of the arena, had come to call; reporters were listening to what was said and taking notes; some of them made sketches of Juan as he arrayed himself in the elaborate costume of the torero.

Juan was sombre. The old gayety was gone. No longer was it sport, a joyous, happy thing, to step out upon the sand. Always in his mind there was the picture of blood upon the sand—man's blood, not bull's; his blood, Juan Gallarda's. Afraid? He was afraid, and yet he was not. Certainly, when the moment of danger came, none could be cooler, surer of himself. Yet always, before a corrida, he had to fight this depression; this strange moodiness.

And he was deeply, terribly, superstitious. An old crone, cross eyed, and dressed in black, had crossed his path that morning; the money he had given her might have averted the bad omen she held for him. Then, as he was dressing, he looked out, and crossed himself, with a cry, as he saw a funeral procession passing in the street. Surely some dire thing was to befall him that day. Yet he could not flinch; he must go on.

In the ring, as always, he was happier; more at ease. He stepped forward; looked up to the presidential box. For a moment he caught his breath. A woman was leaning forward, staring down at him. She was lovelier than any creature he had ever seen. A strange beauty made her stand out among the other women all about her; her clothes, fresh, as any woman must have known, from Paris, enhanced her beauty.

"Señor Presidente!" Juan spoke; his eyes were on the woman. "I toast you and dedicate this bull to your honor and also to all the beautiful ladies of Spain!"



She smiled at him, as if she took the dedication to herself. And through the struggle that followed, while the applause broke like waves upon the shore, she watched Juan, silent, tense. Until—he was back, with the bull dead behind him, its ear in his hand, to be presented, according to custom, to the Presidente. Swiftly, then, she moved; drew a ring from her finger; knotted her handkerchief about it; dropped it to Juan, who caught it, smiled his thanks, and thrust it into his sash.

Later, when Fuentes, too, had killed his bull, Don José, Juan's manager, took him up to a party that was awaiting him. Juan was presented to the Marquis de Moraima, raiser of the most famous bulls in Spain, and to Doña Sol, his niece. It was she who had tossed him her handkerchief—Doña Sol, acclaimed the most beautiful woman in Spain, a reigning toast, indeed, of Europe. She was a widow—but who could count the tale of her lovers? Free she held herself to be—free to indulge each whim and caprice. And it took little keenness of vision to see, now, that Juan intrigued her; that it might be her whim to seek a new thrill through him.

Here was a lady holding herself high indeed—above all petty thought of convention and propriety. She spoke to Don José imperiously.

"You know where I live," she said. "When you come back to Seville, bring your torero to tea some day. He amuses me."

Juan laughed when Don José, bursting with pride and delight, told him of this invitation. But Don José was stern.

"She is a great lady—there is none greater in all Spain," he said. "She can make those she favors—break those she dislikes. If you are to be the success you can be you must cultivate her—do nothing to anger her."

JUAN was back in Seville. And once more he wondered whether he was dreaming. He was in the home of Doña Sol. Don José had gone; he was alone with her. He thought of Carmen, awaiting him at home—but about this woman there was something that he had never seen or felt before in any woman. She maddened him; she set his veins on fire. She was as far above him as the sun whose name she bore—and yet—she smiled, her hand was on his arm as he was at the door to go, her breath was hot upon his cheek. . . . And then—she was in his arms, and he was crushing her. She was no goddess, no woman of a distant sun—she was flesh and blood, like his, all hot and flaming with desire, and she was his—his . . .

They talked, through all Seville, of Juan Gallarda and the Doña Sol. Don José smirked; here was added fame for his torero; something to make him more than ever an object of

curiosity to the crowd. El Nacional frowned and scowled; there could be no good in such a mating. And, beside—his wife and Carmen were friends; he liked Juan's wistful wife. And he was wise, the old matador; he knew that in his heart it was Carmen that Juan loved, no matter what evil spell Doña Sol was able to cast upon him for the time.

Juan himself was far from happy. There was no peace, no true happiness, in this strange love that devoured him like fire. El Nacional was right; he knew it. It was good advice to go away; to let the free air of his farm, Rinconada, blow from his brain the strange desires that tormented him and plagued him. He was going; found, at last, the courage to tell Doña Sol of his intention.

But the first sign of resistance only whetted her appetite for him. She begged him to take her with him; to let her, too, find peace and comfort in the country—with him. But he refused—and by his firmness maddened her.

He left her happier than he had been since that first night when the impossible had come to pass. He was triumphant; knew, too, that he had won a victory greater than any that had ever come to him in mortal struggle with one of her uncle's bulls. A song was on his lips as he set off for Rinconada in his car, with his cuadrilla.

And then, near the old farm that he had bought, his chauffeur stopped. A great limousine was drawn up beside the road; its driver lay beneath it, inspecting it. And from the limousine, as Juan came up to it, stepped Doña Sol—smiling, surprised, triumphant!

"Well met!" she said. "I was on my way to my uncle's—and my foolish car has broken down! I must seek shelter for the night."

El Nacional scowled. He saw the trap. Feebly Juan struggled. She could have his car to complete her journey.

"But no, my friend!" She shrugged her shoulders. "I have heard tales of a famous bandit—Plumitas. I fear him. It is his hobby, they say, to rob the rich to feed the poor. No—you shall be my host tonight."

All her charm, her strange and terrible fascination, came to her aid. Juan had made his fight; had thought it won. Now—if fate itself conspired against him so, what could he do? What chance had he against her? He threw up his head, suddenly.

"You shall come!" he cried. "*Madre de Dios*—why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" she sighed. But in her eyes there was a strange hint of regret. Few men had gone so far as he had done in resisting her. She was sorry, almost, to miss the thrill of failure—of finding a man she could not, by fair means or foul, bend to her will. Now—ah, now, that she had proved that he was like the rest, clay in her hands—well, the end of Juan Gallardo's day with her was close at hand, she knew!

A strange setting for Doña Sol was Juan's farm. Yet her setting mattered little, at any time, to Doña Sol; she could rise above environment, circumstances, (Continued on page 103)



*The bull approached. For a moment Juan gathered all his forces; made skillful play with cloak and sword*

# WHEN HOLLYWOOD



"Cut out those queer signs and talk," said Fanny Ward to the dignified president of the bank

PARIS has become a suburb of Hollywood. When the stellar nabobs seek a vacation away from the kleigs and the limelight, they race to Paris.

Some of them are better known abroad than they are at home. Their influence upon Europe is tremendous. You find traces of them in remote corners of Sicily and Tunis. They've played havoc with history, so that now the place where Mary Pickford appeared in Rome is more important than the place where the angel appeared in a vision to Pope Gregory.

## PUTTING PEP IN PARIS

I was in a Paris bank the other day when a sweet thing exploded through the door. There was a slight stir such as usually follows an earthquake or bombing. And the lady at the mail desk exclaimed, "I know, Fanny Ward is here—I heard her coming down the street."

The formula of French courtesy is rather elaborate, as you know, and a day's greeting takes—well, just about a day. It runs something like this:

*Bon jour, madame.*

*Bon jour.*

And how are you?

*Tres bien, merci.*

And you?

*Tres bien, aussi, merci.*

Ah, you are looking very beautiful today. . . . Etc., etc.

Fanny cuts this down to three seconds by delivering the entire dialogue herself in English, thus:

"Howdy-how-are-you-very-well-thank-you-goodbye."

Fanny's French, for all her years in Paris, is best understood by an American. She had an argument with the president of the bank concerning some heavy financial question. The gentleman was parleying with his best Parisian shrugs and gestures.

"For the love of Mike," yelled Fanny, "cut out making these queer signs at me and—TALK!"

Oh yes, Fanny is still a one hundred per cent American flapper. But in a few years more—when you and I are sixty—she'll perhaps look old enough to vote.

## AN INNOCENT ABROAD

While Gloria Swanson was in Paris she was interviewed by the Parisian press. The reporter discovered—as does everyone who interviews Gloria—that she is not at all the sophisticated de-milled siren, but a very naive little person. They asked her what she liked about Paris, and what constituted the city's chief attraction for American cinema artists.

By Herbert Howe

Anent our film stars, their doings and their influence overseas

"Well, I think," said Gloria plaintively, "that I like best the way Paris minds its own business and let's everyone live his own life. You know that isn't possible—everywhere." The wise Parisian press chuckled over this the next day.

## CONNIE UPSETS THE HAREMS

I have talked about the movies with Italians, Parisians, Englishmen, and Turks, and have been struck by the universal interest in our American plays and players. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE sells from some of the Parisian newsstands at prices as high as six francs—sixty cents in American coin. The European valuation of stars is particularly interesting.

For instance, in Lausanne, Switzerland, I saw "The Idle Class" advertised in huge letters. In very small type below the name of the picture appeared the name of Charlie Chaplin in parenthesis. Yet Charlie is probably the most popular American cinema star who travels the celluloid screens of Europe.

"You see," explained a Frenchman, "we regard our amusements much differently than you do. We go to the opera to hear Tosca or La Boheme. You go to hear Farrar or Jeritza. You are idol worshippers."

Yet among the youths of Europe you'll find just as rabid idol-worshippers as among the fans of America. The patron star of Paris seems to be Pearl White, who edges Mary Pickford for the throne in France. But in Italy I think Mary is the one supreme deity. Even Charlie Chaplin appears to come second. In Rome I was told that Tom Mix was a leader. This seemed a bit surprising at first, since my informant knew nothing of such famous ones as Ray and Reid. But come to think of it, Tom is just the sort of guy who would have pleased the Caesars mightily when the gladiatorial combat was the family entertainment. A Turk whom I met in Paris declares that his favorite is Constance Talmadge. He says Connie has played havoc with the harems! *Vraiment.* The



"The thing I like best about Paris," said Gloria Swanson, "is the way you mind your own business"



# G O E S T O P A R I S

Irene dances, Mary makes history,  
Pearl sings  
and Connie causes a revolution in  
the Turkish harems

Turks no longer tolerate obesity, and the fat ones are now among the unemployed. Verily, the cinema has certainly changed world standards.

## PRESS SHEETS FOR TURKEY

We make the mistake, however, in supposing that everyone famous in Hollywood is famous in the darkest jungles. It takes a long time for publicity to filter through the world. And sometimes it makes curious curves. For instance, my Turkish friend who knows Constance and has a tremendous interest in the cinema, because his father owns a movie house in Smyrna, put this question to me: "Tell me," said he, "does Charlie Chaplin still play with that beautiful little Mabel Normand?"

Cut out the Armenian relief and send press sheets to Turkey.

## AT THE QUAT'Z'ARTS BALL

I wish the dear censors could have attended the *Qual'z'Arts* ball in Paris recently. Maybe some of them did. Reformers always go to such things in Paris,—at least a guide told me that they were the best patrons of the peep shows. All I can say is that if Hollywood parties are "orgies," as some yellow journals describe, Webster has no name for the art students' ball.

Pearl White was there with Irving Berlin, but I hear they left early, before the real merrymaking had begun.

## A STELLAR CENSOR

When Rubye de Remer was in Paris she beseeched a friend to show her some Parisian night life. The friend, being a gentleman, demurred,—nay pleaded not to be so commanded. Rubye insisted. The gentleman escorted the-most-beautiful-blond-in-America to one of the milder resorts. About ten minutes after



*The cinema has changed the standards of Turkey. Connie Talmadge has raised havoc with the harems*

she had arrived Rubye arose with flaming cheeks and hissed, "Take me out of this place—How dare you bring me here—I demand an apology—*Don't you dare speak to me!*"

## AH ZOZE AMERICAN GIRLS!

An old French gentleman, calling upon me, suddenly fumbled for his *pince-nez*, adjusted them to his nose and examined the cover of the May PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, which has Betty Compson for adornment.

"Really, tell me the truth," he begged, as one ally to another, "is it possible for a girl to be as beautiful as that?"

I crossed my heart.

"Ah, Ah," he sighed. "I would go to America—even at my age, if it were not for that so strange prohibition law."

He had some compensation. He went that very night to see "The Miracle Man," now running in Paris,—and no doubt drank more wine than was good for him afterwards.

N. B.—The Turk just confided that Betty Compson is his father's favorite star.

## SAINTS OF SICILY!

Down in Taornina, Sicily, I entered a peasant's abode and beheld on the wall a picture of Saint Peter flanked by Pearl White and Tony Moreno!

## GEORGES WOOS A DUMMY

It may interest the gells to know that Georges Carpentier, Apollo of the mitt, prefers an American girl dentist to all the bicuspid plumbers of Paris. Inasmuch as I also find the buzzer less painful when manipulated by my so-fair countrywoman I go likewise. The other day the young lady informed Georges she was returning for a vacation in America, but a French girl of equal skill would take her place.

"A French girl?" queried Georges. "I'll wait until you come back."

Incidentally, Georges has been performing in curious fashion on horseback in the Bois. Every morning he rides through the park and at a certain spot reaches down, seizes a young lady around the waist and draws her up beside him.

After watching him do the stunt several times, close observers discovered that the lady is a dummy. When asked what it was all about, the smiling Georges replied that he was training to appear in a film with Douglas Fairbanks!

(Continued on page 100)



*In Sicily Mr. Howe beheld in a peasant's abode St. Peter flanked by Pearl White and Tony Moreno*



Abbe

"COME into the garden, Cora," called Mr. Abbe; and Mrs. Charles Ray obliged the photographer, aided by a French gown and the world's tiniest sun-shade. Cora Grant Ray is pretty enough to play her husband's leading woman if she wanted to. But she much prefers the part of quiet domesticity





Abbe

**N**ORMA TALMADGE and Eugene O'Brien! Their screen kisses were shared by the world—made a million hearts beat faster. And now they are together again, after their separation of ever so long. The great lovers of celluloid are “playing opposite” in Norma’s “The Voice from the Minaret”

# An all College

Yale, Harvard and Princeton contribute to the first profit sharing film making

**I**MAGINE a co-operative, profit sharing photoplay producing company, headed by young college men! Pretty near the millennium in picture making!

Frankly, the young men took the Theater Guild of the speaking stage for their model. Indeed, they selected Film Guild as their name.

The Film Guild grew out of an idea held by two men, Frank Tuttle and Fred Waller, Jr. Both are graduates of the so-called commercial movies and both were employed at the Famous Players Long Island studios when chance threw them together. Tuttle and Waller had radical ideas on picture making and they realized that, in order to carry out their dreams, they must create their own organization.

So they started out to build the personnel of their co-operative company. Tuttle, who had been president of the Yale Dramatic Association in 1915, was anxious to get college blood. Thus it was that Townsend Martin, who was president of the Princeton Dramatic Association in 1917, was drawn into the organization, together with Osgood Perkins, who was the star of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club in 1915, Dwight Wiman, a star of the Yale Dramatic Association of 1917 and James Ashmore Creelman, editor of the Yale Record of 1916, and son of the famous journalist.

The Film Guild is a novelty in that no person has set duties, with the exception of Tuttle, who is director and adapter of the stories, and Waller, who is the cameraman and head of the technical



*The Film Guild takes its duties lightly. Above, Mr. Wiman and Marjorie Viele, of the famous automobile manufacturing family, in an informal screen moment. Wiman, by the way, is the grandson of John Deere, of the John Deere Plough Corporation and subsidiary companies*



*Planning the sets for the second Guild production, "Second Fiddle." The frame indicates the camera lines. Left to right, James Creelman, Townsend Martin, Frank Tuttle, Glenn Hunter, Dwight Wiman, Fred Waller, Jr., Mary Astor, and Osgood Perkins (who is shown crouching)*



# Film Company



Glenn Hunter and Mary Astor in a scene of "Second Fiddle." Hunter is under contract to the Film Guild for a series of productions. As conditions warrant, the Guild will launch a second company, and a leading woman is now being sought for this unit. The Guild will then produce without lapses between films

department. Wiman is treasurer, but he grinds the second camera and even plays parts. Martin fits in anywhere. In the first Guild production, "The Cradle Buster," he played the small town sport. In the same picture Perkins was the tragic clown.

The Guild is so informal that the officers fear they are smashing celluloid precedents. Indeed, they say they are going to engage an elderly gentleman of Hebrew proclivities to walk about the studio. Everyone will whisper "The Boss!" behind their hands. Thus the studio at one stroke would achieve the usual so-called commercial spirit and an accord with established precedents.

The Guild officials have very definite ideas upon production. They look upon the story as being pre-eminent. They believe that they have a distinctly big screen personality in Glenn Hunter. But they have fresh ideas about players. They insist upon no actual experience. Their own success in various roles of their two first productions they consider to be proof that no training is essential.

Now that they have a second producing unit in the offing they are searching everywhere for a young woman to be featured. Among the professional cinema flappers? They're testing them, it is true, but they are searching everywhere, at college social events, at society dances, in subway trains, in the passing street crowds. "We've been finding the prettiest girls in drug stores, close to the soda fountains. But we haven't found the right girl yet. One wealthy young woman was just right—but her mother wouldn't let her try the films. So we're still hunting!"



Explaining the dramatic development of a story with a scenario chart showing the rises and falls of the dramatic movement. Left to right, Dwight Wiman, Osgood Perkins, Townsend Martin, Frank Tuttle, Mary Astor, Glenn Hunter, Fred Waller, Jr., and James Creelman



*In her quaint old gown of brocaded velvet, Enid Bennett—excuse us, Mrs. Fred Niblo!—might have stepped from the tarnished gilt frame of a medieval portrait. She creates a charming Maid Marian opposite Douglas Fairbanks' Robin Hood.*



# Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo



IT seems almost like welcoming a newcomer to the screen, when Enid comes back to the land of the silver-sheet.

Her first appearance is to be as "Maid Marian" in Douglas Fairbanks' production of "Robin Hood." Those who have seen her at Doug's studio, clad in a robe of old lace and purple satin, with a bejewelled crown on her long, golden curls, are convinced that she has been fortunate in her first role.

Of all the couples who have charming and delightful homes in the movie colony, Mr. and Mrs. Niblo are perhaps the most popular. Their home is one of the most wonderful spots you can imagine. Mr. Niblo is famed on two continents as a host, as a speaker, as well as in the role of one of our very best motion picture directors.

Miss Bennett is an Australian, and they met when Mr. Niblo was appearing on tour in that country. She

herself had startled a conservative English family by going on the stage and surprised them still more, she declares, by being fairly successful in her own country.

Fred Niblo was one of the best known American actors before he forsook the stage to direct pictures. Do you remember him in George M. Cohan's "Hit-the-Trail Holliday"?

He has directed some big productions, but his work in putting on "The Three Musketeers" has made him rank with the first five American motion picture directors. He has just completed "Blood and Sand," Ibanez' latest story, which stars Rodolph Valentino.

They're a splendid, living argument in favor of professional marriages, and a rather worthwhile argument in favor of any kind of marriage. And I'm quite sure they'd be an ornament to any profession.



From "somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst!" The best, in this case, consists of Virginia Browne Fair and Patsy Ruth Miller—leading houris in "Omar, the Tentmaker"





# Ziegfeld's Screen Seminary

Do the new Follies  
hide a film star  
or two?

Murray



Murray

*Above, Martha Lorber, new Follies premiere danseuse, called the most beautiful girl in America. Below, Gilda Gray, famous exponent of the shimmie*



Abbe

*Mary Lewis, who has been a Ziegfeld feature for several seasons*



FLO ZIEGFELD'S Follies seem to be a training school of the silver-sheet. Remember how many young women have stepped from the pulchritudinous precincts of the Follies to achieve glory on the screen? Olive Thomas, Marion Davies, Kay Laurel, Rubye de Remer, Jacqueline Logan, Kathlyn Perry, Shannon Day, Billie Dove, Irene Marcellus and at least a half dozen others. Every year one or two Ziegfeld beauties try their cinema fortunes. Which one of the Follies flappers on these pages will be silver-sheet stars? We shall see . . . we shall see!



*Muriel Stryker, a real Apache maid of the Follies*

Murray



Murray

*Left, Helen Lee Worthing, said to be the prettiest show girl of the revue. Right, the charming Mary Eaton*

Murray





# Marion Davies' New Clothes, designed



## An Interview with Marion Davies

THIS month I have planned another surprise for you. Marion Davies, whose newest picture, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," will appear next month, has given her consent to the publication of four charming frocks designed exclusively for her by Le Bon Ton. All over the world girls have envied her blonde beauty, willowy graceful figure and wonderful taste in always choosing just the right thing.

Think what an opportunity PHOTOPLAY is giving you to get patterns of these gowns, real duplicates of frocks designed especially for the famous screen star whose clothes are the admiration of all who see her both on the screen and in private life!

Carolyn Van Wyck



Design 27

A dinner frock of crepe satin and georgette, the skirt of the satin is circular and hangs in points overlapping the front panel of pleated georgette outlined with a beaded design. The top is cut kimono with a drop shoulder outlined with the design where a swung sleeve of pleated georgette is added. With it Miss Davies wears an exquisite bandeau of silver tissue and rose leaves.

3½ yds. of satin crepe (40 inches wide) . . . . .	@\$3.50	\$12.25
1¼ yds. of georgette (40 inches wide) . . . . .	@ 2.50	3.13
Beads and extras . . . . .		2.50
		<u>\$17.88</u>

This smart coat dress was designed for Miss Davies of heavy crepe in midnight blue elaborately embroidered in oriental colors. The collar is pleated and rolled over with the surplised satin which extends into tabs at each side of waist where it buttons over a "V" insert of the embroidery extending from blouse. The materials required follow:

4½ yds. of heavy crepe (40 inches wide) . . . . .	@\$5.00	\$22.50
Floss and extras about . . . . .		2.00
		<u>\$24.50</u>

## By Carolyn Van Wyck

MISS DAVIES, when I interviewed her the other day at the International Film studio, was most enthusiastic about this plan of dress design. She believes the motion picture to be a splendid fashion educator and said she was very happy to co-operate with PHOTOPLAY in giving our readers throughout the country this chance of securing the latest and best designs. As we sat chatting about clothes, she seemed to bring all the sunshine of out of doors into the dimly lighted wainscoted room and her whimsical smile and quiet voice seemed the most gracious things in the world.

"While people are giving more attention to fitting clothes to their personalities nowadays," Miss Davies said, "still there are many women who haven't the faintest idea of what they should wear. It is not a matter, as so many women think, of beautiful materials and elaborate trimmings, a great deal more depends upon the design, to which one cannot give too much attention and especially one should be sure that it fits her particular type. For myself I like simple clothes the best and always choose my gowns because they are becoming regardless of style. For this reason I prefer American clothes to French ones. I like to design my own clothes as a rule and find this easier to do here than abroad where so many people "follow the leader." For instance, when I arrived in Paris a few weeks ago, I found everyone wearing the most matronly looking gowns, for girdles placed low at the hip line and very long skirts do not carry the slightest suggestion of youth. I think a well defined, normal waistline so much more charming.



Design 25



# by Le Bon Ton, with patterns for you

"However, I bought one frock in Paris which I am very fond of. It was designed for me by Le Long. Imagine the lovely harmony of a black lace skirt, quite long, a canton crepe waist, and just on the left side one big red rose. With this I wear a deep lace cape, with a wide ruche of black tulle and, most adorable of all, a quaint poke bonnet of black satin, veiled with a lace frill that half hides a red rose beneath the brim, and a long end which I allow to hang or throw about my neck. A dress of this type has just enough formality and I think, so much feminine charm."

We talked a bit about hats, which Miss Davies likes of medium size and to frame the face. This naturally led to a discussion of hair dressing and Miss Davies took off the crisp fluted black and white organdie hat she was wearing and showed me the prettiest bob in the world. "I had it done a year ago in Santa Barbara," she said in answer to my enthusiastic comments, "and find it so comfortable! But I am going to let it grow again, for though I think bobbed hair very attractive, it is not suited to every type of dress."

"Have you seen the new bandeaux?" she continued, "I am just crazy about them, especially the lovely ones they

are wearing in London. I brought two back with me, one, made of just a broad band of bright silver tissue, sewn closely with fragile rose petals that I wear bound tightly round my head and the other a narrower band of black velvet with a bunch of vivid geraniums posed on the left side."

"Are you fond of bright colors?" I asked her. "Well, I like pastel shades the best," she answered, "but once in a while a touch of brilliant color helps to give the necessary touch of individuality. 'French blue' is really my color, a shade just a trifle less vivid than the



When Miss Davies lends her blonde beauty to a frock, it immediately takes a new lease on life. The photo on the opposite page shows how she artlessly induces clothes to reflect her own naive charm

blue we see in the French flag. Here it is," she said, holding up a tiny handkerchief, just a square of a heavenly shade of blue linen bound with white net.

"Sandals are still in evidence in Paris," she continued, "but there is a difference. High heels are returning to favor and while I am afraid this will be sad news to the American girls who have never known such comfort as they have had in flat heeled slippers, it must be admitted that the high heel is smarter looking and far more flattering to the large foot."

Speaking of accessories Miss Davies said that few people appreciate the importance of detail. "How tragically often you see a woman wearing a hat and gown of unusually beautiful design whose whole appearance is ruined because she has carelessly or ignorantly chosen the wrong kind of shoes or gloves to complete the costume. While I was in Paris I was charmed with the very short sleeves and gauntlet gloves that all the fashionable world seems to be wearing. I have brought back many pairs with me," Miss Davies said, and proceeded to sketch one or two. "The most fetching ones are those with a gay touch of color, or a band trimmed with embroidery in some attractive design. Others lace at the side with smart black laces; odd and interesting are the very long white suede ones fringed with black kid."

"I am particularly pleased with the designs made for me by Le Bon Ton," said Miss Davies as I was preparing to leave. "Tell



Design 26

This one-piece dress of Corticelli "Canton Crepe" is especially becoming to Miss Davies' blonde beauty. An insert of the gray crepe reaching the bottom of skirt and turning under, outlines the panel front. The skirt which is attached at low waistline, is cut into tabs in front overlapping the panel and held with an inserted piece of red which suggests a pocket. The sleeves and collar are trimmed with black satin ribbon.

4 yds. of Corticelli "Canton Crepe".....	@\$3.95	\$15.80
1 1/4 yds. of gray Corticelli "Canton Crepe".....	@ 3.95	4.92
2 yds. of black satin ribbon.....	@ .65	1.30
		\$22.02

them for me" she said, "that clothes are never a question of money, even the most inexpensive materials make up charmingly if one is wise enough to choose an unusual and becoming design. That is why I have gladly consented to have these designs published, for I believe they would be becoming to most any girl, and pretty frocks are the natural birthright of pretty girls."



Design 24

A charming suit of Corticelli "Castle Duvene" of reindeer brown sponsored by Miss Davies. The feature of the coat is the new line of the fastening seen on so many fall models. It is fastened at the right side, a deep band being added at bottom of coat slightly extended at sides to form pockets which are trimmed with Soutasche. The material required:

5 yds. of Corticelli "Castle Duvene" (36 inches wide).....	@\$5.00	\$25.00
2 1/2 yds. of "Corticelli Satin Lining" (40 inches wide).....	@ 2.50	6.25
Soutasche and extras about.....		1.50
		\$32.75

**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
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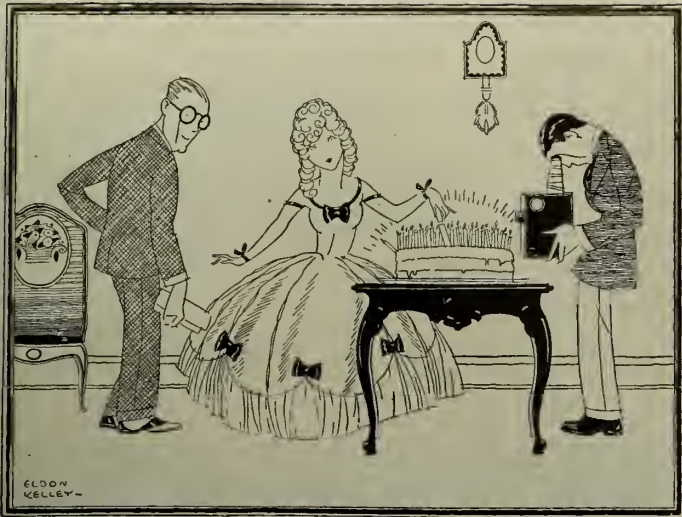
## Alla's Salome

M<sup>ME.</sup> NAZIMOVA'S version of Oscar Wilde's tragedy will soon reach the public. At the right may be viewed the famous Dance of the Seven Veils in its celluloid form.





# Imaginary Monologues



"The still man took a close-up of the star's birthday cake with the thirty-nine candles"

Little interviews  
with screen celebrities  
in reverse English

By  
Delight Evans

Illustrated by Eldon Kelly

"An interviewer from *The Galloping Gellatine* came to see me. She asked if I had anything to say for publication. I told her frankly, no.

"The wife and I went to see the latest picture in which I appear. We talked it over seriously afterwards and both decided I would be far better off back in the notions."

**THE STAR:** "I don't want to pose for any close-ups this morning because I look at least 60, and besides, the ingenue hasn't had a chance yet.

"I like the leading man. And I like his wife. I had them both out to the house for dinner—together.

"Oh, I agree absolutely with the director about those death scenes of mine. They were much too long—and the audience would have laughed instead of cried, so I'm glad he cut them.

"Of course I'm married. I've been married three times. That's my little boy. And I have two other children.

"Oh, no—that story that I was born in Petrograd is the bunk. I was born in Boston, where my father was a waiter. I was in cheap stock for ten years before I got a good break out on the coast and they gave me a small part in a picture. I was awful, but the picture cleaned up. Did I get a contract right away? I did *not!* It was just luck that I ever got another chance.

"No—I don't make my own clothes. I couldn't design a dish towel. And I haven't got a car—not even a flivver. I'm saving my money. Heaven knows I'll need it soon!"

**THE DIRECTOR:** "I don't want screen credit on this picture. If there's anything good in it, thank the scenario writer. And the star's acting is all her own. I didn't have anything to do with it.

"I don't want to make my own productions. I'll leave that sort of thing to the real big timers.

"I'll admit I made a mess of this script. I should have let it alone.

"Mr. Finkelberg is paying me much more than I'm worth. He's the squarest producer in the business.

"I have never enjoyed working with any one more than the star. She's a fine girl—and a great actress. If it weren't for her, and others like her, there wouldn't be any motion picture.

"I know I look like the devil in puttees and a sport shirt. I wouldn't wear 'em, but it's in my contract."

**THE LEADING MAN:** "I got a fan letter today—my tenth. It wasn't exactly what you'd call complimentary. The writer wanted to know why I made up my eyebrows like that, because every time she saw me she had to laugh. I answered, assuring her I didn't blame her.

"Today the star wanted me to turn around in the close-up and face the camera. I refused, positively. She is too generous.

"The wife and I celebrated our fifteenth wedding anniversary the other day. We are happier today than we have ever been. She's a wonderful little woman.

"The press agent asked me for some photographs. I told him I didn't have any new ones. I really have, but they are so bad any magazine would turn them down.

**THE PRESS AGENT:** "This so-called million dollar *de luxe* Production is the bunk; the worst picture I ever saw. I can't conscientiously say it's better than an old Billy West; so I won't say anything about it at all.

"Sent broadcast an indignant denial of that absurd story about the leading man saving an extra from drowning. He can't swim a stroke and I told the papers so.

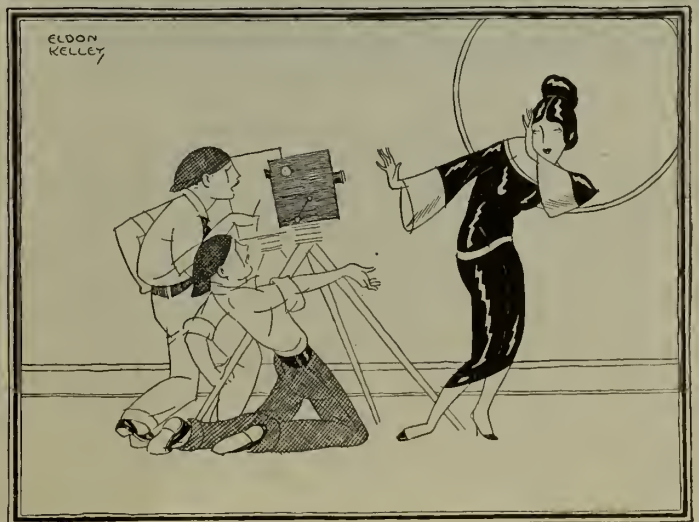
"Just wrote a story about the star's thirty-ninth birthday party, at which the entire company was present, including the stage hands. The still man took a close-up of the cake with the thirty-nine candles. The picture will be published everywhere.

"Mr. Bernstein sent for me and asked me not to mention the star's latest divorce in my weekly publicity notes. I refused to suppress the truth. Mr. Finkelberg thereupon congratulated me upon my firm stand and raised my salary.

"The editor of *The Daily Delirium* wired me for a story about the great ice scene from 'The Half Breed's Curse'. I explained the photographic trick, which was all the scene amounted to."

**THE PRODUCER:** "This has, decidedly, been anything but a Finkelberg Year. The Goldstein Company has made much better pictures, for the simple reason that (Continued on page 110)

"I don't want to pose for any close-ups because I look at least sixty, and besides, the ingenue hasn't had a chance yet!"







WHILE SATAN SLEEPS—Paramount

SATAN may have slept, but you won't. Not while Jack Holt is on the screen as an engaging crook, masquerading as an equally engaging minister—come to clean up, in a safe way, the little town of *Panamint*. There is a very good faction in the town, the to-the-pure-all-things-are-bad sort; and there is a disreputable dance hall with painted women, and round shouldered piano players, and saloon owners who are not all bad! And Holt, smiling above a clerical collar, reforms everybody—good, bad and indifferent. And, in so doing, reforms himself. When he leads the singing of a fine old hymn you almost believe him, he does it so very well! And when he kneels in prayer, in front of the bar, and shoots the padlock off the church door, and gives himself up to the detectives, the excitement—and emotion—is decidedly convincing.

A Peter B. Kyne-Saturday Evening Post story, and a credit to the combination. Sheer entertainment, of the pre-triangle days.



DIVORCE COUPONS—Vitagraph

ONE close-up of Corinne Griffith is enough to lift an average feature from the realms of mediocrity. And so this offering—plentifully sprinkled with close-ups and with a real plot, for good measure—is quite out of the ordinary.

The story is about a girl who marries for money—staking her future, and a large alimony, on her husband's none too spotless past. She boasts about the divorce coupons on her bonds of matrimony. But, without meaning to, she falls desperately in love with the aforementioned husband—and, by so doing, changes the trend of things. After numerous complications there is, of course, a happy ending.

The cast is good, clear through. The settings are fairly real. And Corinne's many gowns are decidedly worth the price of admission. The children may be safely left at home while their parents enjoy this.

The  
National Guide to Motion Pictures

# The Shadow Stage

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

*A Review of the New Pictures*



THE DICTATOR—Paramount

DONE in a broad burlesque spirit, this lively visualization of the late Richard Harding Davis' chili con carne romance of a tropical land and its revolutions somehow falls short of the spontaneity it should have achieved. Yet it is good hot weather entertainment.

Wallie Reid plays the role done on the stage by the dryly humorous Willie Collier. The Davis hero is a brash young American who, temporarily under the cloud of his businesslike dad's displeasure, invades Central America and, of course, becomes involved in a revolution. His companion in adventure is a tough taxi driver, to whom he owes some sixty dollars and who has been ordered to get the money come what may. Walter Long is a delight as the chauffeur. Indeed, we rather think he runs away with the picture.

Unfortunately, Wallie lacks his old spontaneity. Here he is merely going through the motions. His performance is superficial. All this is painful to report, particularly as Wallie, not long since, was fast developing as a light comedian. He was just attaining a razor edge skill as a farceur. Now he appears to be letting himself go. Something ought to be done about it.

A certain carelessness seems to run all through the production. The direction has many holes. The choice of players isn't at all fortunate, although Lila Lee is a decidedly pleasant heroine and the aforementioned Long is admirable as the taxi gent. There is a corking scene when a detachment of the enemy's army attempts to execute him. The chauffeur never understands their evil intent, fancying that he has been engaged to drill the firing squad. So the execution never does take place, although the squad's captain collapses under the strain.

Somehow or other the screen usually falls down when it attempts light comedy. We can't understand why, unless it is because the movie makers think in terms of melodrama—and high comedy is another thing again.



Photoplay's Selection  
of the  
Six Best Pictures  
of the month

*The Storm*  
*While Satan Sleeps*  
*The Dictator*  
*If You Believe It, It's So*  
*Smudge*  
*Divorce Coupons*



IF YOU BELIEVE IT, IT'S SO—Paramount

WITH an O. Henry twist to it, and a few moments when tears follow close to laughter, this picture scores another triumph for a trio of splendid actors—Thomas Meighan, Theodore Roberts and Charles Ogle. It follows the formula that made "The Miracle Man" popular.

Thomas Meighan again plays the part of a lovable crook who picks the pocket of a saintly old man, and, in so doing, sees the well press-agented light. Incidentally, he returns the money, and starts out on his era of clean living by peddling soap. He meets the girl, Pauline Starke, in the course of his work. And everything goes smoothly until a former associate, masquerading as an evangelist, comes to town with a Bible and a counterfeiting machine. Theodore Roberts in a beard, making sin attractive! And our hero fights the great fight with his baser side, and comes out winner—of course. And everything's lovely. Religious hokum, maybe, but—as the title says—if you believe it, it's so!



THE STORM—Universal-Jewel

THIS picture, strangely enough, almost lives up to its advertising. And when you consider that it is a Universal product, you know that is high praise.

Imagine liking a picture with a French-Canadian heroine who speaks her sub-titles in dialect; and a little cabin in the north woods; and a great snow storm; and a greater forest fire; and a race for life and love! And yet that's what happened to us, and to the rest of the audience.

This dramatization of a forest fire was a stage success before it was filmed. It is more entertaining on celluloid for the simple reason that the forest fire is as real as could be expected; in fact, a fine, frank forest fire, with the hero and heroine and villain all running a pretty good chance of being actually burned. You know they're going to come out all right; and you know which one is going to get the girl; but just the same you can't help hanging on to the arms of your seat. It's that well done.

Reginald Barker, the director, makes you feel you're just one of the folks—which isn't as bad as it sounds, considering they are House Peters, Virginia Valli, and Matt Moore.

Peters plays one of those strong, virile men, but you like him anyway. He makes a complete comeback. The acting surprise is Virginia—once a pretty ingenue, now an actress of poise and charm. You'll see more of her!

We particularly hand the credit to Mr. Barker and Mr. Peters. The director seems to have overcome his growing trend towards artificiality. His direction of "The Storm" is vigorous and carefully considered. He has permitted nothing to be overdone. We have long looked upon Mr. Peters as one of the screen's best actors. Here he plays a difficult role—one that might easily be ruined—with a fine restraint.

Better perhaps than all this is the way "The Storm" has caught the atmosphere of the Northwest and of the changing seasons.



SMUDGE—First National

AS a newspaper owner who stands for reform, Charles Ray paints an earnest portrait—that would do credit to Horatio Alger, himself—of an upright young man who wants to do his duty by the people! He invents a machine to save orange crops without the use of smudge (yes, this picture was made on THE COAST), and so keep the town pure and spotless. Said invention is responsible for his nomination as mayor and for a number of rapid results of the nomination, including a mighty thorough kidnapping. That he escapes cleverly from the net of the kidnappers, gets out the paper on time, and wins the election, scarcely comes as a surprise ending. But the plot is worked out in such a sympathetic way that the lack of real punch is hardly felt.

For the whole family, and better than this star's recent vehicles.





IN THE NAME OF THE LAW—R-C Pictures

OVER exploited! One of the pictures that do the business no good. Not even a good program offering. Here Officer 376 tries to keep the home fires burning but has an awful time, what with his sons and daughters—real and adopted—getting mixed up in thefts and murders and bank robberies and things. They're innocent, y' know, but it takes six reels to prove it. Ralph Lewis is the suffering cop.



LIGHTS OF THE DESERT—Fox

SHIRLEY MASON being just too cute for anything in a picture that seems to have no especial reason for existence. All about a stranded chorus girl who hesitates between a rich man and a poor man. And other situations quite as impossible you are called upon to find entertainment in. Don't see this unless you have some good reason for wanting to stay away from home. You'll find it a rather poor excuse.



THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA—R-C Pictures

A WILLIAM J. LOCKE story made into a picture that carefully follows the laid out theme and, despite that, somehow manages to lose much of the author's charm. About a dowdy woman, an artist, who suddenly realizes that she needs more than a brain! Pauline Frederick does a difficult piece of acting with skill and makes the picture one of interest to the grown-up members of any family.

THE dull screen days come in mid-summer.

Attendance wanes and many theaters across country close their doors for the hot months. Naturally, the producers save their best wares for the autumn and winter.

So, while this month has little to offer in a distinguished celluloid way, it is a prelude to many interesting events now *en route* to our film theaters. One may already enumerate the big events of the coming months. Probably first in interest will be Doug Fairbanks' "Robin Hood," now being finished by Allan Dwan. Then there will be Laurette Taylor in "Peg O' My Heart," directed by King Vidor. Rex Ingram's visualization of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea," Jackie Coogan in "Oliver Twist," and Maurice Tourneur's screen version of Hall Caine's "The Christian." Then, of course, there is "Ben-Hur" in the offing.

To our way of thinking "The Storm" easily took first place among the past month's pictures. Here is a sure fire box office production, one that may be safely recommended to everyone. Its plot moves through no new channels, it is replete with hokum, it deals with "the great open places," the mounted police and a virgin of the wilds—and yet it gets you. Which we credit to admirable direction and a very excellent acting.



MY WILD IRISH ROSE—Vitagraph

ERIN go braugh! Shamrocks and brogue a foot thick. Verses of Irish songs, printed and reprinted until they seem to float in a mist before the eyes. Sein Feiners versus English officers; a kindly priest and a child with freckles. Sure fire stuff for any family with an O' in front of its last name. Pat O'Malley is the *Shaughraun*—whatever that may be! Pauline Starke is the *Shaughraun's* sweetheart.



THE DUST FLOWER—Goldwyn

THIS picture is frank and unashamed and it has every reason to be, for it knows it is pure, very pure, hokum; it makes no pretensions; consequently you can't help liking it. Plot: rich man engaged to rich girl marries poor girl in fit of pique and rediscovers the old adage about kind hearts having it all over coronets. Claude Gillingwater, Helene Chadwick and James Rennie are delightful.





HUMAN HEARTS—Universal

**A** WELL-BALANCED cast doing the best it can with this trite mixture of "The Old Homestead" and "The Village Blacksmith." A blind mother, a murdered father, a mentally deficient younger brother, and an unfaithful wife—who is forgiven in the last reel—all these have their place in a picture that tries to live up to its name. House Peters plays the blacksmith hero, and George Hackathorne is the younger brother.



FOR BIG STAKES—Fox

**P**ROGRAM stuff, of the usual Western variety. Nothing out of the ordinary, and nothing objectionable. Tom Mix does the conventional thing—fighting villains and defying death with a pleasing, but hardly convincing, nonchalance. His horse, Tony, gets the largest amount of applause—and deserves it more than any other member of the cast. Take the children—they won't be critical and they'll enjoy the horse.

"The Dictator" may fall short of what one might expect of this brisk Richard Harding Davis comedy of Central American revolution but it is good fun for a summer night. Wallie Reid lacks in spontaneity as the nervy American hero but Walter Long, familiar as a heavy villain of the silversheet, practically runs away with the picture as a tough taxi driver.

"While Satan Sleeps" is a same old opus of the crook who comes to town to clean the inhabitants but finds reformation, this time with the good old dance hall and its girlies as a background. This is lifted by the very able acting of Jack Holt.

"Smudge" isn't so much as a photoplay but it is the best vehicle Charlie Ray has had in some time.

"If You Believe It, It's So" is plainly an attempt to duplicate "The Miracle Man" and, while it may outdo that celluloid classic in ingenuity, it falls miles short in the spiritual punch of the George Loane Tucker epic. Still, it is an interesting vehicle for Thomas Meighan.

"Divorce Coupons" lacks many qualities that we consider essential to a really good picture but it has the decorative Corinne Griffith as its star. Miss Griffith has long been buried in a mass of miserable stories but her superb photographic qualities lift her out of the slough of bad production. Another Gloria Swanson—with right opportunities.



THE LADDER JINX—Vitagraph

**A**NOTHER love-and-business comedy with Tully Marshall, Edward Horton and Otis Harlan in the cast. All about a young man who is engaged to a superstitious girl who is blond and goes by the name of Helen. A combination spelling complications. Like the famous lady of Troy she causes a lot of trouble, and almost ruins the social standing and career of her fiance. Over acted, in spots, but nevertheless worth seeing.



THE DEVIL'S PAWN—Paramount

**A**NOTHER foreign invasion; not good enough to be dangerous to the American producers. A version of the world famous "Yellow Ticket"—with the caffeine extracted, and served lukewarm in a tin cup. Pola Negri is as big eyed as ever, but not quite so alluring as formerly. The rest of the cast is just good enough to get by without much unfavorable comment. Not quite for the whole family.



THE FAST MAIL—Fox

**A**MELODRAMA, and no bones about it! All the old hokum done fairly well. A blond lady, a steeplechase crowded with thrills, a boat explosion, a burning house, a jump from a hand car to a fast train, and a number of minor details including a murder. Eileen Percy makes a highly sophisticated looking heroine and Adolphe Menjou heads the list of the villains. Several thrills or laughs. (Continued on page 108)



# The Romantic Motion

## Foreword

*IN the chapters that have gone before we have traced the motion picture through the complex phases of the period of invention, telling the physical story of how the screen of today came into existence.*

*Now with this chapter begins the first era of commercial development and the first conscious movements of the new-born art. This is the period in which the men and their personal forces and foibles became the important factors of picture history. For yet a while the inventors and the workshop pioneers held dominance, but as will be seen in this portion of the narrative other men with other qualifications and interests were beginning to demand a part.*

*Sailor, book agent, advertising man, magician, ventriloquist—they all pass in review in a curious pageantry of other days. Destiny elected them all to roles in the greatest of all motion picture dramas—the screen's own story.*



*An unforeseen happening added vastly to the success of this picture*

## CHAPTER VI

**I**N the natal year of 1896 the motion picture swiftly gathered to itself many of the men who were to guide its development, or who were perhaps more accurately to be carried on by the force of the screen's own destiny.

Important and picturesque among these men of '96 are two of special interest, a capable phonograph salesman, who wanted to see the world, and a seafaring youth, a naval electrician, who came ashore in quest of a landsman's career and fortune.

Turning back some three years to get a perspective of events, we begin with a dignified young man, well set up, wearing a silk hat and frock coat, applying for an interview with Marshall Field, the famous merchant, at his Chicago establishment.

"Your name and business?" The man in the reception room was crisp and automatic.

"Here is my card. As for my business, it will be discussed only with Mr. Field. It is important, urgent, and strictly private."

A detective, disguised as office detectives always are, in blue serge cut in reminiscence of a uniform, walked by with that obvious casualness that outshines a police badge.

The caller smiled inwardly. He noted that all those ahead of him who were being admitted to the inner office were required to check all parcels, canes and the like before they entered. The merchant prince was uneasy on his throne. The fame of Field and his wealth made him a mark for cranks. He feared dynamiters, blackmailers, cut-throats, and gunmen. He lived under guard.

The young man in the frock coat shifted a small parcel from his lap, inconspicuously tucking it up under his coat where he could hold it with his left arm.

The parcel was in the nature of a bomb for Mr. Field.

"Important, urgent, and strictly private."

Three magic words and a frock coat won. He passed the gauntlet of three secretaries and was ushered into the presence. Mr. Field rose in hearty welcome. It was hearty because the system at the door filtered out all but the welcome ones—usually.

"What can I do for you, Mr. —Mr. Urban?" Field inquired reading the name from the card, noting with a casual thumb that it was an engraved card.

"I am here to give you the first opportunity in this great city of Chicago to acquire a handsomely full morocco bound de luxe edition of 'The Stage and Its Stars,' the only complete work of its kind, a remarkable value for \$125."

Field drew up in surprise. A frown, then a smile chased over his face.

Urban put down a sample volume before the merchant.

"Tell me, how did you get in here with that?" Field demanded.

"You as a merchant know, Mr. Field, that I could hardly hope to sell you with my samples checked outside," Urban replied. "I brought it in because I had to. You see as soon as I sell you, Mr. Otto Young over at the Fair store has agreed to buy a set."

"Otto Young, eh?" Field grinned. Here was a chance to give Mr. Young a surprise. He reached for his check book and wrote out his payment for "The Stage and Its Stars."

"Here, and I'd wish you luck, if I thought you needed it."

"Thank you," Urban replied and was on his way. He could sell things.

Presently the rambling young Mr. Charles Urban from Cincinnati tired of the road and went into partnership in a stationery and book shop in Detroit. There shortly he met R. L. Thoma, who was in Detroit winding up the affairs of the Michigan Phono-

## A Fascinating and Amazing Narrative

*The mechanical progress of the screen has been followed before, but this is the first story to describe the fascinating evolution of the art, involving its great men and its most interesting movements.*

*The romantic aspect of the industry has never before been considered. There has never, in the world's history, been an art or an industry which has such a wealth of romance connected with its development. The outstanding figures have been giants.*

*Many who helped to make the films the great industry they are have been forgotten. But with a mighty force its celluloids have rolled on and on, until today it is far more powerful than those who conceived it and helped to develop it. This, then, is its history; its colorful biography, woven and interwoven with the stories of its makers.*



# History of the Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

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by Terry Ramsaye

graph Company which was being absorbed by the North American Phonograph Company. Their friendship resulted in an Urban venture in the selling of phonographs, his first contact with an Edison device or interest. Mr. Urban grew vastly interested in the phonograph as a business dictating machine and by his enthusiasm succeeded in selling a large order to Hiram Walker & Company, a concern that will be remembered with reverence by those who knew what to do with Canadian whiskey.

This and other important sales of the phonograph attracted the favorable attention of Thomae and the home office back east.

Incidentally it brought unexpected results nearer home. The girls at Hiram Walker's establishment told their beaux about the machine that was doing their work, and lamented that probably pretty soon they would all be out of jobs.

Irate Walkerville beaux laid in wait for that slick salesman, Charles Urban, for the purpose of remodelling his features.

So Urban had to sell them, too. He induced the Walker establishment to raise a few stenographers' salaries, "because of their efficiency and increased output with the new machines."

With the standing of his phonograph sales behind him and profits of four hundred a week going into the bank, Urban got more ambitious. The Michigan Electric Company brought on the Edison peep show kinoscope. This caught Urban's eye. Then he heard about the wonderful Vitascope and the Lumiere cinematograph in New York and went excitedly down to the metropolis to see them. Returning to Detroit, he struck up a deal with the Michigan Electric Company and merged his phonograph business with theirs. The electric company at this time acquired the agency for the Edison projection machine. It will be recalled that this machine as presented in a previous chapter was a motor-driven device, using an electric arc for illumination and carrying its film in fifty foot lengths in a complicated spool bank, like the old kinoscope.

URBAN jumped in with his customary enthusiasm to sell the projectors and films. But after a few city sales he was blocked. Few Michigan towns had any electrical facilities whatever. The machine could not venture out beyond the arc light zone.

Salesmanship again came to the rescue. Urban hurried down to New York. He had a number of ideas for betterment of the machine. First he wanted one which could be turned by hand, and which could use an ordinary source of light, as, for example, the calcium or limelight that stereopticon lecturers carried. Also fifty foot films, with the interruption of re-threading the spool bank, seemed a needless annoyance. He rigged up a reel made with two pie tins and an old thread spool and spliced films with fish glue. By this method he could run a thousand feet of film at a time, just as the Lathams had done the year before.

In New York, Urban looked up Walter Isaacs, a former acquaintance of his phonograph days, and arranged with him to make in his New York shop a number of the new hand-driven projectors, to be known as the Urban Bioscope.

Back in Detroit Mr. Urban cut loose from the Michigan Electric Company and turned to selling the Bioscope. This machine was in all probability the first of its type, which soon became widely distributed. The Bioscopes went as fast as they could be delivered. This machine offered the possibility of taking the new motion pictures out into the small towns and lumber camps. Dozens



Porter was arrested on a charge of blocking traffic

of "lecturers" went out equipped with Bioscopes and a stock of Edison films, which Urban continued to handle.

It is a testimonial to the workmanship of Mr. Isaacs that one of the first Bioscopes is still in service in the private editing room of the Urban establishment in New York, at the Masonic Temple, a skyscraper that rises but a few doors away from the site where Edison films first went on the screen back in 1896. The little Bioscope has been across the Atlantic twice in its twenty-six years, and has twenty-three years of foreign service to its credit. It has outlived a half-dozen film corporations and with a drop of oil now and again it is good for another quarter of a century.

Again the extraordinary salesmanship of Urban and his rapid orders for film attracted attention in New York. It was about midsummer in '96 that he got a wire from Maguire & Baucus, agents for Edison films in New York and abroad to come to New York for a conference. There was something ahead.

In New York, Maguire & Baucus suggested that Urban, now a proved success in the distribution of machines and films in Michigan, might be interested in taking care of their agency for Edison films and machines abroad, as head of the London office.

Urban's book agent days had been improved with much reading. A sojourn among the historical and literary associations of London and the Old World was attractive enough to make him give up a business that was netting him perhaps \$400 a week to take the foreign assignment at \$125 a month. It was to prove a wise choice. Meanwhile Urban spent thirty days in the New York establishment of Maguire & Baucus familiarizing himself with their business. Within that thirty days came a situation which made him accidentally a factor in the destiny of another important line of picture development.

"Pop" Rock was in the south with a show. A tornado swept away his outfit and destroyed his pictures. He immediately wired to Maguire & Baucus.

"Outfit lost, must have films and machine at once, don't send C. O. D.," the wire read in substance.

Maguire & Baucus smiled and tabled the order. The film business with all customers of that day was "cash with order."



Urban looked on the books and found that they had done a business of several thousands of dollars with Rock.

"We'd better help him out. He seems to be a good customer according to his film orders," Urban interceded. And the films went forward to Rock, to be billed in thirty days.

In due time came remittance. Urban sailed for England. Years elapsed before he met "Pop" Rock.

"Much obliged for those films," was Rock's greeting. "If they hadn't come there would have been no Vitagraph company."

WHEN Edwin S. Porter came ashore from the U. S. S. New York at the port of New York in "cit's clothes," with three years of naval experience as a "dynamo machinist" behind him and a neat new set of discharge papers buttoned in his pocket, he cast about for something interesting and promising to do. A man at sea gets wide views of things. Young Porter had been thinking things over. He had observed that progress in old, well established businesses was slow. The great industries were ensconced behind bulwarks of capital, with but remote chances for the newcomer. Porter was looking for something with all of its opportunities and history still in front of it. Two budding industries attracted his attention, the horseless carriage and the motion pictures. He had a strong mechanical bent and considerable experience. He looked favorably on the horseless carriage idea, but living pictures won.

With his navy credentials in hand, Mr. Porter applied to Raff & Gammon for work as an operator. He was the nearest to a technically trained man they had seen. He got the job, projecting various shows around New York through the summer. In the sale of territories on Vitascope rights Raff & Gammon had held New York for themselves, conducting their own shows.

These shows helped Raff & Gammon sell other territories.

It was the beginning of the now trite and common commercial expedient of the "Broadway first run" in motion picture promotion of later years; an expedient, by the way, which explains the fact that 1921 saw every important motion picture theater on Broadway owned by some concern which had pictures to promote. So much for the alleged leadership and precedent value of Broadway. It began with the beginning.

By midsummer the troubles of Raff & Gammon began. They had sold exclusive territorial exhibition rights on the Vitascope. Eighty machines had been built under Armat supervision at the Edison plant and delivered to Raff & Gammon. These machines had gone out to the hinterland. Now the complaints came back with refusals to complete payments on territorial purchases. Exhibitors were jumping their territories, infringing each others rights. New machines, home-made, pirated and variously obtained were breaking in. Raff & Gammon started a long line of litigations to protect their territories, but it rather was a hopeless battle. The motion picture had no status in court and the violators of territorial lines were elusive bushmen.

Then word rather leaked out from the Edison plant that a new projector to be known as the Edison Projecting Kinetoscope was to come out and supplant the Armat Vitascope.

Raff & Gammon men began to look about for something else. At about this time a new film concern was born, the International Projectoscope Company. It was organized by Charles Webster, who had been with the Raff & Gammon concern, and Edmond Kuhn, who had been employed by Edison. They proceeded for a time to make both projection machines and films. Speedily they were involved in litigation with Edison for infringement of his patents and in time a permanent injunction ended their concern. It is a bit of incidental interest that Mrs. Kuhn hand-colored the Annabelle dance picture shown at Koster & Bials. This was the first screen effort at natural color, a quest that continues with increasing complexity today.

Meanwhile the enterprising sailor, Porter, was also looking about. He struck up an acquaintance with Harry Daniels, a rambling ventriloquist and showman. Daniels had adventured about down in the Caribbean country selling electric belts and sundry patent medicines to the folk of the Spanish Main. He thought well of the region and agreed with Porter that there indeed the motion picture would prove a profitable novelty entertainment. Together they bought the rights on the Projectoscope for the West Indies, and in the fall of '96 the motion picture set sail for the ports of the ancient galleons.

The first showing was in Jamaica. There Daniels and Porter picked up an interpreter for the Spanish regions. The interpreter was a negro who had gone into the West Indies with "Black Patti," the singer, and finding Costa Rica his idea of a country, and San Jose his ideal of a capital, remained to impress the dark population with his imported metropolitan airs and accents. The interpreter urged playing San Jose.

The motion picture attraction was greeted with much impressive officialdom and gold lace at San Jose. The government theater was leased for an impressive term of eight weeks. This fact alone amazed the Costa Rican capital. The best travelling show that the island republic had ever seen had managed only a week of business there.

The palm lined avenues were billed for the coming show, "personally conducted by Mr. Thomas A. Edison, Jr." The "Mr. Edison, Jr.," was Mr. Edwin S. Porter's *nom de plume* of showmanship adopted for use in foreign parts only.

The projection booth was installed and curtained behind the gilded presidential box. The opening night brought a packed house. The Costa Ricans were out in all their ornate strength. Every smart dandy of San Jose carried a cane.

When the first picture went on the screen there was an impressively deep silence. It continued for tense minutes after the picture ended and the curtain went dark. "It's a frost," Porter whispered to Daniels, as they made ready for the next picture.

Just then the storm broke loose. Costa Rican applause consists of battering down the opera house with the canes.

The rapping of the canes crashed like musketry at close range and roared up in volume to the tune of artillery.

Then came a hush and cries rang out.

"Edisan, Mester Edisan, Edisan!"

San Jose just would have its curtain calls answered.

"Edisan, Edisan!"

PORTER, hot in the bath cabinet projection room in the reeking tropic night, was stripped to the waist as he worked at the projection machine. He started another picture.

Again the rapping of the canes and the calls. "Edisan, Edisan!"

Quickly Porter shut down the machine and snatching a curtain for a towel hastened into his clothes. He dashed out of the theater around to the stage entrance and shortly stepped out before the curtain, bowing with profound dignity.

He bowed again as the thunderous applause came up again.

Then Porter scurried back to the booth to run the next picture, undressing again with one hand as he cranked the projectoscope with the other.

When the show was over His Excellency Senor Rafael Iglesias, the president of the great republic of Costa Rica, and his staff visited the projection booth, where "Thomas A. Edison, Jr." was surprised in the act of putting on his shirt again.

By August invitation a special showing of the projectoscope was given by "Mr. Thomas A. Edison, Jr." at the presidential palace the following day. He was presented with a handsomely printed official pass on the state railways of Costa Rica, by the president. But back at the National Theater the gendarmes waited. "Thomas A. Edison, Jr." was (Continued on page 96)

## Beginnings Told Here

*THE FIRST use of the screen for political propaganda in the days of "Gold Standard" vs. "Free Silver."*

*THE FIRST famous stage star to be pictured for the screen, Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," a Mutoscope and Biograph subject.*

*THE FIRST advertising pictures made for the screen, in behalf of whiskey, chocolate, and beer, shown at Herald Square, New York.*

*THE FIRST "Broadway first runs" for promotional purposes of the picture sellers, the beginning of the movement that has placed every Broadway screen theater under picture manufacturer control today.*





Harris & Ewing

**A**FTER a vacation in France, Irene Castle Treman has returned to the studios. She is to be seen in a new photoplay, one which will give her an opportunity to act as well as to exhibit her justly celebrated *flair* for clothes. Of late Mrs. Treman has been dividing her time between the screen and the variety stage

# Plays and

If you keep up with these columns you will know more about film folks than they know themselves

By Cal York

When the news was announced, Mildred's girl chums got together and gave her a star party—everything, even the cookies and the lobster patties, and the decorations were in the forms of stars, and nobody ever heard so much giggling and excitement outside a boarding school spread.

Helen Ferguson was the hostess, and the guests included May MacAvoy, Lois Wilson, Pauline Stark and Colleen Moore.

Just who is to follow Mildred as Harold's leading lady hasn't been decided. Patsy Ruth Miller's name has been mentioned, but it is understood that a little extra girl named Jobyna—yes, truly—is being most seriously considered. Well, whoever follows Bebe Daniels and Mildred Davis, will be lucky, it would appear.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has been having a lot of difficulty with his present production—his last one, by the way, for First National.

His health has been very bad, and several times he's had to knock off for a week or two to regain his strength. Recently he was in bed for two weeks.

Previous to that, he'd been making scenes in a small but progressive town near Los Angeles. One location was the post office. Another was a lovely corner, on which were some beautiful pepper trees.

When he returned, the old post office had been torn down and a new brick one was in the process of construction. And the trees had been cut down and replaced by a gasoline station.

So Charlie declares that he will build his sets in the studio after this—where everything isn't so darned progressive.

A DAUGHTER has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Millarde.

Mrs. Millarde is June Caprice, the fluffy-haired little girl whom William Fox once acclaimed as the second Mary Pickford.

June Elizabeth Millarde is the new arrival's name, and she was born in Manhattan. Her father was abroad directing "If Winter Comes," for the Fox Company, and received the good news by cable. You remember he directed "Over the Hill."

IT may never happen, but it was a great idea, anyway.

Cecil de Mille wants to do "Romeo and Juliet."

With Leatrice Joy as *Juliet*, Rodolph Valentino as *Romeo*, Wallace Reid as *Mercutio*, Theodore Roberts as *Capulet*, Tommie Meighan as *Paris*, etc.

THE mail of Rodolph Valentino has slumped fifty per cent since the California courts accused him of being a bigamist. Valentino was freed of the bigamy charges, but not before his correspondence from admirers had fallen off to that extent.

Somebody said not so long ago that there were only two kinds of women in the world—those who wrote letters to Valentino and those who couldn't write. Fickle creatures!



Here is Izetta Wilson, one of the theater's sprightliest dancers, who came from the Greenwich Village Follies and other entertainments to grace the films. Izetta is accomplished in the ballet and also in the perhaps more popular terpsichorean expression—nature dancing. It was as an outdoor sprite that she made her celluloid debut

PRODUCTION is at an exceedingly high tide in the Hollywood studios just now.

More companies are active than at any time in the last two years.

Lasky has every available foot of studio space occupied, with William de Mille beginning "Clarence," Cecil completing "Manslaughter," Wally Reid, Tommie Meighan, Gloria Swanson, Minter, Bebe Daniels, May MacAvoy, Rodolph Valentino, all at work.

Goldwyn has started Marshall Neilan on "The Stranger's Banquet," Allen Holubar on "Broken Chains" and Tourneur is midway through "The Christian." Mary Pickford is making "Tess" and Doug is about in the middle of "Robin Hood."

Both Norma and Constance Talmadge are at work, Guy Bates Post is making "Omar the Tentmaker," Florence Vidor is being directed by her husband in "Kidnaping Colleen" for the Associated Exhibitors, and Harry Carey, Ethel Clayton and Helen Jerome Eddy are hard at work.

At the Mayer studio Katherine MacDonald is in production and Lewis S. Stone is making "The Dangerous Age," while at Metro Rex Ingram has just finished "Black Orchids." Viola Dana is working, and the new star, Billie Dove, is on her first production.

Both Universal and Fox are very busy.

Jane Murfin and Larry Trimble are doing the studio scenes for their new picture, with the famous Strongheart in the cast.

And Harold Lloyd is putting the retake touches to "Doctor Jack," his second five-reel feature, which, having seen, we think is better than "Grandma's Boy."

Charlie Chaplin has about two weeks more to go on his last picture for First National.

So it is easy to see that "business is good" in Hollywood and that the fall offerings in picture houses should be above the average.

DOROTHY GISH is to be Richard Barthelmess' leading woman in his next picture for "Inspiration," directed as usual by Henry King.

It will be Dorothy's first appearance on the screen since "Orphans of the Storm." She will probably be featured in much the same manner as Lila Lee is featured with the masculine Paramount stars.

LITTLE MILDRED DAVIS, who for almost four years has been "The Girl" opposite Harold Lloyd, is to be starred. She is to make light dramas, mostly comedy, something of the type of Harold's own stories.



# Players

AT LAST!

After two-thirds of the gentlemen directly or distantly affiliated with the picture industry had eagerly watched and waited for her, Pola Negri has finally decided to come to this country; to appear in person before her American admirers. No—she's not to make personal appearances; just a photoplay at Paramount's Long Island City studio. But it is reasonable to suppose that most of the males in and about New York will flock to the studio and gather around the gate, waiting for the Polish star to appear.

She was coming before, you know—several times. Then Jesse Lasky went to Europe, and while he was there he met Madame Negri and persuaded her actually to make the trip. She's on her way now.

Pola Negri and Elsie Ferguson may be working in the same studio at the same time. Because Pola is scheduled to begin work in her first American-made drama at about the same time that Miss Ferguson is scheduled to begin work on "Outcast." And then again—

THE fact that Katherine MacDonald vigorously denies her engagement to Jack Morill, wealthy society favorite of Chicago, doesn't seem to make any impression on anybody.

It still stands that she is actually engaged to him, and that at the close of her present contract she will retire and try to become a society queen.

Maybe it isn't true, but it certainly looks that way.

THERE is an autographed photograph in Manhattan which three persons would dearly love to obtain.

It is a large photograph—one of those twelve by fourteen—which is an excellent likeness of one of the most popular young men in pictures today. On the photograph, also large, is an autograph. It is not an incriminating autograph as autographs go, but it might—just might—be open to misinterpretation. It is indited with love, affection, esteem and admiration—voiced in no uncertain terms—to the young actor's leading lady. Her name is on it, too.

The young man would like to have it back. The young lady would like to have it, too. And the young man's young wife is also said to be a wee bit interested.

It was all a harmless affair, the presentation of the affectionately autographed photograph. Surely it is no rare or riotous occasion when a star invites his leading woman to dine with him, especially when their scenes together have kept them both at the studio. It is nothing, either, that the star escorts his leading woman home. But it is careless of her to forget the photograph; to leave it in the taxi-cab!

WELL, it's beginning to look like home again—Hollywood boulevard.

A lot of her favorite children are returning from trips to foreign lands.

Mae Busch strolled in from London a few days ago—garbed by Lucile, in a gray cape suit, with a black stick and a purple hat and a platinum fox fur, looking like a fashion plate. She saw the Derby while she was there, and most everything else there was around.

Gloria Swanson is back from Paris, with so many sartorial changes that you can't keep track of them.

And just to hear Micky Neilan tell of his experiences in Paris and Berlin is a treat unequalled by anything outside the Follies.

Jack Pickford has also returned from his engagement trip to Boston and is seen dash-



When Jack Pickford announced that his marriage to Marilyn Miller, star of "Sally," would take place very soon, the reported opposition of Marilyn's manager, Florenz Ziegfeld, to his star's engagement, only made the romance more interesting. According to "Sally's" five-year contract she sha'n't marry during that time. Another instance of love's rocky road

ing up and down the boulevards in his big car.

"Gee," remarked Viola Dana the other day, after listening breathlessly to Mae Busch's description of London hotels, "and while everybody was going to Europe, I was making personal appearances in Waukegan and Paris, Texas, and Galva, Ill. But anyway, I was a big toad in a lot of little puddles, and I'll bet you were all lost in that crowd."

BLANCHE SWEET, who is now Mrs. Marshall Neilan, is to return to the screen almost immediately, in Metro's production of "Quincy Adams Sawyer."

LITTLE BOBBY CONNELLY, the first screen child to achieve fame, is dead.

He was one of the pioneers of pictures, and in the old Vitagraph days he was a star. Just a big-eyed, manly little fellow, with no "cute" tricks, no theatricalisms, he found a place in the public heart which he has always occupied. Recently he had appeared in "Humoresque" and "Wild Youth."

Acute bronchitis, from which he had suffered for three months, was the cause of his death. Bobby was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Connelly, vaudeville actors. He had

played in vaudeville himself, heading his own company on the Keith circuit. He was just thirteen.

GOLDWYN has just sent a large company to the South Sea Islands for two months to film Carey Wilson's "Captain Blackbird." If they miss the boat, they'll be gone three months.

Raoul Walsh is the director, and the company includes Antonio Moreno, House Peters, Alma Bennett and Myrtle Lind.

Mrs. Walsh (Miriam Cooper) will accompany her husband, although she won't play in the picture.

THE unanswered question: Why does Mae Murray do it?

This young lady is one of the most popular persons in the picture world. She is a charming hostess; a delightful dancer; an almost brilliant conversationalist. She has a beautiful home—two of them—and she conducts them in a dignified housewifely manner. She wears low-heeled shoes sometimes at home, and Peter Pan dresses. Everybody says nice things about her. But everybody wants to know—why? Why does Mae wear those things?





*The dear old Northwest Mounted Police have occupied the screens for quite a spell now. But leave it to Buster Keaton to show them all up. He introduces a few little improvements into arctic life, including a subway service, in "The Frozen North," his newest. We're going to be in the audience when Buster gets his man*

Not the low-heeled shoes, but the astounding head-dresses that cause such startled comment. She seems to effect the bizarre and almost the outré for public consumption. In her latest picture, "Broadway Rose," she is said to perform in even less than she has before—and if you have seen "Peacock Alley" and "Fascination," you know what that means.

Perhaps she thinks the public expects it of her. That's what we want to know. Do you like that sort of thing? Wouldn't you go to see Mae Murray just the same if she dressed her hair a little less wildly and wore more conventional gowns?

**DICK BARTHELMLESS** almost made a speech.

The reason he didn't was because he had to stay in Virginia on location longer than he intended, but several of his friends have hinted that it may have been stage shyness which caused the postponement.

Dr. Christian Riesner, minister of the Chelsea Methodist Church, is a true friend of pictures and picture people. He has always staunchly defended the screen; and when he instituted his Happy Sunday Evening Services at his church, he invited Lillian Gish to address the congregation. Then he asked Barthelmless to speak on the subject of "My Indebtedness to Religion."

Dick's sermon should have been a good one, for his mother's uncle was Bishop William Boone, Episcopal Bishop in Shanghai, China, and his father before him was the first Episcopal Bishop ever sent to that country.

**THE** newest form of social amusements in Hollywood are "cat parties."

One evening a week is set aside by the various cliques of women and girls around Hollywood as their "night out." On that designated evening—generally it's Friday, because then, male appendages can go to the American Legion boxing bouts—the cats get together at successive houses and have a real nice evening, talking over the world in general and the people they know in particular.

Norma Talmadge is said to have originated the idea—anyway, she gave the first one, at which Constance, Natalie, Peg (Mrs. Tal-

madge), Dorothy Reid, Mabel Normand, Winifred Westover Hart, Colleen Moore and Mrs. J. D. Williams were present.

Now some of the younger girls have followed suit—one at May MacAvoy's the other night included Lois Wilson, Helen Ferguson, Pauline Stark, Colleen Moore, Mildred Davis, Patsy Ruth Miller and Lila Lee.

**SEVERAL** of the elderly and middle-aged ladies of both sex, leaving the Town Hall in New York after the private showing, by the National Board of Review, of Nazi-

moval's "Salomé," were heard to remark that "the picture certainly doesn't contain a moral lesson."

But the National Board deserves, surely, a little pat on the head for projecting the picture under its auspices. Whether or not it will ever be shown in a theatre—to which the general public is admittable—is a question everybody is asking. "Salomé" will be generally considered shocking. It should be privately printed.

Meanwhile its star and her husband are sojourning in Madame's eastern home, Port Chester, N. Y.

**THE** last chapter has been written in the colorful life of Fern Andrea, once Fern Andrews, of Watseka, Illinois.

She was one of Germany's three most noted screen stars—celebrated for her daring in thrilling stunts. She left her middle-western home to join a circus. Eventually she left this country to go to Germany, where she became a film performer and finally a popular figure.

She was killed when a Hamburg-Berlin mail airplane in which she was riding fell to the ground. The pilot of the plane was also killed. He was Baron Richthoff, brother of the famous commander of the Richthoff air squadron during the war.

The mother of Fern Andrea is now living in Indianapolis.

**HAVE** you ever thought about how many screen stars were seemingly destined for the operatic stage? That is, if you believe their press agents.

They always, according to these imaginative men, took singing lessons when quite young, or sang in the choir. Their parents always thought they would be song-birds. In fact, they studied at the conservatories—sometimes, in extreme cases, at the Conservatoire—and were much praised by all the instructors. Sometimes they even accepted positions in musical comedy choruses, preparatory to the Metropolitan. But then—came the films. Ah—the films! The great offer from the big producer to be a star in their own company. And—of course—they left the Metropolitan flat. **BUT—**



*The delights of being rich and famous are pictured here. The world's most highly paid motion picture actress is eating her lunch up a tree, while one of the industry's foremost directors is knee-deep in Chatsworth Lake, California—all for an exterior for Mary Pickford's revival of "Tess," supervised by John Robertson*



In their latest picture they have a scene in which they sing in an opera. And they don't just pretend to sing; they really *do*. They brush up in their Massenet and, aided by a full symphony orchestra, burst into song in the studio. And doesn't it make them think back, though? See Miss Simp in her latest production, etc., etc.

"WHEN Constance goes on location for two days," said Mrs. Talmadge regarding her daughter's room, where trunks, hat boxes, suitcases and maids filled every inch of space, "she takes more clothes than Norma would take if she was going to Europe."

Then she and Norma laughed and recited the wardrobe with which Constance was planning to depart for San Francisco, to be gone two days and nights.

She had four hats, six dresses, twelve night-gowns, eight pairs of shoes, three coats, two suits, two evening wraps, fourteen pairs of stockings and numerous other things.

"She couldn't possibly wear them all," said Mrs. Talmadge, "but she will take them. It's a bad habit, I guess."

"Well, you never can tell," said Constance airily, "it's well to be prepared for emergencies."

Wonder what she meant. Remember the California law that Rodolph collided with.

THE news that Mary Pickford is to back a company to manufacture the "Mary Pickford" doll, ought to bring great joy to the hearts of American children—in fact, to children all over the world.

The Mary Pickford doll is to be a real, big doll, big enough to play with, and is to be an exact reproduction of the children's screen idol.

The first one was made last Christmas as a surprise present for little Mary Pickford II.

THE mother of Muriel Ostriche leaped to her death from the eighth floor of a hotel in Albany, where she was staying with her daughter and son-in-law.

Miss Ostriche—who is, in private life, Mrs. Brady—accompanied by her husband and her mother, Mrs. Miriam Ostriche, left New York on a motor trip to the Adirondacks.



After a hard day's work directing and acting, the Rex Ingrams repair—no, to their palatial mansion in Hollywood, but to their projection room, where they look over the day's "rushes" on celluloid. Rex and Alice are artistic as well as domestic co-stars. Their next production will be "Toilers of the Sea," to be made in Maine

It is believed Mrs. Ostriche was temporarily insane and committed suicide. She was forty-two years old.

**BILLY** is going into a decline. He has lost weight; he won't play; he can't eat. He sulks and growls alternately. There's no pleasing him.

Billy, in case you don't remember, is Corinne Griffith's little Pomeranian. Billy was happy—once. Then came the awful thing to the Griffith apartment in the Hotel Des Artistes. It was a tiny thing—furry,

with a long tail. It chattered. It chattered at *him*—Billy! And it occupied, for a while, a basket in Miss Griffith's boudoir.

It was a monkey from South America. A South American admirer brought it all the way to New York to present to Corinne. Of course it is, right now, the favored member of the managè; it has potatoes especially cooked for it, and everything. And Billy is eating his heart out. You really can't blame him.

By the way, we hear that Corinne is not to be with Vitagraph indefinitely. Several companies have been after her for some time to sign with them; she is considered one of the best bets in the business. Vitagraph has given her such poor stories that it is a wonder she has not lost ground instead of gaining it. But consider Corinne's eyes and ankles. Consider—

**GLORIA SWANSON** spread the sunshine of her smile—not nearly as inflammable as on celluloid, but much more charming—about New York for a week.

She was in Paris, you know—and brought back an amazing assortment of new gowns and hats and shoes and perfumes, shown elsewhere in this issue, which she will endeavor to transmit to the ladies' aids of Oshkosh and Keokuk through the medium of the screen. Yes—back in Hollywood now, working on "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew."

IT hasn't been a particularly snappy film Summer in Manhattan.

Among those not present were the Talmadges; Anita and John Loos-Emerson; Marion Davies—who dashed to Europe but dashed back again to finish filming "When Knighthood was in Flower"; Richard Barthelmess and Henry King, down in Virginia locationing; Corinne Griffith, vacationing in Hot Springs; Betty Blythe, personally appearing; Hope Hampton, the same; Frank Borzage and Lew Cody and Joe King and Alma Rubens up in Banff for scenes in "The Valley of Silent Men"; Lucy Fox, serialing in Ausable Chasm; the Ballins, motoring through New England—sort of slow in our village in July and August.

(Continued on page 84)



While his poor little wife slaves away in a ragged dress and no shoes and stockings, Doug Fairbanks has the time of his life on this playground. It's one of the gigantic sets for "Robin Hood"; of course Doug does a little arduous acting on the side. This is only a part of the "lol" at the Pickford-Fairbanks studios





Abbe

**T**HE fortunate pillar is only a prop for a scene in "To Have and To Hold"; but we would willingly assume its rôle if we could be sure of Betty Compson's support. She is the poor, persecuted heroine of that romantic drama—first famous as a novel—which Fitzmaurice is directing, out in Hollywood





*Just what you need for a smooth, even cuticle. With Cutex Cuticle Remover the ugly dead cuticle simply wipes away*

*Then for a lovely gleaming luster use one of these two new polishes — Cutex Powder Polish and Cutex Liquid Polish*

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# Cuticle made smooth—Nails polished IN ONLY FIVE MINUTES

AT last there are only two very simple things to do to make your nails look professionally manicured. In five minutes time with a few swift movements of the hands you can have the shapely, beautiful nails you have always desired.

First, you must never cut the cuticle. For when you use scissors on your cuticle, you cut into the living skin which protects the delicate nail root.

Dip the end of an orange stick, with absorbent cotton, into your bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of each nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers and when drying them push the cuticle carefully downwards. Your nail rims will remain beautifully smooth and even.

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Cutex sets come now in four sizes, at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each preparation can be had separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

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# Hattie of Hollywood

(Continued from page 33)

him. . . . Should she tell Henry about him—about his kisses, about her narrow escape. The unhappy thought came that only the accident had saved her. And that wouldn't be character on her part; it would be nothing more noble than fright. She knew that, saw it painfully clear before her mind's eyes. Even before that, she couldn't have resisted him. He had told her repeatedly in that startingly point blank way of his that he preferred not to risk carrying her too far emotionally until the picture was finished. His shadow lay over this table even while Henry ardently pressed her hands.

And then that warm pressure brought hope. Henry was so nice; not one of the careless men—Hollywood seemed sometimes, like New York, to be full of those—but a dreamer, an enthusiast. It would be wonderful to be married. . . . A way out. . . .

"What if it shouldn't work out?" Her voice was husky and thin.

"It's got to work out."

"I'm thinking of Alice and Emily—and Gran'ma."

"They're all dependent on you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that isn't right!"

"But that's the way it is. And I dragged them all out here. And Gran'ma's sick so much—the doctors and everything. If it shouldn't work out— . . ."

"I tell you it's got to. It's a shame that you have to work at all. But I tell you, Hattie, if you will stick with me I'll see that you don't have to work much longer. Probably not more than another picture. You see, with you back of me I'll have the pep to go out and fight all Wall Street. It isn't as if I didn't—men have swung the capital before now—why some of the biggest fellows in the picture business started without a cent not ten years ago. And I've got the goods. I can show them. . . . Hattie, will you promise to marry me?"

There was a long silence. He was still pressing her hands. She began not to care whether anyone noticed them or not. That softness which had been tinged with unhappiness like a haunt was a glow now that enveloped her. Soon he would have the capital. And anyway, even if all his dreams couldn't come true, why shouldn't she just go out and marry him? They could doubtless help somewhat with the family. And Alice, if she did pick up a job, at least would have one fewer mouth to feed. Gran'ma might come and live with them part of the time. Reasons, justifications, came rushing, flooding, into her mind. Didn't she have her own life to live? Was it fair for all of them to jump down on her, keep her in the dreary routine of the studio, fairly drive her to de Brissac?

She whispered—

"Yes."

Then the waiter came. But later, in his little car, down by the boundless sea, he took her in his arms and kissed her as he now had a right to do. And she found herself clinging to him, returning his kisses. But an unforeseen fear came. Would he wonder that she could be so ardent? Would he suspect? . . . She was more restrained after that thought. And she made him take her home early. She

was utterly tired, really quite worn out.

He was kind. But he talked and talked about the radio pictures. He said he wanted her to understand his work. She felt, too, that she must. But it was hard, nestling against him, fighting off a new sort of dizzy weakness and grateful for the chill night air on her temples, to catch more than the eager note in his voice as he talked on. It was a nice voice.

She promised to bring her contract in the morning. It was in her top bureau drawer.

## "ABOMINATION"

WHEN the German picture, "Madame DuBarry," was re-christened "Passion," a new style in titles was set. Since then we have been deluged with floods of photodramas which end with the letters I-O-N. First came a second Teutonic picture, "Deception," followed by numerous others, including, "Fascination," "Retribution," "Reputation," "Redemption," and "Temptation." And now we hear that the new Norma Talmadge production, which was originally called "The Duchess de Langeais," has been saddled with the title, "Infatuation."

It is to be assumed that the style will continue. Certainly, the supply of words with the suffix I-O-N is practically unlimited. There are over two thousand in the dictionary for those who care to look them up.

For the benefit of those scenario editors who haven't the time to search through the long list, we suggest a few suitable titles which may well be used on forthcoming films:

"Mutilation," "Confusion," "Conglomeration," "Indigestion," "Desecration," "Onion," "Abomination," "Depression," "Suffocation," "Imperfection," "Exhaustion," "Devastation," "Inaction" and "Exaggeration."

In addition to their unquestionable box office value, these titles would have the added advantage of being descriptive.

18

HE dropped her near the corner, and she walked wearily to the doorway behind the grocery store. She felt short of breath. It was hard dragging her feet up the single flight of stairs. She got her key into the lock, (Alice had had to let her have her own key).

She found herself on the floor clinging with both hands to the door knob. The thought came, oddly matter-of-fact "I must have fainted." She got to her feet, after a moment, turned the key and entered.

Alice came out of her room, saying—

"Who was out there with you?"

"Nobody."

"What did you wait for, then? I heard your key in the lock."

"Oh, nothing particular. There wasn't anybody with me."

"What's happened?" This with a nervous insistence.

"Nothing much. Why?"

"You look pretty shaky."

"Oh—I'm tired."

"You've got nothing on me, when it comes to that. I've been all over L. A. today. Nothing doing." She was following Hattie into her room.

"Not a thing. They're still laying people off. Everywhere. . . . What on earth's the matter with you?"

Hattie had sunk to the floor by the bed. Quickly, talking excitedly at her, Alice contrived to lift her and rest her head on the pillow. Gran'ma, who couldn't at this time walk without help, cried out from her room, rapping on the wall as she did so.

"What is it, Alice? Tell me what's happened!"

"Hattie's fainted! I can't stop to talk to you now. I'll get water."

The girl's eyes opened then. "What's all the noise about?" she asked weakly.

"Can't you make Gran'ma keep quiet? . . . I guess I must have fainted again."

"That's what you were doing outside, is it?"

"Mm-hmm." She raised herself on an elbow.

"No, said Alice sharply, 'you lie still. I'll undress you. What you need is sleep. Just keep quiet now. . . . Oh, she's all right now, Gran'ma! I'm taking care of her. . . . But what good would the doctor do? She's all right now, I tell you."

"Don't have the doctor," whispered Hattie, with a shiver.

"I don't see myself. . . . Yes, Gran'ma! Please—please! There, now, you've waked Emily up! . . . Yes, dear, Mumsie's coming right away in a minute! . . . Please, Gran'ma! . . . All right, I'll call him up." To Hattie—"May as well call him first as last. It'll save time and nerves. She'll keep at us."

The doctor felt her pulse and made her hold a thermometer in her mouth. He asked a good many questions about her eating and digesting. Then, quietly, he asked how she'd been sleeping. It seemed to her that she was telling him very little; but later she heard him, out in the hall, saying to Alice—"It's a little hysterical attack. Don't take it too seriously. Of course, if you

could manage a change, a month or so in the mountains . . . oh, she's working now? Well, see that she gets plenty of sleep. I'll send you a diet for her. We must build her up. And you'd better have this prescription filled right away. It'll quiet her nerves."

Hattie, lying in her dim room, sighed. She knew that it was not her body but her soul that was ill.

In the morning, though her head was heavy, she dressed at the usual time. She had heard enough about studio "overhead" to know that every hour of absence would mean extra hundreds of dollars charged against the picture. That overhead was merciless, implacable. It was always on de Brissac's mind. But he never worried, never weakened. He, too, in a by no means unpleasant way, was merciless. Nothing stopped him, or even turned him aside. And then the thought came—"I'm engaged!" And with it a flutter of hope.

(Continued on page 91)



# EVERY NORMAL SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

*One to protect it and to hold the powder. A very different one to cleanse it*

**N**O one cream can contain all the ingredients necessary to take perfect care of your skin. You cannot have in a vanishing cream the oils you need for thoroughly cleansing and stimulating the skin. You cannot have in a cleansing cream the ingredients that while protective will be absorbed instantly and will hold the powder.

That is why two creams to meet these different needs were perfected at our laboratories after years of careful experiments by the experts there.

### *To protect the skin and to hold the powder*

Constant exposure to wind and sun will make an unprotected skin rough and coarse. Your skin is naturally moist but the sun and wind dry it out and a rough surface is the result. This coarseness is merely the protection the skin gives itself. You can prevent this very easily by forming the daily habit of smoothing on Pond's *Vanishing Cream* before you go out.

Pat on just a little of this fragrant, greaseless cream. It is absorbed instantly. You will feel refreshed and your skin will seem smooth and firm. Made of ingredients that are especially soothing, Pond's *Vanishing Cream* holds the natural moisture in the skin, and acts as an invisible shield against sun and wind.

The firm velvety surface Pond's *Vanishing Cream* gives your skin is perfect as a base for powder. The powder will stay on for hours; and the cream cannot reappear in a shine because it contains not a particle of oil.

### *A very different cream for cleansing*

Your skin must be kept thoroughly clean or it will not look its best. It becomes dull looking. To remove the dust and fine particles of dirt that bore deep into the pores you need a good cold cream—ordinary washing will not do.



*To cleanse your skin thoroughly and to keep it supple use Pond's Cold Cream every night*

It was only after long experiment that we found just the right amount of oil for Pond's *Cold Cream*—important experiments because heavy creams with too much oil overload the pores. It contains just enough oil to penetrate the pores and remove every trace of dirt, yet not overload them.

Every night, and always after a dusty trip, smooth this delicate oil cream on your face. Let it stay a minute, then wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how necessary such a cleansing is.

Smooth this cream on any little fine lines on your face. The oil will keep your skin supple and the little lines will not become deeper. This cream is so light and fine in texture that it requires only the very lightest touch in smoothing it on.

Get both these creams today. You will find them in convenient sizes of jars and tubes at any drug or department store. Neither cream will clog the pores or encourage the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

RAY, ATLANTA.—Juvenal said, "The imperial eye looks round, attentive, on each rising bard, for worth to praise, for genius to reward." No imperial eye ever lit on *me*. But then perhaps I am not a bard—at least, not a rising bard. Or maybe Juvenal was just spoofing. You say the last picture you saw was Violet Mersereau in "Peg of the Wilds." Have your eyes been troubling you? Or was it as bad as all that? It's only five years old, Ray. Violet's latest is "Nero," which she went all the way to Rome to make for Bill Fox and us. Bless her little heart.

MISS McCORD, PULASKI, TENN.—I believe I am now among the immortals. Franklin Booth has made a portrait of me. And even though my modesty would, under ordinary circumstances, forbid me to seek any publicity whatsoever, still I feel it would not be right to keep Mr. Booth's art from the world. And so—gestures here—I give it to you, my dear friends. Observe it, heading the department last, this and every other month. May I always resemble it, slightly, anyway. There aren't any film studios in Detroit. There isn't any room there.

K. H., STAMFORD.—Mary Miles Minter hasn't been married since the last time you asked me that. So you still have a chance, old man—a slim one, but still a chance.

IRENE E. C.—It has been rumored that the "S" in Richard Barthelmess' name stands for "Silent"; but I have it on better authority that it stands for Semler. Dick's First National films have been "Tol'able David," "The Seventh Day," "Sonny" and "The Bond Boy."

R. S., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—"The Habit of Happiness" was one of the best of the old Fairbanks films. Here is the cast: *Sunny Wiggins*, Douglas Fairbanks; *Jonathan Pepper*, George Fawcett; *Mr. Forster*, Macy Harlan; *Miss Pepper*, Dorothy West; *Mr. Wiggins*, George Backus. Your politeness staggers me.

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

I am not used to effusive thanks for a favor I have not yet performed. Something like the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland"—crying before she pricked her finger—but not *much*.

PAULINE.—Rockcliffe Fellowes has gone to California to play in Marshall Neilan's newest picture. I hear that Blanche Sweet—Mrs. Neilan now—is to return to the screen soon.

JAMIE.—How *can* you be so coy? From your snapshot you are not—er—exactly the sort of girl I should consider coy. But there, there, Jamie; many a sunflower yearns to be a wild rose; you are not alone. Eileen Percy is making "The Flirt," at Universal City. Her sister Thelma is married and is not making any pictures at present.

JENNIE K., BATTLE CREEK.—Is the life of a movie actor what you would call a rough life? But I don't know what you would call a rough life. I have never noticed anything particularly rough about it. You may wear a censor's spectacles. Wallace MacDonald was born in 1891, has been on the screen since 1914, and married Doris May in 1921. Statistical, eh, what?

M. K., HOT SPRINGS.—My, aren't some of you girls disappointed when a motion picture romance turns out happily, though? I suppose when I tell you that Mary Hay is still Mrs. Dick Barthelmess you'll go right up to your room and have a good cry all by yourself.

HELEN M. R., PASADENA.—The Prince of Wales is one of our best actors. I expect he is glad to retire to private life as a plain Prince again after his strenuous picture-making trip around the world. It must be such a bore to be famous. And wouldn't we all just love to be bored? Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms; they have a little daughter. He was *Youth* in the stage production of "Experience"; with Mary Nash in "The Man Who Came Back"; and with Alice Brady in "Forever After," before going on the screen. His latest film is "Nice People," with a lot of other nice people in the cast: Bebe Daniels, Julia Faye, Wally Reid, etc.

GERTRUDE.—You should think I'd have to, work awfully hard to think up those funny sayings? Oh, I do, Gertrude—indeed I do. I am fortunate if, after spending an entire day at my desk in deep and solemn concentration, trying to look like the pictures of Ring Lardner, I think up one single funny saying. Very, very fortunate. William S. Hart was born in 1874. I don't know what's become of Madlaine Traverse. She always made me nervous, spelling her first name like that. Madlaine—Madlaine! Come on back, there's a good girl.

T. G. H., HOLLYWOOD.—From the film capital comes this complaint: "Why don't they do more of the Ibsen dramas on the screen?" Since you're right on the spot, why not step over to Mr. Lasky's office, or Mr. Fox's, and ask them? Nazimova recently did "A Doll's House"; so, before, did Elsie Ferguson and Dorothy Phillips. But that's as far as the adventures in Ibsen ever went, I believe.



RUBY MAE.—So you have “permanents” and “facials.” I don’t know what they are, unless they mean marcel and mud baths. I have been the victim of mud baths in my time, but not the complexion-curing kind. Wallace Reid in “Nice People” with Bebe Daniels and Julia Faye.

RUTH AND HESTER.—Bless your little hearts! Did you just sit down and write to the old Answer Man because you had nothing else to do? You’re just so friendly, aren’t you? Ashton Dearholt doesn’t give his age, but he is married. Tony Moreno isn’t married, but he does give his age—thirty-two. Dick Barthelmess is Mary Hay’s husband; he’s twenty-five. Tommy Meighan is married to Frances Ring; he’s thirty-three.

S. S.—Louis Bennison hasn’t made a picture since “Lavender and Old Lace.” We’ll have to draw up a petition to bring Bennison back. Lots of folks have been asking about him. Glenn Hunter in “The Cradle Buster.” Glenn is twenty-five years old and unmarried. His address is Horseneck Inn, Greenwich, Conn.

M. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—“Sonny” was filmed in and around Manhattan. The exteriors were taken in Westchester County, and the interiors at a studio in the Bronx. Dick Barthelmess is five feet seven inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. He is in Virginia now, making “The Bond Boy,” under Henry King’s distinguished direction. I think the Barthelmess-King combination’s the most promising in pictures.

B. J., MINOT, N. D.—You win the bet—the five pound box of candy. And I really think I should be asked to accept a few of the pieces that are wrapped in tin foil. They are always the best. Kenneth Harlan, who played Bob Jones in “Polly of the Follies,” did not play Corporal Cameron in “Cameron of the Royal Mounted.” That was Gaston Glass. (Send the candy special delivery, won’t you?)

FRANCES B. E.—At the last moment comes the news that Eugene O’Brien is back with the Norma Talmadge company and will be featured with Norma in “The Voice from the Minaret.” Corinne Griffith is in her early

twenties. She’s a lovely and gracious girl; one of my best bets. Alice Brady is working at the Paramount Long Island City studios, making “Missing Millions.” Later she will do “Anna Ascends,” her stage play.

FAY.—Here’s the cast of “The Mysterious Rider.” I didn’t see this so I can’t tell you who the Mysterious Rider turned out to be, but I’ll lay you a little bet it was Hell-Bent Wade. He sounds suspicious. *Columbine*, Claire Adams; *Hell-Bent Wade*, Robert McKim; *Wilson Moore*, Carl Gantvoort; *Jack Bellounds*, James Mason; *Bellounds*, Walt Whitman; *Ed Smith*, Frederick Starr; *Madge Smith*, Maude Wayne.

H. T., GLENRIDGE, N. J.—Johnny Hines was twenty-seven on the seventh of July. You can address him if you like, at 548 West 154th St., N. Y. C. He’s unmarried. His comedies are released by C. C. Burr. Moreno made a picture for Goldwyn after leaving Vitagraph. It’s “The Bitterness of Sweets,” written and directed by Rupert Hughes, with Colleen Moore. (Continued on page 87)

## Running the Silent Scale

Dorothy Phillips tries her skill at the much maligned method of depicting dramatic moods for the camera — and does it very well



Fear



Despair



Faith



Incredulity



Repugnance



Coquetry





# “Why I went to Europe on an American Ship”

By Peggy Wood

I WISH I could tell everybody *personally* about the wonderful trip I have just completed on one of the new U. S. Government ships.

I love comfort and beauty, so I investigated U. S. Government ships before deciding to go on one. I mailed an information blank like the one below, asking the Government to send me, without obligation, descriptions of our ships to Europe.

Almost immediately I received two booklets. One described the ships; the other, things one must do before going abroad. This second I have kept very carefully, for it is full of valuable and authentic travel information.

But it was not until I actually *lived* on one, that I realized how delightful U. S. Government ships really are.

Beautiful staterooms, real beds, with lusciously soft mattresses; nearly all with private baths. Great dancing salon, smoking room, lounge, delicious food, expert service.

I have made many trips abroad, but I can truthfully say that my trip on the *President Roosevelt* was the most delightful of them all! The *President Roosevelt* is of the “535” type, an American built “safety ship.” Her sister ships sail to Europe and South America from New York, and to the Orient from Seattle and from San Francisco.

If you are going to travel overseas, send the information blank to Washington as I did. Find out what *our* ships offer. Every American who is considering a trip abroad should send the information blank below.

## UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

### INFORMATION BLANK

To U. S. Shipping Board

Information Section 1726

Washington, D. C.

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts and also information regarding U. S. Government ships. I am considering a trip to Europe , to The Orient , to South America .

If I go date will be about \_\_\_\_\_

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

My Street No. or R. F. D. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

If you are going to Europe within the next few weeks, and wish to make a reservation, it is best to address the United States Lines, 45 Broadway, New York City, who operate U. S. Government ships to Europe.

# What Was the Best Picture of 1921?



Actual size  
Solid gold, executed  
by Tiffany

The first Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor,  
awarded to Cosmopolitan Productions for "Humoresque," the best picture of 1920

**T**HE Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor has become an institution.

Every year, beginning with 1921, the Medal is awarded to the producer of the best picture of the preceding year. The first Medal of Honor Contest determined that the best photoplay for the year 1920 was "Humoresque." The Medal was presented to William Randolph Hearst, whose Cosmopolitan Productions was responsible for the masterpiece; a Medal of solid gold, executed by Tiffany and Company, of New York. The new Medal will be exactly like it, except for the name of the winner. And it is up to the readers of PHOTOPLAY to decide who the winner shall be.

The Medal is the first annual commemoration of distinction in making of Motion pictures. Ribbons and palms have been awarded for excellence in the other arts. Until PHOTOPLAY inaugurated its Medal of Honor Contest, the screen producer received no particular recognition for splendid service. Now the public is permitted to honor the maker of the year's finest photo-

play. The people who appreciate great silversheet expressions now have an opportunity to express that appreciation. The two million readers of this Magazine are to be the judges.

It will be awarded to the producer—not to the director, not to the distributor, but to the producer whose vision, faith and organization, made the best Photoplay of 1921 a possibility.

The voting is delayed six months after the close of 1921 so that pictures released at the end of the year may have an opportunity to be seen in all parts of the country.

Undoubtedly there has been progress in picture-making during the past year. There have been fine films—so many of them that the list of fifty suggested best pictures was difficult to compile. You are not confined to this list in your selection. You should choose your favorite picture because of its merits of theme, direction, acting, continuity, setting and photography. These are the ingredients which make masterpieces.

Below you will find the list of fifty pictures, carefully selected and considered. Your choice of the pictures made in 1921 will probably be there. If, however, it is not, you may cast your vote for it, first making sure that it was released during 1921.

Fill out the coupon on this page, and mail naming the photoplay which, after honest and careful consideration, you consider the best. Final coupons will appear in the next issue.

Votes must be received at PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than October 1st, 1922.

The Gold Medal Contest has attracted world-wide attention. It has the enthusiastic endorsement of all the better elements in the film industry. It has helped to put the picture on an artistic basis; to give it its real value as a great and youthful art in the eyes of the world. You are responsible for the financial and artistic success of good pictures. Let's hear your applause! Mail the coupon!

## Suggested list of best photoplays of 1921

- |                                |                                 |                                |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <i>Affairs of Anatol</i>       | <i>Forbidden Fruit</i>          | <i>Old Swimm' Hole</i>         |
| <i>After the Show</i>          | <i>Forever (Peter Ibbetson)</i> | <i>Orphans of the Storm</i>    |
| <i>Behold My Wife</i>          | <i>Four Horsemen of the</i>     | <i>Outside the Law</i>         |
| <i>Bits of Life</i>            | <i>Apocalypse</i>               | <i>Over the Hill</i>           |
| <i>Black Beauty</i>            | <i>Hail the Woman</i>           | <i>Passion Flower</i>          |
| <i>Bob Hampton of Placer</i>   | <i>Held by the Enemy</i>        | <i>Penalty</i>                 |
| <i>Bunty Pulls the Strings</i> | <i>Heliotrope</i>               | <i>Queen of Sheba</i>          |
| <i>Camille</i>                 | <i>Idle Class</i>               | <i>Sacred and Profane Love</i> |
| <i>Connecticut Yankee in</i>   | <i>I Do</i>                     | <i>Sentimental Tommy</i>       |
| <i>King Arthur's Court</i>     | <i>Journey's End</i>            | <i>Sign on the Door</i>        |
| <i>Conquering Power</i>        | <i>Kid</i>                      | <i>Small Town Idol</i>         |
| <i>Conrad in Quest of His</i>  | <i>Kismet</i>                   | <i>Three Musketeers</i>        |
| <i>Youth</i>                   | <i>Last of the Mohicans</i>     | <i>To-able David</i>           |
| <i>Devil</i>                   | <i>Little Lord Fauntleroy</i>   | <i>Through the Back Door</i>   |
| <i>Dinty</i>                   | <i>Lying Lips</i>               | <i>Wedding Bells</i>           |
| <i>Disraeli</i>                | <i>Man, Woman, Marriage</i>     | <i>What Every Woman</i>        |
| <i>Dream Street</i>            | <i>Mark of Zorro</i>            | <i>Knows</i>                   |
| <i>Experience</i>              | <i>Midsummer Madness</i>        | <i>Without Benefit of</i>      |
| <i>Footlights</i>              | <i>Old Nest</i>                 | <i>Clergy</i>                  |
|                                |                                 | <i>Woman God Changed</i>       |

### Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

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

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1921.

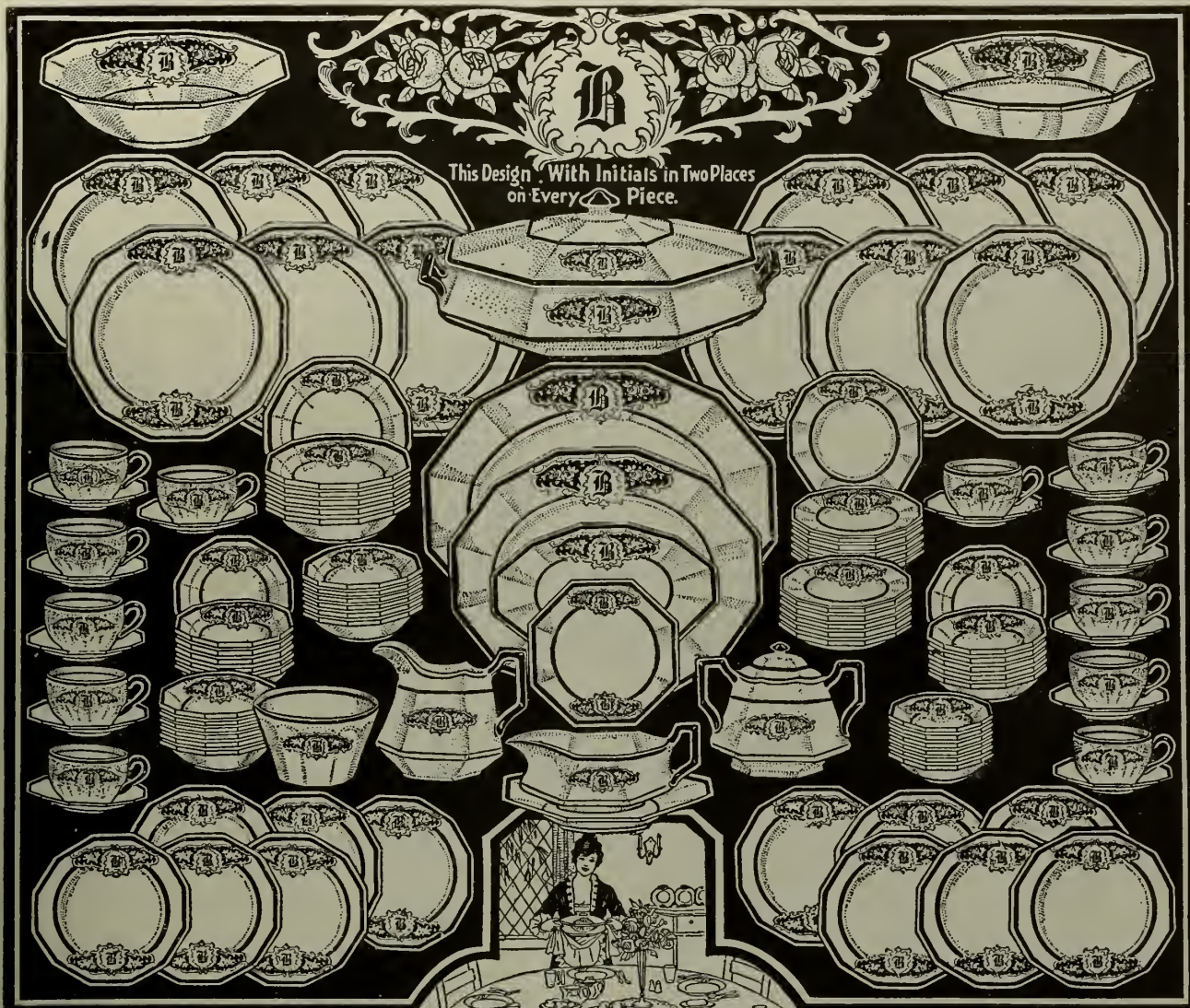
NAME OF PICTURE \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_





This Design With Initials in Two Places on Every Piece.

This Superb 110-piece Set, with initial in 2 places in wreath, with 5-color decorations on every piece and gold covered handles, consists of:  
 12 Dinner Plates, 9 inches  
 12 Breakfast Plates, 7 inches

12 Soup Plates, 7½ inches  
 12 Cups  
 12 Saucers  
 12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches  
 12 Fruit Dishes—6¼ inches

12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6¼ inches  
 1 Platter, 13½ inches  
 1 Platter, 11¾ inches  
 1 Celery Dish, 8¾ inches

1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7¾ inches  
 1 Butter Plate, 6 inches  
 1 Vegetable Dish, 10¼ inches with lid (2 pieces)  
 1 Deep Bowl, 8¾ inches

1 Oval Baker, 9 inches  
 1 Small Deep Bowl, 5 inches  
 1 Gravy Boat, 7¾ inches  
 1 Creamer  
 1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

# 1 Brings this 110-Piece Gold Decorated Martha Washington Dinner Set

Send only \$1 and we ship the full set—110 pieces in all. Use it 30 days. Then if you are not so delighted that you would not part with these superb, gold decorated dishes, return them and we will refund your \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, take nearly a year to pay on easy terms.

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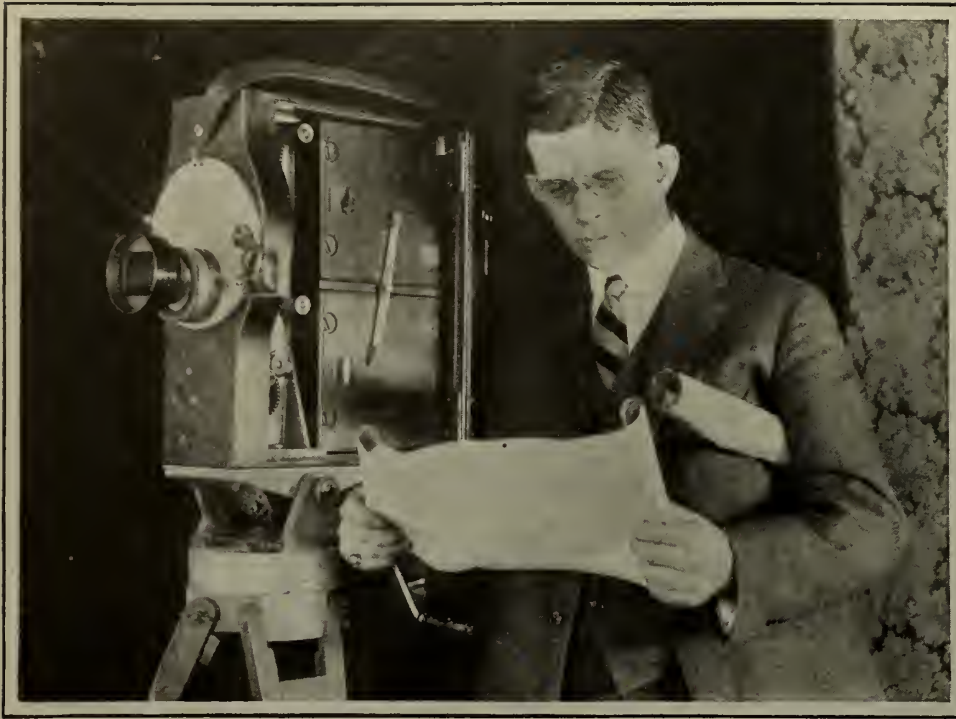
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The first effort, just released, may make some startling changes in production

By  
Terry Ramsaye

*William Van Doren Kelley and the Prizma Color Camera, his invention*

## Color and the Photoplay

**W**HAT may prove to be an impending revolution in the art of the motion picture obtrudes on the horizon in the coming of the first modern feature photoplay to be recorded entirely by a natural color process, which has recently been released.

The picture itself, the much-discussed film of "The Glorious Adventure," produced in England by J. Stuart Blackton of early Vitagraph fame, is of only casual importance considered apart from the color element. But the fact that the picture, a subject of some six thousand and odd feet in length, is presented in the natural color process known as Prizma makes its advent an affair of the most serious interest to those concerned with the artistic and commercial destiny of the screen.

Technically, the important advance in the new Prizma process used for this picture is in the elimination of the fault known as "fringing," hitherto common to all color pictures. This defect was due to imperfect register of the component red and green images that made up the picture. Rapid motion close to the camera often resulted in amazing flashes of vivid red or green, or both, on the screen. This has been avoided by the use of devices that permit both color images to be made at the same time, insuring registration without any edges of unblended color. The supreme test is met in "The Great Adventure" with a close-up of a swift sword duel right in the eye of the camera. There is no suggestion of a "fringe."

The career of this first natural color drama as it goes across the country, following its premiere under Rothapfel auspices at the Capitol in New York, is a subject of careful observation among the picture chieftains.

**S**HOULD it happen to develop that the element of color, as presented by this latest of the frequently improved Prizma processes, finds a wide and abiding interest among picture patrons a veritable revolution will confront the screen.

The coming of color into a position of dominance in the upper levels of screen production would bring with it problems of the most far-reaching character, problems hardly to be anticipated by the layman.

First of all is to be counted the very large element of motion picture finance. Natural color positive prints for distribution to the theaters under present conditions cost approximately eight times as much as the ordinary commercial "black and white" motion pictures of today. This means that the necessary prints to cover as many showings to the public as are required of the current screen successes would cost from seventy-five to a hundred

and twenty-five thousand dollars. Thus the print cost alone, after the completion of the production, would amount to as much as entire production costs for typical feature pictures today.

From the face of this situation it would appear, as among the possibilities, that if the era of color is really upon us, there may be two versions of each picture made, a limited de luxe edition in natural color for the larger centers, and a general black and white edition for the hinterlands of limited box-office possibilities.

Another phase of the impending color problem involves a complete revision and amplification of the art of motion picture producing and picture direction. The problems of an art increase with its scope. The more power it gains, the more ways to go wrong are offered.

**C**OLOR cameras are desperately exacting. A great deal of that which gets by in present-day studio practice would be most ruthlessly revealed in all of its ragged, shoddy tastelessness by the natural color camera. If color comes in, many a director will go out.

The whole art of studio illumination must be reconstructed for the color camera, too. The mere flood of any light whatever that carries sufficient actinic power will in the era of natural color no longer suffice. The ruddy glow from the embers can no longer be simulated by a bank of incandescents and a reflector. The mercury vapor lamps can not simulate the golden flood of dawn pouring through the eastern windows. Color must be counted everywhere. We shall perhaps before long find in the studios some strange synthetic process of producing the heroine's blush, a parallel to and a sequel for the glycerine tears. And along with these new problems and powers there is a hint of the greater opportunity in the natural color screen drama. By the gain of color we may perhaps expect the motion picture to make still further inroads on the realm of the speaking stage. There has been a pronounced tendency in recent years, and more especially in the current season, toward making the most of color in the speaking stage production. The stage picture has responded to the challenge of the motion picture and has used to the utmost its single physical advantage of color. The works of Urban and Jones as stage colorists of this period come at once to mind, and of such productions as "Tangerine" and "The Rose of Stamboul." There are countless others, and probably more apt examples than these.

Inquiry among the accepted authorities of the motion picture, which is to say the men who, for the moment, are in the seats of power, reveals a wide division of

(Continued on page 110)



# Pastel colors, sheer cobwebby weaves—

Your silk underthings will last longer washed this way, says Van Raalte

THE smart silhouette demands them, these sheer cobwebby underthings that breathe Paris. They are irresistible in their pastel daintiness, and filet lace, their delicate ribbons and picot edging.

And you can keep them colorful and lovely if you wash them the safe Lux way. There is no harsh rubbing of the delicate fibres, there is not one particle of undissolved soap to weaken or yellow the fabric—Lux is as delicate as the most fragile fabric—it cannot injure anything pure water alone won't harm.

Send today for our booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. S-9, Cambridge, Mass.



McCallum Hosiery Co.  
Northampton, Mass.

Lever Brothers Co.,  
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had street stockings in black, brown and grey, and evening stockings in cerise, emerald, and pale blue washed in Lux. Each pair of stockings was given the number of launderings the average stockings receive.

The stockings were still in excellent condition at the end of the washings. The color changes were not noticeable and the silk was in good condition, strong, springy, and with no frayed or broken threads such as appear when rubbing is necessary or when a harsh soap is used.

The excellent results we obtained with Lux were due only in part to the fact that it does away with rubbing; the main factor in our minds is its mildness and purity. If silk hose are washed, following the directions, with Lux after each wearing they will give longer service.

Very truly yours,  
McCALLUM HOSIERY COMPANY  
G. B. McCallum  
President

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Gentlemen:

No silk undergarment gets harder usage than a vest, so we had three flesh colored silk vests, of sheer, medium and heavy quality, laundered in Lux the average number of times an undergarment is washed before it wears out.

The vests lost astonishingly little color - there was practically no fading. In fact, at the end of the washings, they were about as soft and lustrous as when new.

We attribute our success with Lux especially to its purity. A very harsh soap or soap flake is ruinous to silk. The mild Lux lather cleanses so quickly and with such gentleness that it is impossible for it to injure the garment. We are glad to recommend it to the women who wear our silk underwear.

Very truly yours,  
Benjamin Raalte  
THE VAN RAALTE CO.



# LUX





# WHY DO THEY DO IT

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**THIS** is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen in the past month, that was stupid, unlikelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



## FROM BELGIUM

I HAVE seen the film "Through the Back Door," with the charming Mary Pickford, and I like it. Let me, however, take the liberty to mention a few mistakes, which we in Belgium have noted.

The little milk carriages in the film were not accurate reproductions of the actual ones. The two little boys who go away with Mary wear the Dutch costume, not the Belgian. As we enjoy the American pictures so much, we are sorry to see these errors.

A. ROVANNE, Brussels, Belgium.

## BEYOND THE ROCKS

DON'T think I did not enjoy "Yellow Men and Gold" with Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix, for I did, immensely! But—when the two treasure-seeking vessels are sailing in at last to the unknown, unpopulated island, which is so far out in the Pacific that it has taken them days and days of sailing to reach it, behold there in the distance looms the little city of San Mateo, California, peering sheepishly from behind the rocks, but no one sees it, of course, for the audience is supposed to be near-sighted!

I. BYTHE, San Francisco, Cal.

## A LITTLE SYMBOLISM

I NOTICED in "The Good Provider," with Vera Gordon, when she arrived with her two children at the Newton station, it was raining—hard. How is it, then, that when Papa brought them to their cottage, the sun was shining.

B. A. R., Cedarhurst, L. I.

## MANY REPORTED THIS ONE

I HAVE never been to Switzerland—one of the locales for "Beyond the Rocks," with Gloria Swanson and Signor Valentino; but even in this part of the country, where the schools are given a holiday when it snows, it is cold enough to fog our breaths in the winter. And never once during the whole time Gloria and Rodolph were among the Alps did we see the breath of the characters to indicate that they were among ice and snow.

And, in the same picture, during the rescue-from-drowning act, when our heroine is apparently saved in the nick of time, why do she and our hero stand outside her father's cottage conversing pleasantly when both are dripping wet and when Gloria has just been rescued from a watery grave?

P. S. But for one thing I am thankful: Gloria's hair was good and wet and one of her stockings was hanging down.

C. M. F., Fort Worth, Texas.

## MORE ROCKS

WHAT phase of amnesia do you suppose the director of "Beyond the Rocks" had when he had Gloria Swanson rehearse her part in the pageant in a ball room, clad in evening dress, with an ardent swain embracing her; and then depicted her real role in the pageant as that of

passenger in a coach, clad in Colonial costume, with no opportunity for an encircling arm to render service? I walked out on this picture when the actors fell over papier-mache rocks, and grovelled in snow that poured over the cliff like sugar, and did not adhere to the clothes of the actors at all.

W. W. R., Rochester, N. Y.

## WHY, WESLEY?

IN "School Days," when Wesley Barry was leaving hurriedly for New York, he put on one sleeve of his vest and his coat backward; When he came out the door his vest was properly buttoned and his coat correctly fastened. Why did he do it?

ESTHER WOLFORD, Rochester, Illinois.

## FOR SHAME

I NOTICED in the Fox picture entitled "Shame," a number of things which in my opinion were inexcusable. For instance, the baby never grew any larger. When it was shown at its birth it was the largest baby I ever saw, and after the father ran away with it, into Alaska, and the mother followed after several months, it was still the same size. Everyone near me in the audience commented on it. Another mistake: they showed a Chinese girl serving tea in her home with Japanese cakes and trimmings. And the supposed sandal-wood urn burning in the child's bedroom looked more like a fireplace with red coals. Only smoke can be seen when the Chinese burn sandal-wood. Why cannot directors portray faithfully Celestial customs?

Mrs. L. M. YEE, San Francisco, Cal.

## HERE'S OUR MOST POPULAR ERROR

IN "Foolish Wives" was this noticeable mistake.

Eric von Stroheim carries Miss Du Pont, the foolish matron, through a swamp in a rain storm. When they gain shelter Miss Du Pont is wet and her dress ruined. While he enjoys the comfort of a perfectly dry uniform and an immaculate blouse.

EARL STONE, El Reno, Oklahoma.

## OL' CLOTHES!

WALLY REID in "The World's Champion" leaves all his luggage at the village inn and goes to his home. When his father orders him out, he goes upstairs and gets a suit case. If he had been away from home for five years I don't see how he could have any clothes there, do you?

BEATRICE ROMARE, Chicago, Ill.

## SHADOWS OF CELLULOID PAST

I KNOW "The Sign on the Door" isn't a new picture, but I have just seen it, and want to report this. Norma Talmadge, after her attempt to make people believe she has murdered *Deveraux*, had her hair tossed about her shoulders and her gown torn. When *Lafe Regan* was called up she was put in an adjoining room for about five minutes. When she was called out her hair was done

up as nicely as if her maid had done it, and her gown was as good as new. It seems to me that in her place I should have been too excited to have been able to do all that in five minutes.

L. F. P., McAllen, Texas.

## COIFFURES A LA CONNIE

I WISH I had Miss Talmadge's formula for quick changes. In "Polly of the Follies," in the scene where the star is talking to Kenneth Harlan about the letter her little brother had written her, she had wavy hair; and when Harlan held her in his arms and was reading the letter, her hair was perfectly straight.

D. E. D., New London, Conn.

## STUDIO STUFF

"THE DUST FLOWER" was a good picture; but I caught this incongruity: After James Rennie has married Helene Chadwick and is motoring home with her, they are shown together inside a car. Rennie is jogging up and down with the movement of the car, but Helene sits perfectly straight and still.

H. G., Rutherford, N. J.

## THE PERILS OF PAULINE

I ENJOYED "Reported Missing" very much and liked the work of Owen Moore and Pauline Garon, who certainly went through a lot of adventures as the heroine. But when she is abducted from a yacht, she is wearing make-shift sailor clothes and is taken to the villain's home in this costume. However, when rescued a few hours later, she is wearing a beautiful frock that fits her perfectly.

GEORGE D. TROLL, Montclair, N. J.

## PITY THE POOR HEROINE

SCREEN heroines do the funniest things sometimes. Anita Stewart was the poor persecuted artist's model in "Her Mad Bargain." She runs from one artist's studio to another, attired in a woodsy costume—well, we'll call it woodsy. At artist number two's command to change her attire, a complete street costume miraculously appears on her arm as she is seen entering the model's dressing room.

MAUDE KILBORN, Columbus, Ohio.

## OF INTEREST TO BARBERS

IN "Tracked to Earth," Frank Mayo, after lying buried in the sand with only his face exposed, for at least forty hours, presents a face as innocent of beard as a baby's. Can't you persuade him to divulge how he did it?

W. N. H., Great Falls, Montana.

## SERIAL MAGIC

IN "Captain Kidd," Eddie Polo's serial, he swims ashore after the ship is blown up and lands with dry clothes and a clean white shirt. In the same picture, the crooks come to the house in a touring car. When chased by the hero, they jump into their car, which has turned into a racer somehow, and escape.

BURKE W. KIRBY, Haverhill, Mass.





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N.Y. C.

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# A MOTION PICTURE DICTIONARY

Compiled and Edited by

*Willard Huntington Wright*

**NAME**, *n.* A poor title given to a novel by its author, which, when the novel is screened, is at once improved upon by the producer. Thus: the inferior title, "The Admirable Crichton," became "Male and Female" on the screen.

**NARROW**, *adj.* (1) The kind of path the censors compel the motion picture producers to travel. (2) The kind of mind possessed by the motion picture censors.

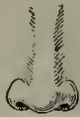
**NEGATIVE**, *adj.* (1) Without positive qualities; colorless; neutral; unimportant; deficient in character or personality. (2) *n.* The photographic print from which motion pictures are copied.

**NEUTER**, *adj.* The only gender permitted by the censors, the instinct of the reformer being founded on a desire to remould the world into a replica of himself.

**NEWS**, *n.* (1) Battleships at target practice. (2) An airplane flying over Long Island Sound. (3) Soldiers in camp doing setting-up exercises. (4) School children of Altoona doing May-Day dances in the public park. (5) A parade of Elks, or Odd-fellows, in Council Bluffs. (6) President Harding missing an easy putt. (7) A photograph of a Big League pitcher doffing his cap. (8) An elephant at the zoo being sprayed with a hose. (9) A cartoonist drawing a bad likeness of Lloyd George.

**NINETY**, *n.* The minimum age of poor widows whose twenty-year-old sons are falsely accused of breaking into the factory office where they work.

**NOSE**, *n.* (1) That by which all 100-to-1 shots, wagered on by the penniless hero, win by. (2) That part of the anatomy which a patron of a restaurant grasps between his thumb and forefinger whenever an egg is placed before him.



**OUTH**, *n.* A vulgar word, such as "hell" and "damn," the audible use of which being impossible by motion picture actors, deprives screen comedians of their one infallible and sure-fire means of making an audience rock with mirth, and undoubtedly accounts for the failure of many speaking stage comedians in motion pictures.

**OFFICE**, *n.* A room at least sixty feet square on the top floor of a sky scraper, with a large window through which either the Woolworth Building or the Metropolitan Tower may be seen, and with a door containing a frosted glass panel against which the figures in the room beyond are clearly silhouetted.

**OLEAGINOUS**, *adj.* Oily; slick; over-polished. Characteristic of the hair and the manner of social aristocrats of the screen.

**OMISSION**, *n.* The type of sin rarely committed by a motion picture director.

**OPTION**, *n.* A legal claim which a scheming gentleman with false eyebrows holds upon a widow's valuable homestead, but which expires just before he arrives with the necessary money, as a result of the clever machinations of the widow's future son-in-law.

**ORCHESTRA**, *n.* A fiendish device of theater managers, which has made the term "silent drama" a misnomer.

**ORIENTAL**, *adj.* Any dance in which the women wear long transparent bloomers and tin brassieres.

**OSCULATION**, *n.* A labial contact of a purely platonic nature, rigidly limited as to duration for fear of its corrupting influence on the young.

**OVERACT**, *v. i.* To act. Occasionally termed "screen technique."

**PAJAMAS**, *n.* An elaborate night costume of satin, trimmed with lace, ruffles, ribbons and rosettes. The unvarying nocturnal attire of chorus ladies and society ingenues.

**PALATIAL**, *adj.* One of the two styles of abode occupied by screen characters, the other being utterly poverty-stricken.

**PANE**, *n.* That part of a window which poor people invariably break and never have mended.

**PANTS**, *n.* Masculine nether integuments reaching just below the shoe tops, and containing in each leg an aperture of sufficient circumference for the passage of the wearer's feet when soaped or buttered.

**PARALYSIS**, *n.* A disease with which financiers are suddenly stricken upon receipt of bad news over the ticker.

**PAR EXCELLENCE**, *adv.* A phrase which will be applied to all new screen productions as soon as the press-agents learn of its existence and meaning.

**PARIS**, *n.* A city populated entirely with roués, cocottes, apaches, and artists wearing long beards and corduroy bloomers.

**PATENT**, *adj.* A type of leather possessing a glossy, mirror-like surface similar to a screen actor's coiffure.

**PAUNCH**, *n.* An abdominal facade by which an audience is able to determine that member of a picture's cast who is supposed to be contributing the comedy relief.



**PEIGNOIR**, *n.* A house gown worn by adventuresses when receiving gentlemen callers.

**PENITENTIARY**, *n.* An institution for temporarily incarcerating innocent young men with polished hair while the beautiful and wealthy heroine, disguised as a stenographer, is collecting evidence against the real culprit.

**PET**, *n.* The symbol of a young lady's virtue and innocence.



**PETTICOAT**, *n.* An article of feminine sub-investiture worn by Western heroines for the purpose of supplying bandages to right-thinking cowboys who have been wounded in defence of their virtue.

**PLASTER**, *n.* That which falls off from an indigent artist's attic walls in geometrically triangular patches.

**PORTIERE**, *n.* A heavy curtain behind which the heroine hides the young man for whom the police have come to search, and in front of which she stands, frightened and trembling, until, baffled and nonplussed at not finding him, they reluctantly depart.

**POSTMAN**, *n.* A mail-carrier who, when having a letter to deliver, rings the door bell, waits till it is answered, enters the house, goes into the drawing room, hands the letter to the person to whom it is addressed, raises his cap respectfully, and pauses at the door to bow on his way out.



**POUR**, *v. i.* That which rain does whenever it falls. "It never rains but it pours," is an axiom in exact accord with the meteorology of motion pictures.

**POUT**, *v. i.* An ingenue's sole means of carrying a point.

**POVERTY**, *n.* That which, for some unknown reason, renders a man incapable of combing his hair, and a woman of darned the holes in her stockings.

**PRECIPICE**, *n.* A high cliff used exclusively for the destruction of automobiles.



**PROMONTORY**, *n.* That upon which the lovers of al-fresco romances stand to partake of their first, pre-nuptial buss.

**PROPHECY**, *n.* A bit of mystical hocus-pocus which, in motion picture dramas, invariably comes true.

**PSYCHOLOGICAL**, *adj.* That moment when everything happens in a film story.

**PUBLIC**, *n.* An aggregation of human beings each of whom believes that it is his neighbor's lack of appreciative intelligence which accounts for the low standard of pictures, and that if everyone had a brain equal to his films would be better.

**QUANDARY**, *n.* A state of mind indicated by bowing the head, knitting the brows, and placing the index-finger upon the temple.

**QUARREL**, *n.* A domestic *contretemps* for which the husband is invariably to blame—due to the fact that motion picture patronage is largely feminine.

**QUEUE**, *n.* A long braid of hair by which an audience can tell when an actor is enacting the role of a Chinaman.



**QUICKLY**, *adv.* The one way in which nothing has ever been done in a motion picture drama.

To be continued





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It isn't so bad being a temporary invalid if you can have Dick Barthelmess as your slave, errand boy, and partner at cards. Every minute he wasn't working, Dick spent with his wife, Mary Hay, after an operation she underwent recently

## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 67)

**ANN FORREST** got it—the prize plum of the leading lady's season. The role of *Nona* in "If Winter Comes."

Percy Marmont and Miss Forrest should work together very well. She is glad to get back to Europe because she can step over to see her folks between scenes. They live in Denmark, you know.

**ELLIOT DEXTER** may play the role of Drake in "The Christian," and again he may not.

As a matter of fact, he doesn't seem to care much whether he does or not.

He is entirely wrapt up just now in dogs—German police dogs.

He and Jack Miltorn—the New York stage actor imported to Hollywood by Cecil de Mille to play the role of Governor Albee in "Manslaughter"—are renewing old friendship, and are either to be found swimming down at Santa Monica, or exercising dogs every afternoon.

"**MICKY**, I hear you're going to do 'Ben Hur' for Goldwyn, is it true?" asked Allan Dwan.

"Well, I don't know. I don't see how I could use Wesley Barry in it, so I guess I won't do it," said Micky.

Micky's new Goldwyn picture, "The Stranger's Banquet," is a story dealing with capital and labor.

It's said to be about fifty-fifty—there's good capital and bad capital, and good labor and bad labor.

"It was only announced three days ago," remarked Micky, "and the first day three hammers were dropped in the immediate vicinity of my head and today somebody pushed over a set on me."

**I**T is rather startling to observe the number of "new faces" that have become exceedingly popular and have received almost sensational praise from critics in the past few months—names actually unknown before.

Barbara La Marr, Ramon Novarro, Ray Griffith, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Malcolm McGregor, are all being hailed by press and public alike as real finds.

And it's rather significant to observe that three of them are Rex Ingram discoveries.

Ramon Novarro played *Rupert of Hentzau*, in the *Prisoner of Zenda* and caused a young riot, so we are told. Barbara La Marr was first seen in the "Three Musketeers," but the few who have seen her in "Black Orchids" have started a whirlpool of praise about her name, and Malcolm McGregor also has made such a hit in *Zenda* that he is playing the lead in "Broken Chains," and is in great demand.

Ray Griffith is the splendid actor who played the *Wolf*, with the knife, in *Neilan's Fools First*. An old time stage actor, by the way, who has been buried in the scenario department at Sennett's.

And Patsy Ruth Miller is a Goldwyn discovery, who made them put her name on the billing in "Watch Your Step," by her brilliant comedy methods.

**MAE MARSH** has been the heroine of a good many rumors.

She was to return to the Griffith organization.

She was to make a picture for W. Christy Cabanne.

She was to go on the stage again.

Just by way of being different, Mae has done none of these things. She has left for England, where she will make a picture for a British concern. It is still whispered, however, that she will be the star of D. W.'s next United release, the picture to follow "At the Grange."

**DOUGLAS MAC LEAN** is to make his own pictures for Associated Exhibitors, starting immediately. The comedian will fit into the program place left vacant by Harold Lloyd's return to Pathé's distribution. He has a number of interesting stories lined up.

**T**HE most popular quartette of screen comedy are together again.

Louise, John Henry, Jr., Teddy and Pepper.

Louise is La Fazenda; John is the famous Sennett baby; Teddy is the world's greatest performing canine; and Pepper is the Sennett cat.

They're all back at the Sennett studios, and the new picture will be called "Bow Bow."



# New Discovery Explains Why Hair Turns Gray

Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own Original Color

**G**RAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blonde, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter or pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation (see diagram).

## Read Here How Hair Loses Its Color

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown, or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age, or by shock, worry or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair.

The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color. The hair has simply blanched.

## Why Gray Hair Is Simply Hair Without Color

The hair shaft (A) springs from a tube-like depression in the scalp called a follicle (E). The bulb (F) rests on a tiny tip of tissue called the papilla (H). The color of the hair is due to a pigment given off at the tip of this papilla. When sickness, worry or shock interferes with this pigment supply the hair blanches. To restore it to its natural color the pigment supply must be restored through a natural process. In the diagram B is the root, C the oil gland, D the root sheath and G the fat cells. Study the diagram and you will see for yourself why gray hair is simply hair without color.



## How New Discovery Restores Natural Color

Tru-Tone, the marvelous new scientific discovery, quickly restores the true, original color to gray hair—to hair that has blanched. It is not an ordinary dye, or stain, or tint. It is pleasant and simple to use—none of the muss and trouble of ordinary color restorers.

It makes no difference whether your hair was black, brown, blonde or auburn—

Tru-Tone works equally well, making your hair appear the same as it was before it had even a trace of gray in it. It makes no difference how gray your hair is—Tru-Tone will restore it, and no one need know you are banishing your gray hair if you don't want them to.

## Wonderful for Thin, Falling Hair

It was only after extensive research and experiment that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is just a clear, pure liquid—almost colorless. It contains tonic properties that stimulate the natural growth of the hair. Tru-Tone not only restores natural color to your hair, but makes it thick, glossy and beautiful at the same time. You can use it with absolute confidence, knowing that it cannot possibly discolor the hair or harm it in any way.

If you will fill in the coupon and mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-size bottle of Tru-Tone in plain sealed package—no marking to indicate the contents. Don't send any money. And don't send a sample of your hair. Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair; it restores it to its own natural color.



**ONLY \$1.45**  
If You Act At Once

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only \$1.45 (plus postage), in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for \$3.00. If after a fair test of Tru-Tone you are not delighted with results, if Tru-Tone does not restore your hair to its original color, simply return what is left of it and your money will be refunded at once.

Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! A postcard will do, if you prefer it. Tru-Tone will be sent to you in a plain, sealed package—no marks to indicate contents. Domino House, Dept. T-269, 269 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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You may send me a \$3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman only \$1.45 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

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Close-up of celebrated legitimate actor turning down offer from motion picture magnate to act in the lowly movies. As a matter of fact John Drew likes the films—his nephews John and Lionel Barrymore spend a lot of time in them; but he refuses to leave the stage in the lurch like that, much to Rupert Hughes' regret

**VIOLA DANA** has knitted herself twelve sweaters in the last two months, to say nothing of those she's presented to friends and charitable institutions.

It's become a mania with her, she says.

In passing, Viola and her sister, Shirley Mason, are again inseparable chums, lunching together every day and spending most of the time when they aren't working, together.

**ALICE JOYCE REGAN** seems lost to the screen. She isn't even thinking about it. And when a friend asked her the other day about coming back, she just smiled and said, "Oh, I might if the right story happened along. Otherwise—"

**IF HE** doesn't look out, people are going to begin calling Wally Reid the radio kid. Wally has a wonderful radio outfit in the drawing room, one in his dressing room at the studio, one on each of his three automobiles, and one on his sleeping porch. Wally is exactly like a child with a new toy over anything new mechanical that comes along. His last hobby was "magic" and under the tutelage of Alexander the Great, he learned almost every trick known to professionals. Now it's radio. And then somebody will have to invent something new.

**SELZNICK** is said to be concentrating its stellar material.

Conway Tearle and Elaine Hammerstein may be co-starred, according to report. Or Elaine and Owen Moore.

Theda Bara's return to the fold will be accomplished under the Selznick banner, by

the way. She begins work on her new picture soon—at a New York studio.

**MINTA DURFEE ARBUCKLE**, wife of the comedian, who after many years of separation returned to his side during his recent trouble, has left Hollywood for New York, where she will make an extended visit with her sister.

All rumors of a new separation are denied by Arbuckle and his friends, but it is admitted that Mrs. Arbuckle left some time ago and will be gone indefinitely.

**A LARGE**, hard-boiled, steely voice, heavily uniformed cop appeared at the entrance gate to the Lasky studio the other day and asked belligerently for "Hezi Tate."

"I want t' see Hezi Tate," he said, "I understand he works here for Mr. Cecil de Mille. I want to see him right away."

The pretty girl at the desk swallowed a couple of times, and came up smiling. "Oh, Mr. Tate doesn't work here any more," she said.

"Doesn't, eh? That's too bad. Where does he work?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said the girl loyally, remembering some of Hezi's past escapades, "but I think he's gone to Japan."

"Well, ain't that too bad," said the cop, "y'see I was his sergeant overseas, and I come all the way out here just to shake his hand and bring him a little present. I'm mighty sorry."

And it took the girl quite a while to explain why she had strayed so far from the path of truth in her original statements.

**IF** you want to know what people, all over the country, are thinking and saying about the movies, you can't afford to overlook the unusual letters you will find in the department "BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS," page 113 this issue.



## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 74)

F. H. C., BILLINGS, OKLA.—My place in the sun? Well, I don't know that I want any. Not this weather, anyway. We are having a late summer. Tony Moreno is not married, but Conrad Nagel is. Conrad has light brown hair and blue eyes. Marjorie Daw and Lewis Stone in "River's End." Marjorie is still happily unmarried, in spite of all rumors to the contrary.

MARGARET, MONTREAL.—I could tell you the ages of Bebe and Lillian and Gloria; I could tell you the matrimonial status of Valentino; I could tell you the cast of "Over the Hill"—but I cannot tell you the age of Mary Miles Minter. I stopped telling her age months ago. Last report said twenty-one. Will that suffice?

BILLY, FLORENCE, ALA.—Why on earth ask me about furs for next winter when there is Carolyn Van Wyck's department? However, I'll endeavor to please. I should say that gray fur—what's the name of it?—will continue to be worn; also seal. Then there's a brown fur that's popular. But this much I know to be a fact: You should eschew the muskrat and the dyed coney. No self-respecting moth will be seen on one. Henry B. Walthall in "One Clear Call." He is married to Mary Charleson.

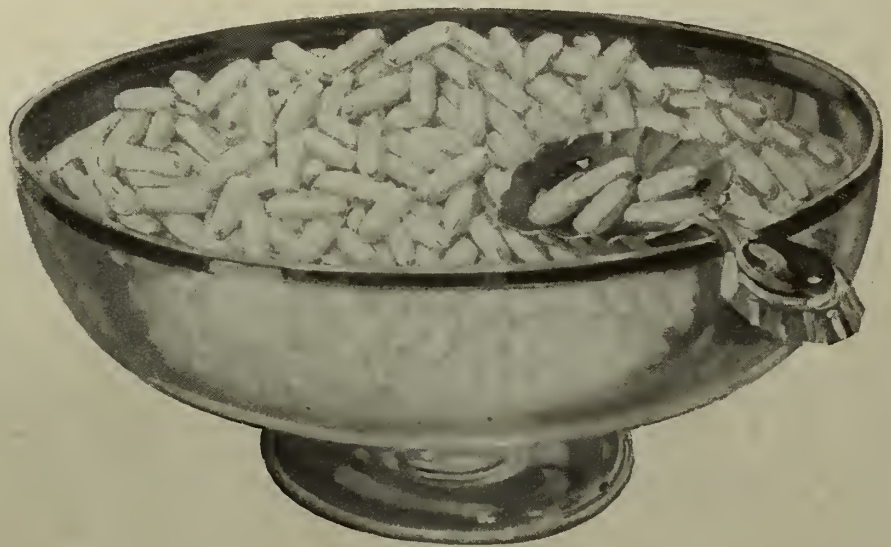
DANNY.—I don't know about a Myra Brown; but won't Mae Busch do? I am sure that you will like Mae just as well, if not better. She's playing in "The Christian" for Goldwyn. Thomas Meighan and Wally Reid are still with Lasky. Tom in "If You Believe It, It's So." Wally in "The Dictator."

GERRY.—You would like to see all the biggest stars in one picture. So would I! Pity the poor director of such a super-feature. One scene would finish him. Neal and Bill Hart are not related. Harry Carey is the realest cowboy in pictures, in my opinion. He used to live in New York, but he's completely westernized now; lives on a big ranch and raises cattle and horses and coyotes and everything. Olive Fuller Golden is his wife. There's a small Carey they call "Adobie." His real name, of course, is Harry, Jr.

R. L. S.—You have distinguished initials, anyway. The little comedienne Betty Compson, whom you liked and thought should be in serious work, is the emotional star of "The Miracle Man." You and Betty and Paramount all thought the same way about it, evidently. But where have you been all these years?

ANNIE M., SCHENECTADY.—You thought Louise Huff a very pretty young girl, and here you discover she is married and the mother of three children. It is still possible for Louise to be very young and pretty—and she is. She prefers domesticity to drama, and is the wife of Edgar Stillman, well known engineer. "The Seventh Day" was her most recent picture. Jack Holt is a star now, and I agree with you that he deserves to be. I don't often commit myself to this extent, either.

RACHEL.—At least I can answer you. For three years I have kept your letter in a safe place in my desk, hoping against hope that the time would come when I could give you a satisfactory reply. And now—it has come. Norma and Eugene are playing together again, in "The Voice from the Minaret." The team of Talmadge-O'Brien will once more make feminine hearts throb—and maybe masculine. The good old days of romance are with us again. The—but I am getting positively maudlin about it.



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Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children at their play. Mix in every dish of berries. Use like nut-meats on desserts.

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It doubles the delights of berries

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—because it's the most practical. Right up to the minute in style. That's why thousands of girls are wearing them. Simply great for sport wear. It stays put—looks charming—puts a finishing touch to your outdoor appearance. Looks wonderful on Priscilla Dean. It will look just as well on you.

And such wonderful colors! You can select one to harmonize with any costume—whether you're motoring, hiking, boating, golfing, playing tennis—in fact, it's the *only* hat for street wear.

Priscilla Dean Tams are made of the finest quality suede cloth—a soft pliable material that drapes so gracefully at any angle. Always has that trim, tailor-made look because the inner elastic band makes it fit any head comfortably. A neat band of grosgrained ribbon and a cute little bow complete the picture.

Your wardrobe is not complete without a Priscilla Dean Tam. It costs only \$1.50. No reason why you should not have at least one besides your regular hat.

The best stores carry Priscilla Dean Tams. But if you cannot get it, send \$1.50 with the coupon or letter. Be sure to state color and whether for young lady or child.

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**PRISCILLA DEAN**  
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MFG'S OF PRISCILLA DEAN HATS

BARBARA, MURFREESBORO, TENN.—Another pin in my map. Never heard of your town before. One has only to be in my position to discover how few things he really has heard of. Edward Earle in "East Lynne" with Mabel Ballin. He is married and was born in 1884. Earle was crowned "King of the Movies" at that charity voting contest in New York; but I could mention several actors who are slightly more popular than Edward.

E. C. B., PHILADELPHIA.—You want photographs of Bryant Washburn, Doris May, Charles Ray, and Viola Dana in the Magazine? I shall speak to the Editor about it at once. Matt Moore in "The Storm." Pearl White is back with Pathe, serialing.

RONALD.—Constance Talmadge isn't engaged to Harrison Ford or Maurice, the dancer. She isn't engaged to anybody. Besides, Ford happens to have a wife. Constance obtained her divorce from John Pialoglo several months ago. Her latest film is "East is West." Helene Chadwick is married. Dick Dix isn't. The class in matrimony may file slowly and sadly out.

E. E., LOS ANGELES.—When I heard that you were so anxious to see Dorothy Phillips on the screen again, I at once set my men to work. After several months I have this to report: Miss Phillips has made a picture under the direction of her husband, Allen Holubar, for First National, "Hurricane's Gal." Who says I am not efficient and obliging?

FRED J., NEW ORLEANS.—George Loane Tucker's last production was "Ladies Must Live." His "Miracle Man" is still breaking records; it's a classic. Elizabeth Risdon is Tucker's widow. She is an actress on the speaking stage. The late director made many pictures before his great success, among them "The Manxman," "The Cinderella Man," "Virtuous Wives" and "Even as Eve."

BEATRICE.—Yes, yes—I suppose Milton Sill is wonderful. I always thought of him as a darn good actor but I can't say I ever associated such adjectives as wonderful with him. In fact, I believe Mr. Sill might object strenuously to being called wonderful. However—it was he in "Earthbound," but he has been with Paramount more recently, opposite Dorothy Dalton in "The Woman who Walked Alone" and with Wanda Hawley in George Melford's "Burning Sands."

ALLTHA.—Sounds like a soap. The Talmadges all live in California now. They may be abroad by the time you read this, unless you read it the first thing in the book. But I suppose you read my rival, Cal York, first. Ah, well! Owen Moore is still with Selznick. Conway Tearle is back with the same company after playing opposite Norma Talmadge in "Infatuation"—another one of the names for "The Duchess."

V. F., DAYTON.—Dear, dear—this is indeed distressing. You have written six times to Mr. O'Brien and have only received one photograph and no letter at all, when all you asked for was a letter. But just think, Virginia—just think of the poor, starving flappers who would give anything for a photograph of Eugene! Don't feel so cut up over it. You've read by this time that Eugene is making love to Norma again before the camera, so maybe that'll cheer you up some.

T. G. F., DENVER.—I am inclined to coincide with the poet who said that about liking a little wildness better than "art too precise in every part." He said it about dress, but I apply it to drama. I can't help liking the Betty Compson of "The Miracle Man" better than the Betty Compson of "The Green Temptation." And Charlie Ray of "The Clodhopper" better than the Charles Ray of "Gas, Oil and Water." Mrs. Charles Ray was Cora

Grant, and she played in pictures once upon a time. The Rays have a home in Beverly Hills. There have been pictures of it in PHOTOPLAY.

THE CANADIAN KID.—Marie Doro completed her stage engagement in "Lilies of the Field" and went abroad for a vacation. Irene Castle Treman is also in Europe. Irene's latest photoplay is "Slender Shoulders." Bert Lytell in "To Have and To Hold." He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds and was born in 1885. He was with Metro as a star for several years. He's married to Evelyn Vaughn.

HELEN F.—Katherine and Wallace MacDonald are not brother and sister. They're not related at all. Neither are Elsie and Helen Ferguson. Katherine is the sister of Mary MacLaren. The Lee kids, Katherine and Jane, are making two-reel comedies for Fox, after their vaudeville tour. Elaine Hammerstein is not married or engaged. Address her Selznick, west coast studio.

W. G., SIOUX CITY.—Molly King has only, as far as I know, and my records show, had one husband, and she is still married to him. His name is Alexander. Miss King hasn't made any films for quite a while. She's the mother of a little son. June Caprice has a baby daughter. She is Mrs. Harry Millarde in personal existence. Mr. Millarde is in England now, directing "If Winter Comes," with Percy Marmont and Ann Forrest in the leading roles.

FIFTEEN.—Glad to see you. Fifteen is not too young to "join" my department. Especially when you are well behaved. Yes, I guessed you were a boy and not a girl when you asked about Harry Carey. I've told someone else about Carey this month. But I wish you would come again.

IVAN.—Too bad you didn't get to see any of the cinema celebrities while you were in Los Angeles. They're all pretty hard-working people, you know, and don't get much time for dress parades. Universal City is a long way from L. A., and you couldn't very well have walked, so it's a good thing you didn't try it. Bryant Washburn lives in Hollywood, is married to Mabel Forrest and has a family of three sons.

M. MALCOLM.—I agree with you that it's a bad thing to make pictures illustrate the sub-titles. It should be the other way around, and to my way of thinking there are too many titles as a rule. They don't give the audience credit for any intelligence, and everybody knows the audience has *some*. Cecil deMille is now making "Manslaughter" with Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan as the principals. It's from Alice Duer Miller's novel of the same name, and Jeanie MacPherson wrote the scenario. William deMille is working on "Nice People" now and will later make "Clarence," with Wally Reid in the title role.

JEALOUS.—I can't help it. Do you think I could possibly persuade Constance Talmadge to fire Harrison Ford just because you don't like to see anybody kiss Constance on the screen? This is indeed a mad love. You'll have to get over it, that's all.

L. M., CHICAGO.—Your letter almost made me cry. It brought back all the memories of the Windy City—all the dear old dust and the dear old dingy buildings—but my hand falters, I cannot write. Give the old Boul' Mich' a glance for me; and send me a post card sometime of the gleaming Tower that is dedicated to the chewing-gum industry. My new stenographer wants it for her album. Pauline Starke plays with Thomas Meighan in "If You Believe It, It's So" and for Vitagraph in "My Wild Irish Rose."



TERRY G.—Of course I enjoy my work. Somebody has got to enjoy it. Robert Warwick has been on the stage recently in "Drifting." He used to be a star for World. Mabel Normand is now in Europe. Her latest comedies have been "Molly O" and "Suzanna," both for Sennett.

LILLIAN AND FLORENCE, TORONTO.—I don't know—I dislike to commit myself, especially when I may be wrong. But it seems to me that if Harold Lloyd is usually seen as the escort of Bebe Daniels or Mildred Davis, and is still single, little Lillian and Florence had better give up. The rumor persists that Harold will wed one or the other of these two young ladies. Bebe and Mildred—not Lillian and Florence. Harold's newest comedy is "Grandma's Boy," which has also a dash of bitters—I mean pathos in it.

ELMEDA.—I refuse flatly to bill you as "The Little Girl from Old New Orleans." I am not a vaudeville circuit. Mary Miles Minter in "The Cowboy and the Lady." Gretchen Hartman is Mrs. Alan Hale

SYBIL.—You should be English—very; and live on one of the Squares mentioned most frequently in the fashionable novels, and which I can never pronounce; and sip tea slowly; and wear mauve, clinging things. One would suspect I had been sipping tea myself—suspicious tea; but I have not. May Allison was born on a Georgia plantation in 1895. Monte Blue is a Hoosier, born in the Hoosier capital in 1890. Little girl, rise and spell Indianapolis. Monte is married. Alackaday. (Also English—once.)

EDWARD J. F., NEW YORK.—Yes—Joseph Schenck, the husband of Norma Talmadge, is a brother of Nicholas Schenck. They began their careers as managers of Palisades Amusement Park across the Hudson, over in Jersey. By the way, there's no nicer sight in Manhattan than to look across the river on a clear night and see the twinkling lights of the roller-coasters and the ferris-wheels of the park—looks like an enchanted city. Unfortunately, amusement parks are usually more enchanted at a distance.

MARION.—I am hurt. More, I am pained. You ask me to ask my secretary to send you my picture and also to tell you something about myself. Why not ask me, pray? Why not come to me for information about myself, pray? Just for that, you don't get my picture at all. (Actually I am flattered at the request, you know; but it would never do for Marion to suspect that.) Gladys Walton is divorced from Frank Liddell. Marguerite Courtot is not married. She played with Glenn Hunter in "The Cradle Buster." Glenn isn't married, either. Miss Courtot will be seen in the Elmer Clifton whaling picture, "Down to the Sea in Ships."

MARK T. B., BUFFALO.—I won't say I can't give personal addresses; and I can't say I won't, because I have. But I may say that I rarely do, because I feel that the players are entitled to a little private life. Too bad some of the newspapers don't feel the same way about it. Jane Novak is divorced from Frank Newburgh. She has a little daughter, who is named Virginia. Eva Novak, her sister, is married now.

BESSIE C., MINNEAPOLIS.—Frances Marion is a woman, not a man. She's a scenario writer and director, at present with the Norma and Constance Talmadge companies. She made the scenarios for "East is West" and "The Voice from the Minaret;" and before that she directed "Just Around the Corner" for Cosmopolitan and "The Love Light" for Mary Pickford. Her husband, Fred Thomson, played the German spy in the latter production. Miss Marion is young and very pretty. I like her.



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GIRLEE.—You said you were sending me violets, but you never did. I wish you wouldn't say you were sending me violets when you aren't. Natalie Keaton is the second Talmadge sister. Constance is the youngest, and that leaves Norma, who is about twenty-six. Natalie has brown hair and eyes. She never cared much about screen work and finds her rôle of mother to Buster Keaton, Jr., who arrived in Hollywood in June, the best she's ever played. Dorothy Gish has light brown hair. Lillian is a decided blonde; her hair is golden. Dorothy weighs 106, and Lillian is just one pound lighter.

CAMILLE.—Are you of the Ethel Barrymore or Nazimova variety? Cullen Landis—I don't know, I'm sure, whether Cullen is the masculine of Colleen—was born in Nashville, Tenn., July 9, 1895. He is five feet five inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. He has the world's curliest hair, and brown eyes. He is married and the father of two. Address him Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal.

MARTHA C., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—Several screen stars are taller than you. There's Sylvia Brainer and Irene Castle, five feet seven; Katherine MacDonald, five feet eight; Elsie Ferguson, just your height, five feet six;

and Anna Q. Nilsson, five feet seven. Marguerite de la Mott isn't as tall as she may look, only five feet two. Anita Stewart is five feet five. Doesn't that cheer you up?

L. R.—Elaine Hammerstein is not the sister of Shirley Mason and Viola Dana. The third Flugrath is named Edna, and is living in England, where her husband is a motion picture director. Elaine Hammerstein is an only child.

JESSIE E.—You ask if the child actors of the screen are not spoiled. I hardly think so. On the contrary, I believe they are better behaved than the average run of youngsters. Working in pictures, you know, is really a serious matter.

EVELYN, WHITE CASTLE.—If sent to the correct address stars do receive their mail. But they are often too busy to answer. Unless you send stamps or coin to cover cost, you can't be sure of receiving a photograph. There isn't any particular age when one should become an actress. But I should say the sooner the better, because youth is adaptable and maturity is not, and one must be plastic to be a good actress.

(Continued on page 111)

## How Will They Screen?

(Continued from page 35)

It has been said, time and again, that the camera never lies. You may be perfectly beautiful to look at—and the camera will record a little crook to your nose that you, or anybody else, never knew you had. The beauties and the experienced actresses do not stand a better chance of screen success than you do.

The personal appearance has shattered many illusions. It is another proof that the film camera reverses all rules. Your favorite may be a distinct disappointment in the flesh; but the next time you see her on celluloid you doubt your own vision. For she is beautiful up there on the screen, surely! She has filmable features. That's the secret of her success. On the other hand, one of the most beautiful women in pictures today—two of them whom we could mention—do not impress one as being beautiful in their photoplays. One has the palest spun-gold hair and light blue eyes and a rose-petal complexion. The camera doesn't register these. The other has a peach-bloom skin and reddish-gold hair and long-lashed blue eyes. She, too, is a disappointment on the screen. And there you have it—the motion picture paradox.

The expert, as we have said, can tell by close observation almost as well as the camera whether a girl will film well. So Goldwyn will have its expert scouts interview the most promising girls and if they meet the requirements, will take tests of them. These tests are costly, if made well. And the test of the New Faces contestants will be real tests.

If you are one of those chosen to meet the Goldwyn representative in a branch city nearest your home town, be yourself; dress according to your own ideas of chic; assume your most representative personality; do not be afraid to be expressive. Don't attempt to conceal by make-up any disappointing contours; for sooner or later these will be shown up. You may, you know, have "shadows" in your face. Shadows which will have to be toned down by "redding" before the camera catches them. There are many things to consider; but it is not your duty to worry about them. The judges will take care of all that.

Once again we must emphasize the fact that this is not a "beauty contest." It is a search for filmable faces. You need not be beautiful, although you are probably more

than ordinarily personable; but you must have that vague, that elusive and indefinable thing called personality. That lure; that magnetism—that more than makes up for the physical qualifications you may happen to lack. A girl who suggests the dark mysteries of old Spain may not be technically beautiful according to American standards; but she may win our contest. We want new Mary Pickfords and Mabel Normands and Lillian Gishes, not imitations. The public is asking for the young girl of talent; and one of these girls will answer the call.

To consider them individually is not our purpose. The Goldwyn experts will judge them according to the best standards. But it might not be out of place to call attention to what seem, from these photographs, to be the most valuable assets of several of the contestants.

Helen Norpoth, of Saint Louis, has blue eyes—but they are dark blue; and set wide apart. Her face has a piquancy which is promising. And her face is well rounded and expressive.

Jeanne Johnston, of New York, is the blonde, blue-eyed type. She is just five feet, six inches, in height and of a decidedly vivacious personality.

Philippine Buntinx of Sugar Creek, Mo., seems to possess the right kind of face for successful filming. Her eyes are large, dark, and well defined. Her mouth, chin and cheek contour are good.

The others represented here are equally interesting. Their film fate is on the lap of the gods, in this case the Goldwyn scouts and their cameras. And remember the gods are good to girls with large dark eyes!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE cannot yet promise exactly when the announcement of the final winner will be made. We wish we could take each and every one of the contestants into our offices and show them some of the difficulties encountered in selecting the girl from among the many thousands. Then there are the difficulties of gathering girls from remote parts of the country and obtaining satisfactory screen tests of them. All and all, a whale of a task! So, in order to be absolutely fair to every one, the judges must have time in making their selection.

Meanwhile all America is on tiptoe for the final choice!



## Hattie of Hollywood

(Continued from page 70)

She gazed at the wan face in the mirror; and then touched it up with rouge. She had taken lately to doing this. They all did. She couldn't go on the lot looking like the last shad.

She had to go into Gran'ma's room for little talks before and after breakfast. Gran'ma was worried. So, too, was Alice; she looked as if she hadn't slept. Evidently the bare thought that she might have to quit work brought them both to the brink of panic.

In the same dazed and dogged way she went through the day's work. De Brissac again asked her to come to his office, as she knew he would; and again she evaded him. It would be easier when she didn't have to see him every day like this. It seemed hardly fair to conceal her engagement from him. She rather wished that Henry hadn't put it that way. Though it was difficult to think how she could tell him. Hardly in words, to his face. He might be angry; and she couldn't meet his anger. Or, worse, he might take her into his arms and deliberately win her back. And then what could she say to Henry?

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HENRY told her, late in the afternoon, that the lawyer would dine with them. And so they drove in again to the Alexandria. He proved to be a pleasant young man with curly brown hair. His name was Wurtzel. With him everything seemed easy. He smiled as he read the contract, and concluded with a knowing shake of the head.

"You think you can break it?" asked Henry. "Oh, yes. We'll finish this picture. It's only a matter of a couple of days, isn't it?"

"Just a few more retakes," Hattie explained. The lawyer thoughtfully folded the paper.

"While I don't feel at liberty to give you the details, it just happens that I'm in a position to be of rather peculiar service to you. At least, I think so. I'll have to make one or two inquiries about that. But I'll tell you now that we can free Miss Johnson without any particular difficulty. I don't think they'll sue. Even if they should . . . Yes, I really feel that we're safe enough. But don't you think we'd better make sure of another job for her before we spring this?"

"Here's the situation," said Henry, in his eager, nervous way—"Plantagenet Pictures Corporation have been after me for months. Of course, before Miss Johnson and I—very confidentially I suppose I may as well tell you we're engaged . . ."

Mr. Wurtzel smiled and bowed. Hattie blushed. Henry was ruddy, too. He rushed on with it . . . "Of course, I can't myself consider leaving de Brissac—"

"I happen to know that he thinks very highly of you."

"That's nice. But now suppose I get in touch with Aldridge Mortimer now over the phone. He's top director for Plantagenet, and I know they're working out the continuity for 'Little Nell.' Now you know and I know and Mortimer knows that the perfect type for Nell is sitting right here with us."

Hattie blushed again, as Mr. Wurtzel nodded in friendly interest; and she felt a little stirring of pride in Henry. He seemed very competent, a match for almost anyone.

"You can bet"—this was still Henry—"that the girl Armand de Brissac chose out of all the hundreds that were after him is good enough for Aldridge Mortimer. Just a minute—I'll get right on his trail." He was gone only a brief time. "Was he interested?" asked Henry, standing over them with an air of triumph. "I'll say so. He's coming right over. He thinks we'd better not meet downstairs, but to engage a suite and leave the number sealed in an envelope at the desk. He's on his way by this time, so you'd better come right along."

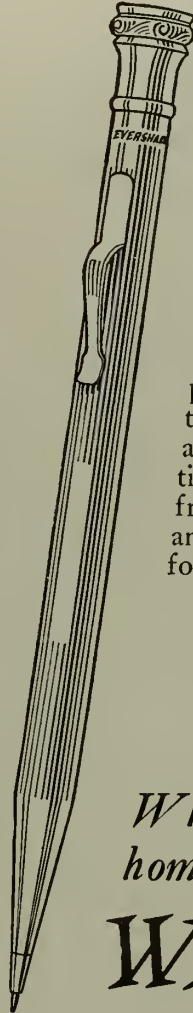
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Accordingly, in the suite upstairs, Hattie found herself clasping the hand of another famous director. Mr. Mortimer had none of de Brissac's pleasantly crisp off-handedness. He was tall, well-made, rather severe, with rimless nose glasses and a deep groove just above the spring, between his eyebrows, that gave him the effect of frowning permanently. He was all business. Hattie found her wits fluttering when he turned sharply on her to explain that the day of the star system was over. Inexperienced girls could no longer hope to draw down hundreds and thousands of dollars a week. That had been absurd from the start. It was, when you came right down to it, what was the matter with the pictures. Empty-headed little girls, absurd young "heroes," directors with a passion for publicity—yes, the directors too!—petted and spoiled and outrageously over-paid, the lot of them, had gone off their heads, acted like a lot of wild Indians, and brought the entire business into disrepute.

There was no gainsaying this. The day of the pampered little star was done. All the big men in the business had put their heads together and settled that. Further, Mr. Mortimer, keenly studying their faces, read their anxiety; and when Mr. Wurtzel suggested five hundred a week as a proper salary for Hattie he laughed aloud—laughed sharply, without smiling. And they had finally to accept a hundred and fifty. It would have seemed a fortune, once upon a time, but not now. Only too well Hattie knew that the family would swiftly absorb it. To Mr. Mortimer's suggestion of a long-term contract the lawyer, rather surprisingly, offered vigorous objection. He refused to let Hattie sign for more than the one picture. This frightened her. The three-year contract had seemed, in its exacting way, to protect the future. Thoughts arose of a not far distant day when this new salary would stop short. And Hollywood swarmed, these dull days, with idle actors and actresses, idle directors, idle writers. But Mr. Wurtzel was firm. He said it would be unwise for her to tie herself up at such a salary.

Later, downstairs, after the quietly satisfied Mr. Mortimer had gone, he smiled cryptically and said—"Leave all that to me, Miss Johnson. I'm sure we can do better for you. Just be patient for a little while."

And when she was tucked in beside Henry, speeding out Wiltshire Boulevard past the ghostly palm trees and the huge lighted-up hotel, he said—

"Didn't I tell you Wurtzel could fix it up. Just look at us—this morning we didn't know where we stood, now we're all set for a new deal—a step forward! And he's got still more up his sleeve. You just watch him! He knows what he's up to every minute. No careless talk there—his words mean what they say. . . . He's with de Brissac's lawyer, J. B. Fanner. You'll like it on the Plantagenet lot. Nice lot of people. It's always been quiet—not one of the madhouses. Very efficient too. They don't waste the money Earthwide spills. Got it down fine. . . . In a way, I'm glad we were able to work so fast—you know, clinch the thing. I—well, Hattie, I had a little disappointment today. Oh, it's nothing that'll hold me back—not in the long game, and you bet your life I'm in on the long game!—but—Oh, it's just that this L. A. crowd I've been talking with seems to have gone cold on me. It's all right. Don't worry. I'm going up to Frisco Saturday, and I tell you I'm going to make things hum up there. They're no pikers like these L. A. brokers. They've got the coin too."

20

ON Monday morning Hattie took an automobile to the new studio. It was at some distance from the Earthwide lot on one of the highways to the beach, and was, despite the impressive name of Plantagenet Town, smaller and more crowded, with a long row

of wooden buildings, painted white, along the street and two huge enclosed stages within. Here she had no miniature bungalow for her own, but only a dressing room on the second floor of a flimsy wooden structure. On the Earthwide lot, too, there had been, (she was forlornly aware of this now), a considerable morale, a sense of common purpose, a degree of quiet good humor. But Plantagenet Town was a factory indeed. Orders were given there, curtly. The manager, the directors, the foremen, the boy at the door scowled much as their chief scowled. She thought of that deep furrow above the spring of his glasses; it seemed a symbol of the Plantagenet spirit. Before noon of this first day she saw one of the foremen and a tall gentleman in puttees who someone said was the new art director, fighting savagely. The art director knocked the foreman down. And their language frightened her.

SHE felt wistfully sorry that Mr. Wurtzel thought it unwise for her to make a last call at the old lot. He wished her to wait until the legal difficulties were adjusted. There were a good many there she would have liked to say goodbye to, people who had shown her kindness. But, at that, she couldn't have faced de Brissac. And that dark girl might be back; she couldn't face her. In her thoughts she clung to Henry. It seemed wonderful that he would and could protect her. What it came to, plainly enough, was that she couldn't think at all; she could only give herself to the moment as it passed, with that bewildering sense of being carried on rushing currents. She could only have faith of a sort.

At least she had made a decision. That was something. It seemed wholesome; and even though the shadow of de Brissac fell here, too, bringing the thought that perhaps she hadn't been fair with him, that perhaps his need of her had been, after all, real, her unstable heart ached for all that might be wholesome and clean.

Mr. Mortimer was directing "Little Nell" in person. He was another strong man. But she found with dismay that he had none of de Brissac's sensitiveness and subtle leadership. He was clear, sharp, inclined to be harsh; all business. It seemed to Hattie that all his staff were afraid of him. The head continuity writer, a Miss Gurfee, blonde and faded but with alert eyes, hung on his words, watched him as a dog watches, appeared to be studying his moods. The violinist, a moody Russian, spoke to no one; carried a folding stool and his instrument and a book, and sat about in corners. The camera men worked with hardly a word.

It soon became evident that Mr. Mortimer assumed skill in all who worked for him. What would he say to her when he discovered that she didn't know her job? For she didn't. She didn't know much of anything. De Brissac had coaxed and cajoled, had stung and then patiently guided. But this man merely told her what emotion she had to express, expecting her promptly to express it. She didn't know how; hardly, indeed, heard him. She had never been trained to attentiveness. He would give her lines, offhand, to be uttered before the camera; but she couldn't keep them in her head.

At noon he led her aside and bluntly asked what her experience had been. This by an old English stairway. She wondered how the carpenters could make it look like elaborately carved wood. It wasn't anything of the sort. She knew they knocked these sets together in no time at all—a day, or two, or three.

He said—"Sit down here. Now tell me, what did you do before this de Brissac picture?"

"I worked in a printing shop, wrapping magazines."

"You weren't in pictures?"

"No, sir."



"Nor on the stage?"

"No, sir."

"No experience at all, eh?"

"Well—no, sir."

"But, good God, when I undertook to pay you a hundred and fifty dollars a week, I did suppose that you . . . he kicked angrily at a tread. "So I've got to take time every day for two months teaching you the things I'm paying you to know."

Her head dropped downward. She couldn't lift it.

"Just stop and think what this means. You're selling for a high price something you haven't got. You're getting money under false pretences. Can we wonder that outsiders say we picture men are a pack of fools?"

Well, what're we going to do about it?" She was crying now, but got out huskily the words—

"I don't know."

"What did de Brissac hire you for, anyway?"

Just as a type? He has gone clean off his head. . . . Oh, well, go and get some lunch and come ready to learn something. Crying isn't going to help us a bit. I'll just have to see if I can get anything at all out of you. If I can't, it'll make a lovely picture."

THAT was how the gulf between them first opened up. From day to day it widened. And as her sense of failure deepened, it seized on her immature faculties like a paralysis. There were scenes on that set, as the days and weeks went by, that she could live through only because her spirit was benumbed. It became, in a defensive, instinctive way, calloused. She worked on, because she had to work on. She couldn't speak at home of her failure, couldn't let them see, as she now confusedly saw, the day drawing swiftly nearer on which her salary would stop. They'd never offer her another job here. Even though she was learning a little, doing her best every day, doggedly fighting it out, she couldn't please Mr. Mortimer. She was the wrong kind for him. And she could never go back to Earthwide. They'd hardly forgive her for jumping her contract and leaving a lawyer to tie up the loose ends. She was afraid to meet any of them, even on the street.

It would have helped if she could have had some little information of the progress on the other picture. De Brissac had promised to make her, and she still deeply believed in him. But no one spoke of it. She watched feverishly the notes and announcements of pictures in the newspapers and eagerly bought and read the picture magazines. But there was never a word. She couldn't understand it. The fantastic thought came that they might have suppressed it as a punishment to her. In such moments she quite forgot all it had cost. And she hardly dared speak about it to Henry. She even began, as fantastically, to fear that they might some day release the picture just to exhibit her little self to the whole world for the impostor she was.

Henry, for that matter, needed cheering nearly as much as she. The San Francisco men delayed endlessly. He was beginning to dream of raising the capital in New York. There, after all, was the real money. And she blindly encouraged him. The only small thrill in life for her these days arose from the knowledge that she could cheer him. A girlish ideal of marriage, of the helpmate, was her support.

One morning the company went out on location in Pasadena. On the way back they stopped at Frank's Restaurant, in Hollywood, three limousines full of them, for lunch. De Brissac was there.

Hattie couldn't eat. She couldn't enjoy the friendly tone of the crowded room—Charlie Chaplin, in make-up and costume, chatting vivaciously with Rob Wagner, outlining with a deft little rush of pantomime a play he meant to write one day, (she caught a phrase of it here and there)—Agnes Ayres and Lila Lee and May MacAvoy talking from



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table to table—Conrad Nagel and Jack Holt eating the clawless lobster of the coast—Viola Dana, Dorothy Dalton, Dustin Farnum, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Douglas Fairbanks—solemn authors from the East sitting at an end table with the lighter-hearted members of the Screen-Writers Guild—at other tables the British group, Sir Gilbert Parker and Edward Knoblock and Somerset Maugham—it seemed almost a village scene, everybody knowing everybody else, a gay picture of oddly painted faces and costumes exquisite and grotesque and of friends moving from this table to that for a brief visit, all stared at by a few family parties of Iowans . . . she could only sit with downcast eyes, listlessly moving a fork, for there, with two other of the Earthwide directors, sat de Brissac.

She had to fight down a tendency to flush. His hand was all right, though she thought she saw a white scar across the back. He smoked his cigarette with his old easy grace, laughed in his offhand way. He even gave her a careless nod across the room. As if nothing had happened. She felt afraid. Her one thought was to get out without having to speak with him. She couldn't do that. But she couldn't leave before the others in the Plantagenet party, and he managed to catch up with her just as she was opening the screen door.

He said then—perfectly de Brissac, without a flutter of the nerves (her pulse was racing like mad)—"You haven't tied up with Mortimer for more than the one picture, have you Hattie? . . . No? . . . Well, don't."

That was all. He turned to light a cigarette at the gas light on the counter, and let her go.

21

**C**ERTAIN difficulties that confront the novelist have a troublesome habit of appearing to be insuperable. Coincidence, for one. So common in our daily lives as to seem, often, the determining factor, coincidence must not, with its familiar long arm, touch and arrange the scrupulous narrative. . . . Talent, for another. Not unfamiliar to the least pretentious village neighborhood, a driving force in every department of life, it yet remains a quality that the writer dare bestow upon one of his characters only at the risk of his reader's simple belief. . . . And, for still another, Success. Old-fashioned success, that spells riches and that focusing of widespread interest known carelessly as fame. The facts are everywhere, yet the fictionist must step warily among them. And among all these facts of outcropping material success, the most blatantly familiar, of late, the swiftest to arrive, the most overpowering in quantity and force, have been the successes of the screen. They come, some of them, overnight. They are almost instantly a matter of wireless communication from careless brain to empty brain all around the world. They strike capriciously and hard.

In Hollywood are thousands of eager young actresses and actors. They swarm at the gates of the studios. Some have experience, perhaps talent; either may fail or succeed. A gifted and beautiful young actress may appear in twenty pictures without once capturing the popular fancy. A little cash girl out of a store may wander in by chance and arrive in a day. Repeatedly the managers in concert abolish the star system, only to fight like cut-throats over the ignorant child who, as a result of some unknown law, photographs well; offering her fortunes in a moment, placing her in authority over trained, mature men. . . . A picture is released; within a week it is viewed by more than a million theatre-goers, and still within that week a thousand, two thousand, five thousand exhibitors have telegraphed to their exchanges a peremptory demand for more pictures of a certain pretty little face, or of a pair of crossed eyes, or of two acrobatic feet. This dramatically capricious bolt strikes not, perhaps, so

often, but strike it does. And no system of management can withstand it.

De Brissac's greatest picture, "Bagdad," was released after very brief preliminary announcements but with a sudden burst of publicity that taxed the resources of Earthwide's press department. Suddenly, in a blaze-struck outbreak of posters and display advertising and reading matter, every city in the United States became vividly aware of it. The name "DE BRISSAC" everywhere preceded the slogan—"The Greatest Picture Ever Made." It was played in regular theatres at theatre prices in the Griffith manner. The great director went East in person for the New York opening. He was dined by mayors and governors. At Washington the President attended as his guest.

**H**ATTIE was at this time nearly through with her job at Plantagenet town. She was unhappy and tired. The end of the family income was more than in sight; it would be fairly upon her within the fortnight. Mr. Mortimer had, she knew, done his best in his brusque way, to make the best of a bad bargain. And she had done her best; but knew now that it was nothing. She wasn't an actress; was sure now that she didn't want to be one. She even longed for the routine of the mailing room, which at least, however monotonous, didn't tire her brain, worry her about things she couldn't understand, drive her to secret tears and to playing in secret, at home, with a doll she, as secretly, bought one day. She talked to the doll. It was the only one she could talk her heart out to. More and more she had to cheer Henry. The family didn't know that she'd helped finance his fruitless journey to New York.

It was just then that the United States rose up and demanded more of Harriet John. She didn't even know that this was her new name. She saw none of the Earthwide people. And at first, when the men and women she met changed sharply in their attitude toward her, she couldn't catch the significance of it. She was too tired. But she did observe with an almost impersonal, almost meaningless little thrill the constant appearance of her own "stills" in the Los Angeles papers. And the girl on the lot gave her the dramatic sheet of a sober New York Sunday paper with a remarkable lot of praise for her acting. They said she was an artist of rare delicacy, of utter appeal and charm, yet, surprisingly, with emotional power. Even this failed to come home to her. She knew she was no artist. The bitter thought came—"Ask Mr. Mortimer. He'll tell the world!" Whatever she might be in "Bagdad" was what de Brissac had made her, by working in from the outside—by dressing her, and cleverly making her up, and posing her and exciting her. She had never known what he was up to, what anything meant.

The family and Henry were excited, however. Alice couldn't resist dreaming expansively. At last the money was to come pouring in. But they hadn't got it yet. Times were terribly bad; Hollywood was wretched with unemployment. Many of the studios had shut down. Henry, for all his natural enthusiasm, wasn't certain that the wealth would come so quickly. Ultimately, yes; he was sure about that; but perhaps not right away. It was a delicate time.

A Mr. Harbin, from the Earthwide press department, called one evening with an enormous bundle of clippings for Hattie. He said that Mr. Zeck, who had just returned from New York, thought she'd be glad to have them. So there was no hard feeling, after all. She thought it awfully nice of them, and read the astonishing pile of reviews—all praise for Harriet John—with a queer bewilderment. They left her no happier than before, merely more excited. She found refuge in locking her door and whispering playfully with the doll. On the following evening Mr. Wurtzel called up to warn her against accepting any offers that might come. "I may be able to tell



you something pretty interesting within a week or two," he said, "Keep this closely to yourself. Suppose you just put yourself in my hands. That's the best way."

Vaguely, not knowing of any other course, she replied, "Yes, sir. All right."

But if this sudden and unbelievable success brought no immediate wealth, it did bring something.

She came home from Plantagenet Town on her last evening but one, utterly dispirited. Alice met her at the door of the flat with flushed cheeks and rather apprehensively bright eyes.

"You can't guess who's here," she whispered.

"No I can't," said Hattie.

"Arthur!"

"Who—oh, not—"

Alice nodded brightly, and led her within.

There, in the living room, stood Alice's husband; rather shabbily dressed, laughing in an uncertain way, hesitating, not sure whether Hattie would expect to be kissed. His complexion, she thought, wasn't very good. It was red on both sides of the nose, over his cheek-bones, and he looked softer about the mouth; he seemed aware of this, and kept pressing his lips together with an air of self-conscious firmness. And he had a cough.

"Funny, wasn't it!" he offered. "I dropped into the 'Alhambra' up in Portland. You know I thought all the time there was something familiar in that name, Harriet John. But I didn't really think it could—you know how you do—until, bless my soul, if there wasn't our little Hattie, big as life! And I said to myself, 'What do you know about that?'"

"You musn't keep standing, dear," cried Alice, with a sudden fierce air of defending him. "You sit right down! He's been sick, poor boy," she explained, with that same defiance, as she sank shamelessly on his lap and hugged him and smoothed his thinning hair. "And I tell him his little wife's just going to take care of him."

(End of third installment)

## How the Reformers Work

REV. WILBUR F. CRAFTS, of the International Reform Bureau, Rev. Bowlby, of the Lord's Day Alliance and other reformers have been telling the people in St. Louis that the blue laws are a myth, that they have no desire to fasten on the community the restrictions the Anti-Blue Law League of America and other broadminded persons have warned against. Do you believe them? We don't. Here is the answer.

In Vicksburg, Miss., recently the lid was tightly clamped on practically everything on Sunday as a result of the enforcement of the Sunday closing law and residents of Vicksburg accustomed to Sabbath recreations spent the day at home.

All places of amusement were barred from operating. Fruit stands, drug stores, and other establishments coming under the Sunday closing law were forced to close their doors. There was no Sunday edition of the city's only morning newspaper, the editor and his staff having been threatened with arrest if they allowed the work of getting out the edition to lap over after midnight.

## The Drawback

Blondine: "I'd like to marry a movie actor."

Brunetta: "Why?"

"Because they are such wonderful love makers."

"Quite true, but most of them do not seem to know what to do with it after it is made."

—Youngstown Telegram.

# The Girl He Left Behind

By Edith Erwin



"Mary Lou! I took you for a flower!" gasped Bruce. "By George, I didn't know my eyes were so starved."

Bruce Webster had gone up to the city to make his fortune. And Mary Louise Kenyon had gone back home (after the train had whizzed itself away into a dot on the horizon) to keep her mother's cottage fresh and bright, to write long, newsy letters—and once in a while a whimsically tender little note which she mailed blushing.

And then—Stella Anthony went up to the city, too!

There was much news in Bruce's next letter. What do you think! His employer's son was a fraternity brother! A regular fellow, Joe. Invited him to a stag party next week.

And—oh, yes—whom do you suppose he met coming out of the office the other evening? A home town girl! It surely was good to see any one from home. A lucky coincidence, her passing that moment. She was so delighted—bad been so lonely in the city.

Mary Lou let the letter flutter to the floor. Coincidence! Lonely! It was amusing, if one happened to be in the mood for amusement. Stella Anthony was perfectly capable of guiding the long arm of coincidence with her own firm hand.

Bruce's letters grew less frequent, but told of good times, for Joe was taking him to parties and the country club. But he didn't forget the old town. He and Stella compared letters and kept up with the news, he said.

"But there ought to be a way," Mary Lou dug her nails into her palms. "It—it isn't fair! And he—wouldn't really be happy. Oh—I must find a way."

Something inside of her set to work intently—seemed to whisper, "Don't give up yet. Don't give up yet."

MAYBE it was this something that led her to buy a once-favorite magazine one day. Mary Lou had stopped getting it, for she didn't like to read love stories any more. But she took it, anyway, and that night picked it up disconsolately.

The pages fell open at a story. Something made her begin it eagerly. Then she re-read it.

"Why—I wonder—" whispered Mary Lou. And she read it a third time. "They say men always like—" After which she resolutely took pen and ink, then ran out to mail a letter in the dusk.

Then, for the rest of the summer, Mary Lou was very busy in a mysterious sort of way.

When Bruce got a vacation late in October, Springdale was not surprised that Stella Anthony managed to get a vacation then, too.

Yet Mary Lou was remarkably unruffled by this later news. And there was a mystifying twinkle in her eye! It remained there, even when Bruce failed to come over the day he arrived, and the second day of his absence failed to entirely dim its light.

That afternoon, the gate at last opened to a familiar hand, a well-known footfall sounded—stopped—

Over in a corner of the garden was what might reasonably be taken for a chrysanthemum, one of those huge yellow, fringed ones. But never yet did chrysanthemums boast silken hose and buckled slippers.

"Mary Lou! I took you for a flower!" gasped Bruce. "By George, I didn't know my eyes were so starved."

NOT only Bruce, but all Springdale, was surprised at the wonderful new clothes of Mary Lou. Surprised at the gay little sports frock, with its orange scallops; astonished at the charming rose jersey touched by a lavish hand with wool embroidery. Dazzled by the crisp, jaunty little things Mary Lou slipped on of

mornings; bewildered by the frillier garments in which she bloomed later in the day. Not to mention lace and silken mysteries glimpsed through filmy blouses. Stella Anthony in her dark, tailored things was almost unnoticed.

Mary Lou kept the pink dotted swiss for the last evening. A little girl sort of a frock it was, with Mary Lou nervously twisting her pink ribbons.

"The sweetest of all," was Bruce's verdict. "Mary Lou," he bent suddenly toward her. "Don't ever wear anything but those dainty, frilly things.

A man—out in the world—likes to know there's a cool little island of a home somewhere, with somebody waiting. Somebody in soft, feminine things—" Then he stopped.

"I've no right to ask you. You're used to lovely things—it will be some time before I can afford—"

"Oh—if that's all the objection," said Mary Lou, brazenly.

Comfortably snuggled against his arm she told him, later in the evening.

"I wanted pretty things more this year than ever before. For—well, just because. But I couldn't afford any—and I wasn't trained to earn money. Then, one day, I read of a school, the Woman's Institute, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, that teaches girls and women, right in their homes, to sew. Just think what that means. Why, one can have prettier clothes for a fourth the usual price.

"I just felt I could learn, for I wanted to, so badly. So I began the lessons. And, do you know—I started right in making actual garments. After just a few weeks I made my first dress. I made some things for mother and then some cunning dresses and rompers for a neighbor's children. This brought me enough money to buy the yellow organdie that you liked so much.

"Since then everything has been easy, for it's such fun to plan and make clothes when you know how. So many people want me to sew for them—why, I could open a little shop if I wanted to."

"But you are not going to!" whispered Bruce. "Christmas, isn't it?"

WHAT Mary Lou did, you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt about it. More than 140,000 women and girls in city, town and country 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 and hats or prepare for success in Dressmaking or Millinery as a business.

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# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 62)



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Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

### Sta-on TROUSER SUPPORTER

**Creeping Shirts and Falling Pants—Cured**

Many times a day you pull up trousers, tuck in a creeping shirt, tighten a 100-c belt—constantly getting more uncomfortable.

STA-ON'S banish this discomfort. They keep your shirt down, your trousers up—and your temper cool.

They do not bind or chafe. Easy to use. Hold with a bull-dog grip without harming the sheest silk.

If your dealer hasn't stocked, send for pair. Try 10 days. If not satisfied return and get your money.



STAY ON IN THE LINER CO. SUPPORTER. 51 LOUIS. MO.

NICKEL PLATED \$1.00

GOLD PLATED \$3.00

**The Linral Co.,**  
Dept. H St. Louis, Mo.

written large in a most imposing warrant. He was arrested and marched off to court, in amazed wonderment.

Through the dark interpreter it was finally learned that the charge was violation of one of Costa Rica's most sacred statutes.

It was ordained and provided in the code that immediately prior to the opening of any opera, drama, musical entertainment, show or other diversion given in the National Theatre of the Republic of Costa Rica, three aerial bombs should be fired in rapid succession from the battery of mortars in the plaza before the theatre. This and this only was official opening and announcement.

This the aforesaid "Thomas A. Edison, Jr." had utterly and negligently failed to do, knowing naturally nothing about the laws in such case made and provided. He was thereupon fined by the court in the total sum of fifty Costa Rican dollars, same being \$21.33 in New York exchange. The only close analogy to this Costa Rican law is the "triple kejkns" hand, played in poker on the "Tse of Spice," in the musical comedy archipelago.

The second evening of the show was made pleasant to Mr. Porter by a coffee planter millionaire who approached "Mr. Edison Jr." right after seeing Annabelle do the skirt dance in the pictures. The sportive coffee planter desired to go back stage at once. He handed "Mr. Edison" a five dollar note. It was American money—hence it was the duty of a patriot to accept.

At the close of the show the planter-johnny, crestfallen and annoyed extremely, expressed the conviction that the show was a mere illusion. The wings and star dressing rooms were sadly vacant. The whole show was in a tin can. This was a great dramatic discovery that the planter and a good many others did not recognize at the time.

**B**UT in Chicago at 43 Peck Court, where William Selig and his occasional helpers had been working since April in '06, a windfall of luck came along to help in the quest of a projection device. Up in Montreal, Canada, the first of the Lumiere machines to reach that region was burned in a theater fire. The metal parts involving the more important mechanisms were salvaged and presently found their way to the Selig shop in Chicago. They proved an important aid to the solution of the projection problem. As the story goes in motion picture traditions, Mr. Selig moved a bit cautiously with his newly acquired parts and the reconstruction of the machine. Andrew Schustek, a mechanic, was engaged to build up the machine from the fossil remains.

The mechanic received one part at a time with instructions to duplicate it exactly, returning both the original Lumiere part and the duplicate to Mr. Selig. In time the whole machine had been duplicated, a piece at a time. Then with some care and labor Mr. Selig assembled the parts, and lo there was a projector!

Colonel Selig shortly engaged in making and showing pictures in and about Chicago, at vaudeville houses and similar places of entertainment. Thomas Persons was a member of the Selig staff in that early period and continued thereon down into the modern period of picture making.

The early Selig pictures were made about the streets of Chicago and in back yards when it was desirable to escape the curious passersby.

One of the classic first Selig productions was "The Tramp and the Dog," a back yard comedy. It was nearly a hundred and fifty feet long. In this startling drama a tramp knocks at the back door for a hand out and is chased off the premises and over the fence by the vigilant bulldog. An unforeseen happening added vastly to the success of this

picture. As the tramp clambered over the fence the dog attached himself with great tenacity to the seat of the tramp's ragged pants. There was a brief struggle in which the genuinely frightened actor tumbled down the outside of the fence as the dog dropped back victorious, with a large mouthful of pants, in full view up stage, center.

The bulldog scene was a tremendous hit, just as it would be today. Here was the discovery for the screen of the basic humor of pants. Pants have always been a joke, despite all efforts to dignify them as trousers. Motion picture comedy without pants would be unthinkable.

Motion pictures were fast losing their sensation value in the centers where they had been first introduced. A few months sufficed to take the edge off the novelty appeal. Turning into the files of the New York Times for November 8, 1896, we find the films most casually mentioned, even as they are today in the press notices of vaudeville houses, thus:

"Eben Plympton will appear at Keith's Union Square theater tomorrow night in Bronson Howard's "Old Love Letters," supported by Agnes Proctor. The Cinemetograph will begin its twenty-first week with the exhibition of several new views, and the variety bill will be up to its usual standard."

It will be noted that the simplification of motion picture nomenclature had begun by this time with the dropping of the final "e" on Cinematographe. It was on its way to become "cinema."

**I**N this same '06, George Kleine, under the name of the Kleine Optical Company, in Chicago, started the sale of projection machines and films. He sold the Armat projector under the name of the Magniscope, and the new Edison Projecting Kinetoscope.

"I ordered the Edison machines in one-twelfth dozen lots," Mr. Kleine remarks in mock dignity, discussing the small beginnings of the business that made Kleine one of the big names of the industry in later years.

This Edison machine, by the way, displaced the Armat Vitascope in the manufacturing operations of the Edison plant at West Orange. The Vitascope had been made by Edison only at the instance of Raff & Gammon. It is amply evident in the records that it was not especially welcome in the shops of the "father of the films." When Raff & Gammon went out of the business Edison abruptly quit the Vitascope.

The Edison machine, involving mechanical devices similar to those in patent claims of Armat, resulted in a long line of litigations. Armat started to fight. He was still fighting in 1908 when the famous Motion Picture Patents Company was formed, ending the controversy, without a final adjudication ever coming from the courts. Legally the issue between Edison and Armat will never be settled. But they are friends today, and most recently Mr. Edison has commented on the Armat Vitascope as the "first practical projecting machine."

In their shop up at Canestota, New York, the Marvin & Casler labors with their motion picture devices had been going forward quietly. Starting to evolve a better peep show machine than the kinetoscope they had built the Mutoscope, and along with it a whole new motion picture technical system was born. The Mutoscope pictures quickly followed the kinetoscope pictures in their liberation from the peep show to the greater scope of the projected picture on the screen. In the fall of '06 the projection machine for Mutoscope pictures was completed. In his refusal to supply pictures for the Mutoscope, Edison had created a powerful competitor.



The first gold standard-free silver campaign was at its height when the new projection machine came to New York to be christened the American Biograph. McKinley and Hobart had been nominated by the Republican convention on a platform of "the full dinner pail" and a gold standard of American currency. William Jennings Bryan was the Democratic candidate, preaching a doctrine that summed up in "free and unlimited coinage of silver," at a value ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one of gold.

The American Mutoscope Company, soon to be the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company, had strong banking affiliations. The bankers were unalterably opposed to "free silver."

The Biograph machine went into service, presenting campaign propaganda along with amusement. The first Biograph showing was at Hammerstein's Olympia, the theater now known as Loew's New York, in Broadway. Among the subjects presented was "William McKinley at Home." It was fifty feet in length and closed with a flash of the American Flag. Other short films, typical scenic bits, were presented.

The Biograph was getting an important introduction to the public and to men of affairs. The Republican National Committee sent every visiting politician and thousands of voters to the Olympia to absorb the educational effect of the McKinley picture.

The Barrison Sisters, famous variety performers, were on the bill with one of the naughtiest songs that Broadway ever enjoyed.

E. B. Koopman, the financier of the K. M. C. D. Syndicate, which fathered the Biograph, sold stock interests in the concern to many important people in the financial world. One of the early stock holders was Abner McKinley, a brother of the candidate for the presidency.

And to the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company at this time goes the credit for first photographing for the motion pictures a world famous actor. Joseph Jefferson at his estate at Buzzard's Bay posed for the camera in "Rip Van Winkle." The pictures were presented both on the screen and in the Mutoscope in many brief parts, each separately titled, as, for example, "Rip's Dream," "Rip's Awakening." A total of some eight or nine such snatches of drama were made with the distinguished Mr. Jefferson performing.

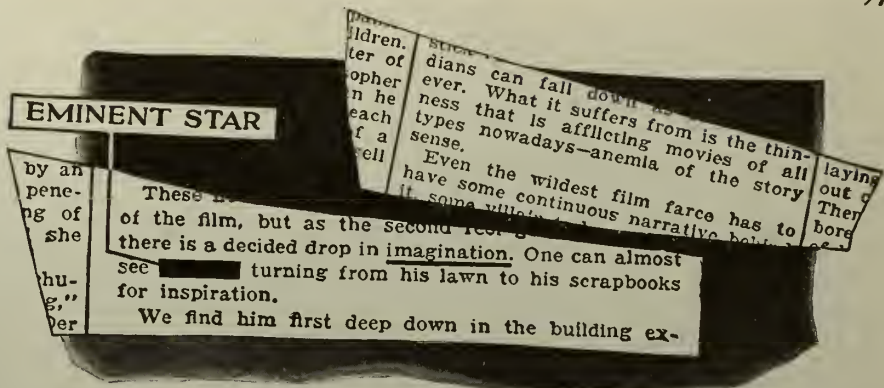
It is important to remember that the Biograph was using the picture of the same large size as the Mutoscope negatives, more than two inches wide and proportionately high. This consumed eight times as much film in the recording of any given action as the smaller Edison standard films. This was a fact of vast importance and effect in future developments.

The Biograph projector, being operated on a friction drive roller principle, like the camera, required the constant attention of a highly skilled operator. The company decided on a policy of supplying Biograph service only. No machines, either cameras or projectors were sold. The great wide film with its large photographic area gave an excellent quality of picture, probably much better than the Edison film product of the day, but the Biograph machines were far from fool proof. Any attempt at wide distribution would have been unwise. It would also have invited infringements.

In this period William Bitzer, later famous as "Billy Bitzer, Griffith's cameraman" entered the service of Biograph and became expert with the complicated machines.

In the spring of 1897 Edwin S. Porter concluded his career as "Thomas A. Edison Jr." in the West Indies and returned to New York, to see what might be stirring, by way of new opportunities in the motion picture industry with which he had cast his lot.

As he had expected, Porter found something that was truly new. Kuhn & Webster, from



## This is why we search the Nation for Imagination

If you possess the gift, the screen needs you and will pay from \$500 to \$2,000 for your stories. Will you accept a free test of your imagination?

**T**HE WHOLE STORY of the motion picture industry's supreme crisis is told in the newspaper clippings reproduced above. They refer to the newest picture of one of the greatest stars of the screen.

Talent costing millions—a fortune invested in the production. And a disappointment to the public!

And now the producers realize that the whole future of the industry hangs in the balance. To the Palmer Photoplay Corporation they have said: "Search the nation for Imagination. Train it to create stories for the screen."

### A \$10,000 Discovery

Wonderful results are rewarding this search. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation discovered Imagination in Miss Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Florida, and trained it to create scenarios. Miss Kimball won the first prize of \$10,000 in the Chicago Daily News Scenario contest. Eight other Palmer students won prizes in that greatest of contests, in which 30,000 scenarios were entered. Three Palmer students won all the prizes in the J. Parker Reade, jr., scenario contest in which 10,000 competed.

And the search for Imagination goes on. This advertisement offers you the free questionnaire test with which we discover such Imagination as lay hidden in a Florida village until we found and trained Miss Kimball.

What is Imagination? The power of making mental images. It is the inspiration back of every big thing ever done. And it is the very essence of motion pictures, because the screen is merely an image of life.

The Imagination of a handful of men equipped the industry mechanically. Their creative task is completed. But the Imagination of thousands is necessary to keep the industry operating. New pictures—and yet more pictures—is the cry of the theatres and the public.

Is it any wonder that producers are seeking everywhere the original story—the

scenario written expressly for the screen, with the screen's wide latitude and its limitations in view?

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, the industry's accredited agent for recruiting new scenario talent for the screen, is discovering hidden ability in all walks of life, and, through its training course in screen technique, is developing scenarioists whose work is eagerly sought by producers.

### Will you take this free test?

By a remarkable psychological questionnaire test, which is sent free to any serious man or woman who clips the coupon on this page, natural aptitude for screen writing is discovered. It is a searching, scientifically exact analysis of the Imagination. Through it scores of men and women have had opened to them the fascinating and well-paid profession of photoplay authorship.

Persons who do not meet the test are frankly and confidentially told so. Those who do indicate the natural gifts required for screen writing may, if they so elect, enter upon the Palmer home training course. This course equips them in every detail to turn those talents to large profit. The Palmer Course is actively inspirational to the imaginative mind; it stirs the dramatic instinct to vigorous expression. So stimulating are the forces brought into play for screen dramatization, that the Palmer Course has become a recognized aid of incalculable value for men and women in every walk of life when the ability to visualize developments is an asset. Primarily, however, it is for the screen.

### \$500 to \$2000 for a Single Story

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which exists primarily to sell photoplays to producers, must train new writers in order to obtain stories to sell. The producers are now paying from \$500 to \$2,000 for original stories by new writers.

Above are the simple, sincere facts. This advertisement is just a part of the Corporation's search for talent worth developing. It is not an unconditional offer to train you for screen writing; it is an offer to test you absolutely free, in your own home—to test you for the creative and imaginative faculties which you may have, but are not conscious of. When you have passed the test, if you pass it, we shall send you, without obligation, a complete explanation of the Palmer Course and Service, its possibilities, its brilliant success in developing screen writers, and an interesting inside story of the needs of the motion picture industry today.

Will you give an evening to this fascinating questionnaire? Just clip the coupon—and clip it now, before you forget.

**PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Department of Education, 124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.**



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

NAME.....  
Indicate Mr., Mrs., or Miss  
ADDRESS.....



# Truth Courts the Light But Error Shuns It



## DEFINITION

The practice of Chiropractic consists of the adjustment, with the hands, of the movable segments of the spinal column to normal position for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse

Ask Your  
Chiropractor  
for  
"The Last Word"

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the  
**UNIVERSAL CHIROPRACTORS ASSOCIATION, DAVENPORT, IOWA**

The chiropractor tells you his message in English because he wants you to understand. He doesn't camouflage his ignorance with Latin.

Truth is the same always and everywhere, and because the practice of Chiropractic is based upon truth it is a universally efficient method.

The laws of nature are the same yesterday, today, and forever; and because Chiropractic is based upon natural law, it does not change its explanation of disease with the seasons.

Since Chiropractic depends upon the operation of natural law for its result, chiropractors do not require faith or credulity of their patients.

Chiropractic is a demonstrable science. It is the most efficient method of getting the sick well and any chiropractor will gladly show you just what he does, and tell you why he does it.

whom he had bought his projectoscope and West Indian rights, were engaged in making the first advertising films. Mr. Porter was employed to handle the projection of these pictures on a screen billboard facing Broadway at Thirty-fourth street, Herald Square. The pictures were made for a Scotchman who conceived the idea and owned the venture. Although his name has been lost to memory, the merit of his advertising lingers in the recollection that his first account was the bonny brave Haig & Haig highland whiskey. Other commodities of the day advertised on the screen were Pabst's Milwaukee beer and Maillard's chocolate.

From nightfall until midnight Porter ground off the advertising films from a little coop on the top of the Pepper Building. The advertising was interlarded with short bits of current subjects and the brief topical snatches of the day. The machine was behind the screen, a large fabric sheet. This is of interest as showing the early date at which this method of throwing the picture through the screen was adopted.

The pictures stopped the Broadway crowds. Great throngs formed at vantage points up and down the street. The car tracks were blocked and the sidewalks filled to impassibility.

Pickpockets fattened on the crowds.

The exhibitors of motion pictures in the adjacent amusement houses were also considerably displeased with this public broadcasting of their medium of profit. Somebody said a word up at the Tenderloin police station.

A FEW nights went by when Porter, looking out from his projection coop in the midst of a showing, saw Inspector Chapman, in all the glory of his sweeping side whiskers, coming stealthily over the roof, accompanied by a uniformed squad.

Porter was arrested on a charge of blocking traffic and marched off to court. That was the end of the venture, the first showing of advertising films.

Porter and Daniels then trooped off with their projectoscope, attaching themselves to the then celebrated Wormwood Dog and Monkey Show, on a tour of Nova Scotia and Quebec. They obtained from Lumiere the first available prints of the films of Queen Victoria's famous Jubilee celebration to be imported to America, as a special attraction for Canadian showings.

On their return to the United States Porter entered an arrangement with William L. Beadnell, who handled the advertising and promotional affairs of the Eden Musee, for the making of a projection machine which was to be leased with service and films to Rich G. Hollman for his showing at the Musee. Beadnell financed the building of the machine, the first Porter projector and the ancestor of the modern Simplex projector made by the concern now headed by Mr. Porter. The tiny Eden Musee projector is in his chief mechanic's workshop today, still in working order, with all of its original parts except a single sprocket wheel.

Porter and Beadnell bought films and supplied the picture show at the Musee under this arrangement for some months. Their films included subjects from George Melies in Paris, the Warwick films from London, a few subjects from Robert W. Paul, an occasional Pathe, and a fairly consistent supply of subjects from the busy house of Lumiere, in France.

After a time the Eden Musee bought the equipment from Porter and Beadnell and employed Porter to remain and operate the machine.

In this period "Pop" Rock, whose film enterprises in Louisiana were going forward with promise, was busy in New York replenishing his stock.

With considerable internal annoyance he observed that the physical life of the film:

## \$100 a Week for Work that is Play



BECOME a high-salaried cartoonist:—One of the easiest, pleasantest, and best paid of all businesses. Millions of dollars, spent last year on serious, comic, sport and animated cartoons — and the demand for cartoons increases every day!

### Easy to Learn at Home

A new method, prepared by one of America's foremost cartoonists makes learning cartooning *actual fun*. You learn at home, yet all your work receives through the mail the personal, individual attention of prominent cartooning experts. Training starts at very foundation of cartooning—covers every branch—teaches you to draw cartoons that SELL. Many students earn big money from cartoons even before finishing course.

### Send for Free Book

Our new Free Book, "How to Become a Cartoonist" is crammed full of interesting details about cartooning—opportunities, stories of leading cartoonists, letters from students, and full details about this home-study method. No obligation. Mail post card or letter for book TODAY.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING  
1063 Marden Bldg. Washington, D. C.

## LIQUID LASHLUX It's Waterproof

You don't know how attractive your eyes can be until you see them veiled by dark, luxuriant lashes. With LIQUID LASHLUX you can bend your lashes, making them appear longer and darker. Apply with the glass rod attached to the stopper of the bottle. The liquid dries instantly and it lasts! You can swim and you can weep at the theatre without its coming off—even perspiration will not affect it. Liquid Lashlux is harmless and waterproof.

To nourish the lashes and promote their growth, use Colorless Cream Lashlux at night.

LIQUID LASHLUX (black or brown) 75c.  
Cream LASHLUX (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug and department stores or by mail.

For a dime we will mail you a generous sample of Liquid Lashlux

ROSS COMPANY  
73 Grand St. New York

## LIQUID LASHLUX

# BATHASWEET

TRADE MARK REG.

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.

PERFUMES YOUR BATH—SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Three sizes, 25c, 50c, and \$1. At drug and department stores. Send 10c for miniature can. Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

THE C. S. WELCH CO. Dept. P.P. NEW YORK CITY



was longer than their earning period. The novelty of a subject wore out before the film did. He, as all other exhibitors of the time, had necessarily to purchase outright such films as he used. Prices were in the vicinity of fifteen cents a foot, and for subjects of special appeal might be considerably higher. The evident waste involved a problem and offered an opportunity which eventually evolved into the modern exchange system. But lacking an exchange to supply his wants, Mr. Rock sought out Mr. Porter at the Eden Musee and variously dickered for the use, in Louisiana, of films which had had their run at that establishment.

A born bargainer, the astute Mr. Rock objected with great violence to the prices demanded for the second hand films. He preferred to borrow them.

And in order to make the borrowing more facile he entertained Porter with a vast lavishness of wine dinners at M. Mouquin's justly celebrated restaurant. It would doubtless have been cheaper to have bought the films than to borrow them on a vintage basis. But the method had its appeal. And so this cordial bartering must be gravely recorded in history as a part of the evolution of film distribution.

A travelling magician from Scandinavia, billed as "The Great Victor," came to New York. He saw in the motion picture the promise of startling new effects of illusion and set his mechanics to work trying to adapt

a camera to his purposes. Meanwhile, to gather experience, the magician, Alexander F. Victor, opened Newark's first motion picture theater. It was the late summer of 1897.

Victor came across a merchant who had under lease a store in Market street, which he was delayed in opening while waiting for stock. There the picture show opened with an Edison Projecting Kinetoscope and a miscellany of films, including "The Empire State Express" and "The Baths of Milano." The theater boasted two hundred seats, and showed at an admission of twenty-five cents. But it proved necessary to strengthen the attraction by booking Bowman's Military Band. There was the embryo of the great orchestra idea of picture presentation of today.

Some weeks later the show closed and became the first of the now nation-wide chain of Hilton clothing stores.

In this fashion the film business was jogging along, rapidly becoming prosily commonplace. The first two years contained their fallow period in which the screen was waiting for ideas. It was not yet a medium of expression.

In the next chapter we shall see a beginning in the making of the most pretentious motion picture that could then be conceived. It is a tale of how a costume maker, a dead man's script, and an "outlaw" camera began a new screen era.

(To be Continued)

## THE SUPERS

By Dick Dorgan

(*Abject Apologies to Kipling*)

"What's the director yelling for?" said a Super on the line.

"To call you in, to call you in," the other Supe opined.

"What makes you jump so, all 'round?" said the Super on the line.

"I'm dying to go do my bit," the other Supe opined.

"They're starting on a Serial, the hero's on the scene,  
The director's in his easy chair — he's lookin' dev'lish mean;  
He's taken off his coat and grabbed his megaphone of green,  
For they're starting a big Serial this morning."

"What is it makes you fidget so?" said a Super on the line.

"My first chance come, in months, in months," the other Supe opined.

"Why did you wear that hectic hat?" said a Super on the line.

"To pick me out, to pick me out," the other Supe opined.

"I have stood amongst this motley mob since Hector was a pup.  
And saw many, unknown actors, the ladder of fame go up;  
And they passed me by, a good thing, like a dirty whining pup —  
Till they started this big Serial this morning."

"I've got this mob scene stuff down pat," said a Super on the line.

"And bearing spears and like o' that," the other Supe opined.

"I've played a cop a score o' times," said a Super on the line.

"And bought a million stocks or more," the other Supe opined.

"They are shooting the big Serial, the director's in his chair,  
He's yelling for the mob to rush — he's tearing out his hair;  
Nine hundred wild eyed supers, down in the tiger's lair,  
For they're shooting the big Serial this morning."

"What's that so heavy on my head?" said a Super on the line.

"It's where the hero's club did fall," the other Supe opined.

"Why did he knock me almost dead?" said a Super on the line.

"You stepped upon his noble bean," the other Supe opined.

"O! they're done with the big Serial — the director's howling mad,  
The mob scene proved a riot, and even that was bad;  
Ho! the hero's wrapped in bandages — the Supers all are sad,  
After spoiling the big Serial this morning."



*Corticelli Satin Crêpe is used by Lucile to develop this evening gown for Irene Castle.*

## Irene Castle forecasts the coming of Satin Crêpe

IN this gorgeous evening gown of Corticelli Satin Crêpe, Irene Castle heralds the arrival of this beautiful material.

It is one of the many new Corticelli Silks. No matter whether you are planning a street frock or an elaborate evening gown, you will find among Corticelli Dress Silks the one which is most appropriate.

If your favorite store cannot show you Corticelli Satin Crêpe, Satin Princess, Canton Crêpe, Crêpe de Chine, Castle Co-keet, Satin Canton Crêpe, Castle Duvene, and other Corticelli Dress Silks, please write us.

### *New frocks for Irene Castle*

Send today for free booklet in full colors showing Irene Castle in fashionable new frocks of Corticelli Dress Silks. The Corticelli Silk Company, 1309 Nonotuck St., Florence, Mass. No Canadian requests can be filled.



The

# CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY

*Also makers of Corticelli Spool Silks,  
Ladies' Silk Hosiery, Yarns, and  
Crochet Cottons*



# HOME-STUDY COURSES

THAT LEAD TO BUSINESS CAREERS

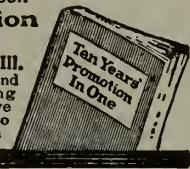
Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems. Our plan enables you to train during spare hours without interference with your present duties. Give us your name and address and mark with an "X" below the kind of position you want to fill. We will mail catalog and full particulars regarding our low cost monthly payment plan. Also our valuable book for ambitious men, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Tear out, mark and mail the coupon today. No obligation to you. Let us prove to you how this step has helped thousands of ambitious men to real success.

Coupon

LaSalle Extension University

Dept. 9302-R Chicago, Ill.

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your book "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.



- Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales, and Executive positions.
- Salesmanship—Principles and Practice: Training for Sales and Advertising Executives, Solicitors, Sales Promotion Managers, Salesmen, Manufacturers' Agents and all those engaged in retail, wholesale or specialty selling.
- Higher Accountancy: Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic: Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- Railway Accounting and Station Management: Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- Industrial Management Efficiency: For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employees and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice.
- Modern Business Correspondence and Practice: Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc.
- Banking and Finance: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Subforemen, etc.
- Personnel and Employment Management: Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
- Law: Training for Bar:  Commercial Law. LL. B. Degree.  Effective Speaking.
- Expert Bookkeeping.  C. P. A. Coaching.
- Business English.  Commercial Spanish

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MultiKopy No. 5, light weight, makes 20 legible, permanent copies at one writing.

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Ask your stationer for your kind of MultiKopy. Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons write the best letters.

F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY

377 Congress Street Boston, Mass.



## When Hollywood Goes to Paris

(Continued from page 43)

### BOUGHT AND DANCED FOR

Irene Castle need not worry about the depression of the cinema industry or the high price of Parisian togs. She flew into Paris the other day, gathered up all the choice garments of the Rue de la Paix and paid for them by dancing a couple of weeks at Armenonville, the most fashionable cafe in Paris.

Her return to the French capital after an absence of eight years was probably the most important international event since the signing of the Versailles treaty. I'm sure I never felt so thoroughly and boastfully Americano as when Irene whirled out upon the floor and the representatives of a dozen nations gave thunderous tribute. The Star Spangled Banner doesn't seem half as thrilling to me as Irene's lilted figure.

Of course, all good Americans were there. Marion Davies was the chief cinema representative. If she appears as beautiful in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" as she did that evening, she need not worry about Bernhard's laurels.

Among the less famous individuals who congratulated the divine Irene were Mr. and Madame Georges Carpentier, Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, the Princess of Kapurthala, M. and Mrs. Dudley Field Malone, Madame Ganna Walska, Harry Pilcer, Signor Margleitta of the Italian embassy and his American wife, Jenny Dolly and her dancing partner, Clifton Webb, and Justine Johnson with her husband, Mr. Wanger.

### THE INFLAMMATORY PEARL

Upon arriving in Paris I inquired at the American Express information bureau as to the whereabouts of the Eiffel tower and Pearl White. I knew our serial-thrilling queen had been appearing on the stage of some French theater.

"Yes," said the man at the desk. "She was appearing at the Casino. But the stage caught fire and burned up."

Evidently Pearl has not been up in the Eiffel tower, for it's still standing.

### HISTORIC SPOTS

In Rome a guide was showing me the historic spots of interest. Pointing to the Castle of Saint Angelo he mumbled skeptically something about an angel appearing there to Pope Gregory. And then, triumphantly—

"And right there is where Mary Pickford had her picture taken when she was in Rome."

And in Paris a Frenchman pointed to the place where the Bastille once stood. The

Bastille, as you will recollect, was torn down by D. W. Griffith during the French revolution when he sent Danton to rescue Lillian Gish from the guillotine.

But what's that? On that very spot a year ago Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks had their pictures taken. So my friend proudly alleged.

### A NEW FACE FROM SPAIN

Jesse L. Lasky isn't going to let PHOTOPLAY and the Goldwyn Company get a monopoly on all the new faces in the world. He and Mrs. Lasky left Paris for Spain a few weeks ago and now we have word that he has discovered a potential star in Senora Raquel Meller. The Spanish beauty will appear in one production in France before hitting the Hollywood trail.

### WE'RE DEMOCRATIC, WE ARE

I must again quote my Turkish friend. He had been reading Hollywood's latest contribution to world news,—namely, the Valentino bigamy case.

"And tell me," said he, "are all your cinema stars bigamistic busboys and dishwashers? It would seem so. You know in Turkey they do not allow a man to have more than one wife any more."

### ZAT PETIT DEJEUNER

A Paris newspaper announces that Fatty Arbuckle will appear on the Parisian stage in a comedy. A Parisienne, commenting as naively as the Turkish Bey, inquired as to the reason for barring Fatty's films in America.

"It would seem to me-ee," cooed she, "zat all Monsieur Arbuckle he dee-ed was to have hees breakfast—and when hees friends they come in, he invite them to have breakfast also. *Ne c'est Pas?* Well, what makes that? I see not."

Such is breakfast in gay Parea.

### MARY PICKFORD'S MAGAZINE

At the Fox studio in Rome I met Ivy Darcea, a beautiful brunette resembling Rosemary Theby, who will make her American debut in J. Gordon Edward's Fox production of "The Shepherd King." I asked her for a photograph—of course. The obliging Mr. Edwards explained to her that it was for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

"You know the beautiful magazine I showed you the other day," he clarified.

"Ah, si, si!" cried the glowing signorina. "Mary Pickford's magazine!"

## The Curse of the Movies

"The movies are more harmful than the saloon."—SENATOR MYERS of Montana

YES, sir, it's just terrible the way the men folks are staggering out of the movie houses these days, helpless, bleary-eyed victims of cinema dissipation.

"Where's Popper?" asked little Susie, after her dad had been missing for several days and nights.

"Oh, down to one of them movie dens getting all flickered up again," complains the Mrs.

Before the Parched Period in American history it was the complaint of thousands of women that their husbands spent most of their time drinking. Today they complain they spend it blinking.

A man can get twice as many reels at a movie house for thirty cents as he used to get in a saloon for a dollar.

And he can see more strange things. And

much earlier. The nature-study pictures showing the family life of the plesiosaurus, the early development of the dinosaur, and the evolution of the iglesaurus beat the old pink lizard and green snake stuff all to hollow.

The trouble is that they allow the movies to "get them." They fancy they can take a movie now and then, as they choose. A one-reeler—perhaps a small travelogue—to start with, but before they know it they are swallowing five and six reels night after night. Then they just have to have 'em or go all to pieces.

Once you become a victim of the Curse of Blink the thing to do is to taper off. See a little less of the picture each night until finally you can get along with only the opening piano solo.—From H. I. Phillips in the *N. Y. Globe*.



## Some Villains I Have Known

(Continued from page 23)

operas, as the principal comedian. Then he essayed to realize his real ambition.

"I tried," he said, "on several occasions to play serious parts. But the audience that had laughed at me so often could not take me seriously. I would, they thought, walk on and play 'straight' for a while; but then I would surely, sooner or later, do or say something to make them scream with laughter. After a while I was forced to abandon my attempts to be tragic."

STRANGELY enough, von Seyffertitz looked human. He was hardly the fiend incarnate to the casual observation. His eyes actually seemed to hold a kindly light, and his voice was more or less melting. But he couldn't fool me. Sooner or later he would, like all villains, be sure to fall into a trap of his own making.

"It was in 1895 that Heinrich Conried came to Vienna and while there, asked me to become a member of his American company. He saw my performance—I specialized in aristocratic fops and dudes—and said that although he had already engaged a first comedian for his Irving Place Theater, he would make a place for me—if I would come. I accepted his offer and I have been in this country ever since.

"The Irving Place Theater on Fourteenth Street in New York City was a bit of Vienna. I might almost never have left my native land. The actors were all continentals; the community was European. I learned little English, although I tried. My days and nights were spent in and around the theater. It was hard!

"Soon I was stage director as well as actor. By stage director I do not mean technical director. I mean the man who on the stage occupies the same position that the director does in the screen studios. The players do his bidding. I staged many plays. Then I was informed the Frohman offices had sent for me. I did not know Frohman; I was not at all impressed. I went and was told I was wanted as stage director for Maude Adams. Maude Adams—the name meant nothing to me!

"I was sent to the Middle West, where the star was playing. I had, of course, never seen her. I went to the theater where she was playing in 'Peter Pan.' I was to see the first two acts, and then meet her behind the scenes. I watched her in her divine interpretation of the beautiful *Peter*; and when I went backstage I was so filled with admiration for her art, I could scarcely speak. Even if I had been able to find my voice, I could not have voiced my emotion which she had inspired. But she is a great woman as well as a great actress. And she understood. So we became friends.

"She is a woman who, with all her femininity, has the mind of a very brilliant man. She can make an artistic success at anything, providing she is truly interested in it. If anyone can make a success of color photography, on which Miss Adams is today working, it will be she. She knew, then, that I knew my business of directing; and she listened to me. I knew she knew her art. We worked together happily. She grew to call me Grandpa! I directed 'L'Aiglon,' 'Chanticleer,' 'Quality Street,' 'What Every Woman Knows.' Then I was assigned to direct other Frohman stars. Otis Skinner, Margaret Anglin—with whom I worked on the Grecian tragedies—Cyril Maude, Elsie Ferguson.

"During my Frohman association I was sent abroad by the manager. For what reason do you think? To learn English! I studied in Oxford for some months. I learned very



Miss Faire appeared in "Without Benefit of Clergy"—"Fight in Mad"—and is booked for appearance in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Virginia Brown Fairl.  
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little there because the tutors were so condescending I could not learn from them. No—instead I knew a tobacconist who used to leave his little shop in his wife's care while he and I walked miles in the country, and he would talk to me and I would talk to him, until I learned.

"It was after Frohman's lamentable death that I turned to the screen. I thought all I had to do was to travel to California and announce myself to the producers to be instantly engaged. This was not true. I discovered experience was necessary. All my years of stage training meant nothing. So my friend, Douglas Fairbanks, gave me a rôle in his 'Down to Earth.' It was a villain's rôle. DeMille engaged me for 'The Whispering Chorus.' I was told I could play an unusual type of villain; and so I have always been one on the screen."

BY this time, of course, I was hopelessly entangled. He is an engaging man. He has a continental charm. You may think this a necessarily ulterior charm, but it didn't seem to be. I discovered to my horror that I liked him. There was nothing to do about it. It couldn't be helped. He was not in the least villainous. I am sorry to have to say this, but it is true.

"Then," resumed von Seyffertitz, "then came the war. Although my relatives were fighting on the other side, I was not in sympathy with their cause. At the same time I realized I was Austrian-born. So when an offer came from Lasky to direct a picture, under another name, I accepted. I lost my identity.

"The picture was with Lila Lee, a new star. I was left almost entirely to my own devices. I knew nothing of the technique of the films, as different as possible from the technique of the stage drama.

"I had worked formerly with experienced actors. I was given to direct an inexperienced player.

"I was lost in a strange land—that land of the cameras. I was shy. I was embarrassed. I did not ask for help. And no help was given me, with the kindest intentions in the world, because they on the lot thought I would get along better if left alone. So I stumbled on. And, as might have been expected, the picture was not a success.

"I was engaged again to direct, this time by Vitagraph. My star was new—Alice Calhoun. We worked as best we could on an inferior story.

"And now—I am acting again. I have learned many things about screen production. I should like to direct if a producer had faith in me and would let me go ahead. Until then, I am well content to create interesting characters.

"It is a disappointment to me that I am not playing in the new Griffith picture. Mr. Griffith sent for me. He wanted me for the leading man's rôle; the part about which the picture revolves. When he saw me he said, 'Is that your own nose? I thought surely you had made it up for *Moriarty*. I am sorry. I would like to have you for my picture—but the character could not have your nose.'

My faith in villains is forever lost. I can never believe in them again. While formerly I used almost—I acknowledge it—to enjoy hating them, now I will always look at them and leer.

"Yes—you act like that. But actually you're a charming man who's devoted to his wife and loves little children."

It is Mr. von Seyffertitz who has done this thing.

And he is such a merry man, such a delightful and brilliant man, that I find myself forgiving him for it.

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# Blood and Sand

(Continued from page 41)

anything adverse. El Nacional, disgusted, disappointed, alarmed, sulked; she flashed her smile upon him. The rest of Juan's men shrugged their shoulders. He was Gallarda, the greatest torero of Spain; she was a beautiful woman; what else was one to expect?

Breakfast was a strange meal. All gathered in the kitchen; the farm boasted no dining room. And suddenly there was an outbreak of voices outside; cries of alarm; a scattering of men and women. And framed in the doorway stood a tall man, gun in hand, smiling sardonically. Juan started to his feet; Doña Sol's breath came fast. A whisper started all about the room:

"Plumitas!"  
Plumitas—the bandit! They all stared at him, wondering. Then he smiled and spoke. "I come as a friend, Juan Gallarda!" he said. "Indeed—I have long been your friend I have seen to it that none of my—colleagues!—molested you when you traveled the roads, laden with money."

Juan, puzzled, smiled; held out his hand. "You see," said Plumitas, taking it, "I saw you kill your first bull—the very first. I have always admired you since that day."

Juan bowed; he was curiously touched and flattered. Doña Sol was conscious of another

He might have followed. But before he had recovered from his stunned surprise a carriage drove up to the patio; it might have passed Doña Sol's motor as it came. And from it stepped Carmen, and Juan's mother, and Theresa, El Nacional's wife.

There was, there could be, no explanation, Juan, dismayed, all his real love for Carmen welling up in him, could only beg for her forgiveness.

"In each man's life there is a good love and a bad love!" he pleaded. But she turned from him; left him to his mother's reproaches and upbraids.

Now came the evil days for Juan Gallarda. In the first corrida after the episode at Rinconada the old swiftness of decision was lost for a moment; he was badly hurt—a bull had touched him for the first time since the day when he had killed his first bull. His wound was serious, but not dangerous; his recovery was slow.

Carmen nursed him and cared for him. But so soon as he was better she grew cold. He begged again and again for forgiveness; her answer was always the same.

"I might forgive—it is hard to forget."  
Of Doña Sol he saw nothing; only heard that she was traveling abroad. Until word came that she would be in Madrid at Easter. Surely, he thought, she would remember; turn to him again. It had been at the Easter corrida that she had seen and loved him first—a year before. This tale of an English lover, who had come back to Spain with her—it must be gossip.

He was torn. He loved Carmen—yet he ached with his longing for Doña Sol. They urged him to abandon the ring—but he must live, and he had been a spendthrift with his earnings. And so—he returned. Once he fought before the Easter corrida—and the crowd turned upon him, since he struck the bull twice before he killed it. It was said that he had lost his nerve; that his first accident had ended his career.

THE great day came. He was resolved. He would redeem himself; prove that he was still Juan Gallarda, the greatest torero of all. He was like his old self, indeed, as he took his place on the sand. And then—he saw Doña Sol, and, seated beside her, bending close from time to time, a stranger—an Englishman. She did not glance at him at first; when she did her bored eyes held no sign of recognition.

Across the arena he saw Plumitas. And with a sudden decision he approached him—dedicated the bull to him!

The bull approached. For a moment Juan gathered all his forces; made skilful play with cloak and sword. But suddenly he was distracted by a burst of firing among the seats. A man leaped down upon the sand. Blood was upon the yellow sand in a moment; the blood of Plumitas, mortally hurt as he tried to escape the civil guards he had mocked once too often.

There was a wild outcry that died as quickly as it rose. For Plumitas's prophecy was fulfilled. That moment of distraction had spelled the end for Juan. He, too, lay bleeding on the sand. The bull was dead, but the thrust had come an instant too late.

They carried Juan Gallarda out—out to where Carmen, moved by some premonition of disaster to come to the arena, waited. She knelt beside him while Dr. Ruiz made his examination. He opened his eyes; fumbled at his finger; drew off Doña Sol's ring. With a great cry Carmen bent over him; kissed his swollen lips. He had turned back to her in the supreme moment of life—or death!

Dr. Ruiz rose. Carmen hung upon his words.

"He will—live," he said. "But he will never fight again."

## Blood and Sand

NARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay produced as a Paramount Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Directed by Fred Niblo from the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. All rights reserved. Enacted by the following cast:

- Juan Gallardo.....Rodolph Valentino
- Carmen.....Lila Lee
- Doña Sol.....Nita Naldi
- Don Joselito.....Charles Belcher
- Plumitas.....Walter Long
- Antonio.....Leo White
- Senora Augustia.....Rose Rosanova
- El Nacional.....George Field

sort of interest in this bandit, of whom she had heard and read so much. But he disappointed her a little; he was scarcely, with his grave eyes and quiet voice, the figure of romance she had imagined. Her he ignored, after one swift glance.

"You and I, Señor Juan," said Plumitas, "are much alike. We live by killing. We follow the poor man's only course—we face death to gain the money we must have. And—some day God will look the other way, and you will be carried out of the ring and I shall lie along the road, with a bullet through my brain!"

"It is so," said Juan, his eyes sombre.  
"We were born too late," said Plumitas.  
"A few centuries ago we might have been knights, conquerors, kings! And now—farewell!"

"A moment," said Gallarda. There was money in the hand he held out. But the bandit shook his head.

"No—I thank you," he said. "Tender me a bull, if ever you see me from the ring!"

"Señor—!" Doña Sol's voice was low. She held out a rose. Plumitas took it; laughed; glanced at Juan; was off. And now Doña Sol, too, was ready to go. The glance she gave Juan was cold.

"So!" she said. "The comedy is played, my friend! I shall go."

"Your car—" he stammered.  
"Will run—as it would have run last night, had I chosen. Adios, Juan Gallarda!"



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T. A. F., CHICAGO, ILL.

Yes, as a teacher you have a certain moral responsibility that it is impossible to shirk. The children in your classes, as well as their fathers and their mothers, look up to you. Of course your influence is only local—it does not extend outside of the little town in which your school is situated. When you are home, on week end trips, you are only one person in a vast sea of humanity—for Chicago is a great city. But when you are on the field of your labors, you rank, as a personage, next to the mayor and the ministers and the leading banker. For that reason—if for no other you must walk carefully in the straight and narrow path.

It is natural for a girl, and you are still only a girl, to want a certain amount of gaiety. To crave a bit of excitement. I do not blame you for going to dances, and upon evening automobile rides, and to the hotel for dinner. Not at all. But I do blame you if, as you say, you have brought the criticism of the town upon you because of "carrying the thing too far." If you do not care about your own reputation, if what people say does not bother you, think of the lives that you are molding, daily, during school hours! Think of the young people who are patterning their conduct after yours. And, because of them, do the fair thing by keeping your life absolutely above reproach.

ANTOINETTE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

If you will use one of the new complexion clays, with a fair amount of regularity, I am sure that your complexion will show a marked improvement. Several reliable brands are advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—I recommend any one of them. Before applying powder, always use a vanishing cream. This will prevent enlarged pores and blackheads.

ROSE D. T., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

It was not right to make the acquaintance of a young man in such a careless manner, even on a dare. Flirting with boys and—to use a vulgar term—"picking them up" is always bad form. And it is often really dangerous. The fault, in your case, was a triple one. You encouraged a young man with no reason, you were unfair to the man whom you are engaged to marry, and you hurt your own dignity and reputation. I do not blame

the young man for scolding you when he heard of your engagement. I do not blame him for thinking that you are light and flippant.

It will be hard to convince your fiance that yours was only a momentary lapse. You can only explain to him the circumstance—that you were dared and that you wanted to appear "a good sport" to the ones who dared you. You can only admit freely that you were in the wrong, and that you acted hastily and thoughtlessly. You can only show him, by perfect behavior in the future, that you are not the sort of a girl he imagines you to be.

DOROTHEA, OHIO.

At fifteen love is an unexplored country. It takes curious forms. Your athletic instructor was probably sublimely unconscious of your affection for him. He doubtless was fond of you, as he was fond of the rest of the young people whom he taught. And that was all.

His marriage, of course, came as something of a blow to you—and perhaps to others of your class-mates. But it is a blow from which you will very soon recover. For you were not in love with the man—you were in love with an ideal, a dream, a make-believe. You were in love with love! It was natural that the romance and the wealth of your fancy should attach themselves to one whom you saw often, who was admired and respected by your friends and playmates.

I wish that you had a copy of your letter to me. Because, if you had, I would advise you to hide it away for perhaps ten years. And then to take it out, and read it, and have a real laugh over the little girl you used to be!

L. F. T., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

I cannot give you any formulae for making the man of your choice love you. In the old days of supposed witch-craft there were certain powders and charms that were supposed to work magic in matters of the sort—but those days are past and gone. In this age and generation a girl has only her sweetness of disposition, her good looks and her personal charm to rely upon.

If the man does not care for any one in particular—if he is in your company as often as he is with any other girl—you at least have an even chance of making him love you. But do not over play your hand—make him

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—The Editor



feel that he wants you, not that you want him. Any man likes to be the pursuer, not the quarry. Find out the subjects in which he is interested and become well informed upon them. Study his likes and dislikes. When he expresses preferences as to dress and deportment take careful note of them. And let him see that you are thoughtful of others, and kind hearted, and willing always to be helpful and obliging. Always show your best and finest nature when you are with him.

MARY BOTHUM, EL PASO, TEXAS.

With dark hair, brown eyes and an olive complexion you will look charming in many colors. For the street navy blue, brown and a warm shade of henna will be becoming. For afternoon and evening wear I should suggest French blue, periwinkle, ashes-of-roses, flame, tangerine, shell pink and orchid. If you have a good color you can also wear light blue, flesh and white.

A good freckle cream will not do your complexion any harm, and it will certainly help in the removal of blemishes.

ANNE DOLORES T., CATSKILL MTS.

I think that your father is right in wanting to know a great deal about your boy friends. As you are motherless, his responsibility is a double one. And, though you may consider him old fashioned, I can see many reasons for his dislike of the modern dances. I agree with you, however, in one thing. If your father is so particular he should recognize your desire for young friends, and should make it his business to introduce you to suitable boys—boys with whom he feels he may trust his daughter.

Why not have a plain, out-and-out talk with him? Explain your point of view—make him understand that it is not easy for a girl with city tastes to be kept, both winter and summer, in a country village. It is necessary—it is your undeniable right—to have congenial companionship. I am sure, if you tell your father how unhappy you are, that he will be glad to meet you more than half way.

R. C., KYLE, TEXAS.

A real gentle-woman never holds herself better than other people. She is always as sweet and considerate of her laundress and her cook as she is of the richest and most socially-desirable folk in town. She is not afraid to be charming to anybody—because she is a lady in the truest sense of the word it is not necessary for her to be cold and distant.

Frankly, I think that your letter had a self-satisfied ring to it. You admit that you are pretty, and that you have large ambitions for the stage, and that you and your mother are superior to your neighbors. That may all be true, but I think that your complacent admission is a trifle out of place. I would like you better if you were a little more anxious to be friendly with other girls, if you thought more of a beautiful character and a lovable disposition than of regular features and a good figure.

ANGELINA LA BIANCA, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Yes, it would be better if you weighed more. But, if your skin is not very clear, I think that it would be more advisable to gain a few pounds by exercise than by eating heavy foods. Milk will not harm your complexion, though, and if you can drink three quarts of it, a day, you will certainly be pleased with the result obtained! Keep regular hours—remember the old adage "early to bed, and early to rise"—and massage with a good tissue building cream.

If you have a tip tilted nose and a round face, your hair will look its best when done high on the head, and not puffed over the ears. I should advise, also, that you wear it off the forehead. The use of an oil shampoo and, when you brush it, a touch of brillantine, will add to the lustre of it. Broad brimmed hats will not be so becoming to you as smaller ones with irregular brims. And I fear that a turban will be too severe in shape.



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RUTH M., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

It is not hard to lose twelve pounds if you really want to—and are willing to work for it. And to sacrifice a bit. Eat no pastry, or very little, no candy, and no rich cream. Eat dark breads, with no butter, plenty of coarse foods—such as bran and whole wheat—and drink at least two quarts of water a day. Do not eat potatoes, but have a good amount of green vegetables in your diet. Spinach, for instance, and beet tops, and lettuce without oil dressings.

Walter Camp's Daily Dozen, done regularly and correctly twice a day, will work wonders in the matter of removing surplus flesh. If you have a phonograph you can do them to music, for the exercises have been put upon standard records.

I. M. B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Any depilatory advertised in PHOTOPLAY will be perfectly safe and reliable. Always be sure, when using one, to follow the directions implicitly. I do not know of any one that will remove hair permanently, however. Only electricity will do that.

M. D., NEW YORK CITY.

Using a blackhead remover will leave temporary holes in the face. I should advise the Woodbury method of steaming the face, rather than any more violent way. If your skin is coarse nothing will aid it quite so much as a good astringent. And always follow the advice that I have given to so many girls—apply a vanishing cream before you use rouge or powder.

R. R.

You are in a difficult position. It is indeed hard to have the man you have learned to care for fall in love with your best friend. I cannot help feeling that she was just a shade disloyal to you when you were away. It seems that she perhaps took advantage of your absence—although it is hard to judge without knowing the whole situation.

The most embarrassing thing of all, though, is the fact that you all live in the same hotel. And that, this winter, you will have to be with them so often. I think it is both wise and magnanimous of you to say that you do not dislike the young lady in question—being angry with her would not help matters, and it would mean a certain loss of dignity to you.

Your only course of action must be one of friendliness. Act as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened, be gay and jolly when you are with them. And, if possible, try to be thankful that this thing happened before you were engaged, or married, to the man. It would have been more heartbreaking, then, to have met with such a situation.

"KATE," WEST VIRGINIA.

If you can possibly wear your hair straight it will be much smarter; ever so many "flappers" are going in for uncurled bobs, this year. It is also infinitely better for the hair.

With your pink crepe de chine dress wear a band of silver ribbon, fillet wise, about your head. Low on one side of the band fasten a flat circlet of pink and blue ribbon roses. Wear silver slippers and stockings, if possible. Your orchid organdie frock and hat will be splendid to wear at the afternoon party. And, in answer to your last question, gingham bathing dresses will be worn this year. They are often made in the Bramley style, with knickers. Usually in red and white or blue and white check.

POSA LE 'ROAN, NEW YORK CITY.

Longer dresses are certainly fashionable, just now. They have been trying to break into the charmed circle of style for quite a while and I think, at last, that the effort has been successful.

You can get a good fur neck piece for less than seventy dollars. Forty or fifty dollars

will purchase a very fine blue or platinum fox skin—both of these colors are extremely smart. It will be more difficult to find a fur coat for a hundred—you will probably have to choose between a Bay Seal or a natural muskrat. Although, if you shop carefully, you may pick up some rare bargain. The late Summer is a good time to buy furs at reduced prices.

A GIRL PAL.

You seem to have all the qualifications for extreme popularity, except conversational ease and poise. And, as you are only seventeen, you will probably acquire both of these before long. A girl who is pretty, who can dance, swim, and play tennis and cards should feel no lack of companionship.

If you are tongue tied in the presence of boys and can think of nothing to say, do not let that worry you. It must be rather a relief to the average boy when he meets a girl who is sometimes at a loss for a retort. I once heard a man say of a famous actress: "She is perfect! Beautiful, and able to keep still. Most women talk entirely too much!" I am only quoting, but the man was supposed to be a very clever judge of women.

BLONDIE, TEXAS.

No, it is not too late to wear a flannel sport suit. Flannel is very popular—and will continue to be popular through the late summer and the autumn months.

With golden hair and gray eyes you can wear either the very dark shades or the decidedly pastel ones. But avoid the intermediate, indefinite colors such as taupe, sand, beige, and corn. I should advise that you wear, usually, dark blue, black, and brown for the street. And, for the afternoon and evening, rose, orchid, periwinkle, jade, sapphire, flame and tangerine.

Any dry rouge, of a reliable make, will be quite satisfactory to you. There is a new shade, mandarin, that should be attractive with your hair and eyes.

F. K., NEW HAMPSHIRE.

You are quite right. A girl who spends much of her time in making herself beautiful is not necessarily conceited. Women should exert every effort in making themselves as attractive as possible. Loveliness is a woman's prerogative!

Rubber reducing stockings, if worn for a short time each day, will reduce your ankles materially. Massage and exercises will also help. One good exercise may be done quite easily—simply stand flat upon the floor and raise yourself slowly to your toes about twenty-five times, in succession. Aside from your ankles you are not too heavy. One hundred and thirty-six pounds is not too much for a girl of five feet, six inches to weigh.

With light brown hair, blue eyes and a pale complexion you must be very careful to wear the right colors. With a vivid color—that would be a different matter! Navy blue is always safe, and so is brown. And heather mixtures of a smoky wisteria, and henna, will be becoming to you. For evening I should like you in old rose, in mauve, and in orchid. Also in just the right shade of blue, one a trifle more intense than French blue.

PEGGY E., OHIO.

Do not be afraid of looking like a gypsie—or of being conspicuous. A girl with your coloring can afford to wear the wonderful rich shades of red and yellow and blue and green without a single doubt! Black hair and eyes and a fair skin—what a background they are for the popular colors of the season. Tangerine, flame, tomato, jade, and rust; they will be charming on you. Also Victory blue—a new bright variation of the one time royal blue.

As you are so slim and small I should like you in straight-line frocks, made of soft materials. They will be more becoming than frilly styles.



ELIZABETH, ILL.

Vaseline will make your eyelashes grow longer. But I know of nothing except an eyebrow pencil or mascara that will make them darker. Apply the vaseline at night, before retiring. Rub it on the lashes and brows, following the direction the hair grows.

MARID, T., NEW YORK, CITY.

Do not try to wear the pink and white, fluffy type of clothes. With an olive skin, auburn-tinted hair and deep grey eyes, you should make your style of dress much more distinctive. Wear slim frocks with long, unbroken lines—they will make you seem taller and more slender. And try these colors: Nile green, periwinkle, old gold, silver grey, flame, and midnight blue.

I do not think that rouge, if used sparingly, does any harm. The ashes-of-roses shade would be splendid with your skin. Ordinarily powder in the tint naturelle will be just right for you. Except in summer, when the skin is inclined to show a faintly deeper color. Then you should use Rachel.

ELIZABETH K. C., ROSLYN, WYOMING.

Follow the advice that I have given to Antionette, Buffalo., about Complexion Clays. And—to do away with the oily surface of your skin—sponge the face at least once a day with Witch Hazel. Your query about depilatories is answered in my letter to I. M. B.

An Old Fashioned Girl

(Concluded from page 37)

she never makes a move without consulting him. She does not go out in the evening alone. And she actually blushes—and is furiously angry with herself for blushing—at some of the modern dances.

She buys chocolates at the drug store instead of cigarettes.

She was born in Chicago. What a lot the industry owes Chicago—Gloria, Agnes Ayres, Ethel Clayton, Anita Stewart, Helen Ferguson and now Virginia Valli.

She began as an extra girl in the old Essanay, was out for a year and finally her mother took her to New York, where her pretty face again got her small parts, then leads. Later she steadily climbed the ladder, as ingenue and leading woman and featurette.

She is married—just ceased being a bride last month—to George Lamsen, a good looking young New York business man. They live in a charming apartment on Hollywood Boulevard.

The best things she has done were her role with Bert Lytell in "A Trip to Paradise" and "The Right That Failed," with House Peters in "The Storm" and now "The Village Blacksmith," with Fox.

She has just been signed for a long term by Universal—to be featured and later starred.

THE seemingly paradoxical industry of making logs out of plaster is the latest innovation in commercial enterprises. Undertaken because a motion picture company required a quantity of logs for use in a picture, and conditions of distance and rough freight handling prevented the use of the reality, a complete success has been made of the plaster log industry, which was invented to fit the occasion. The making of logs from plaster is the invention of the Louis B. Mayer studios.

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Ask for Day Dream Cold Cream, Poudre Creme and Face Powder at any of the better shops where toilet goods are sold, and let them help you solve the after-vacation problem.

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# When I Interviewed Lillian Russell

By Herbert Howe

LILLIAN RUSSELL was the first person I ever interviewed. I was studying journalism at the University of Wisconsin. It was my freshman year and I had just been taken on the college paper as a cub reporter. The night that Lillian Russell arrived in Madison, to make her appearance in a vaudeville arranged by John Cort, one of the fellows at the house made a bet that I hadn't the nerve to interview the queen of beauty. He was a tightwad, and I wanted his money.

After trailing Miss Russell from hotel to private car to theater, I finally was admitted by a press agent, who left me standing outside the star dressing room while he consulted her highness.

"Do you want to bother with a green reporter from a college paper here?" I heard him say.

"Why, of course," came back a golden voice. "Give him an orchestra chair and ask him to come back after the second act."

That was some eight years ago, but Lillian Russell was still a dazzlingly beautiful woman, still the holder of the venus crown.

I will not forget my embarrassed entrance to the dressing room, stumbling through a veritable barricade of floral tributes.

Miss Russell held out a beautiful hand,

which for all its exquisiteness was capable of a firm, honest shake.

"Sit down beside me here and ask me anything you want," said she cheerily, all the while her legion of maids were circling about.

The direct charm and maternal friendliness of the woman got me.

I confessed that I was nothing but a "frosch" that I was interviewing her on a bet and that I hadn't the slightest idea how to go about it.

She laughed heartily, then put her hand on my shoulder and said very seriously:

"You can interview as well as anyone else. Of course you can. And I'll tell you the best way to write about me or about anyone else. Write your story just as though you were writing a letter home to your mother about me. My boy, that is a style that never, never fails!"

When I arose to go she gave me another firm hand-clasp.

"Wherever I am at any time," said she, "always feel free to come and see me."

That was Lillian Russell, a woman who left a trail of affection wherever she passed.

Although she entered motion pictures too late in life to become a favorite, her character as a woman might well be taken as a model by our cinema stars.

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 59)

### HER NIGHT OF NIGHTS Universal

MARIE PREVOST wasted, as usual, in a story with nothing to recommend it to the long suffering public. A model in a dress shop, a shipping clerk lover, a "little home o' dreams" in the country, and a costume ball thrown in so that Marie can give one fleeting glimpse of the old Sennett days. Flimsy, (the plot, we mean), and scarcely designed for children.

### ALWAYS THE WOMAN—Goldwyn

AFTER a long rest on Goldwyn's shelves this Betty Compson release has appeared. It's an unfortunate combination of reincarnation and modern "Sheik" melodrama, hardly to be taken seriously. A vaudeville dancer, once a queen along the Nile, visits Egypt, where she encounters a lot of other reincarnated folk. Her general of the old era proves to be a 1922 sheik with all his evil tendencies preserved through the ages. The direction is clumsy and the acting worse. Even the usually charming Miss Compson doesn't attract us in the least.

### MILE A MINUTE MARY— Educational

DOROTHY DEVORE in an automobile comedy that moves almost as fast as the name. Four pretty girls—some of them in knickers—go on a camping trip. And between mishap and villainy become involved in a mad race. A thin layer of suspense between generous slices of slap-stick. Family stuff, of course.

### TRIMMED—Universal

HOOT GIBSON enters politics and, with a disarming smile and a two fisted policy of justice, proceeds to clean up a grafting little town. There is a spectacular drop from a broken bridge, and some amusing by-play

with a temperamental mule. A western of the best sort, with Patsy Ruth Miller as the heroine, and Fred Kohler as the most vicious of a trio of villains.

### "GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE LAW" Arrow

IF "The Storm" is an excellent example of a Northwestern story well done, "God's Country and the Law" is an admirable example of one badly handled. Not that this particular James Oliver Curwood tale had much to offer for the screen. That is, except the usual French-Canadian with his violin and the usual mounted police. The good old triangle of the trapper, his flapper wife, and the other man is present. Old fashioned direction by Sydney Olcott and inferior acting. Gladys Leslie is super coy as the wife. And zey dialect sub-titles aire not so good, *oui!*

### THE GREAT ALONE— Isadore Bernstein (Amer. Releasing Corp.)

IF names—or other little items such as acting, plot, or direction—stand for anything, this picture should be played to an empty house. A melodrama that starts nowhere and arrives nowhere. And that does not entertain. One thing can be said for Monroe Salisbury. He does take his share of the punishment in a fight!

### THE UNDERSTUDY—R-C Pictures

UNLESS you are very strong minded, you don't see this. When it's only half over you will look wildly about and murmur, "Where am I?" or burst into tears. Blame the picture, not yourself. Just another attempt to solve the Great Screen Mystery of 1922: why is Doris May a star? Doris and her director conspire to make her a kittenish comedienne, with appalling results.



**THE PERILS OF THE YUKON—  
Universal**

NOT quite up to the better serial standard. But full of action and excitement. Laura La Plante is charming—particularly in the costume of the sixties—and William Desmond is, at least, an ambitious fighter. At times the situations are tremendously exaggerated, and the atmosphere of Alaska does not seem true. And the Indians might have stepped from any comedy. And that's all!

**THE MAN UNCONQUERABLE—  
Paramount**

JACK HOLT seems just as bored as his audience with this impossible vehicle. And while half the women in the United States dearly love to see Jack Holt act bored, still five reels of it is somewhat tiresome. Why waste Holt on such stuff? It's an unintentional comedy of bad manners transpiring on the island of Binlang, which is not nearly as interesting as it sounds.

**COLLEEN OF THE PINES—  
R-C Pictures Corporation**

OVERDRAWN plot, unnatural characters, and Jane Novak again protecting her little sister and meeting hardship and misunderstanding in a fine spirit of self-sacrifice. As in every picture of the great northwest there is a half-breed who plays the violin, and a mounted policeman. The title writer furnishes a laugh or two—but his comedy is unintentional. Scarcely worth seeing.

**A SELF-MADE MAN—Fox**

WILLIAM RUSSELL, in a smock and a velvet tam, is something else again. From the idle son of a rich and indulgent father, he develops into a go-getter of the first water and turns the stock market upside down—as young men so often do, in fiction. If you like W. R. you may like this. If you don't like him, the picture has little else to recommend it.

**"MY DAD"—R-C Pictures**

WHEN he isn't affectionately kissing his mother or patting his old father on the back, the boy hero—done to a finish by Johnny Walker—puts over some fairly efficient bits of acting. He is helped out, in the weak places, by a wonderful police dog, and an equally wonderful trained bear. A story of the great northwest without a single mounted policeman—and that's something!



**Warner's  
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The darkest schemes the evil know,  
The noblest service men can show.

Through it the risen dead have walked,  
The spectres of the past have stalked.  
Hope realized has lingered there,  
Likewise the shape of dark despair.  
This bit of glass is seasoned well,  
For human tongue could never tell  
The half it knows of peace and strife,  
And all that makes the old world's life.

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## Imaginary Monologues

(Concluded from page 55)

they have better directors and three million dollars more to spend.

"I have objected strenuously to the various papers printing stories about me being the Film's Greatest Transcontinental Commuter. Why, Mr. Goldstein has made three more trips than I have.

"I have signed the star for three more years at several hundred more a week. She's not making as much money for me as she might, but she has been with us for a long, long time, and I feel we should show our gratitude in some small way.

"I don't want to be photographed any more as I board the Twentieth Century. I am sick of making statements that nobody reads."

**THE STAR'S MOTHER.** "Ellamae never showed the slightest talent when she was young. Nobody was more surprised than her mother when she made good on the screen.

"I don't see what it is about her that people seem to like. Her hair is all blondined and she has a terrible temper. She ain't pretty, either.

"Ellamae was always lazy around the house. All she ever did was sit around. She was just plain stupid in school. Her father used to say, before he disappeared for good, that she'd come to a bad end.

"I haven't seen her for two years now. They say she makes a lot of money."

**THE STAGE HAND:** "Yeh—didya hear about th' birthday party we pulled for the star? Say—that was th' bunk for sure. All us fellas hadda stand aroun' and smile at the old lady when what we felt like doin' was throwin' the prop pies at her. An' then they took our pitcher.

"Yeh—the Finkelberg studio's a great place to work—not! The star yellin' at th' leadin' man and th' director yellin' at both. And then the Old Man comes on the set and raises—

"Yeh—I read that story about how the star gave a week's salary to help me poor wife and kids. Say—we fellas was lucky to git cigarettes for Christmas.

"Back to th' boiler fact'ry for me!"

## Color and the Photoplay

(Continued from page 78)

opinions about the significance of color, with a strong tendency toward the non-committal and the conservative "let well enough alone" side. As history has always shown, such opinions are seldom of the slightest importance to impending development.

Thomas Edison, who invented the peep show kinetoscope, abandoned efforts to put the picture on a screen because he felt the screen had no future.

One of the important picture executives of that day advised his company to concentrate on the Mutoscope machine, a peep show device, and quite costly efforts with a thing called the "Biograph." Everybody knows the rest of that story.

The General Film Company, great trust of its day controlling a third of the screens of the world, told Adolph Zukor he was crazy with his idea of five-reel dramas.

John R. Freuler drew a merry snicker from the crowd when he decided he would pay Charlie Chaplin \$670,000 for a year's work and still make a profit.

So much for the standpatters. They do not count.



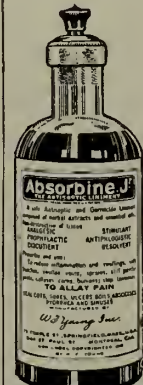
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AND so after all, it is perhaps of no importance what the picture men of today may decide about the future of natural color.

Of course the effort embodied in "The Glorious Adventure" as the first natural color drama acquires a certain orthodoxy from the name of J. Stuart Blackton, himself a picture pioneer from the earliest days of the screen.

And the history of the Prizma concern, which made its process available to Blackton for this picture, runs back into the early roots of the motion picture. William Van Doren Kelley, the inventor of the Prizma processes, was a minor employe of the American Mutoscope Company, which, in after years, became successively the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company and later just "The Biograph Company," famous for the screen beginnings of Griffith, Sennett, Pickford, and others of that classic host. Mr. Kelley began his motion picture researches then, under the auspices of E. B. Koopman, the promoter of the Mutoscope

concern, in the distant days of 1897, a full decade before the dawn of Griffith and the first inklings of modern screen drama.

Meanwhile, we are not forgetting that there are besides Prizma, numerous other color processes still on the laboratory work benches. Something may come of one of them some day. Also picture history carries the record of the efforts of a projection color process, involving the use of special theater equipment, known as kinemacolor, which rose and fell with the showing of the Durbar picture years ago. Kinemacolor went down for a variety of reasons, none of which has the slightest application to the present status or prospect of natural color photography. Meanwhile Prizma, which has been on our screens with travel pictures for two years, comes with the first natural color feature drama, made by a new and better camera.

What will the public say? Is it a novelty, or a milestone of progress?

## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 90)

ROSIE, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—The Gishes are not twins. Lillian is twenty-six, Dorothy twenty-four. Gish is their real name. Lillian isn't married; Dorothy is Mrs. James Rennie. The latest Gish picture is "Orphans of the Storm," a Griffith production. Lillian now has her own company, producing at the D. W. Griffith studios in Mamaroneck, and releasing through United Artists. Dorothy hasn't made any films recently. Rennie in "The Dust Flower" for Goldwyn.

L. K., BRIDGEPORT, ME.—You have, you write, wanted to become a moving picture actress for twenty years, which is your age, and you have convinced the family that you should become one. Now all you have to do is convince the casting directors. This is very simple. All you have to do to find out how simple it is to try to convince one. But you should have entered your picture in the PHOTOPLAY-Goldwyn New Faces Contest. That was the greatest opportunity for all ambitious girls to see if they possessed screen qualifications. Sorry you missed it.

THE BAT.—Welcome, welcome, old friend! Draw up a chair before the fire(?) and light up. You wish this stormy night to talk over many things. Poetry and painting and the noble art of the motion picture. You wish to know where is Sidney Herbert now. He is in "Orphans of the Storm," as *Robespierre*. Helen Dunbar in "The Ghost Breaker." You are older, now, old friend; there are streaks of gray in your hair. And you are wiser, too. Instead of discoursing upon the virtues of the beach adornments, you are watching the acting of the maturer members of the profession. In closing, old friend, let us recall those ringing words uttered by Oscar Wilde, "The past is composed of things we ought not to have done; the present of things we should not do; but the future—that is the artist's hope." (By the way, old man, I ran in to see a new Sennett sonata the other evening; and there was a girl in it named Mildred June—and she was almost—not quite, mind you, but almost—as charming as our Phyllis. The name of the picture was "Gymnasium Jim." Don't forget, "Gymnasium Jim.")

FERN, CHEROKEE, IOWA.—If you want to weigh the same as your favorite screen stars, you'll have to calculate quite a bit. Because Betty Blythe weighs 140 and Marguerite de la Motte weighs only 105. My solution would be to eat as much potatoes and pastry as you like for a while. Then begin your reduction exercises so you'll look like Marguerite.

Of course you don't tell me how tall you are so it makes it rather difficult. Katherine MacDonald weighs 130; Elsie Ferguson, 135; and Pearl White, 120.

GERRY.—Anna Nilsson is in this country now. She went abroad to appear in "Three Live Ghosts" and "The Man from Home," for Paramount. Miss Nilsson is not married, although she was once to Guy Coombs, who used to play with her in the old Kalem days.

FRANK SIMPSON.—You want a picture of Neal Hart in PHOTOPLAY. If I have anything to say you shall have a picture of Neal Hart in PHOTOPLAY. Unfortunately, I have very little to say. Drop in again, Frank Simpson, and ask me some more questions.

JUST JANE, BRADFORD, MASS.—Thanks—and lots of them. For your letter, first of all, the nicest I have read this month; for the clever card, which I shall place among my treasures; and finally for your extra-special commendation of me. Of course the last should really be first, as I am only human and would rather hear about myself than anybody else. So you think I look just like Blackie Daw. Ah—you should see me without the mask. If I ever do go up to the city of books and beans, I shall surely let you know. I appoint you Correspondent De Luxe, with special privileges of asking me extra questions—which doesn't necessarily mean, however, that I'll answer them.

V. E., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Art Acord seems to be a Lochinvar off, as well as on the screen. He has been married twice, once to Miss Edythe K. Sterling and now to a Pasadena, California, society girl. He was born in Stillwater, Oklahoma, in 1890. His latest picture is "Winners of the West"—a serial. "In the Days of Buffalo Bill," acclaimed as the serial of serials and the thriller of thrillers, and which Art graces with his presence, won't be released for several months.

VIOLA, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.—I am sorry that I have no record of the Madigans. It's a good old name but it has no representatives in the celluloid industry. As far as other branches of the theatrical professions are concerned, I don't know, as I am informed only in the films. (Did I hear any voices raised?)

M. C.—Wanda Hawley is Mrs. J. Burton Hawley in real life. She is no longer a Realart star, but a member of the Lasky company. She supported Dorothy Dalton in "The



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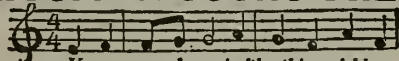
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Woman Who Walked Alone," and is now working in "Burning Sands" in which she is featured with Milton Sills. Betty Compson in "Over the Border."

HERMIONE.—I've always longed to meet a Hermione. And now that I have met one I don't know what to do about it. Yes—the report that Rodolph Valentino is really Rudolph McGinnis has been widely circulated. A Danville, Kentucky, newspaper published a story of his father, Everett McGinnis, for many years foreman of the Kentucky Advocate, later moved to Colorado, presumably taking young Rudolph with him. This report is entirely untrue, as Valentino's real name is Gugliemi, and he was born in Italy. (Continued on page 118)

**George Ade on Hollywood**

GEORGE ADE lately spent two months in Hollywood writing a story, "Our Leading Citizen," for his friend Tom Meighan. Now he's written an article for the American Magazine called "Answering Wild-Eyed Questions about the Movie Stars at Hollywood," from which the following comments have been widely quoted:

"The public has heard all about the feather-heads and the fools; but it gets little information regarding the hundreds of thousands of level-headed and sensible people connected with the picture industry who have their own homes, and who lead average and normal lives of respectable citizens.

"There is a certain type of female writer, with an intellect closely resembling an electric fan under full headway, who has written about all the male actors in Hollywood as if they were inmates of a he-harem.

"Either one of the Farnum boys, 'Doug' Fairbanks, or Tom Meighan, or 'Tom' Mix or 'Bill' Hart could probably give Dempsey an argument. Why should they be represented to the public as Persian kittens tied up with pink ribbons?

"I talked with many of the wise men of Hollywood, and no highbrow critic or finicky censor is any more anxious than they are to give to the public photoplays written by the best English authors, directed by the best intelligence and artistic sense to be found on the market, acted by the most capable players, and cleansed of every feature which might be objectionable to mother and the girls.

"The barroom intelligence and the cheap sex problems and the wholesale murders are in a fair way to be minimized.

"Here is the whole trouble: A picture house is a picture house. The same reels that are shown in a four-million-dollar theater seating five thousand persons must later be exhibited in the logging camps, in the coal mining towns, and even in the slum districts. It costs from \$150,000 to \$500,000 to produce a picture play good enough to please the public today. The exhibitors cannot get their money back by showing the picture in a few high-class theaters in a few large cities.

"If you could put a roof over the whole lower end of Southern California you would have a Billy Sunday tabernacle.

"The general average of morality between Santa Barbara and San Diego is about what one might expect to find at a Wednesday evening prayer meeting in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania."

"NEARLY every situation presents a point of view that the other person has not thought of."

"For example."  
"Well, the other night I said to my wife: 'That actress looks at least ninety. Do have a look at her through my opera glasses.' And she replied: 'I can't. I have forgotten to put on my rings.'"



# BRICKBATS and BOUQUETS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed—but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's name and address.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Montreal, Quebec.

The Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
Dear Sir:

While visiting this city I saw yesterday "Foolish Wives," a much criticized film which has been attacked as an "insult" to every American because it is said to belittle the American man at the expense of his European cousin.

Where was the insult? The boorishness of the American hero of the film was unfairly exaggerated, no doubt. But the character is truer to life than most of us care to admit. Exaggerated or not, criticism never hurt a nation. Let's be like Oliver Cromwell who, when he sat for his portrait, told the artist to paint him "pimples and all." The patriotism is childish that insists that the American man be represented as the demigod he isn't.

The insult, if there is any, is to Europe. No fair-minded American would call "Count Karanzin" a representative of European manhood. What would our public say if a film showed a New York gunman as a "typical American?"

I wish your indignant correspondents would avoid asinine mis-statements such as "The American man is the ideal lover and husband"—a statement as sensible as "Pork and beans are the perfect food." So they are—if you like 'em.

Yours,  
A YANK ABROAD.

Covel, Illinois.

The Editor,  
Dear Sir:

This letter is sure going to be brickbats and bouquets both.

From the bottom of my heart I feel sorry for Fatty. I sure would give my last cent to see him back again. His plays sure are missed in our city. If they take one off of the screen, why not take all that have done anything? My blood sure flowed fast when they took Fatty's car from him. If the government took all the cars away from people, for hauling liquor, the government wouldn't have a place to park the cars!

Lots of people that are against him have at some time done just as bad—and got away with it! But he stood his ground like a man. If I had anything to do with it, Fatty would be making pictures before night and everybody would be glad.

Please let him come back because he has made us all happy.

MRS. JESSIE F. ZINK.

Madison, Wisconsin.

Editor PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Sir:

After reading the letters of some unappreciative human beings—such as M. P.—in your July issue of PHOTOPLAY, I could not refrain from writing to you and expressing my views on the subjects discussed. A certain young lady wrote and thought herself a decidedly 100 per cent American citizen by declaring

that "it makes her blood boil when she hears that an American has married a foreigner." I wish I knew the said party, so I could make her blood reach the freezing point if ever she hears of such marriages again. Evidently the young lady must be unaware of the fact that she too is merely a fruit, a product, of some European family. Our country has been sown, and also developed by European ancestors. This gentle girl also forgets, by saying that American men and boys are much better than those of other countries, that only three years ago in the World War the blood of an American had the same value as that of a Frenchman, Italian, or Englishman. She forgets that all these boys were united, though bred in different nations, for the sole purpose of giving her freedom. Then, I suppose, the European was as good as the American. But now that there no longer exists any danger, it is again fair for the American, the greatest democrat of history, to look down upon the poor, crushed European powers. And I myself, having spent nine years in Europe and being a by-product of the Latins, wish to clear the girl's mind concerning the value of "the half dozen titles" of an European noble by assuring her that there are but few blue blooded nobles with titles and that they are as good, as interesting, and as generous as any American statesman.

V. BILLIE SIDELL.

San Antonio, Texas.

Editor PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Sir:

In the July number of PHOTOPLAY I noticed in "Letters from Readers," Marie Price's rather severe criticism of the foreign actor. I would like to say that I believe the American people judge an actor by his acting and not by his nationality.

Personally, I like Rodolph Valentino. I think he is a fine actor. Surely it is our privilege to choose as we wish.

I also would like to see more of Harrison Ford and other American actors but I am just as well pleased when a Valentino picture comes, to town and I am sure that my liking for the actors and actresses has nothing whatever to do with their nationality.

We are speaking of actors and their acting and not of intermarriage with them.

M. L. C.

Chicago, Illinois.

Editor PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Editor:

May I protest against the last letter printed in your department in July PHOTOPLAY? It's an insult to America. I take it Miss Price is an Indian! Then of course she is justified in saying what she wishes about the rest of us. However, there is a remote possibility that she isn't. In that case, may I ask Miss Price how she became an American? By naturalization most probably. But lots of so-called foreigners are naturalized every day. What is the difference if my parents came here ten



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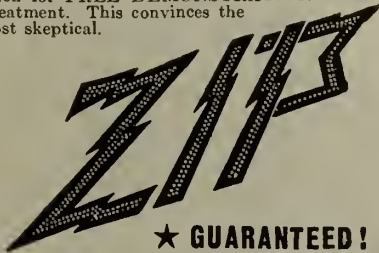
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years ago or if my ancestry in this country dates back 100 years? Of course, Miss Price may have dropped out of the clear sky—but she's an exception.

She spoke of Constance Talmadge and John Pialoglu; that is their own private affair and it's rather bad taste on Miss Price's part to "butt in." However, to satisfy her curiosity, I'm with Connie—being a woman!

And does she know that a very great many of our stars are "foreign." For instance: Nazimova, Joseph Swichard, who is one of the most interesting men I know, Charlie Chaplin, Bebe Daniels, Enid Bennett, and many others whom I have not time to enumerate.

JEAN MITCHELL.

Editor PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Sir:

My selection for the 1921 Medal of Honor is the "Four Horsemen." It is flawless. I have seen it five times and if it had any faults, they would have cropped out about the third time I saw it. It is absolutely perfect as to selection and portrayal of character, direction, detail, faithfulness to the book, and last and most important, photography. Never were there such close-ups! Not to mention the long shots. No wonder Yale gave Rex Ingram a degree. He deserves one just for ending the story as Ibanes did. Someone has said that the American people love, beyond all things, "a tragedy with a happy ending," but I for one prefer a denouement that is logical and artistic.

The Four Horsemen was a great spectacle, to be sure. But at the same time it was a very real and heart-wringing cross-section of life, which is more than can be said of most great spectacles. There was not one bit of artificiality or theatricalism in the whole thing. The acting was all of so high a type that it did not seem to be acting but living.

I think that a picture like "The Four Horsemen" should firmly establish motion pictures as one of the high arts—in spite of such ghastly things as "The Sheik," and "Beyond the Rocks." I wish someone would take Elinor Glyn and Gloria Swanson way out beyond the rocks and kindly but firmly drown them!

Two other perfect pictures of 1921 are "Tol'able David" and "The Conquering Power." Both are absolutely beyond criticism. "Peter Ibbetson" was fine, too. I thought Wallace Reid entirely adequate, in spite of what the critics said about his eyebrows. He can act, if he has half a chance. I saw him years ago, for the first time, with Geraldine Farrar, in "Joan, the Woman," and I'll never forget his face as Joan was burned at the stake. Then he's a good comedian and a good character man, too. In fact, as Peter, he didn't compare at all unfavorably with John Barrymore, whom I saw play Peter Ibbetson on the stage.

I have often wondered why more of Richard Harding Davis' stories weren't made into movies. It seems to me that lots of them would be ideal. "Ranson's Folly," for instance.

And last of all, I wish Edith Storey would come back to moving pictures. I saw her years ago with Tony Moreno in "Aladdin from Broadway," and although the picture would probably seem crude today, I have never forgotten those two vivid personalities.

A "FAN."

Knoxville, Tennessee.

Editor PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Sir:

I hope Fatty Arbuckle comes back. We miss him. He has had his punishment and needs another chance. I don't doubt that some others are just as bad; only they don't get caught!

Can we really afford to lose this national asset in fun-making?

B. A. THOMAS.



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Editor PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Sir:

I have just read over again all the letters in the June issue, and most of them I agree with—particularly the one from Bennington, Vermont, by Miss Kapitz, on the Arbuckle case—this I think is very fair and just. Also I enjoyed the letter of "Sally B.," Manhattan, on censorship; and in this connection I should like to ask you what is the real motive of censorship, when the exploitation of an actress's almost nude form is passed by—as shown in the advertisements, even, of Mae Murray's "Fascination"—(a picture, by the way, I would on no account witness). And yet that fine and noble photoplay, "The Rainbow Trail" from Zane Grey's beautiful story—and so superbly acted by William Farnum and a notable company of players—on its recent issue, a few months ago, was barred by the censors as having "too many killings" in it. The films of it were ordered destroyed when the "killings" were all for the triumph of good over evil. To say nothing of the fact that the story deals with a page of actual history, and truthfully shows up some stages of the gradual development of law and order in our Great West, during its struggle from pioneer days towards a time of civilization. This is a page of history that should be dear to every true American heart; and which is also a repetition, in kind, of the experiences of our own ancestors in carving out, with their blood and brawn, this very civilization of the Eastern States which we now enjoy. I am afraid that the censors have neglected to read and study their own country's history—that they fail to grasp its meaning!

Either the board of censors is extremely ignorant, or it is insincere in its judgments; in either case, it is entirely unqualified to pass judgment on suitable mental or moral food for a free-minded, independent American. Where has our traditional freedom of thought disappeared to?

MRS. ETHEL M. WARREN BILLINGS.

New Haven, Connecticut.

Editor PHOTOPLAY,  
Dear Editor:

As a reader of PHOTOPLAY may I be permitted a hearing in "Brickbats and Bouquets"?

I wish to uphold "Old Lady" regarding the lives of our heroes and heroines of the screen. Indeed, we not only want to think of them as "nice, sweet people," but want them to be such. We are all human and make mistakes, but for anyone to uphold a character like "Fatty" Arbuckle as does F. L., in his letter, makes me sick. How are we to have clean, wholesome pictures if such people are allowed to make them? Perhaps when stars are a thing of the past, as has been predicted—and we go only for the picture's sake—it can be done; but not while star and public are as intimate as today.

There are a host of players, married men and women, living the best of lives—as years have proved. Why not give them what they deserve? Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, Elliott Dexter, Norma Talmadge, the De Havens and a host of others are doing fine work and living in a clean way.

As for my preference? Give me Tommie Meighan any and every day with his fine, wholesome pictures, his natural acting and likeableness—could anything be finer than "Bachelor Daddy"? I've no use for Valentino and I am glad to see that someone else is not afraid to say so. I agree with "Marie Price."

E. M. B.

St. Louis, Missouri.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
Dear Editor:

I admit that I am more or less of a flapper—in ideas any way, and I am proud of the fact because it does not mean narrowmindedness. Have you ever heard that expression "To the pure all things are rotten"? I can not help

but think of that when I read these letters of the people objecting to kisses. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than a kiss and why should beautiful things be objected to any more in the movies than in poetry or art? If the mother who raves to such an extent over loving in the movies could have one glimpse of her fond daughter on a date, perhaps she would never live through it.

As for criticisms against Rodolph Valentino! Every man who knows perfection in a woman's heart will admit that Rodolph has attained it—every man who envies him the power of fascinating women delves into bitter criticism of him, provided said man is of a jealous nature. I don't think the old ladies who dislike him have ever tasted real life themselves, so they are beneath understanding and appreciating his acting. I admire him for his genuine creating of a type. I would like to write a true story for the movies of actual events in the lives of my high school friends, but if I did, the censors would be so horrified that their clipping scissors would be worn out before they finished censoring it; which only proves that the movies are giving us angelic products compared to realities! No older person will agree with me, I am sure, but then these older people are not living in the world of their sons and daughters. So how can they understand?

BILLIE BOBBINK.

Dublin, N. H.

MR. JAMES QUIRK,  
Editor.

Dear Sir:

Since early nineteen-seventeen, I have been one of your silent, but appreciative readers. You have held many contests, heretofore, but none I should judge that should cause the nation-wide interest which I feel sure will follow in the wake of the June PHOTOPLAY.

Somehow, as I stop to consider, my viewpoint seems ever so feminine—and will probably meet with a howl of derision. Nevertheless, I find that, by request, the mystery is being slowly but surely replaced by facts, that (to me) are not only uninteresting but somewhat disillusioning!

And mystery! What girl or boy doesn't love mystery? And do we not (youth) make up at least a half of the audience?

As the motion picture business has progress, drama by drama; one thundering success upon another; a clan of people are come whose eternal watchword is "how?", "why?", "how come?" and bit by bit the beautiful, mysterious artistry has been stripped of its virgin veil and offered to these curiosity buzzards!

R. H. K.

Dear Editor:

To be perfectly frank, I am going to express my thoughts of the movies.

The moving picture industry is growing rapidly; but instead of exhibiting better pictures it is doing quite the opposite.

What I would like to know is why people approve of pictures such as "Camille," "The Gilded Lady," "The Sheik," and many other immoral pictures? When it comes to pictures like "The Old Nest" you hear them say, "It's too dry!" I'd sooner see pictures of the latter type than of the former!

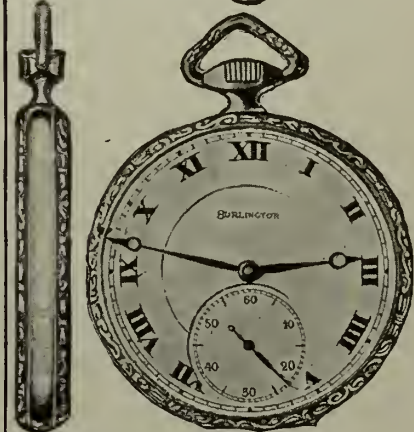
Won't someone please help me and explain why our American public has deemed to pick that foreigner, Valentino, as the greatest screen lover? I think he's perfectly sickening! My mother is a rather good judge of actors (anyway I find her opinion good) and when she saw him in the role of "Julio" she said: "There's a man who thinks a great deal of himself; quite unlike Tommy Meighan or Conrad Nagel!"

I'd love to have some of the girls and boys who read my letter tell me why on earth our public likes such a one as Rudolph—or Rodolph—isn't it?

Waiting patiently,

"BILLIE GIRL."

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Editor, PHOTOPLAY,  
 Dear Sir:

After reading other's opinions of the editorial, "Moral Housecleaning in Hollywood," in the April PHOTOPLAY, I am led to express my feelings concerning it. I thought at the time, and still think, that it was rather contradictory to the usual policy of PHOTOPLAY, and especially to the open letter to Mr. Hays on the opposite page. This letter was a cool, studied, well-expressed statement, representative of the feelings of persons outside the industry. I have always preferred PHOTOPLAY to other similar magazines because its point of view seemed to be most nearly that of the motion-picture-going public. The incoherent, impassioned defense of "Hollywood" in the editorial in question is out of harmony with that stand.

If the industry has been "irreparably injured" by sensational newspapers, it has only itself to blame. Everything connected with the industry is sensational—titles of plays, general advertising, private publicity seeking, and so on. This is so perhaps largely because of the fabulous amounts of money concerned, not only in salaries, but in the entire business of production and projection of the pictures. The principal features of "Foolish Wives," for instance, if one may judge from the advertising, were the time and money spent in its making. Salaries are fabulous, even though they may not be as large as press agents would have us believe. Most of the recipients of these salaries have come into them without a steady period of gradual increase, and their heads have been turned in numberless cases. And so, the statement that "The motion-picture profession is neither better nor worse than any other" is really open to serious question, for it is doubtful if all the indictments against it are sensational lies. The fact that the Editor has never seen the immoral conditions attributed to Hollywood is not convincing denial that they exist. I have never seen any bootleg liquor, but I would not venture upon a passionate denial that there is such a thing in circulation.

THOS. A. FITZ GERALD.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The Editor,  
 Dear Sir:

In writing to you I would like to criticize most of all the popular Valentino. Valentino, to my mind, is by no means a finished actor. He is an imitator, an actor who is not original in any way.

Such men as John Barrymore, Milton Sills, Joseph Dowling, Richard Barthelmess, and James Kirkwood are far superior, as actors, than Signor Valentino ever had any intention of being!

His reputation is none of the finest, as can readily be seen by his appearance in court on a charge of bigamy.

Wallace Reid is my idea of the up-to-date American actor. His carefree, fashionable way has taken the people's hearts, and I think he could not be equaled in his kind of pictures.

CARROLL BENNETT.

Atlanta, Georgia.

Editor PHOTOPLAY,  
 25 West 45th St.,  
 New York City.

Dear Editor:

This is my first contribution to your department and as no one likes "brickbats" very much I hope you will consider this a "bouquet" for both your interesting magazine and Norma Talmadge's latest success.

After viewing "Smilin' Through" for the third time, I expressed a fervent wish to my companion that every person in America could see this picture. Norma's admirers who have remained faithful to her through mediocre films which she has, as no one else could, put over, I hope will be rejoicing with the reward they have received in "Smilin'

Through." When Miss Talmadge secures a glorious play such as this, the result is amazingly successful. "Smilin' Through" stands in a class all its own. It is entirely different from our former spectacles as, "The Four Horsemen," "Hearts of the World," "Birth of a Nation," and "Way Down East," that aroused so much public interest, because it was delightful in its originality. No tiresome miles of artillery; millions of extras; thrilling ice scenes; ugly country towns; a big director's name; and lavish sets were depended upon to "make" "Smilin' Through." The theme was wonderfully relieving after the innumerable triangle affairs; Norma's acting was finished to the nth degree; the support was splendid; the thread of sentiment through it was lovely. And for sheer artistic beauty, I have never seen anything on stage or screen to equal it. I am a constant picture goer, and in every film I have always found some flaw that kept the release from being a complete 100%. Personally, I found "Smilin' Through" absolutely above criticism. Frankly, it was a perfect motion picture. In my eyes nothing has ever come near comparing with it.

With best wishes for PHOTOPLAY, I am

Sincerely,

TRIX MACKENZIE.

White Plains, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Why this constant arguing and discussing of censorship? Is talking going to do away with it? Then why talk? Everywhere people are talking pro and con on the censorship question, and all that talk is availing them very little. The thing to do is act. Do not the people elect the office holders? Can't they use their votes to their own advantage? Certainly, otherwise voting would be of little use. The present censorship system is ridiculous beyond description. How can a few persons, prejudiced at that, in all probability, justly and fairly censor the hundreds of films being turned out monthly? It cannot be done and yet they literally "get away with it." As long as the public is too stupid to protest against this autocratic form of censoring, reformers will overrun the country. They may not do any harm, but they certainly do no good.

GERHARDT HOFFMAN.

Main Street, Alamosa, Colorado.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir:

I feel the urge to make a few comments concerning the Fatty Arbuckle case, which I hope will be deemed of sufficient worth to secure space in your columns, with whatever comments you feel inclined to make, basing same upon the strength or weakness of the position which I assume, as you see it.

First, I maintain that when a jury of his peers pronounced Arbuckle innocent, almost instantaneously, after the case was delivered into their hands for a decision, I take most serious issue with Mr. Will Hays that he has the moral right to place himself in the forefront, between the Arbuckle picture producers and the American public, and say, practically: "I am the heart, head and soul of the people of these United States—I am the one who is amply able and qualified to say what the great amusement seeking public shall see and what they shall not see—I am drawing a salary twice as large as the president of the United States, hence I must execute some such heroic act as this censorship of Arbuckle, if I am to impress my employers that I am of the proper caliber to earn my salary."

The heart of this matter rests squarely upon a grievous fundamental error, which can be explained in a very few words, as follows: This position, recently created for Mr. Hays is one of pure and unadulterated autocracy. The divine right of kings, which our forefathers shot to pieces in securing our independence from the mother country.

CHARLES F. REDMAN.



Toronto, Canada.

Dear Editor:

In the June issue of PHOTOPLAY there is a letter from Miss Anna Fraser, chiefly concerned with bobbed hair. I happen to have bobbed hair myself, and I naturally resent some of her remarks, including the one about bobbed-haired girls looking like Igorrotes. Now, I have never been told I look like an Igorrote, and I can assure Miss Fraser that it is absolutely the most convenient, the most comfortable, and in many cases, the most suitable way of wearing the hair.

She quite evidently disapproves of bobbed hair, but really I fail to see why she should feel called upon to denounce in such unqualified terms, a fashion which is now very general, and which is approved by the majority of people. Let me also say that Constance Talmadge is by no means the only film actress who, as Miss Fraser expresses it, "gets by" with bobbed hair. Mae Murray, Dorothy Dalton, Norma Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, are four very competent actresses on the screen who have bobbed hair, and if, as she says, it does not enhance their beauty, it certainly does not detract from it.

Miss Fraser also expresses the fervent wish that "Mr. Goldwyn may be able to select two dozen or more girls in this forth-coming contest, who will no more consider bobbing their beautiful tresses" . . . etc. I would like to express the fervent wish that the winning girl or girls be chosen according to their youth, beauty, and character, (which, I have read, are the desirable characteristics) regardless of whether they have bobbed hair or not. As far as that goes, if short hair proved to be an obstacle to a screen career, (which seems unlikely) I'm sure any girl who was in earnest about her work would be quite willing to let her hair grow again.

To quote once more from Miss Fraser: "In a sense these women belong to the public." . . . This is, I suppose, true. But when it comes to the point that an actress cannot do such a personal thing as cut her own hair without arousing unfavorable comment from movie fans, well, I think the public is monopolizing her altogether too much!

Sincerely yours,  
MAXINE FARRELL.

## The Perfect Understanding

(Concluded from page 25)

escapades, Sarnia was a bit sensitive about the matter.

At the 16th street, Miss Prevost said, "Mamma went up there late this Spring, but everyone was kind of cold. They just asked if we lived in Hollywood and then faded out of the picture."

Twelfth street slipped by.

"Mamma isn't so awfully strong for my movie career," concluded Marie.

We avoided committing ourselves at 8th street.

"This is the first time I've been to Greenwich Village," said Marie, as we passed the Washington Arch at the foot of Fifth Avenue. "Artists and things live here, don't they?"

"I'd love to see it sometime," went on Miss Prevost. "I adore seeing authors at work and everything."

With which we emerged at the Muray studios in MacDougal street.

Having delivered the star and achieved the aforementioned facts, we prepared to depart. Then it was we hurried up stairs in the studio to recover our hat, left in our nervous haste.

We opened the door—and blushed.

Miss Prevost was posing as a gypsy—or something.

But the glimpse solved the great international problem. Miss Prevost's vaccination mark is on the left—er—limb, just about six inches north of the knee.

We slammed the studio door in acute agitation and fled into the village.



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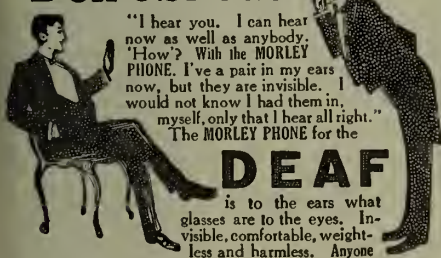
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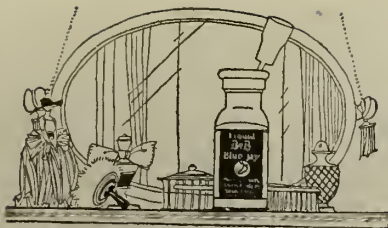
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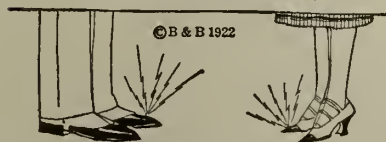
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## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 112)

**ELIZABETH JANE.**—I like your name. Elizabeth Jane. There should be a poem there somewhere, but I fear I am not just the person to write it. Bobby Vernon was born in 1897. He is married to a non-professional. Vernon is a Christie comedy star. Harold Lloyd was born in 1893; Charles Ray, in 1891.

**ARTHUR.**—I certainly do receive letters from Europe. Also from the Orient. One came, today, from Batavia, Java, after travelling two months. Imagine travelling two months just to meet me. Bill Hart lives somewhere in Beverly Hills. He has a sister Mary.

**CECILIA.**—So all you want is a large-sized photograph of Dorothy Dalton autographed to you. I'm sorry, but I'm all out of large-sized photographs of Dorothy Dalton. Why not try writing to Miss Dalton, care the Lasky studios, Hollywood? At the same address there are Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, Valentino, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, and Agnes Ayres. I thought you said all you wanted was a l. s. photograph of Dorothy?

**MICHAEL, JR.**—I agree with you that George Hackathorn is "going to go far." In fact, I think him one of the most promising younger actors on the screen today. His best work has been in the title rôle of Paramount's "The Little Minister." Ruth Clifford was born February 17, 1900. Violet Mersereau is twenty-seven.

Agnes Ayres played *Folly Fallance* in "The Furnace." This was before she became a Paramount featured player and star.

**SWEET MARIE.**—I have never said that Ethel Clayton has two small children. I know she hasn't. She lives with her mother and her brother, Donald. I am only too glad to accept honest criticism and to profit by it; but I do resent carping. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

**AGNES, MANHATTAN, MONTANA.**—I have been contradicted so many times when I have tried, in my simple way, to give Tom Mix's birthplace, that I decline to answer any questions about it—this month, anyway. Next month I may be in a belligerent mood. Tom says he was born in Texas, and that's as far as I'll commit myself.

**RALPH GRAVES ADMIRER.**—Ralph says he was born in 1900, and he should know. Marjorie Seaman Graves has brown hair, gray blue eyes, and was born in 1902. She's five feet five and weighs one hundred and twenty-five. She has spent most of her life abroad, and was educated in a French convent. "Kindred of the Dust," in which Graves appears with Miriam Cooper, is being released now.

**MRS. E. M., CORONA, N. Y.**—Thanks for a huge ha-ha. You want to know if the lady in one of Douglas Fairbanks' late pictures was Mary Pickford disguised, as she had a look about the eyes that remarkably resembled Mary. I'm afraid you're wrong. Mary plays an extra—one of the mob—in "Robin Hood," but you won't be able to make her out in the crowd. She's too busy working in her own productions to play a regular part in Doug's.

**KERKEY.**—Many of the scenes for "The Foreigner" were taken around Winnipeg, Canada. But Colleen Moore was not in that film. She was at Banff, and Lake Louise, in the beautiful Alberta country, however, with the King Vidor company some time ago, while they were making "The Sky Pilot." Perhaps you saw Colleen there. Come again, Kerkey.

## Studio Directory

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

**ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES**, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.  
Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
Katherine MacDonald Productions, 904 Girard St., Los Angeles, Cal. (s) 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.  
R. A. Walsh Productions, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
Hope Hampton Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.  
Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.  
Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.  
Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.  
**BALLIN, HUGO, PRODUCTIONS**, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.  
**CHRISTIE FILM CORP.**, 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.  
**EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP.**, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.  
**FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT)**, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.  
(s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.  
(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.  
British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.  
**FOX FILM CORPORATION**, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
**GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION**, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Cal. Marshall Neilan and Maurice Tourneur Productions.  
**HART, WM. S., PRODUCTIONS**, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.  
**INCE, THOMAS H.** (s) Culver City, Cal.  
**INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC.** (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., New York City.  
**METRO PICTURES CORP.**, 1476 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Mae Murray Productions, 344 West 44th St., New York City.  
**PATHE EXCHANGE**, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th St., New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). (s) George B. Seitz Productions, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.  
**R-C PICTURES CORP.**, 723 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.  
**ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO.**, 1330 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.  
**SELZNICK PICTURES CORP.**, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.  
**UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION**, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal.  
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.  
Nazimova Productions, United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.  
George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave., New York City.  
Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.  
**UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO.**, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Cal.  
**VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA**, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; (s) 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.



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F. V. K., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—A film company in Manhattan is making a picture of the discovery of America by one Columbus. They are spending a lot of money on the sets and extras and so forth, but it would be more convincing if they didn't let the Spanish soldiers of Ferdinand and Isabella wear Roman helmets. You haven't seen Jackie Coogan? I feel sorry for you. He is, next to Charlie Chaplin, probably my favorite actor in films. He's made "The Kid," with Chaplin; "Peck's Bad Boy," "My Boy," "Trouble," and "Oliver Twist." The latter is his most ambitious picture to date, and the cast includes Gladys Brockwell and Lon Chaney.

IONA F., BALTIMORE.—It must be terrible to have a name which permits puns. Can't you change it? Although I suppose if it doesn't bother you, it shouldn't bother me. But I'm like that. Ethel Clayton has red-gold hair. I wonder if any film star ever had red hair. Just plain red. I doubt it. Of course Ethel's is *really* red-gold, you understand. She weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and is five feet five inches tall. No trouble at all; thank Ethel and the scales.

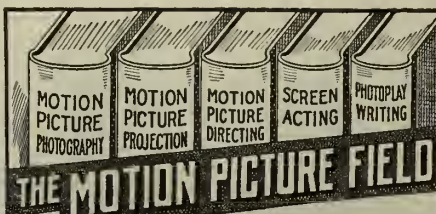
GENIUS, LONDON.—You don't flatter yourself—much. But I like a little modesty once in a while. Why don't you try it? Norma Talmadge began her screen career at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn. Then she went with the Fine Arts company; then Selznick starred her, and finally First National. Her new pictures will be "The Voice from the Minaret," with Eugene O'Brien; and "The Garden of Allah." Glad Norma is getting good stories again. English films are frequently released here. "Alf's Button" was one.

G. I. B., PITTSFIELD, MASS.—No one can dance in New York after 2 A. M. I never noticed many people who could dance before 2 A. M. The night life of the metropolis—ahem!—is, like the wild life in Hollywood, regrettably over-rated. Theda Bara is coming back, but not to vamp. Selznick will star her presumably in sweet, clean plays. So sorry to disappoint you.

GEORGE.—The hot stuff of yesterday is today considered only lukewarm. What is drier than a peppy problem play of the year 1912, warmed over? Nothing. Charles Ray has decided that he will let someone else direct him for a while, following which announcement the public will please rise and cheer. His "Tailor-Made Man" should be a good picture, if for no other reason than that Ethel Grandin, Jacqueline Logan and Charlotte Pierce appear in it too.

E. A., INDIANAPOLIS.—This argument has been dragging on for aeon and aeons. (Aeons and aeons is the same as ages and ages, but more original). I have told you, time and again, that Franklyn Farnum is not a brother of Bill and Dusty; that in real life his name is Smith. And still you persist in contradicting me. Now, I will admit I am not as learned as H. L. Mencken; I cannot write as gloomily as Eugene O'Neill; nor have I Will Rogers' gift of impromptu wit. But one thing I insist on: I know my files, and they tell me that Franklyn is not a Farnum.

MARY, BROOKLYN.—My dear child, I thank you a thousand times for your patience and your perseverance. Don't think me ungrateful—I am not. Your good wishes mean very much. I hope you will soon write to me again. You would like to see in the "Garden of Allah" the unusual combination of Nazimova, Meighan, and Dexter. Norma is to do it, you know. Lillian Gish has her own company now for Allied Artists, under Griffith's supervision. Like an actress writing a letter to an admirer, I will close by declaring that I hope I may always merit your consideration. I mean that, Mary of Brooklyn.



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JIMMY AND BILLY.—You want to make me Honorary President of your club? Thank you so much. Before I accept I must ask you if there are any dues? Do I, in other and more vulgar words, have to pay to join? Because the last time I blushed and accepted with pleasure and gratitude an invitation to be an Honorary President, they sent me a bill. Jane Novak and Ethel Clayton are both with R-C Pictures.

GERALDINE M., CHICAGO.—Since it would hurt your feelings so much, I'll have pity on you and not tell you that Milton Sills is married.

DOT M.—George Walsh is a perfectly good American. He was born in New York City in 1892. In fact, he speaks English with an American accent. He has been considerably involved in domestic legalities lately. His wife, Seena Owen, is suing for divorce. Miss Owen is the star of "Sisters."

JOHN G., NEWARK.—Yes—the girl who is now Mrs. William S. Hart, was the Winifred Westover you saw in "Bucking the Tiger," for Selznick. An heir to the Hart fame and fortune is expected soon. Alice Terry played in "Hearts are Trumps," before her triumph in "The Four Horsemen," and the later Ingram opuses. Regards to dear old Newark.

JAY.—I am glad I am not feminine. If I were, you girls would suspect my lovely, bushy hair of being a wig. As it is, there are those of you who cast mean aspersions on my eyebrows. I let such things pass practically unnoticed; but I warn you my hair is not to be trifled with. Pauline Frederick did splendid work in "Madame X." Here's the cast of a film which will never grow old. (I will accept bouquets from Pauline and the Goldwyn Company.) *Jacqueline Floriot*, Pauline Frederick; *Louis Floriot*, William Courtleigh; *Raymond Floriot*, Casson Ferguson; *Rose Du Bois*, Maud Louis; *Dr. Chesnel*, Hardee Kirkland; *Cesaire Noel*, Albert Roscoe; *M. Valmorin*, Corrae Kirkham; *Laroque*, Sidney Ainsworth; *M. Robert Parissard*, Lionel Belmore; *M. Merival*, Willard Louis; *Victor*, Cesare Graving; *Marie*, Maude George. Any lady or gentleman in the audience this afternoon who can pronounce these names without stuttering, will be presented with handsome cut-glass collapsible opera glasses.

TWEENY.—No stamp, but evidently good intentions; so just to prove I am kind-hearted, I'll answer you here. I have to prove I am kind-hearted once in a while because if I didn't no one would ever suspect it. Tom Moore is now with Lasky. He is married to Renee Adoree. Betty Compson has never been married. Gloria Swanson was Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn, but she is now divorced.

T. S., WESTBORO, Mo.—Editing this department is a liberal education. I discover a new town or a new clown every day. Today, I hasten to tell you, it was a town. There was a production of "The Two Orphans," made by Fox in 1920 with Theda Bara and Jean Sothern as *Henriette* and *Louise*.

PURPLE PANSY.—Pansies are indeed for thoughts, but mine are not printable after having to read your letter through my microscope. You might have more consideration for my eyes, I think. Try writing with your left hand. Albert Roscoe was born in 1887. He is six feet tall, has black hair and brown eyes and is a free lance, meaning that he is not under contract to any one company.

N. O. L., WHITTIER, CAL.—You've just returned from a visit to the Hollywood studios and your heart is broken, is it? In two places, I suppose—Lasky's and Metro, where your favorites, Betty Compson and Viola Dana, hold forth. Or is it because you failed to find the immorality evidence? I beg

your pardon hastily for inferring that you are a reformer. I wouldn't call anybody that. I am sure that, having seen Betty and Viola close-up, you will have no trouble in obtaining the autographed photographs you desire. Both girls are obliging that way. Viola Dana in "The Five Dollar Baby." Betty Compson in "The Bonded Woman."

OKGA N., DULUTH, MINN.—What the film business really needs is a few less reformers who know what the industry needs, you aver. I am inclined to agree with you, although it is against all my better principles to agree with anybody. Mrs. Mary Gish, mother of Lillian and Dorothy, is not an actress. She appeared in several scenes in "Hearts of the World," but in nothing since. She was quite ill for a year. A charming and sagacious woman, Mrs. Gish.

ESTHER, SIOUX CITY.—You say you never understand what I mean. Sister! For the first time I feel a bond of sympathy between us. I am so sorry to have to blast your fondest hopes, but Bill Farnum is married. What's more, he has been married to Olive White for a good many years and I, and Bill, and Mrs. Bill, see no good reason why he should not continue to be married to her for a good many years more. Now you'd better go back to your school books, Esther, and try to forget.

(MISS) ANDERSON.—The actor to whom you refer is Charles Lane, and you may get in touch with him at 130 West 44th St., New York City. Oh, don't mention it, (Miss) Anderson. And if, at any other time, I can help you out in any little way, why, please don't hesitate to call on me, (Miss) Anderson.

H. PALMER RICHARDSON.—Why no, I couldn't tell from your letter that you had just graduated from college. So don't worry about that. Your secret is safe with me. Reginald Denny made "The Leather Pushers," for Universal, and will soon be starred with Virginia Valli in "The Abysmal Brute," by Jack London. Reginald isn't married according to my records, which means he isn't married at all.

HOPEFUL.—If Bebe Daniels has to go to jail again—she's been arrested for speeding a second time—you say you'll take her place behind the bars. Oh, there are hundreds waiting for that honor. You're a little late. I am pretty well up in line myself—the sixteenth volunteer; but even so I don't stand a very good chance. Bebe is popular—rather. She's the most popular girl in Hollywood. A story next month tells you why. I know already.

JANUARY.—Is that your real name? You should be in a novel. There have been altogether too many Junes and Mays and Apriels in fiction to suit my realistic soul. Roy Stewart is married. So is Corinne Griffith.

LOLA A., CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.—Real men are exchanging recipes these days but not, of course, for cream pies and cakes. I still am fond of lemon cream pie but not as fond of it as I used to be. I don't know whether lemon cream pie has lost its flavor or whether my tastes have deteriorated. This is a matter which should be given serious thought, but won't be. Florence La Badie was killed in a motor accident in October, 1917. Address Valentino at Lasky. He's making a new picture to follow "Blood and Sand." Natacha Rambova is in the east.

ADRIAN.—Many people paint pictures to fit the frames, you say. Ah, yes—yes, indeed. I don't know what that means, but it sounds very well. Dustin Farnum was born in 1874, which makes him—but figure it out for yourself. That's his real name. But they usually call him "Dusty."





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ROB WAGNER

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No. 5

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will be found on page 100*

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*great story  
of  
screen life*

*"Hattie of  
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# Would You Give \$1.97 —to Lose 30 Pounds in 30 Days?



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Miss Morse after losing 80 pounds and regaining new health and vitality through this method.

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(Signed) Miss Laura Morse,  
271 W. 119th St., New York City.



Mrs. Denny before she used the new method. Weight 240 pounds.



Mrs. Denny after she used the new method. Weight now 166 pounds and she is still reducing.

## Loses 74 Pounds— Feels Like a New Woman

"I weighed 240 pounds when I sent for your course. The first week I lost 10 pounds. My weight is now 166 pounds and I am still reducing. I never felt better in my life than I do now. There is no sign of my former indigestion. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples. Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. Now I can RUN up. I reduced my bust 7½ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear shoes a size smaller. Formerly they were sixes, now they are fives."

(Signed) Mrs. Mary J. Denny,  
82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.

## Reaches Normal Weight in 30 Days

"For three years I had weighed 168 pounds. I went to a gymnasium and exercised for a month to reduce weight. At the end of the month I had added four more pounds. Then I heard of and sent for your method. That was my lucky day. I found your instructions easy and your menus delightful. I lost 28 pounds in 30 days—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has been greatly benefited, and I have not had one of my former sick headaches since losing my extra flesh."



E. A. Kettel, prominent in New York newspaper circles, who lost 28 pounds in 30 days.

(Signed) E. A. Kettel,  
225 W. 39th St., New York City.

That is all it will cost you. And you lose your excess flesh through a wonderful new discovery which does not require any starving, exercise, massage, drugs or bitter self-denials or discomforts. Sent on 10 DAYS TRIAL TO PROVE that you can lose a pound a day.

"I REDUCED from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (his normal weight) in just two weeks (22 pounds lost in 14 days). Before I started I was flabby and sick, had headaches all the time. I feel wonderful now."

Thus writes Mr. Ben Naddle, a New York business man, located at 102 Fulton Street. His experience is similar to that of many others who have used this new, easy and pleasant way to reduce excess flesh. Miss Kathleen Mullane, stage beauty and famous artist's model, whom a well-known artist called "a most perfect example of American womanhood," writes:

"In just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your remarkable new way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

Mr. Clyde Tapp of Poole, Kentucky, who lost 60 pounds by this method in a remarkably short time, writes:

"Thousands of dollars would not represent the value of the knowledge I have gained as to this healthful, pleasant way of losing weight."

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that certain foods when eaten together *take off* weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others *consume* fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

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Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into 12 easy-to-follow lessons called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." Lessons one and two show how to reduce slowly; the others show how to reduce more rapidly. To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course on 10 days' trial to any one sending in the coupon.

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When it arrives pay the postman the special price of only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) and the course is yours. The regular price of the course is \$3.50, but \$1.97 is all you have to pay while this special offer is in existence. There are no further payments. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

See how our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

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Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. If you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW. Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-20810, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-20810  
43 West 16th St., New York City

Without money in advance you may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's \$3.50 Course on "Weight Control—The Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

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Now, for the first time, you can obtain sample lessons without charge. In the past I have always been opposed to sending out free lessons, even to persons who were seriously interested in my course. But my friends have insisted that I give everybody a chance to see for themselves just how simple, interesting and DIFFERENT my lessons are, and I have consented to try the experiment for a short time. Simply send your name and address on a postcard or letter, and the 64-page booklet and sample lessons will go to you at once absolutely free and without obligation.

Within four lessons you will play an interesting piece on the piano or organ, not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. Most students practise months before they acquire this ability. It is made possible by my patented invention the Colorotone. Another invention obtainable only from me is my hand-operated moving picture device, Quinn-dex. By means of Quinn-dex you actually see my fingers in motion on the piano, and can learn just how to train your own fingers.

When I say that I can teach you piano in quarter the usual time, do not think that this is too good to be true. Modern inventions and improved methods have accomplished just as great wonders in other branches of education. You at least owe it to yourself to investigate. Send letter or postcard at once, before the offer of free sample lessons is withdrawn.

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**The Shadow Stage** will tell you what pictures are worth while. Read the reviews before seeing the pictures. **Turn to Page 58**

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A Success**



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- ... Asthma
- ... Hay Fever
- ... Obesity
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- ... Rupture
- ... Lumbago
- ... Neuritis
- ... Neuralgia
- ... Flat Chest
- ... Deformity (Describe)
- ... Female Disorders
- ... Successful Marriage
- ... Increased Height
- ... Diabetes
- ... Pimples
- ... Blackheads
- ... Insomnia
- ... Short Wind
- ... Flat Feet
- ... Stomach Disorders
- ... Biliousness
- ... Torpid Liver
- ... Indigestion
- ... Nervousness
- ... Poor Memory
- ... Rheumatism
- ... Manhood Restored
- ... Youthful Errors
- ... Vital Losses
- ... Impotency
- ... Neurasthenia
- ... Falling Hair
- ... Weak Eyes
- ... Gastritis
- ... Heart Weakness
- ... Poor Circulation
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# Do YOU Do Any of These Embarrassing Things?



The man in this picture has reason to be ill at ease. He has attended an informal dinner in conventional full dress. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to interpret the word "informal" on the invitation—and would have revealed to him important things to know regarding an informal social function. The Book of Etiquette tells you what to wear on all occasions



His friend has just introduced him to the young woman. Instead of waiting for her to offer her hand and make the acknowledgment, he has extended his hand first and mumbled confusedly something about being "Glad to meet you." By telling you how to make and acknowledge introductions, the Book of Etiquette prevents a great many embarrassing blunders.



She has just signed her name in the hotel register, and glanced at the names above. She sees, in these other signatures, that she has made a mistake—that she has registered incorrectly. Mistakes such as these can often be very embarrassing indeed. The Book of Etiquette prevents them, as it covers the whole subject of hotel etiquette completely and authoritatively.



Without realizing his mistake, the man in this picture has followed the head waiter, preceding the young woman. It is the wrong order of precedence, and he discovers it to his embarrassment only when he notices the entrance of another couple. The Book of Etiquette tells you about the mistakes that might be made, when entering the theatre, the street car, the drawing room. And it tells you how to avoid these humiliating blunders.



Every one knows that table manners are an index to breeding. The man in this picture has taken olives with a fork, and has just realized his error, as the others have taken them with their fingers. Too bad he didn't refer to his Book of Etiquette! It tells all about table manners—how to eat corn on the cob, lettuce, asparagus, frozen pudding.



The gentleman at the right does not know how to dance. Instead of doing what he should, under the circumstances, he is making himself conspicuous by standing alone while the others dance. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to avoid this embarrassment—and would have told him also the complete etiquette of the dance and of dancing. It is a most fascinating chapter.

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If you do not already own the famous two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette, send for a set at once that you may examine it at our expense. Don't be without it another week. It solves many little problems that may be puzzling you, tells you the right thing to do, say, write and wear on all occasions. It costs you nothing to examine the Book of Etiquette. You are not obligated to keep the set if you are not delighted with it. You be the judge—just mail the coupon and let us send you the Book of Etiquette for free examination. But do it NOW!

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## There is constant danger in an oily skin

**A** SKIN that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles.

You can correct an oily skin by using *each night* the following simple treatment:

**F**IRST cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it 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 piece of ice.

The first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight feeling*. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding in the *right way* to a more thorough and stimulating form of cleansing.

After you have used Woodbury's once or twice this drawn feeling will disappear. Within a week or ten

days you will notice a marked improvement in the condition of your skin.

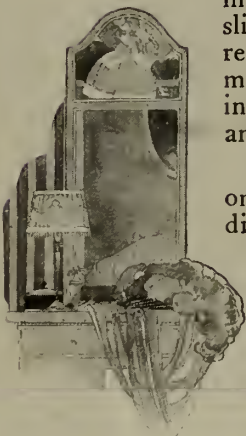
This is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet. Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment *your* skin needs. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

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OUR stage memories of Madge Bellamy's elusive dream child in Barrie's "Dear Brutus" with William Gillette are still vivid. The spark of fine promise was there. So our faith in Miss Bellamy stands—awaiting Dame Fortune





Alfred Cheney Johnston

**B**ILLIE DOVE hails from the aviary of the astute Flo Ziegfeld. The list of Follies pulchritude appropriated by the silversheet is dazzling. Anyway, Billie's cognomen is nice and peaceful in these troubled days





Abbe

**PAULINE STARK** is of the elect of the younger screen set. She has an unusual gallery of performances to her credit. High emotionalism doesn't usually emanate from one so youthful, but Miss Stark takes to tears as a duck to water



Hoover Art Studio

THE silversheet will always be in Charley Ray's debt for a career given to the wholesome best. Ray's vehicles must annoy the trouble-seeking censors. We still place "The Old Swimmin' Hole" high in our gallery of favorite plays





A YOUNG and conscientious player who has been steadily moving along the road of earnest film endeavor is Percy Marmont. And a player of considerable distinction. We shall wait with interest his work in "If Winter Comes"



Edwin Bower Hesser

**H**EALTHY wholesomeness permeates Lois Wilson's work. Moreover, she's a charming and intelligent film actress, a dependable sort of personality and another essential member of our exclusive younger screen set. We're for her!





Edwin Bower Hesser

WITH her now famous characterization of Grizel in "Sentimental Tommy," May McAvoy stepped to celluloid fame over night. Bad stories have been holding up the infinite promise of that performance. The future? That depends



*8 washings — Tints unchanged*

This dainty pink Swiss and organdy dress was compared with the original materials after 8 washings with Ivory Flakes, "the colors are identical", said its owner. (Dress and owner's letter on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.)

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*And your generation says,  
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*Delicate flakes*—Ivory Flakes—as thin as the petal of a flower, for instant suds.

What propitious news for the dainty garments which are usually so timid about soap and water!

What sure protection for the filmy georgette blouses and precious lace collars you now have, and for all those you hope to have!

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It is the same Ivory which invites use on your face.

That is the real test of fine soap—and worth remembering.

We should like to have your fine garments experience this protection without charge. The directions at the left will tell you how you may obtain a free sample of Ivory Flakes, and a booklet of its many uses.

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**IVORY SOAP FLAKES**

*Makes dainty clothes last longer*



# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXII

October, 1922

No. 5

## The Screen and the Child

WITH the possibility of misquoting Mr. Will Hays, PHOTOPLAY takes the liberty of presenting an extract from one of his addresses in Los Angeles:

"Ours is a duty to youth. We are not so much interested in the millions of dollars invested in the industry as we are in the millions of children whose morals and education are invested in it."

Perhaps we misinterpret Mr. Hays. But, at least, his quoted words reveal an oft-presented theory.

Yet—

Must the photoplay's interpretation of life be distorted to fit the childish mind?

Must the silversheet always be dominated by children?

Is it essentially a childish institution?

Isn't the silent play to develop into an art as essentially honest, direct and frank as the spoken drama or literature?

Magazines are not out of the reach of children, yet the childish mind does not present a barrier to its contributors.

Likewise the novel. Its author is not forced to tell a fairy tale—and only a fairy tale.

What of the spoken drama? Children come within its portals but the dramatist is not compelled to think of them first and all the time. Indeed,

what of the newspaper? Surely the daily news is not calculated to keep children within the realm of Santa Claus.

We venture to say that our nation as a whole would never permit the boundary of the child mind to be clamped upon our literature, our spoken drama or our news sheets. Of course, there will always be the professional smut hound with his beloved censorship. Yet he is a small—if noisy—minority.

PHOTOPLAY believes the morals of the young should be guarded. But censorship or suppression is not the right road. It believes that parents should use discretion and a sane discrimination about the pictures they permit their children to attend. If this does not work out, an official regulation regarding the attendance of children would protect both the youthful imagination and the photoplay.

But PHOTOPLAY certainly does not believe that a whole art in process of creation should be shackled hand and foot on the plea of protecting the juvenile intelligence.

There is no question but that the present lassitude regarding the film drama is due to its childish products. The public is tired of predigested drama, adulterated for the nursery.

The silverscreen must grow up.

# Sex Appeal, Babies and Alice Brady

Something  
of  
the star  
who  
works hard  
but  
never plays



*"Sometimes I find animals kinder and more understanding than human beings," says Alice Brady*



*Miss Brady in her newest picture, "Missing Millions"*



By  
*Frederick James  
 Smith*

**C** RIMSON sunset across the green of a golf course . . . The amber of Long Island Sound at sundown . . . A huge baronial dining room with massive fire places . . . Two candles gleaming across the table . . . and Alice Brady.

A picturesque interview setting. To be truthful, one should explain that the place is merely rented by Miss Brady for the summer. Also that the baronial dining room was achieved by putting together two sectional houses. And that the original builder had kept on adding sections until the residence—one story high—had the sprawling, general shape of a horseshoe. "The place has its quaint qualities," sighed the actress. "One of them is the way golf balls from the course out there keep bounding against my windows every Sunday."

As odd as the background is Miss Brady's own personality. There is tremendous and amazing vitality to her. A curious consuming fire. A rambling interest in everything. You imagine that she works hard and plays hard—and then you discover that she doesn't play. That she never rests. That she hasn't a single athletic interest.

Miss Brady has been living all alone in the bizarre Great Neck place since her married life went on the rocks. As her conversation ran rapidly across many topics, we caught a faint glimpse of the careful guard she had put around her own experiences.

Yet she spoke frankly of her baby boy, Donald Crane. We had been talking of the value of actual experience in the artistic career of an actress—of pain and travail shaping the player's mimic depiction of life.

"Maybe," mused the actress, "but I really think we humans



*Miss Brady in one of her first screen vehicles,  
 "La Boheme"*

have built up a stock set of conventional ways to portray life on the stage and in literature: marriage this way, birth so so, motherhood on its lofty pedestal, and so through the events of existence. These ways are all very nice. Poets and novelists have gilded them with Pollyanna touches to please us—but they aren't very genuine.

"One thing the baby has taught me: that story-book motherhood either doesn't really exist or I am terribly different. I look at my baby and wonder. I haven't any of that maternal instinct you read about; the burning love, the all centering interest, the spirit of self sacrifice and all the rest. I look at my baby with a curious, almost impersonal, interest. I can hardly believe he is mine. Motherhood means just one big thing for me, a tremendous absorption in how he develops, how he grows day by day."

Miss Brady paused in her confession. "He is a boy. I shall watch his mind grow with a vast interest. His future? I do not want him to become an actor. Acting is not a profession for a man. It is wrecking in the way it breaks down male ideals. It is too great a tax upon the vanities. On the other hand, if my baby were a girl, I would want her to follow the stage. It is the one field of big reward for a woman. It is almost the one field where she can be individual, where she need not warp herself to circumstance even if she lacks in strength."

Miss Brady absently considered the flickering dinner candles. "I want him to be a business man. Alert and active. And not concerned in self. Hard working and fearless."

She smiled. Her mind jumped with the speed of the self-centered. "Do you know I wanted to name my baby Felix after the character in Floyd Dell's 'Moon Calf' but my relatives were aghast. So we compromised on the name of Donald."

"A dreamer's name for a business man?" we gently protested.

"Why not?" responded the star. (Continued on page 104)

# The Swimming Pools of Hollywood



*The Carter de Havens bathe in tropical luxury—palms and weeping willows and all that sort of thing. They—there are four of them, including the two children—look surprisingly unaesthetic. But we wouldn't be surprised to learn that a Hawaiian orchestra was strumming away, concealed somewhere in the background*

*Norma Talmadge's pool, on the other hand, is almost puritanical in its chaste dignity. Edged with white it is; and very, very simple in design*







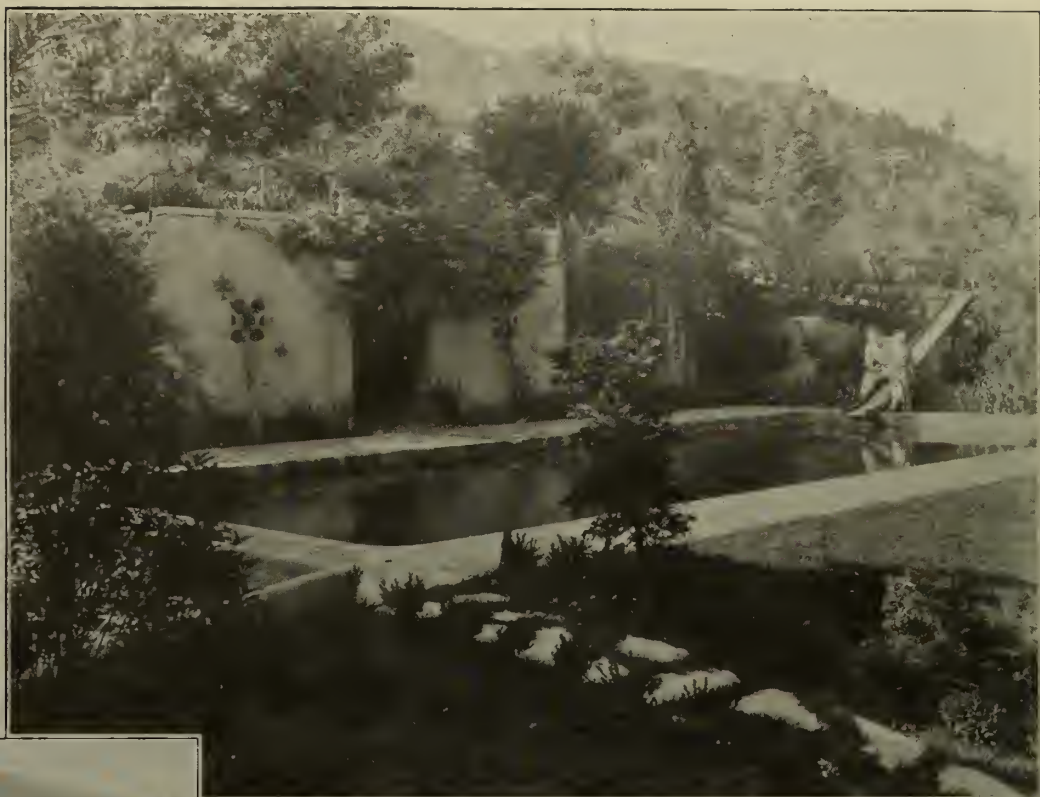
Harold Lloyd's swimming pool, like his every comedy, is a pleasant jumble of slides and apparatus, of life preservers and pretty girls. It will be noticed that Harold takes his little pleasures straight, and without the aid of his famous specs



Looks like a canal, doesn't it? But it's just cut on the bias to make the picture seem more difficult. In reality it is the one and only pool on the Beverly Hills estate of Doug and Mary. The little picture, at the left, shows the two film favorites trying to cheer up a poor fish—and not succeeding very well!



*The Reid pool seems homiest of all, somehow. Mrs. Reid declares that her house was designed around it; and it does occupy the center of the sloping hillside estate. The low stucco building is filled with dressing rooms and showers. And the cement walk is brightly lined*



*Charles Ray may be a simple country boy in pictures, but at home! Opulence-plus is his motto. Pale green tile and a water lily pond makes his swimming pool into a thing of almost unbelievable beauty. Charley and Cora don't swim in the clothes they're wearing—no indeed! They're going out to dine. The synthetic beach is also a part of the Ray estate, the brick stove is for the preparation of make believe shore dinners, and the blond baby is merely atmosphere*





# The best Laugh Getters I have ever told

By T. Roy Barnes

**L**ITTLE boy had been absent from school and the teacher sent him home to get an excuse from his mother. He came running back to school and handed the paper to his teacher. This is what his mother had written:

Dear Teacher: Please excuse my Tommy from being absent. He got wet in the A. M. and had to be dried in the P. M.

**A**CERTAIN man had been henpecked all his life. Finally his wife talked him to death and he went to Heaven, and St. Peter felt so sorry for him that he gave him a little cloud all his own where nobody would disturb him. He had just sat down and was enjoying the peace and quiet when he heard his name being loudly paged by an angel.

He called to the angel, "Here I am. What do you want?"

The angel said, "Your wife wants you on the ouija board."

**T**WO Scotchmen were out hunting deer. One of them was new at the game, and as they had gotten into rather a tight place, the tension was high. All of a sudden, a fine big moose stepped into the clearing.

Sandy was terribly startled as he had never seen such a fine, big animal before and he cried, "Oh, Jock, look, what'd you call that?"

Jock replied, "Why, mon, that's a moose."

"Well," said Sandy with a sickly laugh. "If that's a moose I don't keer to see a rat."

**T**WO little newsboys were arguing on the street corner about moving pictures. One kid said to the other, "Who's your favorite movie star?"

Second kid, little Willie, says, "Mary Pickford, but I've just discovered a new girl in pictures and I like her better than Mary Pickford. She's playing in a picture called the Shreik."

First kid asks, "What's her name?" and Willie says, "Jesse Lasky."

**A**FAMOUS lawyer was called in to see a man in the county jail accused of murder.

When he returned to his office, his secretary said, "Well, did you take the case, Mr. Blank?"

*T. Roy Barnes, star of "Is Matrimony a Failure" and "So Long, Letty," is Hollywood's raconteur de luxe. No banquet, no benefit, no program, no dinner, is complete unless Tom contributes a few stories. For years, Barnes was a headline vaudeville monologist and musical comedy comedian. He owns a little red book with 2,360 stories noted down in it, stories that he has told at one time or another. From these, he has selected for PHOTOPLAY the ones he declares got the biggest laughs. They aren't all new, but they are, he declares, the biggest laugh-getters he ever told. They are set down here exactly the way he tells them, so if you memorize them you too, may become famous as an after-dinner speaker.*

"No, I didn't take it."

"Why, didn't you think the man was justified in his act?"

"My son," said the lawyer, "he certainly was not financially justified in committing murder."

**A**PIOUS old gentleman discovered a tough little boy on the street corner, swearing vigorously. Said the old gentleman, "Tut, tut, my dear little man, don't you know it's very wicked to swear like that? God will punish you."

The kid said, "Aw, he can't hear me. He's not around here anywhere."

"My child, God is everywhere."

"Is he over at our house?"

"Yes, certainly. God is everywhere."

"Is he in our cellar?"

"Yes, my little man."

"Is he in our attic?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"You're crazy, we ain't got no attic."

**F**ARMER milking a cow. City girl watching him. Farmer inquired kindly, "Can you do this, young lady?" City girl said nervously, "Oh yes, but how do you turn it off?"

**A**YOUNG man was doing an act in a small vaudeville theater and was suddenly informed that his partner, a very pretty young lady, had run away with another act, so the young man was forced to canvass the town to get an assistant. As his act consisted in throwing knives and outlining the figure of the young lady, it was very difficult to get a girl to take his late partner's place. After exhausting a long list of applicants who were afraid to try the performance, one girl finally volunteered to assist him.

She was the homeliest girl he had ever laid his eyes on. Absolutely terrible. But in sheer desperation he was forced to accept her.

When he started his act, as soon as he threw the first knife at her, a voice from the gallery groaned, "He missed her."

**R**ICH man was walking down the street. A poor man stopped him and said, (Continued on page 111)



T. Roy Barnes and Lila Lee as they appeared in "Is Matrimony a Failure?"

The story of a boy  
whose honor  
meant more to  
him than his life

By  
George  
Washington  
Ogden

Fictionized by  
Duncan Frazer

JOE NEWBOLT'S lips were tight as he rode into town. He had to do something; that was plain. Joe was young, but he looked older than his nineteen years; already worry and deep thought had deepened the lines about his mouth, and creased his forehead.

He had much to concern him. His mother was not well; she had worked hard all her life, and she had gained little comfort from her labor. Joe's lips tightened still more at the memories that came to him. He had loved his father; even now he caught his breath sharply when he remembered him. And still he had the feeling that something had been wrong. His father had had money, once. He had owned the farm; a fine farm, too, with a good house, rich lands, well stocked with cattle.

Yet ever since Joe could remember his mother had had to work as hard as any servant. His father had always been busy, too, but now Joe, seeing things differently, realized that he had not done as other farmers of the neighborhood did. He had been given to inventing all sorts of things—a new sort of churn, a device for opening gates, a cultivator. Each new invention in turn had been certain to make their fortune—but none had ever even been finished. Peter Newbolt had gone just about so far with every new idea, only to drop it just when a little more effort might have brought results.

So busy had he been with his inventions that Isom Chase had come on to the farm to work it on shares. That had seemed, in the beginning, to be a good arrangement. Joe could remember Isom, a grim, hard working man, who lived alone in the old log cabin on the place. Then, gradually, things had changed. Isom had come, more and more, to seem like the master. And in the end, after Mr. Newbolt's death, he had produced papers showing that the whole farm belonged to him—since he had lent Mr. Newbolt money that had never been repaid.

Joe and his mother had moved into the log cabin; Isom Chase took the homestead. Now he was married—to a young woman who looked always as though she were frightened. Joe and his mother lived as best they could in the cabin. Joe worked a little patch of ground about it; raised a few vegetables and a little corn; his mother tended their chickens, which yielded them a little money when the hens were laying.

But of late Chase had been threatening even this last refuge. He wanted rent for the cabin, and they had no money to pay. Mrs. Newbolt's pleas had not seemed to move him; he had said, without any consciousness of his brutality, that she could go to the poor farm. The county would take care of her; it



*"I'll kill you!"  
He snatched at  
the gun that hung  
on the wall*

# The Bond

would bond Joe out to some farmer until he attained his majority. And now Joe, grim and determined, rode into town on his old bicycle, resolved to find some way of turning his strength and his eagerness to work to account.

In Shelbyville Joe took his eggs to the store and traded them for the bacon and flour that were needed at home. As he came out his eye was caught by a new tandem bicycle and he surveyed it admiringly.

"Better buy it, Joe," said Shaw, the storekeeper. "Beats a buggy all hollow for takin' a young lady out!"

Joe laughed.

"Wish I could!" he said. "Hello—Alice!"

Alice Price had just come up; she stood smiling. This was the daughter of Colonel Price, the great man of the locality. He had known and liked Joe's father, and he was not the sort to let adversity affect his feeling for the Newbolt family.

"Try it, Joe," said Shaw. "Give Alice a ride."

"Gee—can we?" said Joe. "Come on, Alice!"

Laughing, they climbed on and rode around. When they came back Colonel Price had arrived.

"So that's why I had to wait so long for my segars that I came after them myself eh?" he said.

"I'm sorry, father," said Alice. "Joe—"

"It's all right," said the colonel. "How are you, Joe?"

"All right—well, not so good, Colonel," said Joe. "It's—it's sort of hard at home—"

The colonel had lighted his cigar now; he let his hand fall on Joe's shoulder in a fatherly way.





# Boy

"I've been thinking about you, my boy," he said. "If—but, well, I'm land poor if ever a man was! I'll tell you what I can do, though. Harris is leaving me, and if you want a job as overseer for me I can pay you thirty dollars a month and give you your board."

Joe stared incredulously. It sounded like wealth!

"Colonel—do you mean it?" he gasped.

"Reckon I do," said the colonel. "There—no thanks! Hurry along home and tell your mother. Bring her up to supper and we'll settle things."

Joe fairly flew along on his homeward way. A puncture delayed him; rather than stop to mend the tire he ran along, pushing the wheel. As he neared the cabin he saw Isom Chase riding away, but thought nothing of it. Bursting in he found his mother crying.

"Mother! Mother!" he cried eagerly. "I've got a job! From Colonel Price! I'm to have thirty dollars a month and my board!"

He thought for a moment she was overwhelmed by her joy. Then he saw that she did not stop crying;

that, indeed, her sobbing grew more violent.

"Mother!" he cried. "Don't you hear? Don't you understand? It's all right now! Everything's all right—"

"Joe!" He had never heard her voice sound so. "Joe—oh, Joe—I've done a terrible thing—an awful thing—Oh, forgive me!"

She mastered her sobs. Slowly she got up; took a paper; held it out to him. He took it; read it; gained the meaning of the words slowly. It was a bond; the bond by which minors were bound over to a master. He was to serve Isom Chase until he was twenty-one; ten dollars a month; his board; faithful performance of all tasks properly laid upon him; words, more words.

"Mother!" He stared. "You—you've bound me out—me—"

"Joe! Joe—darling! He was here—he was going to put us out—in the morning—to send me to the poor farm—he said you'd be bound out to some one—better to him—and then I could stay here—"

Realization came slowly to Joe. But sympathy for his mother overcame his anger. Isom Chase had tricked her; lied to her. But—it was done.

"I'll burn it! He can't make you—now—when Colonel Price—"

Desperately his mother reached for the bond. But Joe stopped her.

"No," he said dully. "We're bound—in honor. If your word was given that's enough—no matter how."

Working for Isom Chase was not so bad as Joe had thought it might be. He had gone to work doggedly, with a sullen resolution not to be imposed upon. Chase had tried to browbeat him, but Joe knew his rights and stood upon them. He must obey Chase's orders, but from the start he had insisted upon decent speech and decent food. And Chase, like all bullies a coward at heart, had backed water the first time Joe had stood up to him. He had lifted a whip to strike Joe; Joe had seized his wrist.

He was ugly, sometimes, now, but he took out his ill temper on Ollie, his wife. Joe was sorry for Ollie. She was a young woman, with thick, sensuous lips and a full figure; a stupid woman, though pretty in her florid way.

Of women Joe knew little; only his mother and Alice Price had come into his life. He had nothing to warn him of the meaning of the way Ollie looked at him, sometimes, when Isom Chase was not about; he had no way of interpreting her advances. There were times when he felt strangely embarrassed when he was with her; when she appealed, without the awakening in him of a full consciousness of what was happening, to primitive desires.

What was dangerous was the pity he felt for her. Chase cowed her; treated her like a servant. Indeed, she was little more. Yet there was no excuse for him to interfere. He thought, sometimes, that Chase struck her, but Isom was careful never to do so in Joe's presence. Until, one day, a curious thing happened.

Chase was going to town. Ollie, of late, had been making her advances to Joe bolder and bolder, and Joe, although he was vaguely troubled, was still half unaware of their significance. That morning Ollie, when Isom had gone, made a pitiful little attempt to make herself more attractive. She took out a ribbon from a secret place and put it about her neck; she loosened her hair to do it up in a new fashion.

And—Isom came back for something he had forgotten. He saw her; demanded, harshly, how she had obtained the money to buy such finery.

"I—I sold some of my eggs—" she said.

Deliberately he took her by the throat. He snatched the ribbon and stamped upon it; he choked her until a livid welt was about her neck and she was gasping for breath.

"Waste money so again and I'll thrash you till you're black and blue," said Isom, and went off.

Joe came upon her as she lay sobbing. He tried to comfort her, and she clung to him.

"He choked me!" she said. "Joe—you'd never be mean to a girl, would you?"

He laughed, as if the idea were grotesque. But he left her, too, and went about his work. Several times that day he saw her; her eyes followed him, as a dog's follow his master. Joe was uncomfortable; he didn't know why. Nothing in his life or his experience had taught him to read the looks of a woman like Ollie.

**E**VENING fell dark and cloudy; before the last light was gone from the western sky a heavy rain was falling, lashed by a furious wind, and accompanied, from time to time, by thunder and lightning. Ollie was frightened, but she was exultant, too.

"He'll never come back in this storm—he'll never get here," she said. "I'd be afraid, except for you, Joe. You're not afraid of anything, are you?"

"Not of a storm, anyway!" he said, and laughed.

"Not of being here alone with me—all night—maybe?"

Now, despite himself, despite all his clean youth, he was beginning to be unable longer to misunderstand. And he was conscious of curious, wild impulses—alien to everything he had ever thought or known. Ollie would not leave him; the storm really terrified her. And, when it was very late, a sudden peal of thunder made her start; she seized Joe's arm. Comforting her, half laughing, he drew her close. Her face was close to his; her parted lips invited him. He was yielding to the strange urgency of the moment when a sound outside startled him.

"H'sh!" he said. "There's some one outside—"

"No—no—" she said, straining toward him.

But he went to the door and flung it open. And Isom Chase, dripping, came in, followed by a younger man.

"See to this man's horse and buggy," said Isom, harshly, to Joe. "Ollie—get some supper."

When Joe came back he saw the younger man—Curtis Morgan he was just telling Chase he was called. A travelling book agent; his sample gave away his occupation.



Joe stood up, as he was told to do, and faced the jury

"I can put you up—if you can pay for your room and board," Joe heard Chase say—and blushed for the meanness that would ask pay for giving shelter on such a night. But Morgan drew out a roll of bills and tossed a dollar on the table.

So Curtis Morgan came to stay at Isom Chase's farm. For he stayed on—at the rate of four dollars a week—after that first night. And if Isom Chase never suspected the reason, Joe, with that new knowledge of life that Ollie had forced upon him, did—and knew it was Ollie who attracted the itinerant stranger.

He was worried more than once by things he saw. Chase never suspected anything, but several times Joe saw caresses exchanged. He was relieved, in a sense; at least, Ollie's interest in him had given way at once before the greater attraction of Morgan, with his city sophistication and his smart manners. But Joe, not suspecting really, how close to the brink of downfall he had been himself, was worried. He hated Chase, but this deception of him grated on all Joe's instincts.

But Chase continued to be blind. Morgan went out, every day, driving about the country, doing a good business—he was, it was plain, a good salesman. And whenever an opportunity came he was with Ollie.

At last Isom Chase was summoned for jury duty at the county seat. He had to go, and he left Joe in charge, telling him to be sure always to collect the board money in advance from Morgan.

Morgan, however, laughed the first day that Joe sought to do so.

"I'm going today," he said. "He's had his last pay from me."

"All right," said Joe, well pleased.

But within an hour he understood. For he happened to overhear Morgan talking to Ollie.

"It's our best chance," he said. "You know where he keeps his money. Get it to-night and meet me at Bayne Crossing—I'll be waiting there at eleven. We'll go away—and I'll marry you as soon as he gets a divorce."

Ollie was frightened, but she agreed. Joe, stark with horrified amazement, watched her go; followed Morgan, then, and told the book-salesman what he had heard.

"You get out—get clear away out of this county," he said. "Or I'll—"

"You'll do a lot, won't you?" Morgan said, furiously. For a moment he looked as if he meant to attack Joe. But he thought better of that—laughed, instead. "Oh, I was going, any way!" he said. "I was only kidding her. I can do better than that!"

"See that you go," was all Joe said.

Not for a moment did he believe Morgan meant to go. And that night he only pretended to go to bed, taking off his shoes and dropping them, noisily, and stealing downstairs afterward, to wait. Just as he had feared, Ollie came down, soon, dressed to go out, and carrying the canvas bag in which Isom Chase hoarded his money.

"Joe!" she cried, and shrank back, terrified.

"You can't go," he said, dully. "I know it's hard for you here—but that would be worse. Morgan's a skunk."

"If you—" Her eyes flamed up. "If you'd be nice to me I'd never want to go—"

She had come close to him; she was holding his hand. The door opened, and they turned, with a start, to see

## The Bond Boy

NARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay produced as an Inspiration Picture for release through First National. Directed by Henry King from the story by George Washington Ogden. All rights reserved. Enacted by the following cast:

*Peter Newbolt*... Richard Barthelmess  
*Joe Newbolt, his son*

Richard Barthelmess  
*Isom Chase*.... Charles Hill Hailes  
*Cyrus Morgan*..... Ned Sparks  
*Colonel Price*.... Laurance D'Orsay  
*Lawyer Hammer*... Robert Williamson  
*District Attorney*..... Leslie King  
*Sheriff*..... Jerry Sinclair  
*Saul Greening*.... Thomas Maguire  
*Mrs. Greening*... Louise Backus Seger  
*Alice Price*..... Virginia Magee  
*Mrs. Newbolt*..... Mary Alden  
*Ollie Chase*..... Mary Thurman



Isom Chase. His eyes fell on the money bag; he came in with a snarl of rage.

"Might ha' known!" he said. "Stealing my money—and my wife—you—"

"No!" cried Joe. "Isom—I—she—"

"I'll kill you—" Isom Chase's veins stood out upon his forehead. He snatched at the gun that hung on the wall; the next moment Joe was grappling with him. There was a report; Chase sank to the floor. Not for a moment could either Joe or Ollie doubt that he was dead. Ollie screamed once; shrank away, then, cowering.

"He—he's dead," said Joe. "I must get a doctor—some one. You—go upstairs, Ollie. You mustn't be in this. Say you were in bed—that you'd been in bed since nine. Don't ever tell you were in the room—"

Trembling she backed from the room. At the door, Joe met a neighbor.

"What's wrong?" asked Greening. "Heard a shot—my God! He was with me ten minutes ago!"

"He—" Joe's lips were working. "There was an accident—"

"Looks pretty bad for you, young feller," said Greening. "After the way I seen you, once or twice, makin' up to his wife. Where's she?"

"Upstairs—she'd gone to bed—"

"I'll call her. Don't you move out o' here."

"I—you don't think—"

"Don't think nothin'—'cept that I'm going to see you turned over to the sheriff for murder!"

IT was true. The nightmare of the last few weeks had been real. Joe saw the jurors; the grave judge; heard the murmur of the voices of the lawyers—Mr. Lucas, the prosecutor, and Hammer, the shyster who had persuaded him to retain him. He, Joe Newbolt, was on trial for murder—for his life!

He could see his mother, her eyes red from weeping, and, beside her, Colonel Price, grave and kindly, and Alice, smiling at him as she saw that he was looking at her. And he could see Ollie, strained and tense, fresh from her ordeal on the stand. She had lied, as he had told her that night she must do—she had denied being in the room during the killing. Joe, too, had refused to tell the truth—no matter what happened to him he could not.

Hammer, shifty, unscrupulous, was incompetent, too—Colonel Price had groaned at his conduct of the case. It was nearly over.

Joe stood up, as he was told to do, and faced the jury. In a daze he heard the verdict: "Guilty as charged in the indictment!" He stood again, facing the sober judge, listening: "—hanged by the neck . . . may God have mercy on your soul!"

From his cell Joe could hear a sound of hammering. It troubled him, but its meaning was mercifully hidden from him. The sheriff came. A visitor. He saw Alice, through the grating.

"Alice!" His voice broke.

"It—Joe—it's good bye—"

He couldn't speak.

"Oh, Joe—if you could tell the truth—you're sacrificing yourself to save that woman—and she's

not worthy of it—why—even now—that man—Morgan—he's at the farm with her—they're to be married—now that she has property—"

"Oh, Alice—I can't! I—I wouldn't be worthy of you if I did that—"

Never had there been talk of love between them. But they knew, and in this last hour had no need of further speech. She bowed her head. The sheriff took her away.

And suddenly Joe was swept by a realization of all that was impending. Not for him alone, but for his mother, Alice, too. If Ollie told—now that she was to marry Morgan! That—that made it different. Desperately he began to work. There was a place where the bricks were loose; he had marked it idly. Now—if he could be free, just for a little while—see Ollie!

Brick after brick came out. His fingers were torn and bleeding; he didn't care, nor feel the pain. The hole was wider; he was out. A dog barked; he ran, swiftly, low to the ground. He heard an outcry behind him; ran faster still. Straight he went; straight to the farm, his birthplace.

Ollie was in the kitchen, kneeling. She cried out when she saw Joe, and Morgan came rushing in. Without a word he went for Joe. Ollie screamed as they fought. Joe gathered strength as the fight went on; slowly he pushed Morgan back against the wall. Until, with a sudden cry, Morgan went down; his head struck against the stove as he fell, and he lay still. Joe

(Concluded on page 109)



"You're sacrificing yourself to save that woman and she's not worthy of it!"



ABBE

**K**ATHERINE MacDONALD. For a long time she was mentioned chiefly because of the fact that she was ex-President Wilson's favorite screen star. Now it is a rumored engagement which keeps her before the public. Katherine continues to look cool and aloof, or calm and condescending—the latter here





*The extras who are engaged in Hollywood studios are recruited from all over the world. Among them, lovely little Doris Stone, who won a beauty contest in her native England. Doris has worked in "Under Two Flags," "Robin Hood," and "Omar, the Tent-Maker"*

## Climbing The Mary Pickford Ladder



*There is beauty and talent hidden in the studios, among the little extras, which may, some day, be discovered by a casting-director Columbus—and selected for stardom. PHOTOPLAY sent its scouts to scour the California film factories for the probable Pickfords*



*Will Katherine Bennett become as famous as Enid? Katherine is Mrs. Fred Niblo's little sister; and while Enid played Maid Marian in Douglas Fairbanks' production of "Robin Hood," Katherine was one of the extra ladies. What? Why, yes—that blonde hair is her own*

*To the left: Paramount's prize extra girl, Frances Warner has worked in every big Paramount special for almost two years*

# Twinkle, twinkle, how I wonder

**M**ANY of today's shadowed celebrities traveled the extra route to stardom. In fact, the most famous women of the screen began the long road to electric lights as "atmosphere." The well known ladder of success has been climbed by such stars as Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish; Norma and Constance Talmadge; Florence Vidor; Anita Stewart; Mae Marsh; Mabel Normand; Alice Joyce; Gloria Swanson; Agnes Ayres; Helen Ferguson; Virginia Valli; Alice Terry—the list is a long one. The extra school is the best preparation for a film career, accord-



*Mary Gregg—a short and snappy name which would look well in electrics—belongs to a young lady whose pretty face has been in a degree responsible for her constant employment as an extra, but whose figure has helped, too*



*Because she looks exceedingly Spanish and can wear clothes well, Edna Tichenor is a favorite and delectable bit of atmosphere with many directors. When they need a Zuloaga lady they send for Edna*



*Lois Boyd is the star extra of the Harold Lloyd company. She may some day—who knows?—register as the successor to Bebe and Mildred. She's pretty enough, anyway. Would you believe she's the mother of a fifteen-months-old baby, whom she supports?*



# little extra girl if you'll star

ing to the directors. And it is the best way to "break in." Among these girls, there are, doubtless, several who will be counted among tomorrow's leading ladies. The extra girl works hard; she is an important part of the picture world. A day which brings her a close-up is a glorious day for her. The casting directors know her, and have her photographs filed for future reference. She is, as a rule, steadily employed, providing she possesses more than the ordinary amount of beauty and brains. The requirements for success as an extra are no less exacting than the requirements for success as a star.



*Illustrating the Persian fashion for flappers in Richard Walton Tully's "Omar, the Tent Maker," Ethel Kenyon registers her olive-brunette beauty most effectively. Miss Kenyon came from London*



*Julie Leonard should stand out of the extra chorus in deMille's "Manlaughter." She probably will. Julie was a classic dancer before she heard the call of the cameras and decided to cast her fortunes among the extras. She is also in "To Have and To Hold"*



*No Follies girl ever looked out on the world from lovelier eyes or longer lashes than Curlyne Englar. Curlyne is making progress up the ladder after only a short season in the Paramount studios*



*Patsy Ruth Miller has been in pictures for two years, and she still has the rare quality of youth undimmed*



# Presenting Patsy

Miss Miller hails from the Middle West and she's just seventeen

By  
*Adela Rogers St. Johns*

Photography by Abbe



*Patsy Ruth Miller and her parents came to California from St. Louis for a vacation*

ONCE in a great while you come across somebody whose name actually expresses her personality.

It's rather refreshing, you know. I mean after you've run up against several thousand cases like the pickaninny named Snowball. And the washerwoman's daughter bearing the appropriate cognomen Gwendolyn Claire. And the frivolous flapper across the street who not only rolls her stockings but her own cigarettes and whose name is Mary. And that old-maid aunt of your husband's with the mania for Persian cats and cross-stitch embroidery whom you have to call Aunt Carmencita.



Nobody has ever openly disagreed with Juliet's impassioned "What's in a name" but a lot of people change theirs just the same.

Well, anyway—Patsy Ruth Miller.

Right there you have a picture of this Goldwyn leading lady.

Patsy for the little imp that dances through her bright hair and her perky smile and her contagious chuckle. That twinkles in her dancing feet.

Patsy for the comedy instinct that sends her rollicking onto the screen. For the eternal child you see written all over her.

Ruth for the soft gentleness of her brown eyes. The sweetness of her low voice. The budding womanliness that promises so much.

Miller for the good Americanism of her,—the father and mother and kid brother and the simple, regular, middle-west home backgrounds and principles that dominate so much of her life.

It's almost impossible to see into Patsy Ruth's future.

She's such a kid. Only seventeen—and an undeveloped seventeen at that.

Today her whole career rests upon that one glorious thing—youth. (Continued on page 109)

Will Rogers as Ichabod Crane in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" now being filmed



In which it is proven that the master of quips has a private life

# Exposing Will Rogers

By *Delight Evans*



I AM going to give the whole thing away. That it will cause one of those distinct sensations, I have no doubt. But it is something the world should know.

Will Rogers *has* a private life.

It sounds improbable. Will, you would say, has less private life than the President's Airedale. He is always in the public eye, which is never closed. He is continually being shadowed. When engaged by a motion picture company to act in a film, he not only acts but talks; and whenever he talks a stenographer is instructed to follow him about the lot to jot down his bright sayings. The scenario writer haunts him—to try to get his ideas for future use in the sub-titles. The director makes a pal of him and asks him confidently what *he* would do in a scene like that. If he walks upon the streets, he is recognized, for there is no one in the world who looks like Will Rogers and walks like Will Rogers except Will Rogers. He likes baseball; he goes, and finds himself an important part of the game. Besides these little things, there are newspaper people and their wives and children. And, always, small boys of the neighborhood who want to watch him rope.

He is supposed to say one clever thing every few minutes, or people are disappointed in him. They follow him around with expectant grins. No sooner does he open his mouth than they begin to laugh. Balzac doubtless called it a day after making an epigram a chapter. Napoleon has been handed immortality as a wit of the first water by historians for such snappy retorts as "How the deuce; it can't be done." They let Mark Twain write "Joan of Arc." Joe Miller is still being widely, if anonymously, quoted. But Will Rogers has to be just simply killing on the stage and in the movies and everywhere else all the time or his reputation as a humorist seems to be at stake.

I always liked Will Rogers until I heard those stories which told of him regaling groups of ardent admirers with his quips and wise cracks. I could visualize Mr. Rogers as a man who always worked at it. I could see him playfully roping his way through a quiet little dinner at home, convulsing his own family with the brand of humor said to be keen and pithy. I imagined him scattering merriment everywhere he went—leaving his greengrocer gasping and his tailor in gay contortions. A man like that, I said, couldn't be human. He was too well known.

I was wrong. He fooled me. He's a good, (*Continued on page 102*)



And  
so  
they  
were  
married



*Marilynn,  
Star of  
"Sally"*

*Jack  
Pickford*



### A SONNET IMPRESSION OF LILLIAN GISH

You always seem so wistful, so alone,  
A shadow shape, before dawn's rosy glow—  
One wonders if your soul can really know,  
The feelings of a woman, nearly grown . . . .  
One wonders if your thoughts are light things, blown  
Like thistle-down—one moment high, then low—  
Or whether they, like broad winged swallows, go  
Into far skies, where thoughts have never flown!

Love—has it touched your life . . . Has passion swept  
Over the calm breadth of your childish brow?  
What of the past—the future—and the now?  
Has your young heart, sore wounded, ever crept  
Into the silences, serene and deep—  
Or are your dreams still perfect, *and asleep!*

*Margaret Sangster*



# Foolish Censors

By  
Frederick James  
Smith

Self-righteous, self-appointed, ignorant, holier-than-thou; how long before an intelligent public rises and blots them out as a disgrace to our self-respect and our form of government?

ARCHAEOLOGISTS of 2,922, digging about in the ruins of what was once New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, are going to wonder at the marvels wrought some few centuries earlier by a curious class of assertive folk called "censors." Likewise, they will ponder long and hard over the way a mighty mass of people fell down and worshipped before these odd self-appointed guardians of the public morals.

And well they may!

Censorship of motion pictures has not been of particularly long duration in our land. Yet the milestones of stupidity stretch from coast to coast. The thing would be mightily laughable, a huge and joyous commentary upon our strange national lassitude and philosophy of "I should worry," were it not so completely destructive to an art in the process of evolution.

It is true that we live in a bizarre age of busybodies, of self-created public pilots. It runs through all our national life. The motion picture censor is but one product. Yet he is easily the most dangerous, for he strikes at the one entertainment of the mass of humanity; ruthlessly mutilating, stunting and destroying.

There is not one single logical argument in favor of censorship of any kind—and never will be. The Ohio lady censor who overstepped herself and lost her position after declaring in substance that the public is a moron and must have its mental food selected by the righteously elect (elected by themselves), neatly expressed the creed of the censor. There is no excuse for censorship and it will never be anything but intolerance. It savors of tyranny, fear and bigotry—it is the spirit of the Inquisition rekindled and rampant in our land. Censorship is the hooded Ku Klux Klan of art.

Let us pause for a moment to consider a censorship that refuses to admit that there is such a thing as birth and motherhood. Yet the censors of Pennsylvania will not permit anything but the stork as a symbol of the perpetuation of the human race. Photoplay after photoplay is wrecked to conform with this idea. Even scenes showing the making of baby clothes are torn out bodily from films as suggestive!

There are actual instances on record of even greater idiocy.



When these people finish with what little the censors have left, the movies will be about as entertaining as an old tinype of grandpa in his brown derby

Consider the censor in Ohio who objected to Stevenson's "Treasure Island" because it might teach children piracy! Or the Pennsylvania censors who wanted to marry *Camille* to *Armand*, the western guardians of public morals who insisted that a legal marriage be inserted in Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy," and the Kansas censors who refused to permit *Carmen*, the cigarette girl, to smoke her own. Poor *Carmen* has suffered, for Ohio took the bull ring away, too.

Perhaps we should be more specific. Take D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East" as an instance in point. Griffith has been one of the heaviest sufferers from censorship because he is a fearless leader and refuses to be bound, come what may. In Pennsylvania they eliminated the basic idea to "Way Down East" by trimming out the mock marriage. Naturally the mock honeymoon went, too. Likewise, the scene where the heroine tells of approaching motherhood. The board scrapped all hints at maternity and childbirth. Imagine the surprise of Pennsylvania fans when the baby, utterly unexplained, bursts upon the screen just before its death. Altogether, the Pennsylvania board made sixty cuts in the film play in reference to the baby. Other incidental things done to "Way Down East" by the same board included cutting the scenes showing society girls smoking, a reference to "wild oats" in a sub-title and the curious changing of another title, "I can never be any man's wife" to "I can never marry any man." Just how this last lifts the moral status of the picture is beyond us.

Another superb instance of censorship occurred also in Pennsylvania in reference to Metro's production of "The Four Horsemen." This, too, has the hardihood to refer to birth and these references went, along with the super-naughty caption, "It's a boy!" Pennsylvania also adjusted Ibanez's



## The Censorship theory is that

would make me shelve it, even though the killing was accidental, and the Chinese material based on Chinese history." The censors did—and cut out Neilan's explanation.

But to return to censorship as it is practiced in our states. Censorship isn't nearly as countrywide as one might consider. There are state boards in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Kansas and Virginia, the last named becoming operative on August 1st. Chicago and Kansas City, Mo., have boards, while the recreation commissioner of Detroit has censor power, as well as the license commissioner of Boston, the police commissioner in charge of recreation in Providence, R. I., and a volunteer body appointed by the mayor in Milwaukee. There are censor boards in the Canadian provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

These censors assert themselves in varying ways. There is no uniformity to their operations, save that they all seem to strive to eliminate what they consider inhumanity, undue sex, the performance of crime, vulgarity and immorality. They vary naturally in what they consider comes under these heads. Who, for instance, can decide what is unduly inhuman and what isn't? The display of guns and other weapons is ruthlessly cut by censors almost everywhere. There are places where a revolver or a rifle can not even be shown in posters. Special posters had to be prepared during the war showing soldiers going over the top empty handed.

Naturally, the busybodies of the films do not entirely concern themselves with cuts from scenes. Their chief cuts and changes are made to sub-titles. There are words that won't be permitted by censors. "Hell" is one of them. Ohio cuts this bit of profanity steadily even when used humorously and so does Pennsylvania. Yet in Bill Hart's "Travelin' On" they changed "Read the book—Hell!" to "Read the book—H—!"

"Ornery" was trimmed out of "Travelin' On" by the Pennsylvania censors as naughty. The New York censors wouldn't stand for "Now I know you for what you are and I am through with you" in "The Red Peacock" and ordered it changed to "You—you—I'm thru with you." Thus was the public saved. Pennsylvania is mighty careful of naming that piece of household furniture, the bed.

Ohio sliced that depraved slang phrase, "Hot doggie," out of Dick Barthelmess' "The Seventh Day." Pennsylvania has an aversion for the sordid word "unspeakable." They trimmed it out of a number of films, including Goldwyn's "Godless Men" and "Theodora." They cut a reference to Jezebel out of "Theodora," too.

Love is another word not to be used without great care. Pennsylvania lifted the subtitle, "A hidden house built for



This scene from "The Branding Iron" was cut in Pennsylvania, after which the board banned the whole picture because it dealt with infidelity

to its liking. They looked over *Julio's* relations with the senator's wife, the key-note of the *opus*, and decided that the wife must become the senator's fiancée. Thus were public morals protected.

We might recall an interesting censorship instance in Illinois, the famous case of Charlie Chaplin's "The Kid." Remember the amusing way the kid smashed windows, while Charlie followed on behind to repair them? The Illinois censors found that it would be a menace to children to see this pleasantry.

Marshall Neilan's "Bits of Life" was another severe sufferer in Ohio. There they made the crook of the first incident reform—in a subtitle. This, of course, was utterly ridiculous when the worldly character, so carefully pictured by Neilan, is considered. Then the censors there took offense to what they considered a reference to themselves in the caption, "'Hop' was a wonderful idea, but I was afraid the censors

### A few bright examples of censorial intelligence

Pennsylvania allowed the baby to die but wouldn't let it be born in "Way Down East."

Carmen lost her cigarettes in Kansas and Ohio took the bull away from her.

A husband wasn't allowed to pull the curtains down in his own home in Chicago.

The word "ornery" was considered salacious in Pennsylvania.

Pennsylvania and Ohio cut references to the Bible. Suckling pigs are not permitted in Pennsylvania.

An Ohio censor feared that "Treasure Island" would teach piracy.

A husband can't kiss his wife's shoulder in Maryland.

Ohio wouldn't let Louis XIV kiss DuBarry's foot. They took the yellow ticket out of "The Yellow Ticket" in Maryland.

Ohio doesn't like references to bootleggers or hooch. The words "wild oats" aren't allowed in Pennsylvania.

Ohio censors cut the phrase, "Hot Doggie," as immoral.

Pennsylvania wanted Camille to marry Armand.



Pennsylvania changed the relationship of the characters in "The Four Horsemen," the senator's wife becoming his fiancée



## every American is a half-wit

love" from Goldwyn's "The Branding Iron" and substituted "A hidden house built for inspiration." Bootlegger is a new word that is taboo. Pennsylvania cut it out of "The Night Rose" and Ohio eliminated Connie Talmadge's humorous campaign speech in "Women's Place," "I'll see that every bootlegger sells you pure liquor at a fair price."

Indeed, prohibition is a tender subject with censors. Far be it from them to permit a general idea to get around that there are violations of the law on this score. The Chicago censors lifted the title, "If America has made these illegal, then America doesn't deserve her freedom" from Wallie Reid's "The World's Champion." The lifting was done after the picture had been first approved and the cut was made while the film was running at the Chicago Theater. Apparently some crank had been shocked at the board's liberality and had protested. Screen comedies touching upon prohibition get hit hard. In Ohio the seemingly harmless "Toonerville's Boozem Friends" was cut here and there. One of the cuts showed a policeman unscrewing his mace and pouring a drink out of it. The Ohio censors got out their scissors when they came to "You bottled it too soon" in the comedy, "Made in the Kitchen."

Indeed, the censors show great concern for accepted forms of law and order. A news reel showing the removal of a statue of a public man from the front of a building was ordered cut in Pennsylvania, because the removal was done by aid of a rope around the stone neck of the statue. The censors considered it "gruesome" and "disrespectful."

Strikes and riots disturb them a great deal. Apparently they look upon these as giving the public bad ideas. Pennsylvania trimmed the riots out of Goldwyn's "The Penalty." Boston was much concerned over Griffith's French Revolution in "Orphans of the Storm." Race riots have to be guarded against in the South.

The censors insist upon a proper respect for policemen. In Pennsylvania they cut an attack upon a French gendarme from "The Green Temptation."

Let us return for a moment to the Pennsylvania censors' belief in the stork. Pennsylvania ordered a complete change in Fox's "The Blue Streak." Here the story concerned some bad men who kidnapped a fourteen year old girl. Later they see her playing with doll clothes and the belief that she is about to become a mother reforms them. The doll clothes and the belief went forthwith. The Fox forces fixed up the tale by having the girl sprain her ankle in a sub-title, this affecting the bad men so deeply that they reform at once.

The Chicago censors trimmed Fox's "The Devil Within" for its reflection on maternity. Here the father was shown



Pennsylvania completely cut the mock honeymoon from "Way Down East," thus destroying an integral part of the plot



Pennsylvania cut the sub-title reference to the Biblical quotation from this scene in "Madame X". Perhaps the censors would like to fix up the Bible

pace up and down outside the bedroom, the while tearing petals from a flower as he murmured, "Boy-girl-boy-girl." That was sliced out instanter. Such immoral thoughts can not get abroad in Chicago, any way.

The relations of husband and wife come in for careful scrutiny by the conscientious censors. The Province of Quebec, being of certain religious proclivities, permits no hint of divorce.

The Chicago censors cut a scene from "Bobbed Hair" showing a man pulling down the shades in his own home. Immoral in purpose, probably.

Maryland ordered out a scene from "The Last Payment" where the husband kissed his own wife's shoulder.

Pennsylvania banned "The Branding Iron" entirely because it involved infidelity.

Kisses are carefully measured, both as to celluloid length and mental effect. They all get trimmed (Continued on page 106)

## If you were adapting "Romeo and Juliet" to the Films

You would have to remember that:

Pennsylvania would probably cut Juliet's bed-chamber scenes.

The lovemaking on the balcony would probably go in Ohio.

Kansas and Pennsylvania would cut the potion as dope.

You probably would have to eliminate Romeo and Juliet in Pennsylvania unless you married them right at the start.

You would have to be careful about the doublet and hose, legs being taboo in many states.

The duel would go as inhuman and brutal.

The monk would be eliminated in parts of Canada on religious scruples.

Romeo would lose his rapier in many places, it being a weapon.

Sub-titles referring to love would have to be handled carefully in Pennsylvania.

Remembering these things you could go ahead with your adaptation, always keeping in mind that your story must be wholesome enough for a child of eight.

FRANK  
GARDNER



*"Where on earth are you going?" Arthur whispered hoarsely. "Don't you get this, dear—a fat little fifty-two thousand a year!"*



*Shall a young woman on the threshold of fame throw her career away for a home and a husband? Hattie wins a thousand-a-week offer and faces the problem. But fate decides.*



*Lucille held Hattie off and looked at her, then made her sit opposite and looked at her again. "Hattie, how do you do it?" she asked*

# Hattie of Hollywood

*By Samuel Merwin*

Illustrated by

Frank Godwin

## The story to date

BECAUSE she has so suddenly become a star—she was whisked as if by magic from a factory to a motion picture studio—Hattie Johnson finds many things to confuse her. She cannot understand why Hollywood should be just a commonplace little town, why salaries should be meagre, why de Brissac—the director who “made” her should treat her in so curiously lover-like a manner when they are alone. He is the only man that she knows intimately, with the exception of Henry O’Malley, the head camera man, whose acquaintance she made on the train going west. Her life is one round of hard work and worry and family quarrels, for her grandmother, her sister and her small niece have come to the promised land with her. She does not tell them that she has noticed a subtle change in Henry’s attitude toward her, that a proposal is in the air—she does not tell them about de Brissac.

Doggedly she works on, under his superb direction, until the picture is finished—and then comes the moment in his office when he tells her that he is going to take her on a yachting trip with him, alone. As he puts his arms about her there is a knock at the door and a girl with wild, greenish eyes—a girl that Hattie has noticed about the lot—bursts into the room and attempts to throw acid into Hattie’s face. With a quick movement de Brissac comes between them, and catches the girl’s hand. Though badly burned he sends her away and tries to take Hattie, again, into his arms. But she runs from the room.

The next day Henry asks her to marry him, and she accepts. Putting the fascination that she feels for de Brissac in the back of her mind, she decides to start a new life. And she allows Henry and a lawyer friend of his to break her contract and make a new one with a new director. She goes to work on a picture only to find that she has no real knowledge, that the genius of de Brissac made an actress of her. Henry is absorbed in an invention of his, he is sure of the future, and so Hattie keeps her worry about a moneyless

future to herself. And then, all at once, the de Brissac picture is released, and Hattie finds herself famous. And her ne’er-do-well brother-in-law, seeing the picture, comes home—thereby adding another burden to an already large load of care.

THE last day’s work at Plantagenet Town was light. Mortimer dismissed Hattie at noon. He wasn’t unkind about it; took her hand and wished her good luck; but that sense in her heart of failure had been at no moment more final. And she went alone into the studio restaurant.

Someone was waving at her from a table by the window. A slim dark girl, a pretty girl. She hesitated, frightened at first, then incredulous, staring. It was . . . Lucille! She rushed over there, with the sensation of greeting an old friend who was very dear, dearer, in a way, than anyone in Hollywood. There were no old friends here.

Lucille held her off and looked at her, then made her sit opposite and looked at her again.

“Well,” she said, “the same little mailing-room girl, as I live! Hattie, how do you do it? Six months in Hollywood, the biggest personal success of the past two or three years, and yet here you are not changed at all! Even your clothes! Now me—I can’t help looking experienced. And they don’t like it. They want that wonderful innocence of yours. Why,



child, you're a knockout! You're a sensation! Everybody on Broadway's talking nothing but Harriet John! I expected to find you lying back in a Rolls-Royce in summer sables."

Hattie's lip quivered.

"I'm through here today. They don't want me any more. They don't like me."

"Wait a minute, child. You've got me all mixed up. Who don't like you?"

"Mr. Mortimer. All of them. I'm no good. I can't act." In a moment, if she didn't take care, she'd be crying, here in the restaurant. She stopped that line of talk, and asked—

"How'd you ever happen to come out here?"

"Oh, I'm with D'Urberville. Picture people all travel in a groove, you know—New York and Hollywood, Hollywood and New York. No use trying to hide from anybody in this business. You can't get away with it. But never mind that—let me understand this astonishing situation! You've been working here?"

"Yes."

"But aren't you in de Brissac's new company?"

"I didn't know he—"

"You *didn't!* Why, I thought you—"

"I left him."

"You left him? But good God, child—"

"Lucille—I've got something to—I'm engaged to be married."

"Really! That's nice! But I want to get this de Brissac business straight. You say you left him, and they don't like you here—did you say all that, or am I just naturally losing my poor old brains?"

Hattie nodded. "I'm no good, Lucille. I can't act. I don't know anything about it. And when they see this picture everybody's going to know it. Oh, if only I—"

"Don't make me laugh!" said Lucille. "And don't talk so fast. Why did you leave de Brissac? Tell me that first."

Hattie began hesitatingly to tell. Here at last was a confidante to whom she could pour out her heart; not the doll, but a real person who would understand her. It was her one heartbreaking need at the moment. She gave up to it. The words and phrases began tumbling hotly forth. Lucille had to caution her to lower her voice. And after a hurried lunch they went out and walked all the way into Hollywood, while Hattie talked on and on. She had begun with de Brissac's first words to her, and she recited the details of each of their stolen moments together. She felt now that she hated him. Her fear of him became, for the moment, anger; the attraction she felt toward him became bitterness. And through the anger and the bitterness ran this new sensation of relief that mounted into savage joy. And yet outwardly she was that same timid girl, with a light high voice that wasn't quite clear in quality.

Lucille heard her out; and at last asked, with a manner of shrewd quiet—they were walking slowly past the Spanish-looking hotel now, with its crescent of palm trees in front and with its row on the long porch of actors and continuity writers sitting in the rocking chairs, reading the early editions of the evening papers, and its other row of elderly women knitting, and its children playing among the parked automobiles—



"Do I have to answer them all?" dismay, as she looked at the heap

"Is this camera man—this man you're engaged to—"

"Henry O'Malley."

"Yes. Does he seem to be of a particularly jealous disposition?"

"No, I don't think so. He's really awfully kind and nice. Of course, his mind is always so full of his inventions that it's hard to get him to think long of anything else."

"I see . . . Well, I don't suppose you're especially interested in my opinion of all this."

"You know I am, Lucille. Why, if we weren't dear old friends do you suppose I'd tell any—"

"I think you're the most astounding little fool I ever heard of."

"I don't see how you can say that!" Hattie was hotly red now.

"Think it over for yourself. Here are about a million of us girls who would give everything in the world to have Armand de Brissac take just a little interest in us. Clever girls, some of us. Ambitious, hard workers. But he passes us all by without a look, picks you off a bush, offers you all his power and influence and all his art, and actually keeps his word—makes good with you—and you run from him—throw it all away." There was bitterness in Lucille's tone, too.

"But to do wrong, Lucille—when you *feel* it's wrong—"

"Oh, what is wrong? And what is right?"





"Of course they have. The Puritans try to pretend it isn't so, but it is. And there isn't any answer. If you're up against the problem of a career, you've got to give your whole mind to that career, and let everything else take care of itself. Morals don't matter. Mistakes do. And it was a mistake for you to go over there to Plantagenet. Bound to hurt you some. It isn't true that you're no good. I've seen 'Bagdad,' and you can't tell me that. But it is true you're not an artist. It's just that there's a quality in you that de Brissac saw and that he knew how to develop. He's a genius. These other people just hire talent. With them you're nothing, with him you're great . . . I'm still puzzled to death about this. I can't seem to believe that you're sitting here making talk like this. As if having de Brissac in love with you wasn't enough to drive a girl wild—oh, no, you're not going to be such a fool as all that." And grimly she ate her ice cream and stirred a straw about in the syrup at the bottom of the glass.

Hattie was silent. But after they had walked out, and Lucille had signaled a taxi from the stand before the hotel, mentioning, not without an air, an engagement for tea at the Ambassador, Hattie extended her hand.

"It's been nice to see you, Lucille," she said, with a twisted smile. "It's no use our talking about, though. I'm not going back to de Brissac, even if he should ask me to. And I don't see how he could."

"But, Hattie, you tell me you're up against it—"

"Alice's husband has come back. He hasn't any job now, but he's a man, and he can get one. It isn't fair for him to expect to live off me. And Alice can find work. I'm going to tell Henry

I'll give up the pictures and we'll be married and live on his salary, and I'll learn to cook for him and be his real little wife." Again that twisted smile. "You see, Lucille, I've really had an unhappy time at both studios. I don't like the pictures, I really don't. I'll never work again with de Brissac. Of course, I won't be able to keep from thinking about him sometimes—" the voice shook somewhat, but she kept bravely on—"but I suppose every married woman has some memories she thinks about once in a while. That's all right. You see, I don't want a career. I haven't any temperament. There's nothing big about me. And I know that I couldn't get anywhere with any of these other directors. So—that's all."

Lucille threw up her hands in a mock dismissal of the case, stepped into the taxi, cried gaily—"Hotel Ambassador!"—and was driven off along the boulevard.

Hattie, feeling rather little and very old, walked home.

MR. HARBIN was waiting at the flat, talking with Alice and Arthur. He had never seemed so pleasant and friendly. He brought more clippings, a parcel of them, and a parcel of letters.

"Here's the first lot," he explained, full of interest. "The postmarks are mostly from the Coast here, with a few from the middle West. Within a week you'll be having them from all over the country." There must have been nearly two hundred.

asked Hattie, with a feeling of letters on the center of the table

"But we know what's right—"

"Is it right to marry a man you don't love?"

For a moment Hattie was silent. Then she cried, "But you have no right to say I don't love Henry!"

They were confronting each other, on the corner by the drug store.

"At least," remarked Lucille, dryly, "we can go in and have a soda."

They sat on the high stools before the marble counter.

Lucille, as the boy turned to fill the order, leaned an elbow on the counter and turned toward the girl, shading her face with her hand.

"Of course, Hattie," she said, quietly, "you're still hardly more than a kid, but you're out making your way in the world, supporting a family, and there's some things you really ought to know. One is that there's nothing in marriage for an actress. I haven't seen many successful marriages anyway, and where a woman has to put her career first—she's got to do that, you know, if there's to be a career at all—the marriage simply hasn't a chance. Not a chance. Look at a lot of the great professional women—not just now—but of all countries and all time. They've lived their own lives, haven't they?"

"I don't know," faltered Hattie, dipping her spoon into the foaming glass.



## The Most Realistic Novelette of Motion Picture Life Ever Written

"Do I have to answer them all?" asked Hattie, with a feeling of dismay, as she looked at the heap of them on the center table.

"It is advisable to. From the way they're beginning to come in, it's evident that you'll soon be having thousands. It's very unusual these days, such a quick and complete success. It brings to mind the early Mary Pickford days, and Chaplin's first sensational success. Why, within two or three months letters will be coming in from all over the world. I can't tell you how warmly I congratulate you."

"It's hard to believe," said Alice, a note of half-suppressed excitement in her voice.

"Wonderful!" cried Arthur, and laughed in his quick way. He laughed easily. Hattie didn't like the sound. She turned her attention to the letters—opened a few.

"I don't see how I can ever answer so many," she remarked forlornly.

*The actor played the cowboy lead but couldn't ride and had a double to do the rough work*



spoke to me personally about it—to tell you that our office would be glad to help you in a secretarial way. We'll be delighted to do anything we can."

"That's awfully nice," said Hattie.

"Oh, they're fine people," put in Arthur. "Of course they'll help."

"The simplest way, I think"—Mr. Harbin—"would be for me to work out a form letter, something brief, just a friendly acknowledgment, and have a lot typed up for you to sign. You can cover a great deal of ground in an hour or so that way. Just drop into the office some day when it's convenient."

"The big banks use signing machines"—Arthur putting in, with a touch of assertiveness—"so that one signing makes a lot of little arms go. There was a picture in a magazine. Something like this." He was drawing on an envelope.

Mr. Harbin listened and looked with courtesy; then said—"By the way, we're having a private showing of 'Bagdad' at the studio this evening. I don't think you've seen it, Miss Johnson."

"Only the daily runs of my scenes."

"Well, Mr. Zecek asked me to extend a cordial invitation to you." He turned to the others: "I'm sure he'd be delighted to have you all come."

"Somebody'd have to stay with Emily and Gran'ma."

"I'll stay," said Arthur.

Alice considered this in some doubt. Said, "I think I'd better stay." She was disappointed. "But you could go, Arthur."

"I'm going to see Henry, anyway," said Hattie. "I suppose he and I'll go together."

"My sister's engaged to be married, Mr. Harbin," announced Alice.

Hattie colored. She felt that Alice shouldn't have told. The family had lately had to know, as an explanation of their constant meetings and dinners and rides. But a moment later, after Mr. Harbin had said, "Oh indeed! I do congratulate you, Miss Johnson! It's a happy time for you all around, isn't it?" Her eyes lingered on his genial face. Somehow she felt that

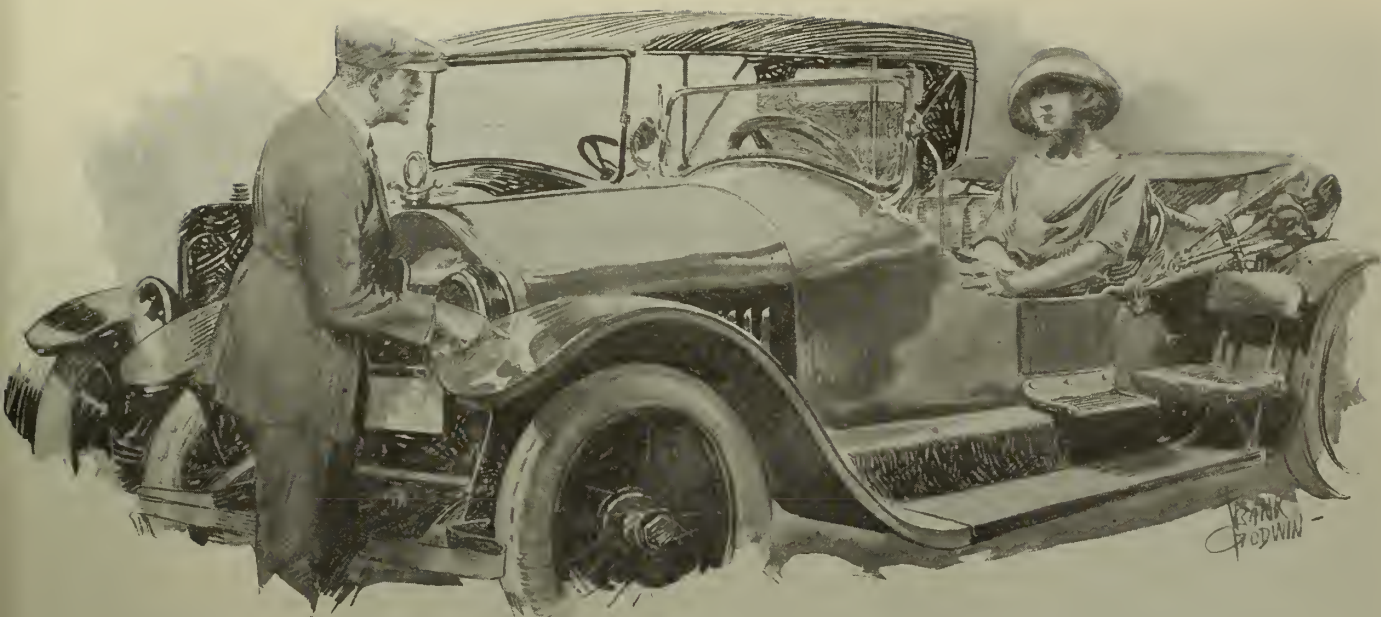
he knew. Come to think of it, he would know. They always knew things at the studio. They knew everything. She had heard the gossip. They had engaged Alice Armentiere for star parts because they knew she was Robert Ring Rush's girl, and they were really after Robert Ring Rush. He was a great director. They moved in those indirect ways. Yes, they always knew things. Possibly they knew all about her meetings with de Brissac. Perhaps they knew she was actually in the room when that dark girl . . . she mustn't flush . . . she hastily resumed opening letters . . . probably this was success, all those letters that had to be somehow laboriously answered, all the cheap prints of still pictures that would have to be sent. She didn't feel successful, she felt hunted.

**A**FTER supper, Alice followed her into the outer hall—after Henry blew up the speaking tube—and said—

"Arthur feels rather badly, Hattie, because you don't seem to value his judgment about things. He has had a lot of practical experience, you know. And he's the only man we have to lean on. . . . Oh, Hattie, I know I seem sharp and cross sometimes, but I don't want you to think I don't appreciate all you . . . my life's been pretty hard. I know my nerves are worn to wires. More than once I've wondered they didn't just snap. And if you knew what it means, after years, to have him back. . . ."

Hattie tried to smile as she ran down the stairs. At the landing, as she turned, she contrived to smile, and waved her hand. She couldn't say anything. There was something that didn't feel right about Arthur. She didn't know what it was. But it bothered her.





*At the parking place, Henry grew angry because someone had scraped the paint of the left forward mudguard. She knew as she watched him that he wouldn't sell the roadster. She couldn't reach him, couldn't make him understand that this was the moment of final decision*

It was unexpectedly stirring to sit in the dark projecting room on the lot and know that Mr. and Mrs. Zeeck were at her elbow, together with other notables. She had wondered, riding over, sitting very close to Henry, if de Brissac would be there. He wasn't. The lot was a strange place without him. Rather a ghostly place, in which her unstable adolescent mind wandered like a wan wraith over familiar scenes that were now empty and still under the clear California moon.

The picture opened with double exposures of Rome, Damascus and Bagdad in an architectural frame, fading into flames and ruin as the title came softly into view; and then, with another fade, the billowy desert appeared behind the lettering with a line of camels, heavily laden, plodding in silhouette along a near horizon. De Brissac's name came next of course; then the usual crowded list of minor claimants for publicity—camera men, technical and art directors, electricians, scenario and continuity writers and what not, and then, oddly familiar scene, an entrance to a palace, with a little beggar maiden sitting on marble steps . . . herself . . . reaching out her hands plaintively, trying not to sob . . . letters began fading in, the name, "Harriet John."

HERS, then, was the second most conspicuous name on this great picture. De Brissac had done precisely as he promised. She had to fight down an unnerving friendly glow toward him. He hadn't even done it for her; he had simply dared to hold to his plan, to present an unknown girl as a star. Her desertion of him, without a word of explanation, her plighting troth with another, a mere camera man—oh, he knew it, he knew it!—had not even swerved him from his course. More, as the picture swiftly progressed, it was clear that he had made no slightest error of judgment. The girl on the screen was wonderful. She seemed to be someone else. Hattie remembered, clearly enough, the dreary work in each of the scenes, but the effect of putting them together, the story-surface of the picture, came to her as a new thing. She was absorbed, moved, thrilled. Henry, too, was thrilled. He held her hands, there in the dark, so tightly that it hurt, and she didn't mind. The distinguished little audience felt the thing, too, as did she and Henry. They murmured, and applauded. Some of them cried, you could see when the light came on between reels.

It was fun afterward to find herself the positive center of attention. These great people all pressed her hand and said unbelievable things. She almost felt the reality of it. But the bewilderment in which she these days had her being would creep in. The picture was de Brissac's, not hers. Alone she was nothing. Perhaps they would offer her a new job. She dreaded the thought. They would find her out just as Mr. Mortimer had found her out. Unless they knew already.

Very likely they did. . . . Yes, they did! Mr. Zeeck drew her to a corner, and spoke pleasantly of the picture and of her unquestionable success.

"You may know," he went on to say, "that Mr. de Brissac is leaving us. He is forming a company of his own. Possibly he has already made you an offer."

Hattie shook her head.

"Well, he will. He could hardly afford not to. But this company of his is a venture. It may not succeed." Not a word about the broken contract! How kind he was. "I understand that you've not been very happy on the Plantagenet lot. I think you had better come back to us. You know, I think, that we have broken with the star system. We don't feel that it's healthy. The trend of the business is away from it. And I'm sure you know yourself that you need experience, training."

"I'm no good," she said, all confusion. Her mind couldn't keep up with his fluent talk. He was such a great man.

"You mustn't say that, my dear. Not after 'Bagdad.' You have undoubtedly a brilliant future ahead of you. You will probably have some big offers. But my advice is that you refuse them. You don't want your career to be a flash in the pan for want of sound training. I think you had better come in with us. We can train you, teach you. And while we feel that the big salaries won't last—really, they can't last—we'll pay you enough to live comfortably on, say two hundred and fifty a week. Not more now, but we could consider a small increase next year. Suppose you come to my office at ten tomorrow. Talk it over tonight with your family, and see if they don't feel with me that you should attach yourself to a strong company like ours and build your career soundly. You'll be running no risk whatever in doing that. I'll have Mr. Harbin call for you in the morning and drive you over here."

She knew that Henry was eagerly curious, but she couldn't tell him what Mr. Zeeck had said. Finally, however, he asked. They were on the way home. And then, still confused, still with that not pleasant sense of being dragged through the hours faster than she could think, she briefly told him. And he responded with an impatient sniff that seemed to put him farther away from her.

"Two hundred and fifty a week! Humph! Why, that's outrageous—after this. We can do better than that, a damn sight better!"

They spoke but little after that.

To Alice, who followed her into her room, she merely said listlessly—

"Oh yes, it's a wonderful picture. Everybody was nice to me."

She was glad when Alice went and she could shut the door. She was trying to understand (Continued on page 70)

If you have not read the preceding chapters start this story now.





*The home of the Vidors is a happy combination of old English and modern California. It is of sand-colored plaster, with a red shingle roof and iron grill windows. The steps are of red brick. Probably the loveliest thing about the house is its grove of enormous eucalyptus trees*

*PHOTOPLAY has always taken a paternal interest in Florence Vidor, for it discovered her playing the tiny role of the girl in the tumbrel in William Farnum's "Tale of Two Cities." Then, too, it has followed the directorial career of the highly promising King Vidor with distinct interest. The Vidor home admirably reflects their personality. Below, Mrs. Vidor's own upstairs sitting room. The walls are papered silvery grey, the curtains are of white ruffled net and the desk is ash*



*Florence Vidor was brought up by a strict, old-fashioned mother. So this pose will look delightfully natural to her friends*





Just a  
Little Home  
that  
Pictures  
Built

Photography by Abbe

*The dining room, right, gives you the feeling that you have stepped into an ancient baronial hall. It is done in antique oak from the roughly carved rafters to the wide-boarded floors. The table and chairs are also of antique oak, but the cathedral window, with a giant eucalyptus tree just outside, is really the artistic triumph of this splendid room. Mrs. Vidor designed every inch of the house herself and this is her favorite room.*



*Florence Vidor and her small daughter, Suzanne, have started for a stroll in the Hollywood foothills, which are actually a part of their back yard. This charming wall, of old English brick, surrounds the house, and the chimney of brick, over which the ivy is just beginning to climb, is both quaint and beautiful. The open windows on the second floor are Mrs. Vidor's sleeping porches.*



“Barrie  
might  
have  
written  
her—”

That's what a critic said when he saw May McAvoy as *Grisel* in “Sentimental Tommy.” The picture made May—but since it she has been unfortunately cast. Yet we still believe in her fine promise!







While  
European maps are  
changing,  
American maps are  
being  
duplicated!  
Neither of them has  
ever smiled



# Interviewing Joseph Talmadge Keaton

By *Adela Rogers St. Johns*

**A** FIGURE in white, suggesting Harrison Fisher's conception of a nurse, came down the broad stairs. "You wanted to see Mrs. Keaton?" she asked. "Well, not particularly," I told her, "I want to see Joseph Talmadge Keaton."

She smiled haughtily. "If you'll come up to the nursery," she said.

It was a palatial nursery. All about were flowers—great baskets of sweet peas, white wicker cradles packed with roses, miniature baby carriages full of orchids.

Hung all about were tiny garments, piles of bright blankets, small and fascinating paraphernalia—the exquisite layette of a fashionable baby.

Through wide French doors, I caught a glimpse of a sleeping porch, in the center of it a froth of pink satin, frilly lace, streaming ribbons and ivory wicker which I took to be a baby bed.

The nurse suggested that I sit down and wait for Mrs. Keaton. I sat. But I only waited until the nurse's back was turned. Then I peered cautiously about. If there is anything I love, it's interviewing babies when they aren't bothered with a lot of grown-ups. Especially nurses.

Everything was quiet. So I tiptoed softly out onto the porch. Never was such a baby bed. Titania herself might have slept within. As I bent over I caught that delicious fragrance of clean, bathed, laundered, powdered babyhood that Guerlain has never equalled.

Joseph Talmadge Keaton looked up at me with a pair of very bright baby eyes. One thumb reposed comfortably in his mouth. He had kicked off the exquisite satin quilt, and both his small, pink, fat feet were flying about.

"Hello," I said casually—you never can tell about babies—"do you know you've got a nose exactly like your Aunt Norma's and it's a very nice nose?"

He gurgled. "That may be, but you'd better not let her hear you calling her my Aunt Norma," he said, twiddling his toes merrily. "She told me herself yesterday that I was to call her Norma. I've been pretending to be asleep because of that infernal nurse. She is the most pestiferous woman. Always weighing me and feeding me and dressing me and washing me and what not. If I'd known about her, I shouldn't have taken the job."

And he winked—solemnly. Instantly there was something twinkling in his eye that reminded me of his father. He had the comedy touch. Besides it was rather warm, and the soft fluff of downy hair lay plastered against his forehead.

"How do you like it here?" I asked, "how does it seem to be a film prince and be related to screen royalty like this?"

"If there is one thing I'm not," said Joe firmly, "it's a snob. A family is either interesting or it's dull and that's all there is about it. This one is very interesting, of course." Joseph Talmadge Keaton crowed delightedly.

"I like it," he went on. "Some babies like quiet. I don't. I can get along with very little sleep and I like things doing—things going on. Of course I've upset the household a good deal. I reckon they had an idea I was going to be a doll for them to dress up. And of course they kicked up quite a row over me being a boy. Wish you could see all the jewelry and trimmings and frills they had fixed up for a girl—bracelets and pearl necklaces and pink bonnets—ha, ha."

(Continued on page 93)

*Almost a perfect family group. Aunt Constance, registering a forced smile, Papa Buster, giving an imitation of parental pride, young Joe acting bored beneath his mother's cajolery, and Grandma Peg showing anxiety and interest*





*Here are Philippine Buntinx, Josephine Allen and Virginia Gardiner in one of the test scenes made at the Rothacker Studios in Chicago. Many of the candidates were coached by "Smiling" Billy Mason, veteran of the screen world, seen here with the cameraman*

## Screen will show Winner

**T**WENTY-FIVE young Americans are on tiptoe right now.

Twenty-five New Faces contestants have faced the camera. And each is asking herself today, "Will I win? What did the screen test tell about me? Was the camera kind? When will I know?"

The final screen tests in the Photoplay-Goldwyn New Faces Contest have been made. Twenty-five young and lovely ladies have been interviewed by that stern critic, the camera; and the judges are looking at the results of these twenty-five tests on the screen, to determine who shall win the coveted screen opportunity.

For the past few weeks the final work on the contest has been conducted at top speed. From the many thousands of attractive photographs, twenty-five were selected. Twenty-five wires were sent to twenty-five girls, asking them to report to the contest heads in New York and Chicago for their screen

tests. The girls nearest the Windy City hastened there. All the eastern girls assembled in Manhattan.

Then the actual photographing began. The screen test is the acid test, and every one of the contestants knew it. Girls of every description answered the call. Tall girls and short girls; plump and slim girls; blondes, brunettes—and one red head! They were dignified and peppy; vivacious and pensive; retiring and striking—but all interested, all eager to give the best that was in them to realize their dreams of screen success. There was a friendly interest in each other and a lack of disagreeable rivalry, proving again that the New Faces contestants are representative of the highest type of American girlhood.

At the Rothacker Studios in Chicago, twelve girls were given screen tests. Many of them were assisted by "Smiling" Billy Mason, one of the veterans of the screen world, who became famous through his work in scores of comedies, most





Waving good bye to her home town—Miss Buntinx on her way to face the movie camera. She's a demure person, a diminutive Katherine MacDonal and just as beautiful

of which were made at the Christie Studios in Hollywood. Mr. Mason was very much interested in the tests and volunteered to help the girls.

The whole corps at the Rothacker Studios assisted, and threw themselves whole-heartedly into the work, trying to bring out the best qualities of every candidate.

For many of the girls it was their first trip to a large city, and nearly all of them were accompanied by their mothers, who enjoyed the experience almost as much as did the girls themselves.

Manager Kilgore, of the Rothacker Studios, who has had long experience in film production, made up each girl, sometimes spending as much as an hour on a single candidate.

Each girl was given a test which seemed to suit her peculiar temperament. Miss Virginia Gardiner, of Lima, Ohio, a girl of very striking and athletic appearance, full of vivacity, a sort of combination of Constance Talmadge and Priscilla Dean, was permitted to romp through her scene; while Philippine Buntinx, of Sugar Creek, Missouri, a quiet, demure type, a diminutive Katherine MacDonal and just as beautiful, was directed through a test to bring out the expressive qualities of her beautiful hazel eyes.

In nearly every case the girls were instructed to be themselves as much as possible and not attempt to act. They entered a room before clicking camera and a battery of sunlight arc-lights and spot-lights, as though the telephone bell were ringing and they were walking in from an adjoining part of the house. They answered the call, carried on a conversation, which was participated in by a director outside the camera lines, walked about the room naturally, then sat down and started to read a book. Full-length pictures and close-ups were then taken to register the figure and facial expressions. None of the girls was permitted to watch the others in action, to avoid embarrassment of the candidate undergoing the test.

In New York a completely equipped studio was the scene of the test taking. The girls were made up by experts, who first studied carefully the best points (Continued on page 9.)



It was Philippine Buntinx's first trip to Chicago. She is a New Faces entrant from Sugar Creek, Missouri—one of the girls who had screen tests made in the Windy City.



# Irene Castle's Newest Frocks

*An Interview with Irene Castle*

"If I could only look like Irene Castle!" How many girls have said this to themselves—have longed to own exquisite creations like those in which the famous dancer and motion picture star has won the admiration and envy of the world of fashion? Well, a wonderful thing has happened! Irene Castle Treman, who sets more fashions than any other woman in or out of the profession, because she brings character and charm to whatever she wears, has consented to the publication of three lovely frocks designed exclusively for her by Le Bon Ton. PHOTOPLAY is justly proud of this unique opportunity it is giving its readers to obtain exact copies, with small expense, of these gowns designed for the dainty star of the silver screen. And as she generally makes a point of designing and sketching her own costumes, Le Bon Ton feels Mrs. Treman's enthusiasm over these three models to be the highest form of flattery.

*Carolyn Van Wyck*



Design 28

Irene Castle wears in her own inimitable way this charming afternoon gown of Corticelli "Spirella Crepe." It is made with the new godet circular sides, which extend below skirt and form a graceful irregular hem line. The novelty silk braid which girdles waist line is worked into a motif on each side where they hold in the godets. The kimono sleeves and square neck are braid trimmed. The materials used can be bought for \$25.38, as follows:

5½ yds. "Spirella Crepe" (40 inches wide)	@ \$3.75.....	\$20.63
5 yds. silk braid (1½ inches wide)	@ 75 cents.....	3.75
Extras would be about.....		1.00
		\$25.38

*By Carolyn Van Wyck*

I WAS a few moments ahead of my appointment when I went to see Mrs. Treman the other day, in her town house, but as I sank into the inviting depths of an old mahogany sofa and looked about the sunny room I found many things of interest to attract my eyes. A room of individuality and decided charm, in which mauve and blue mingled in a pleasant fashion. A Chinese mirror hanging over the fireplace reflected a portrait of the dancer by Neysa McMein; many books, bowls brimming with flowers and, scattered here and there, figures in bronze among which was a spirited figure of Mrs. Treman moulded by Prince Troubetzkoy.

Then a door opened, there was the sound of a swift light step, and Irene Castle stood before me—her piquant face full of eagerness and interest as I explained the object of my visit. Tall and slender, her small head crowned with bright curls, she made a delightful picture in a gown of hyacinth blue muslin, the wide full skirt—which just escaped the floor—opening over a scant shorter one of mauve satin.



A frock of pale shades of chiffon is trimmed with feathery ostrich flutes to make fluffiness more fluffy especially when the dance is going on

A dinner gown of satin crepe—the lines of which are specially fitting for the supple gracefulness of Mrs. Castle. The skirt laps from the back to right side where it finishes in a full pointed panel. The front of dress is slashed at the right side and tucked to form a girdle effect. Neck and swinging arm bands are heavily embroidered in floss. Cost of materials, \$18.75

4½ yds. satin crepe (40 inches wide)	@ \$3.50.....	\$15.75
Embroidery silk and extras.....		3.00
		\$18.75

One feels, of course, that Irene Castle would have strong convictions about clothes. She has been responsible for too many charming and radical ideas, has set too many fashions for one to feel otherwise. And indeed, I found her delightful to talk to; a woman who is clever in many ways. She seems to have an instinct for the unusual, the becoming thing, with which she has delighted the public ever since she wore with such grace a Dutch lace cap a friend brought from Rotterdam, or when she started the craze for bobbed hair.

Though she was not the first woman to bob her hair Mrs. Treman was the first to make it popular. "Women have worn short hair ever since the beginning of time," she told me, "Joan of Arc, Rosa Bonheur



Design 29



# with Patterns for Your Use



This illustrates how Irene Castle fixes her bobbed hair to look "done up." It's a mere matter of tucking under her short curls with a pin on each side

Printed silk in full circular folds makes Irene Castle's interesting frock for restaurant dancing

and many others cropped their hair long before I did, and yet people insist on saying I was the first to wear it bobbed. As a matter of fact," she continued with a characteristic shrug of the shoulders, "I had no intention of starting any fad! My hair was cut when I was ill in the hospital with a fever, and I was so ashamed of my appearance when I was well again that I wore a cap to hide my shorn locks and never dared appear in public or among my friends without it. Then one day some friends saw my cropped head and were so enthusiastic in their comments that I was finally persuaded to lay aside the cap for good and all. And that is the true story of how the present fad originated. But I am going to let my hair grow again," she continued and showed me the new way she arranges it, combed back so as to show the ear and fastened low at the neck with two pins, one on each side. This gives the appearance of long hair, and still retains the every advantage of the bob.

All the romance, color and beauty of the dance is associated with Irene Castle, so it was of dance frocks that I first spoke to her. "Chiffon is the ideal material for the dance," she declared, "it clings and follows every movement; though I think taffeta very charming and youthful for other types of dress."

In Paris, where Mrs. Treman has been dancing at one of the smart places on the Bois, there are many indications of the return of the well defined waistline. "For myself, all through the years of various sliding up and down I have always (Concluded on page 110)



Design 30

One of Mrs. Castle's charming evening gowns—in this instance fashioned from white chiffon cloth over ivory white satin. It is very full at sides where pointed godets of chiffon are attached. The original is trimmed with ermine tails, but rose petals of silk could be substituted, if desired. The materials used (not including ermine tails) total \$35.00.

6½ yds. chiffon (40 inches wide) @ \$3.50	\$22.75
4½ yds. satin @ \$2.50	11.25
Extras—about	1.00
	<b>\$35.00</b>



## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

## CHAPTER VII

**I**N the winter of 1897 came a motion picture development, now a long forgotten story, that is little less than sensational in its importance when viewed in retrospect. And perhaps some degree of this significance seems to be contributed by the mingled coloration of tragedy and glamour of the past which gleams through the dusty facts.

This is the tale of the "Passion Play," the greatest motion picture that up to the time had come to the screen, the first really pretentious effort of the new art.

Back a handful of years earlier Salmi Morse, a great patriarchal picture of a man, with haughty carriage and a long white beard, a dramatist and playwright from San Francisco, came to establish himself on the Rialto of New York. The ambition of his eventful, well-flavored life had been the production of the "Passion Play" on the stage in a majestic, awe-inspiring spectacle.

For years between potboilers and odd jobs Salmi Morse had worked on his script, polishing it to a masterful perfection. Now in the fullness of his years he came to the great New York to seek an adequate presentation.

He was a strange mixture of a man, this Salmi Morse, by turns and periods an ascetic locked in his cubicle of a studio study and then again a *bon vivante* and *raconteur* of the theatrical district restaurants.

Morse turned to the foremost theatrical figure of the day in America, Henry E. Abbey. It has been given to few men to stand out in the commercial world of the theater with the artistic ambition that characterized Abbey. His long career on Broadway was marked by high pinnacles of success and deep valleys of depression. It was Henry E. Abbey who presented to the American public the greatest artists of the world, Bernhardt, Patti, Albani, Nordica and others well near as illustrious. Abbey was the sincere pioneer of the institution of the Metropolitan opera house.

The "Passion Play" idea presented by Morse found willing attention from Abbey. The artist-manager threw himself and his resources into the project. An old church structure in Twenty-third street, midway of the block west of Koster & Bial's "Corner"

at Sixth avenue, was taken under lease and converted into a theater. Adjacent property extending to the Twenty-fourth street side was acquired to give the stage the extraordinary depth of half a block for the great settings. Abbey drew into the project Albert G. Eaves, the founder and proprietor of the long celebrated theatrical costume house. Some forty thousand dollars were spent in costuming the production and supplying scenic effects.

Several full rehearsals of the play were given, with all of the brilliance of the regalia and settings. Down the amazing vistas of the great stage the invited audiences saw the old Jerusalem, the Garden of Gethsemane, the scene of the Cross, all on a vast and realistic scale. Live camels and sheep and donkeys figured in the historic reproductions with a verity that had hardly before been attempted on the stage.

The production was ready and the premiere date announced, at the height of the season of 1880-81, when at the instance of religious interests offended at an effort to stage the "Passion Play," the mayor of New York forbade the opening.

The world of dreams had crashed for Salmi Morse. The theater was closed and shortly Abbey gave up his lease. Troubles multiplied for Abbey. It was the beginning of the end of a great

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Salmi Morse swore all interests but the "Passion Play." He took quarters adjacent to the theater and was there night and day. His great triumph seemed near at hand.

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By Terry Ramsaye

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*Colonel Henry Hadley, the celebrated evangelist of the days of 1898, who was the first to see the value of the motion picture to the propagandist, taking the "Passion Play" to a tent meeting season at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, and to a season at Young's Pier at Atlantic City—the first use of the motion picture for religious purposes*



*Frank Russell, an actor of note a quarter of a century ago when he played the leading rôle in the Hollaman-Eaves version of the "Passion Play," produced, on a New York roof, the most pretentious motion picture that the world had seen, a stupendous two reel feature, presented at the Eden Musee in 1898*



A FASCINATING AND AMAZING NARRATIVE



career. Morse abandoned hope. He went back to play tinkering and potboiling. He was often in want, denying himself necessities and dependent on the generosity of friends for the luxuries that were his necessities indeed.

A few melancholy years passed. Then one winter morning the police took the body of Salmi Morse from the North River uptown. He had made his surrender complete.

Abbey went on through his tangle of troubles, losing ground with successive defeats and died at last October 17, 1896, a year before the period of this chapter.

The costumes of the "Passion Play" went back to Eaves and storage to wait the new turn of fate. Along with them went the Salmi Morse manuscript of the "Passion Play." It went into a chest along with the robes for the cast. There they stayed for sixteen years.

In the year of '97 came W. B. Hurd, who had represented the Lumiere motion picture interests in this first invasion of America, back from a trip abroad. He held the rights for photographing a folk presentation of the "Passion Play" by the villagers of Horitz, a Bavarian hamlet, in simulation of the world-renowned Oberammergau production.

Hurd approached Rich G. Hollaman of the Eden Musee, a Lumiere customer. His price was \$10,000 and it was estimated that it would cost another ten thousand to send a cameraman and staff to Bavaria to make the pictures.

"I am going out of town. Wait ten days and I will give you a final answer," said Hollaman. "But I am sure I want it."

When Hollaman returned to New York he found that the "Passion Play" rights in question had been sold to Klaw & Erlanger, the theatrical producers.

There were some hot words. Hollaman did want the "Passion Play" pictures. They fitted most exactly into the unique policies of the Eden Musee.

The K. & E. expedition sailed with "Doc" Freeman in charge, made its pictures and returned. With managerial precaution the pictures were most quietly taken to Philadelphia for a tryout presentation. When the pictures went on the screen for the first night Rich G. Hollaman was represented in the audience.

"We can do better than that right in New York," Frank Russell, an actor friend, told Hollaman, who had a plan in mind.

Recalling the "Passion Play" costumes and the costly failure of the stage production project, Hollaman made a bargain with Eaves to join in the making of the subject in pictures.

Salmi Morse's manuscript was brought again to the light.

The roof of the Grand Central Palace, the building in Lexington avenue now occupied by offices of the New York Central Lines, was leased for studio purposes. Montgomery Maze, the agent of the structure, was a bit annoyed later when he found camels going aloft in the freight elevators.

The cast of the production included Russell, as the *Christus*, Frank Gaylor as *Judas*, and Fred Strong in the rôle of *Pontius Pilate*.

Through an advertisement, Hollaman got in touch with William C. Paley, an Englishman, who had built a camera of his own and had thus far escaped the attention of the Edison legal department. Paley was employed to photograph the production. L. J. Vincent, the venerable stage director of Niblo's Garden Theater, came as director.



## Beginnings Told Here

*The making of the first two reel studio drama, on a New York roof in the winter of 1897, the earliest effort of the motion picture to stage a pretentious story for the camera—the now historic "Passion Play."*

*The first motion picture under artificial lights—when Biograph undertook to photograph the Jeffries-Sharkey fight at Coney Island, at the instance of William A. Brady, of Brady and O'Rourke, the fight promoters. This was Mr. Brady's first motion picture contact. For years he has been at the head of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry.*

*The first motion picture developing machines—Cecil Hepworth's start in the Urban laboratories in England with a new machine that took the place of hands in the making of the film prints, a process that today is gradually coming to dominate the field.*

*The first screen efforts of Albert E. Smith and J. Stuart Blackton, resulting in the founding of Vitagraph, when they made "The Burglar on the Roof" with Mr. Blackton in the title rôle.*

*The first use of motion picture for religious purposes, when Colonel Henry Hadley invaded the New Jersey coast and Atlantic City with the "Passion Play" pictures to illustrate and emphasize his evangelistic exhortations.*

In December the making of the picture started. The film stock was purchased abroad. It was just as well not to attract the attention of the Edison concern by an order to Eastman. With their biblical costumes over heavy flannels the actors started to work, in the bleak New York winter weather atop the Grand Central Palace. There were mornings when the snow had to be swept out of the arid hot scenes of the Holy Land.

All operations were conducted with the utmost secrecy. There were plans for exploitation that did not fit in with any publicity as to the time and place of production.

The director, Mr. Vincent, knew nothing of even the little that was then known of motion pictures. He probably would have had no use for them if he had known what they were about. He worked under the persistent conviction that the scenes were being staged for stereopticon slides, and proceeded accordingly.

A scene would go into action. Vincent would look at the camera man, Paley, cranking away.

"Are you ready?"

Then at some spot in the action that struck his fancy as a dramatically pictorial moment, Vincent rushed forward with hands up.

"Hold it, hold it!"

At this point Vincent expected the stereopticon slide negative to be made. Repeated explanation that the camera recorded motion continuously made not the slightest impression on the director. He was making "stills."

Despairing of ever making clear the purposes of the venture to Vincent, and yet to avoid offense to him, the company schemed (*Continued on page 77*)

*Rich G. Hollaman, the head of the famous old Eden Musee, who produced the "Passion Play" and made motion picture history with the first pretentious studio production of the industry. He went into it as a matter of commercial rivalry of the day and now it proves to be important screen history*



# The Shadow Stage

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

## A review of the new pictures



FOOLS FIRST—First National

A MARSHALL NEILAN production. With a real plot, a real cast, and a real element of surprise. Not for the youngsters, perhaps, but for every grown-up who appreciates a melodramatic thrill.

The action centers around the life of a gangster who gets caught and sent to prison for forgery. After three years he is released—a bitter man with a keen desire to get his back pay from society. Determined to be a piker no longer, he takes a position in a bank and plans to go straight until a big opportunity presents itself. With a girl—the daughter of a forger—he lays his plans. And then things begin to happen. For the old gang makes its appearance, and his loyalty to the president of the bank asserts itself. Enter the surprise ending! Richard Dix makes a pleasing hero, though Claire Windsor, as the girl, is a lay figure. Raymond Griffith, as the gang's leader, runs away with acting honors.



BLOOD AND SAND—Paramount

WE foresee a highly popular career for this screen version of Vicente Blasco Ibanez's novel, "Blood and Sand." There are several obvious reasons. One is the presence of Rodolph Valentino in his most decorative role since his Julio in "The Four Horsemen." Another is the color and swiftly unswerving movement of the story.

Ibanez wrote "Blood and Sand" as a lasting indictment of the bull fight and its cruelty. As far as the film is concerned, however, we fear that the Spaniard's message has gone to the Dead Letter Office. The bull fight, as the silver-sheet catches it, is highly attractive. The film follows the original tale fairly closely, tracing the harum-scarum peasant lad who grows up to be the matador idol of Spain, and who comes to know fame and temperamental vanity. His haunting love for his wife becomes hopelessly tangled in a mad, consuming passion for a philandering young woman of birth and wealth and he comes to know the fickleness of the public before he dies, mangled and broken, a hero toppled from his pedestal. As the torador breathes his last, from the bullring drift the cries of the populace, cheering a new hero.

All this is told admirably. Mr. Niblo's direction is sane and now and then stirring. There are flashes of a glowing Zuloaga background. Valentino's matador is rife with sex and passion, with a breathless touch of brutality here and there. Indeed, it is this note of savagery recurring through "Blood and Sand" that lifts it, stark and palpitating, above the sugary, milk and water tales of our screen.

Valentino's torador lacks subtlety but it is as real in many ways as Joseph Schildkraut's *Liliom* of the foot-lights. We place it well in advance of his *Julio*. And Nita Naldi's *Dona Sol* is quite unforgettable.



NICE PEOPLE—Paramount

WE have always rather looked up to William De Mille as a sort of pathfinder along the road of a new dramatic screen technique. His production of Rachael Crothers' stage play, "Nice People," rather discourages us.

Miss Crothers wrote "Nice People" as a document against the jazzing, alcoholic younger set and its impending downfall.

Mr. de Mille, to our way of thinking, has sadly miscast his opus. We can not reconcile ourselves to Bebe Daniels as the spoiled maid of great wealth, Conrad Nagel as a weak son of the same set, and Wallie Reid as the rugged chap from the West. They don't ring true. But the piece has, as we have intimated, its boxoffice qualities. There are costume balls, licker on the hip, cigarettes galore, the sparkling taint of smart and subtle deviltry and even a corn-cob pipe smoked by a wicked flapper of the jazz set.



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

- BLOOD AND SAND  
THE MASQUERADER  
FOOLS FIRST  
THE ETERNAL FLAME  
NICE PEOPLE  
HER GILDED CAGE



THE ETERNAL FLAME—First National

SOMETIMES it flares rather high, and sometimes there's only a flicker to show where the fire was. But you never forget that there is a flame, and sometimes you almost feel the heat of it!

The story is from Balzac's "The Duchess de Langeais." And Norma Talmadge, with her gracious beauty, makes a lovely lady of the French court. She holds sway over all hearts until a grim general, Conway Tearle, comes upon the scene. Then, for the first time she feels the pain that, as the greatest coquette in all Paris, she has given so many. She strives, desperately, to conceal her love—and fails. Yet, just as real joy looms up on the horizon, her desire for supremacy over all rivals kills the general's faith in her. And, filled with thoughts of revenge, he complicates matters so badly that the happy ending hangs in the balance. For a sophisticated audience.



THE MASQUERADER—First National

GUY BATES POST has made the double part in this play one of the popular things of the stage. Now he has carried it to the screen, and with no loss of emphasis or realism to mark its transition. Richard Walton Tully's first venture into the field of motion picture production may be called something of a success!

The story is one of a great impersonation. Two men, cousins, meet in the heavy damp of the London Fog, and out of their chance conversation, grows the theme of the story. For one of the men is *John Chilcotte*, a brilliant member of parliament who has gone to the bad through excessive dissipation, and the other is *John Loder*—a rising young journalist of decided ability, with a strong sense of right and wrong. *Loder* gives his card to *Chilcotte* and when, the next day, *Chilcotte* is unable to make an important speech he goes to *Loder's* apartment and induces him to make the speech in his stead. They change clothes and personalities and only a valet—played by Edward M. Kimball—and *Loder's* dog are able to tell the difference. There are some splendid bits of double exposure, here. But it seems a pity that, having made so much of the dog, he is kicked out of the room and is not seen again until some four years later. A weak spot in the direction, certainly.

The plot moves on, swiftly. *Chilcotte* refuses to return home, *Loder* falls in love with his cousin's wife, (Ruth Sinclair), and the other woman, (Marcia Manon), gets in some real dirty work. But finally *Chilcotte* dies, and the good old war steps in, and everything ends satisfactorily.

Entertainment that goes below the surface, for the adult members of any family. Some of the scenes might prove to be overly strong food for children.



HER GILDED CAGE—Paramount

THERE is really little to this but the decorative presence of Gloria Swanson. The photoplay is an orchid growing in a tin can. The scenarist has simply seized upon the international tale of the late Gaby Deslys and the dethroned king of Portugal and created an opus of a French girl who comes to America press-agented as the favorite of a monarch.

Poor gel, she's highly virtuous but she is forced to accept the role of a siren in order to aid an invalid sister. The poor persecuted heroines always have sick and ailing sisters, you know.

This all ends very nicely, although, praise be, not until Gloria has donned some startling frocks and utilized hand painted designs in place of stockings. The shock of discovering this cured the invalid sister and we suspect it will have a very invigorating effect upon any audience.





HURRICANE'S GAL—First National

DIRECTOR ALLEN HOLUBAR overlooked nothing to make a rip-snorting melodrama for his wife, Dorothy Phillips. The star plays the daughter of a sea captain and a Spanish mother who yamps 'em one minute and rolls her own the next. There's a wicked seaman, a mutiny at sea, as nasty a tempest as has ever been kicked up by the wind machines, smugglers, 'n everything.



BORDERLAND—Paramount

PART of the action is laid in that land just south of Heaven—where spirits wander restless and lonely, trying to atone for their earthly mistakes. The earthly portion of the story concerns the usual thoughtless husband, the usual wife seeking companionship and the usual other man with plenty of time on his hands. Agnes Ayres is highly ineffective. Dull and wandering.



VOICES OF THE CITY—Goldwyn

THIS is one of the best of the many portraits of life in the underworld. Leroy Scott has written a more or less conventional story about the crooks of San Francisco, and the two innocents who are drawn into their net. But Wallace Worlsey has directed it so that you never suspect you have seen the same thing before. Leatrice is the real star of the piece. Here is an actress.

THE first of the Fall motion pictures are here. These are the productions with which the screen is going to try to rout the general public lassitude which has touched all parts of the country. There is no question but that the silversheet must have more virility and freshness or slip further into the slough of mediocrity. It is in the hands of the movie makers.

None of the new productions revealed anything particularly new, but at least one of them, "Blood and Sand," showed American production at its surest and most colorful. Here Fred Niblo, the director who made "The Three Musketeers" and "The Mark of Zorro," caught considerable of the spirit of the Ibanez novel of the bull-ringing and transferred it—glowing and swiftly moving—to the screen. "Blood and Sand" marks no new milestone of progress, but it does not distort its story into the usual milk and water formula of our native cinema. It dares to show a placid love in contrast to a flaming passion—and it dares to end with its inevitable tragedy.

Guy Bates Post has come to the screen with his stage vehicle, "The Masquerader," pretty close to the best of the dual role—double exposure stories. It is done rather well, although Post is guilty of the usual over-



THE BONDED WOMAN—Paramount

THE name, of course, means nothing except an attempt toward sensationalism. But the story, from one by John Fleming Wilson, is interesting—with the exception of the last reel or two. The plot, built on the fact that a woman may admire a saint and love a sinner, goes smoothly and logically toward a weak conclusion. A storm at sea is fine. Betty Compson, John Bowers, and Richard Dix.



A FOOL THERE WAS—Fox

THE first "A Fool There Was," with Theda Bara as the original "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair," was one of the significant pictures of cinema history. It made the vampire a part of our pattern of life. This modernized version has been made with an eye to the censors. Indeed, the vampire gives way to old Demon Licker as the ruiner of the fool. Estelle Taylor is a feeble vampire.





AFRAID TO FIGHT—Universal

ALL for the sake of his little sister, the hero—an ex-doughboy, out of work—becomes a prize fighter and with comparatively little training defeats the champion. In so doing he wins the lady of his heart, played by Lillian Rich, and pays for the operation that will make little sister like other children. Frank Mayo looks well in the ring, but seems to win the great fight over easily.



THE MARRIED FLAPPER—Universal

MARIE PREVOST pouts, and gives a houseparty, and does two fancy dances. And when friend husband—Kenneth Harlan—loses his money she keeps house, and does the dusting in a cunning cap, and saves her little blond cousin's reputation, and redeems the family fortune by driving a racing car to victory. Cream puff entertainment.

emphasis of byplay and facial movement checked up against screen newcomers from the footlights.

Leave it to Micky Neilan to tell a sprightly melodrama with a fine touch of Irish humor. "Fools First" is typical Neilan stuff—of gangster revenge and all that. There are kicks hidden all the way.

"The Eternal Flame" is a pleasant costume romance out of Balzac, with Norma Talmadge in quaint Empire frocks as the toast of Paris. This has some charm, although the ending is rather unforgivable.

We expected more of William de Mille's "Nice People." The result leads us to think that this pioneer in feeling out a new cinema language is losing heart. Here he apes his luxurious brother.

Gloria Swanson's "Her Gilded Cage" just makes the six best—and that's all. Simply because it has the decorative Gloria, along with a garish but effective appeal.

The six best performances may be briefly enumerated as the playing of Rodolph Valentino and Nita Naldi in "Blood and Sand," Ray Griffith in "Fools First," Constance Bennett in "What's Wrong with the Women," John Bowers in "The Bonded Woman," and Leatrice Joy in "Voices of the City."



FORGET-ME-NOT—Metro

THE title tells the story. It's a picturization of all the good old mottoes framed against flowery backgrounds. If little lame orphans and benevolent beggars appeal to you, take extra handkerchiefs. If not, the titles, done in the Griffith manner of dots and dashes, and the performance of Bessie Love, are worth the admission price—for different reasons. Bessie is a very lovely wistful thing here.



DESTINY'S ISLE—American Releasing Corp.

YOU might just as well hunt up a Florida travelogue, because the only excuse for this drama is a superabundance of Southern scenery. The plot is perplexing and seems particularly to puzzle the actors: Ward Crane, Virginia Lee, and George Fawcett. All about a dear little desert island, who captures the heart of the suave Mr. Crane, even though she isn't his kind.



TROOPER O'NEIL—Fox

HE gets his man, of course—does Charles Jones, as *Trooper O'Neil*. But that's about all he does get except a few goats, scattered through the audience. The Northwest Mounted is beginning to rival the Boll Weevil as a national pest. Aside from the plot, which holds few thrills and fewer surprises, there is little to mention—except some flashes of good character work. (Continued on page 87)



# THE

OSCULATION as one of the finer arts! Demonstrated especially for PHOTOPLAY, by Glenn Hunter and Mary Astor of the Film Guild. Of course all kisses necessarily have their points in common, but they frequently differ as to their outward form—a matter, usually,

*With eyes upraised in utter bliss,  
The Pilgrim maid received her kiss—*



*Like figures on a Walleau fan,  
In Georgian times, a girl and man.  
Kissed with an ecstasy as fine  
As lace upon a Valentine!*



*When all this land was new and fair,  
Youth's kiss was solemn as a prayer.*



# KISS

of light and location—and, take it from Glenn and Mary, of generation. From the chaste salute of the Puritan to the chased embraces of the flapper—it's a far cry, indeed. But the journey back across the years has moments of intense interest, as these photographs obviously indicate.

*While ghosts look on from out the past,  
And murmur, sadly, "Can it last?"  
These young folks rise to heights that  
show,  
How far a kiss can really go.*



*With hands—and so forth—far apart,  
So (1840!) heart met heart—*



*The good old wheeling days were fraught,  
With interludes of just this sort.*

# Plays &

If you keep up with these columns you will know more about film folks than they know themselves

By Cal York

a gathering of famous film folk as turned out that night.

At the speakers' table with Mr. Hays at the toastmaster, Rupert Hughes, and the chairman of the evening, Jesse Lasky, also Mary Pickford, all in filmy white, with a great corsage of orchids at her waist, Norma Talmadge, also in beaded white crepe, Constance Talmadge in frilly white net, Bebe Daniels, in orchid chiffon over yellow satin, Gloria Swanson, in black velvet and jet, Betty Compson and Clara Kimball Young. The men included Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, William S. Hart, Cecil and William de Mille, Charles Chaplin and Marshall Neilan.

At the other tables were all the prominent people in the industry, including Rodolph Valentino, Wallace Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mayo, Phyllis Haver, May McAvoy, Agnes Ayres, Jeanie McPherson, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Mae Busch, Ruth Roland, Ethel Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Allan Dwan, Colleen Moore, Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram (Alice Terry)—oh, it isn't possible to give them all, but they were all there.

On Saturday he spoke to 50,000 people in the Hollywood bowl.

Altogether, Mr. Hays' visit to Hollywood was a great success and everybody hopes he'll come again soon.

**T**HE Pickford-Miller wedding!

Certainly for the past month, ever since Marilynn arrived in Los Angeles from New York to marry Jack, the wedding and its attendant features have vied with Will Hays' visit as the chief topic of interest in Hollywood.

Jack Pickford and Marilynn Miller were married at the home of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, by the Reverend Neal Dodd, in the presence of a small group of friends and relatives.

And I want to say right here, it was the prettiest wedding I ever saw.

An exquisite chapel of flowers was erected in the drawing room of Pickfair, in the center of which stood a tiny altar draped in heavy white silk, and bearing heavy candlesticks of silver. The big room was lighted only by candles—the ceremony was at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon—and was filled with gorgeous and perfumed flowers.

As the organ softly pealed Mendelssohn's wedding march, Jack Pickford, attended by his best man, Victor Heerman, came to the altar, and a moment later the bride, looking lovelier than she had ever looked on the stage, walked through the little lane of people to stand opposite him, followed by her matron of honor, Mary Pickford.

The bride wore a gown of white crepe



*"I have a little boy just your age," says Will Hays to Jackie Coogan, by way of making conversation. And Jackie smiles, like the wisest sphinx in all Egypt, and says nothing at all*

**W**ILL HAYS came and saw and conquered—and we hope was conquered in return by the reception given him by the film capital of the world.

From Monday morning when Mr. Hays stepped off the train until he waved a regretful farewell on Saturday evening, the movie colony devoted its entire efforts to showing Mr. Hays their city, and the days were a succession of entertainments, speeches, rallies, banquets, luncheons, studio visits, and parades.

The mayor of Los Angeles and the Chamber of Commerce met him at the station and after a parade of the downtown streets, attended by the police and fire departments and a bevy of screen stars, Mr. Hays held a reception for all the important civic officials at the chamber of commerce.

Later, he made a whirlwind tour of the motion picture studios, escorted by six motorcycle policemen, with sirens shrieking, to clear a path for him. Sixty miles an hour had to be done to make the tour in a day, and Mr. Hays enjoyed it like a boy. At each studio he made a brief talk to the thousands of employees who gathered to greet him.

A number of get-together luncheons were given and on Tuesday night Mr. Hays went to Paradise, Cecil de Mille's famous ranch, for a conference with some important producers and directors.

But the crowning achievement of the week was the Will Hays banquet, held in the ballroom at the Ambassador, with 1,500 motion picture celebrities present. There has never been and will probably never be again such



# Players

georgette, trimmed in silver and Princess lace, and a small, poke-bonnet hat of white silk, while in her arms she carried a bridal bouquet of white orchids, gardenias and lilies of the valley. Miss Pickford wore an exquisite frock of Chantilly lace over corn-colored satin, and a transparent lace hat. Little Mary Pickford Second, was the flower girl.

The beautiful dancer was given in marriage by her sister, Mrs. John Sweeney

Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary and Jack, wore white and stood just behind her son. There were tears in her eyes and once she sobbed, but, when the ceremony was over, she was the first to take her new daughter-in-law in her arms—that is, the first after Jack, who, when the minister had pronounced the blessing took his bride in his arms for a long kiss, saying so that everyone could hear, "You—you dear!"

Other guests included Douglas Fairbanks, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, who was master of ceremonies, Charlie Chaplin, (Miss) Claire Miller, sister of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Forrest (Lottie Pickford), who wore hyacinth crepe with a black sash and black hat, and Mrs. Wellington Cross.

About two thousand uninvited guests made the journey up the hill to Pickfair and stood outside the gates, while an aeroplane showered the house with white roses.

Immediately after the wedding, the new Mrs. Pickford and "Our Mary" cut the giant wedding cake into little pieces and together went out to distribute it to those outside the gates. To them, also, Marilynn Miller Pickford gave the flowers from her bridal bouquet and from Mary Pickford's corsage.

The bridal pair had planned an ideal honeymoon motoring through California, but Jack's business manager, "Ma" Pickford, put her foot down and declared that Jack had to finish his production before he could have a vacation. So the honeymoon was spent in a bungalow at the Ambassador. There Marilynn poured Jack's breakfast coffee and

later followed him to the studio to watch him work. Mrs. Pickford will return east soon.

Miss Miller was married before to Frank Carter, an actor, who was killed in an automobile accident, while Jack Pickford's first wife was the beautiful Olive Thomas, who died so tragically in Paris last year.

**T**HE romance of Bill Hart and little Winifred Westover, who were married last December with the whole world for an appreciative and sympathetic audience, is over.

The separation was not news to the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hart, but it surprised the

admiring fans of the Western star who had applauded his real-life romance even more enthusiastically than his film courtships.

Winifred Westover Hart has left the Beverly Hills home where she went as a bride only eight months ago. She is now with her mother in Santa Monica. It is understood a property settlement has been made for her.

Will the birth of a Bill Hart, Jr., about September, reunite them?

**G**LORIA SWANSON and her mother, Mrs. Mathew P. Burns, were the central figures in one of the most sensational will cases ever tried in the Los Angeles courts.

The mother of the beautiful film star was left \$100,000 by her second husband, Mathew P. Burns, upon his death about a year ago. Recently, the relatives of the deceased merchant sued to break the will, declaring that Burns was of unsound mind when he made it and also that he had been influenced unduly by Gloria's beauty and charm into making a will which ignored all his blood relatives.

Gloria sat beside her mother each day in the courtroom, to encourage and support her.

Before the case went to the jury, the judge instructed them that the charges that either Gloria or her mother had "vamped" Burns, or that Burns had married Mrs. Swanson only because he was in love with Gloria and wanted to be near her, had not been established and that they were to disregard them entirely.

The jury returned a verdict that Burns was insane at the time he made the will, their verdict based on evidence which showed him to be irresponsible in business and social life.

In thus breaking the will, Mrs. Burns loses \$100,000—unless her appeal to a higher court brings a different decision.

"I don't care anything about the \$100,000," said Gloria, indignantly, "what's that? I can earn that much easily myself and I certainly can take care of my mother. But I am surely happy that the judge vindicated us of the absurd charges in connection with my stepfather. He adored my mother and it is so silly to say I 'vamped' him."



John Drew visits his nephew, Arthur Rankin, at the Paramount studio, where "To Have and To Hold" is being made under the direction of George Fitzmaurice. Anne Cornwall is the lady in the Elizabethan gown



On their honeymoon—the loveliest bride of the season and its luckiest man, Marilynn Miller and Jack Pickford. A photo taken just after the wedding appears on page 37





Rex Ingram and Alice Terry are now on their way south to make one of John Russell's tropical "Where the Pavement Ends" stories. Perhaps the trip is just an excuse for a second honeymoon.

**HEDDA HOPPER** has just come into a considerable sum of money.

No—not a fabulous stellar contract, although Hedda is pretty well recompensed for her services in the cinema. Alimony—that's all.

It was in February that Mrs. De Wolf Hopper instituted divorce proceedings against her husband, the noted stage comedian. She was promised \$250 a week for the support of herself and her seven-year-old son, William de Wolf Hopper, Jr., besides \$5,000 counsel fees. Hopper failed to pay and Mrs. Hopper applied to the court, which ordered the actor to pay his wife something like \$11,500 and to continue to give her the weekly alimony.

Mrs. Hopper and her little son live in Douglaston, Long Island. She is much sought after by film directors, especially when they are casting the so-called "society dramas," because she wears smart gowns with an air of belonging to them.

**BY** THE time he is eight years old, this fall, Jackie Coogan will have earned a million dollars.

And his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan, have filed a petition in the Los Angeles courts to have the probate court declared Jackie's guardian jointly with themselves.

The earnings of the child star have become so enormous that it was felt the wisest and safest method to place them at the official disposition and investigation of the Superior Court. By this petition, the court will establish Jackie's fortune as a trust fund, and the parents must give an accounting to the court both of the child's earnings and of their investment and expenditure.

Mr. and Mrs. Coogan took the step voluntarily, because it is certain that never before did any child possess in his own right entirely—earned by his own work—so vast a sum of money.

"Jackie's only a little, little boy," said Mrs. Coogan to me, "he doesn't know what money is, even. But it is his money, and when he grows up, he must have the fruits of his labors. The money has grown so it seems just to ourselves to have it placed in such a situation that we cannot be the objects of criticism, suspicion or comment. In this way, it will all be a matter of court record, and we feel both for Jackie's sake and our own it is the wisest method to take."

In the meantime, Jackie is much more interested in how good a game of marbles he shoots than in his million dollar fortune.

**CONSTANCE BINNEY'S** back from England, where she made "A Bill of Divorcement" for a British company.

Instead of talking about her new photoplay, Constance related the story of a weighty wager in which she participated on the return voyage. She bet a fellow passenger that they would both gain weight on the trip. The little Binney gained six ounces—but her fellow traveler lost a pound. So Constance was hostess for a sumptuous dinner. She will be starred in a new play soon.

**HERE** is the prize fan letter of the month:

Dear Mary Miles Minter—I like your pictures. One thing I like about them is that I never have to stand in line to see them.

**NOTHING** is more dramatic than a feud. And a studio feud is the most dramatic feud there is.

They don't happen very often, but once in a while they do, usually between people on the same lot or in the same picture.

Hollywood Boulevard has been greatly intrigued by the story that such a feud has been going on between Bert Lytell and Theodore Kosloff, and that it even went so far that in a recent fencing scene between the two, Mr. Lytell "accidentally done a-purpose" put the point of his sword much farther into Mr. Kosloff's arm than was strictly necessary for the purpose of art alone.

Both famous actors are working in Fitzmaurice's production of "To Have and To Hold," starring Betty Compson. Bert is the hero and Theodore, as usual, is the villain. Mr. Lytell has been a star a long time, and Mr. Kosloff perhaps rather prides himself on his reputation for "stealing the picture" from a lot of stars he plays with.

Thus, 'tis said, the trouble started because they found it difficult to yield to each other, and George Fitzmaurice found himself almost in the position of a referee instead of a director. Where the right and wrong lay, and who won out, it is difficult to say. But we have heard that beautiful Betty Compson whispers that Theodore really did try to "hog the camera" too much, and that she didn't blame Bert.

But you can't tell.

**WILL ROGERS** continues to make Manhattan glad he left California.

He has finished his picture, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

On a recent evening at Ziegfeld's Follies his wit was even keener than usual. A friend of his back-stage remarked about it.

"Guess it's because a horse kicked me in the head in a scene we was shootin' this mornin'," drawled Will.

He had been congratulating himself that there is no living descendant of *Ichabod Crane*, his current character, to criticize his interpretation of the Washington Irving hero. "No author ever wrote me a letter of appreciation about the way I played one of his people," he said. "Not even Irv Cobb, and I know Irv. I began to think they didn't like the way I played. And now I hear they's a descendant of *Ichabod Crane* that's still alive. I'm figurin' on keepin' out of his way when my picture's released."

One of Will's wise cracks in the Follies has handed film personages a laugh.

"See where Kaiser Wilhelm and Samuel Goldwyn is both writin' their memoirs. Wonder who's goin' to translate 'em?"

**ONE** of the most interesting things that has happened lately is the reconciliation of Rex Ingram and Rodolph Valentino.

You know, after Ingram presented Valentino as *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen," the director and the handsome Italian had trouble.

Apparently, it came chiefly from outside.

Valentino, of course, rose to stardom on a wave of popularity such as pictures have never seen before. Ingram, anxious to replace him to his own advantage, put out a new "find." Valentino thought Rex was casting slurs on his success—and Ingram got the idea that



Valentino had become "swell-headed," and was no longer appreciative of what had been done for him.

So, they hardly spoke to each other for a time, and in fact, some slightly unkind remarks were made on both sides.

But the real friendship and mutual admiration and gratitude on both sides, and the real fineness of quality they both possess, swept away the misunderstanding, and now they're as good friends as ever. So all's well.

**NITA NALDI** returned to Manhattan after her triumph in "Blood and Sand." La Naldi was always popular as an ornamental member of the eastern stage circle; but it remained for the Valentino-Ibanez photo-drama to make her an actual celebrity. People look at her when she passes on the Avenue now.

Statuesque and stunningly gowned always, with a peculiar panther-like beauty, she seems the incarnation of an Arabian Nights heroine. But, as someone remarked, when she opens her crimson lips she is more reminiscent of a jazz record.

She's secured an opulent new Paramount contract, five years long, just the same.

**LAURETTE TAYLOR** and her dramatist husband, Hartley Manners, have arrived in Hollywood and are getting ready to start work on "Peg o' My Heart" for Metro.

Meantime, they are enjoying a few days of rest at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

It's a good many years ago that Laurette, then a little known New York leading woman, came out here to produce "Peg o' My Heart," long before Broadway ever saw it. For eleven weeks, at the old Burbank Theater on Main Street, Peg and Michael, then a mere pup, entranced Los Angeles audiences, and the Los Angeles critics decided it "might go in New York."

Since then, Miss Taylor has become a great star—but Los Angeles is glad to welcome her back as "Peg."

King Vidor is to direct the picture, which is Miss Taylor's first motion picture venture.

**NORMA** and Constance Talmadge, accompanied by Joe Schenck and Mrs. Talmadge, have left Los Angeles, to sail almost immediately for Europe, where they expect to spend a month resting, and also looking for African locations for "The Garden of Allah," which is to be Miss Norma's next production.

**A**NOTHER film romance has gone on the rocks, much to everyone's surprise.

Marc MacDermott and Miriam Nesbitt have been noted for their domestic co-starring combination since 1916, when they were married after a courtship which began when both were members of the old Edison stock company.

But that their celebrated felicity was overrated by enthusiastic scribes seems apparent from the fact that Mrs. MacDermott caused her husband to become a temporary resident of the Ludlow Street jail—a member of the famous Alimony Club.

Miriam Nesbitt MacDermott asks \$10,000 a year temporary alimony as well as counsel fees. She alleges her husband's temper has made her unhappy. MacDermott is said to earn from \$200 to \$600 a week in pictures. Several of his more recent films have been "Blind Wives," "Footlights" and "The Spanish Jade."

**ENID BENNETT** had a birthday this month.

Although it's in the early twenties, we don't know exactly where, but we do know that her husband, Fred Niblo, presented her with a gorgeous, royal blue Marmon sedan, and a thoroughbred Chow puppy. By the way, Niblo has been in New York, completing plans for his production of the stage play, "Captain Applejack."



*Phyllis Haver, the prettiest bathing girl of all, has deserted the well-known ranks, to appear in the "drama" under the guidance of Maurice Tourneur. And now the sad sea waves will be sadder than ever!*

**RUMOR** is very persistent that Elliott Dexter is to wed a beautiful society leader of Riverside, California. It is understood that they met in Germany, while Elliott was touring the continent, and that since their return the handsome screen star has made many trips to the charming widow's country estate, in the fashionable Riverside polo colony.

Elliott was formerly the husband of Marie Doro.

**A**MOTION picture "thrill" turned into a tragedy when John Stevenson, a stunt actor doubling for Pearl White, missed his swing from an elevated girder to which he leaped from the top of a bus and fell many feet to the ground. The accident occurred at Seventy-second Street and Columbus Avenue, New York City. Stevenson died the same day.

A curious crowd gathered to watch the dangerous stunt calculated to thrill serial audiences, thinking Pearl White herself was to make the leap. The cameras kept on grinding—but the screen will never record this particular thrill.

The serial for which the scene was shot was "Plunder," which marks Miss White's return to the chapter melodramas.

**MRS. WALLY REID** (Dorothy Davenport) is contemplating adopting a three-year-old girl, whom she discovered while

appearing in a vaudeville house on her recent tour.

The youngster is exceptionally beautiful and Mrs. Reid found her neglected and without anyone except a very aged grandfather to care for her. She brought the little one home with her, and will take the necessary legal steps to adopt her immediately.

The Reids have one son, William Wallace, Junior, aged five, and Bill is very strong for the idea of having a new baby sister walk into the home.

**LARRY SEMON** and his dark-eyed leading lady, Lucille Carlisle, have announced their engagement, the wedding to take place some time this fall.

No one is in the least surprised, for Larry's devotion has been proverbial for several years, ever since Miss Carlisle came to work in his troupe. Their engagement was discussed last year, but Miss Carlisle suddenly packed up and went to New York to appear in musical comedy. And everyone thought it was all off.

However, a few months ago Larry wired her to come back and play with him in a new production, and she did. And that lovely square solitaire is the answer.

(Continued on page 82)



*This little oasis in the Arabian desert was built by hand, with specially imported palms. When you see it on the screen you'll never guess it's within a few hundred miles of Hollywood—unless you read this*

THE procession of "Sheiks," apparently, will continue.

The Sheik's littlest sister is "Burning Sands," another one of those tales of the desert. The gay life of the handsome Arabians and the beautiful English girls; the mystery and the romance of the eastern night—you know; you read it.

George Melford, one of Paramount's featured directors, seems to simply love his Cairo. Anyway, he is looking east for inspiration for his latest drama. This time, Wanda Hawley, heroine; Milton Sills, hero; and Jacqueline Logan, vampette, are sharing acting honors with starry skies and palm trees.

This frank successor to "The Sheik"—the picture which started it all—is filmed in the same location, near Oxnard, California. Melford's company, including his technical staff, numbered four hundred. They made a city of tents for themselves out there.



*Scarcely a single scene of "Burning Sands" was made in a studio. The interiors were all filmed on location. This is one of the principal sets. One of the mighty power-wagons used to generate current in out-of-the-way places is seen at left*



Till the  
sands  
of the  
desert  
grow  
cold

*The starry skies are the real thing. No studio stuff for Mr. Melford. An Arabian Romeo is calling his Juliet to the balcony—which the sun-arc almost hides. You can tell which is the director here, can't you? Cap and puttees. Right!*





Only a cream that your skin can absorb will give it that clear fresh look in an instant

## A cream to give your skin a special freshness

Something to make the skin look its best at a moment's notice. Every woman wants to know about it. Something that will actually make your skin feel and *look* softer and smoother the moment you apply it.

Only a cream that your skin can absorb will do this instantly. This cream is Pond's *Vanishing Cream*—made of ingredients famous for their soothing effect on the skin and by a formula that combines these ingredients in such a way that the cream is absorbed immediately.

Always before you go out or whenever you want to appear especially well, smooth on a little of this light cream. You will notice the moment you apply it to your cheeks what a freshened feeling it gives you. That tired look disappears and your skin looks clear—it will feel firm and rested. It is indispensable for evening use as it makes your skin look its best immediately.

How many times, especially when you were dancing, you have wished your face would not get shiny and

that the powder would stay on! Powder put directly on the skin does not stay, but soon flecks off, leaving your face as shiny as if you had not powdered.

### *How to make the powder stay on longer*

Try powdering after you have used Pond's *Vanishing Cream*—the soft velvety surface it gives your skin forms the ideal powder base. The powder goes on evenly giving your skin a natural transparent tone and it stays on for hours. The cream cannot reappear a shine because it contains not a drop of oil.

No one cream, however, can contain all the properties necessary to keep your skin in perfect condition. For thorough cleansing you need a cream with an oily base. Pond's *Cold Cream* has just the necessary amount of oil to remove every bit of dirt from the pores and not enough to overload them.

Use both these creams every day. Both are so fine in texture they cannot clog the pores or promote the growth of hair. You can get them in jars or tubes of convenient sizes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

**POND'S**  
*Cold Cream* for cleansing  
*Vanishing Cream*  
 to hold the powder

### GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,  
 137 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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



# Hattie of Hollywood

(Continued from page 47)

Henry. He was taking her career for granted. She hadn't thought he'd take that tone. She didn't know how to meet it. Lucille said that morals didn't matter. She had caught the same attitude in the books de Brissac had made her read, at least that passion was a force to be respected. Could that be the truth? This conflict of ideals was like a battle within herself, ravaging brain and nerves. Somehow she must contrive to speak out her real thoughts to Henry. It couldn't be true that money alone mattered. You'd think so from the undertone of feeling in this flat. And it couldn't be that Henry really believed that. Her thoughts, that so often blazed up while she was alone, seemed to waver and lose their character when these older people talked to her, until she always ended by saying nothing. Nobody knew what she really thought in that little head of hers. They'd be surprised if she ever found a way to let it out. . . . In the morning she'd have to tell Alice about Mr. Zeck's proposal. It wouldn't do to leave it until Mr. Harbin actually appeared to take her over there. And Alice would have to come along, doubtless. Perhaps Arthur, too; and she didn't want him along.

MR. WURTZELL'S secretary called up at twenty minutes to ten in the morning to say that the lawyer was on his way to the flat on a matter of great importance. She was still talking when Mr. Harbin appeared. And Hattie hadn't yet told Alice about Mr. Zeck's offer, had simply let things drift. The situation appeared now to the girl as a sort of catastrophe. She felt as she had felt in the mailing room or back in the public school when caught in some petty misdeed and scolded. They'd scold her now for not talking it over. They'd think her queer. Maybe they'd be right. Probably she was queer.

Mr. Wurtzell and Mr. Harbin knew each other. What a shutin little world picture business was anyway. For a few moments they fenced, these two men. Mr. Harbin spoke guardedly of the engagement at the Earthwide lot. But Mr. Wurtzell—who, of the two, had authority—explained that he had come over on a very urgent matter and suggested deferring the Earthwide engagement for an hour or so. The family sided with him. Mr. Harbin finally said that he would call up a little later, and withdrew. He surely had his precise instructions, that genial young man, and a high-bidding contest was not to be considered.

Mr. Wurtzell promptly laid his cards on the table. Mr. de Brissac regarded Hattie as an important item in his comprehensive new plans. She was inexperienced, yes, but he was a great genius, and would develop her to a commanding position in the world of filmdom. Fenner, Wilmarth, Hutchinson and Virth, as his counsel, had organized the company—"De Brissac, Incorporated." Of that firm, Mr. Wurtzell himself was a junior associate. Because he knew Miss John, and had already acted as her attorney, he had been given authority to negotiate with her. All was dignified and in order. It seemed almost like a great diplomatic business, the way he put it. Arthur's color was up and

his eyes shining hungrily; he chewed a cigar, twisting it round and round with his mobile lips and shifting it from one corner to the other and back without touching it with his fingers. Hattie wished he wouldn't do that.

Alice said—"Gran'ma! I suppose I'd better bring her in. She'll want to know."

"I'll help her," said Arthur, overpolitely, and did so, putting her in the arm chair and slipping a cushion under the lame foot. He then tried to retell Mr. Wurtzell's story, with moments of clarity and with the aid of questions from gran'ma. Mr. Wurtzell patiently waited.

Then it was his turn.

"Mr. de Brissac already has two great

He is altogether too big a man to make an inadequate offer. He sees all sides of a situation. Now his offer—I have his memorandum here somewhere—"

Mr. Wurtzell was feeling in his pockets; not, to be sure, without a perception of the value, at such a moment, of suspense. Arthur was leaning forward, all shining eagerness, hanging on his words. Alice was trying to compose her nervous features. Gran'ma sat back, head erect, thinking of relief from the long, long strain and grimly believing it an answer to prayer. Hattie herself felt numb. Life, the pictures, something she couldn't understand the meaning of was dragging her on and on. . . the breathless speed of this strange picture business. . . she wished Henry were here. She could never speak her chaotic mind to the family. Never!

"—Oh, yes, here it is. While Miss John is, of course, very young, and has done only the one picture, still she is a real success. The exhibitors want her. The public, you see, is tired of doll faces and simpering beauties. Mr. de Brissac was the first to see that clearly. And while it is a popular saying just now that the star system is dead, he knows that in the wider sense it can't die, and he proposes to move in a way to eliminate the possibility of argument."

Arthur hitched his chair forward and spread a flat hand on the table. His cigar was out.

"He suggests a new three-year contract at a very fair figure—one thousand dollars a week the first year. . . ."

Hattie didn't hear the rest, just sat quietly with that dazed look on her face.

They were talking. She heard Arthur's voice—with a quite new ring of authority in it—

"Well, everything considered, I should say that was a fair offer. Wouldn't you, Alice? Yes, while we shall naturally want a little time to think it over, still as a business man, I should say . . ."

"Wouldn't it be well, Arthur, to inquire into the salaries of some of these other young stars?" This from Gran'ma, with a quaver in her usually firm voice.

Hattie's mind was capering queerly. She nearly laughed. She could have told them, could she have spoken at all, that Eva Eames, two years out of high school, drew eight thousand a week.

"It is only fair to say that the offer"—Mr. Wurtzell—"will not be raised. So far as the de Brissac company is concerned it is final. Naturally we hope it will be accepted. Mr. de Brissac is working under terrific pressure. There is no time to lose. If you do accept he wished me to tell you that he has put aside an hour or so this evening for a talk with Miss John about her next role. He is for the present renting a studio near Culver City and has his office there, but will send his limousine for Miss John. In fact, he authorized me to say that unless word to the contrary reached him the car will call here for her at eight o'clock."

Hattie rose and moved blindly toward the door.

"What is it?" asked Gran'ma. "Where are you going?"

She couldn't answer. She heard Alice say to Arthur—"For Heaven's sake see what she's up to!" He caught her out in the hall while she was pulling on her hat. (Continued on page 107)

## B U N K

a la Hollywood

By Louis Raymond Reid

Temperament.

Puttees.

Sport shirts.

\$1,000,000 - a - year contracts.

Seventeen year old movie stars.

Excoriations of Hollywood by American pulpit sensationalists.

Excoriations of the American girl by British scenario sensationalists.

Will Hays' speeches to uplift societies.

Ferocious lions.

Sex titles.

Disgruntled screen authors.

Stock selling production companies.

Frontier dance halls.

Movie ball rooms.

"Superpictures."

"The industry is still in its infancy."

"Only the surface has been scratched."

The morality of the movie magnates.

The immorality of the movie stars.

German competition.

Schools of movie acting.

Movie stars who are idle but who are considering offers.

Announcements by movie magnates upon their return from Europe that the American photoplay leads the world.

Announcements by movie magnates upon their return from Hollywood that the American photoplay leads the world.

Interviews with movie stars who have left the stage and who proclaim their preference for the screen.

Interviews with movie stars who have returned to the stage and who proclaim their preference for the theater.

Autographed photographs.

pictures planned for Miss John. He has plenty of money back of him and the full confidence of the board of directors. They trust his judgment. They've got to. They know that he makes no mistakes."

(Morals don't matter, mistakes do!)

"And while they are sorry, as we all are, that Miss John went into this Plantagnet picture, they are persuaded that with the big momentum of 'Bagdad' to carry her popularity along and with Mr. de Brissac to direct her next picture, the Plantagnet business will do no great harm. In fact, we are already spreading the word quietly, through de Brissac press department, that she was badly directed on the Plantagnet lot and wasn't happy there. But there must be no more mistakes. Her career must be handled very skilfully. It will be. Now, Mr. de Brissac is, as you know, a great man. He sees a long way ahead. His moves seem bold, but that is because he knows when and how to strike. There is something of the Napoleon in him.



# Some women retain it

*Now Science says:  
No one should lose the  
joy of real health*



We all know women—some in their fifties—who still keep the vigor and animation of youth.

Yet many of us—nervous, “run down,” irritable even in our twenties and thirties—fear we have lost it forever.

Why the difference?

*The two most important needs in the world*

What we call “life” is really a double process.

First, the living cells that form our bodies must be constantly fed and nourished. Second, the poisonous waste products that accumulate must be regularly removed.

Check either of these processes even temporarily, and the body is weakened. Premature age, intestinal disorders, skin disturbances, and all the ills we attribute to “run-down condition” are the result.

*A simple food which helps the body perform these vital functions*

Now Science tells us that in the cells of a tiny living plant—fresh yeast—are hidden the mysterious elements which help the body perform these two vital functions: help it to secure its proper nourishment, and help it to keep the system clean.

This simple fresh food—Fleischmann’s Yeast—is being prescribed by leading physicians and hospitals throughout the country. It is helping thousands of men and women attain a health and vigor which they had thought impossible. It supplies the factors in diet for which thousands of systems are starving—factors which also gently but surely cleanse the body of poisonous waste.

Fleischmann’s Yeast is a *food*, not a medicine. It does not act overnight—Nature does not work that way. But two or three cakes a day, eaten regularly over a period of time, will achieve positively incredible results.

Gradually the whole body is “toned” and built up. Regular daily elimination is assured. With richer, purer blood, lassitude vanishes—and you know once more the joy of glowing vibrant health.

Go to your grocer today. Get two or three days’ supply of Fleischmann’s Yeast, and keep it in a cool dry place. Start at once to know what real health means. The Fleischmann Company, Dept. 510, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



*Eat it plain—or spread  
it on crackers—or mix  
it with water or milk*



*“Nervous, ‘run down,’ irritable—even  
in our twenties and thirties”*

### *Appetite and digestion restored*

The great problem for those who are run down or suffering from indigestion is first to stimulate the appetite, and at the same time make it possible to digest the increased food that is eaten. Fleischmann’s Yeast has this remarkable effect on the digestive system. It enables you to eat more, and to get more benefit from the food you eat.

### *Laxatives made unnecessary*

Fleischmann’s Yeast does for you naturally and permanently what drugs at their best do only artificially and for a short time. In hospitals, even chronic cases respond to it and normal functions are restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks. People all over the country are telling how Fleischmann’s Yeast has helped them.

### *Skin and complexion cleared*

A poor complexion and even actual skin disorders are usually signs that your vitality is being lowered. Fleischmann’s Yeast, by assuring proper nourishment and regular elimination, is a wonderful corrective for these disturbances.

An absorbing free booklet tells what Fleischmann’s Yeast has done for others and can do for you.

**SEND THIS COUPON FOR IT TODAY**

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY  
Dept. 510, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.  
Please send me free booklet “The New Importance of Yeast in Diet.”

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# What Was the Best Picture of 1921?



Actual size  
Solid gold, executed  
by Tiffany

The first Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor, awarded to Cosmopolitan Productions for "Humoresque," the best picture of 1920

**T**HE Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor has become an institution.

Every year, beginning with 1921, the Medal is awarded to the producer of the best picture of the preceding year. The first Medal of Honor Contest determined that the best photoplay for the year 1920 was "Humoresque." The Medal was presented to William Randolph Hearst, whose Cosmopolitan Productions was responsible for the masterpicture; a Medal of solid gold, executed by Tiffany and Company, of New York. The new Medal will be exactly like it, except for the name of the winner. And it is up to the readers of PHOTOPLAY to decide who the winner shall be.

The Medal is the first annual commemoration of distinction in making of Motion pictures. Ribbons and palms have been awarded for excellence in the other arts. Until PHOTOPLAY inaugurated its Medal of Honor Contest, the screen producer received no particular recognition for splendid service. Now the public is permitted to honor the maker of the year's finest photoplay. The people who appreciate great

silversheet expressions now have an opportunity to express that appreciation. The two million readers of this Magazine are to be the judges.

It will be awarded to the producer—not to the director, not to the distributor, but to the producer whose vision, faith and organization, made the best Photoplay of 1921 a possibility.

The voting is delayed six months after the close of 1921 so that pictures released at the end of the year may have an opportunity to be seen in all parts of the country.

Undoubtedly there has been progress in picture-making during the past year. There have been fine films—so many of them that the list of fifty suggested best pictures was difficult to compile. You are not confined to this list in your selection. You should choose your favorite picture because of its merits of theme, direction, acting, continuity, setting and photography. These are the ingredients which make masterpieces.

Below you will find the list of fifty pictures, carefully selected and considered.

Your choice of the pictures made in 1921 will probably be there. If, however, it is not, you may cast your vote for it, first making sure that it was released during 1921.

Fill out the coupon on this page, and mail naming the photoplay which, after honest and careful consideration, you consider the best. This is the last time this coupon will appear.

All votes must be received at PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than October 1st, 1922.

The Gold Medal Contest has attracted world-wide attention. It has the enthusiastic endorsement of all the better elements in the film industry. It has helped to put the picture on an artistic basis; to give it its real value as a great and youthful art in the eyes of the world. You are responsible for the financial and artistic success of good pictures. Let's hear your applause! Mail the coupon!

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

## Suggested list of best photoplays of 1921

- |                                |                                 |                                |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <i>Affairs of Anatol</i>       | <i>Forbidden Fruit</i>          | <i>Old Swimmin' Hole</i>       |
| <i>After the Show</i>          | <i>Forever (Peter Ibbetson)</i> | <i>Orphans of the Storm</i>    |
| <i>Behold My Wife</i>          | <i>Four Horsemen of the</i>     | <i>Outside the Law</i>         |
| <i>Bits of Life</i>            | <i>Apocalypse</i>               | <i>Over the Hill</i>           |
| <i>Black Beauty</i>            | <i>Hail the Woman</i>           | <i>Passion Flower</i>          |
| <i>Bob Hampton of Placer</i>   | <i>Held by the Enemy</i>        | <i>Penalty</i>                 |
| <i>Bunty Pulls the Strings</i> | <i>Heliotrope</i>               | <i>Queen of Sheba</i>          |
| <i>Camille</i>                 | <i>Idle Class</i>               | <i>Sacred and Profane Love</i> |
| <i>Connecticut Yankee in</i>   | <i>I Do</i>                     | <i>Sentimental Tommy</i>       |
| <i>King Arthur's Court</i>     | <i>Journey's End</i>            | <i>Sign on the Door</i>        |
| <i>Conquering Power</i>        | <i>Kid</i>                      | <i>Small Town Idol</i>         |
| <i>Conrad in Quest of His</i>  | <i>Kismet</i>                   | <i>Three Musketeers</i>        |
| <i>Youth</i>                   | <i>Last of the Mohicans</i>     | <i>To'able David</i>           |
| <i>Devil</i>                   | <i>Little Lord Fauntleroy</i>   | <i>Through the Back Door</i>   |
| <i>Dinty</i>                   | <i>Lying Lips</i>               | <i>Wedding Bells</i>           |
| <i>Disraeli</i>                | <i>Man, Woman, Marriage</i>     | <i>What Every Woman</i>        |
| <i>Dream Street</i>            | <i>Mark of Zorro</i>            | <i>Knows</i>                   |
| <i>Experience</i>              | <i>Midsummer Madness</i>        | <i>Without Benefit of</i>      |
| <i>Footlights</i>              | <i>Old Nest</i>                 | <i>Clergy</i>                  |
|                                |                                 | <i>Woman God Changed</i>       |

### Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

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

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture produced in 1921.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_



# Wonderful Clay Brings New Beauty to Every Skin!

Almost at once the complexion becomes clear and beautiful through this amazing scientific discovery.

SCIENCE is giving new complexions for old through a marvelous new discovery! Dull, coarse, blemished skins are being transformed into exquisite softness and smoothness—almost at once. Years of scientific research and experiment have finally revealed the elements which, when combined in certain exact proportions, remove the dead scales on the surface of the skin, clear the pores of every impurity, and leave the complexion as clear and charming as a child's.

The skin is provided by nature with millions of tiny pores with which to expel acids and impurities. When dust bores deeply into these pores and clogs them, the impurities remain in the skin. The result is not always noticeable at first. But soon the complexion becomes dull and harsh. Suddenly the face "breaks out" in pimples and blackheads. And if the impurities are still allowed to remain, the complexion becomes ruined entirely.

## The New Discovery Explained

Certain elements, when correctly combined according to a chemist's formula, have been found to possess a powerful potency. These elements, or ingredients, have been blended into a soft, plastic, cream-like clay, delicately scented. It is applied to the face with the finger tips—just as a cream would be applied.

The name given to this wonderful discovery is Domino Complexion Clay. The moment it is applied, every one of the millions of tiny pores in the skin awakes and hungrily absorb the nourishing skin-foods. In a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the powerful clay draws out every skin impurity. You will actually feel the tiny pores breathing, relaxing, freeing themselves with relief from the impurities that clogged and stifled them.

Allow Domino Complexion Clay to remain for a little while. You may read, or sew, or go about your household duties. All the while you will feel the powerful beauty clay doing its work, gently drawing out impurities and absorbing blemishes. A warm towel will soften the clay, and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And with it you will roll off every scale of dead skin, every harmful impurity, every blemish. A hidden beauty will be unmasked—beneath the old complexion will be revealed a new one with all the soft, smooth texture and delicate coloring of youth!

## Not a Cosmetic; Guaranteed Harmless

Domino Complexion Clay does not cover up blemishes and impurities—but removes them *at once*. It cannot harm the most sensitive skin. There is a feeling almost of physical relief as the facial pores are relieved, as the magic clay draws out the accumulated self-poisons and impurities. You will be amazed when you see the results of only one treatment—the whole face will appear rejuvenated. Not only will the beauty of your complexion be brought to the surface, but enlarged pores will be normally closed, tired lines and bagginess will vanish, mature lines will be softened. Domino Complexion Clay brings life and fervor to every skin cell and leaves the complexion clear, firm, smooth, fresh-looking.

## Send No Money

In order to enable everyone to test this wonderful new preparation, we are making



*This marvelous new discovery absorbs blemishes, and impurities, lifts away the coarse, dull, unsightly complexion and un.masks an entirely new complexion underneath—one as soft and smooth and charming as a child's! It cannot harm the most sensitive skin.*

a very special offer. If you send in your application now a jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once, freshly compounded and direct from the Domino House. Although it is a \$3.50 product and will cost that much ordinarily, you may pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. And despite this special low introductory price you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money

refunded at once if you are not delighted with results.

# ONLY \$1.95

Don't fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory price offer. No matter what the condition of your complexion may be, Domino Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works *always*. You won't have to wait for results either. They are immediately evident.

Just mail the coupon—no money. A postcard will do. Test for yourself this remarkable new discovery that actually lifts away blemishes and reveals a charming, beautiful new complexion. Don't delay. Clip and mail the coupon now while you are thinking of it. Domino House, Dept. 2610, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia.

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. 2610,  
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Without money in advance, you may send me a full-size \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. I retain the privilege of returning the jar within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

*If you wish, you may send money with coupon. (Price outside U. S., \$2.10, cash with order.)*

## Our \$10,000 Bank Guarantee

### Producers and Consumers Bank Philadelphia, Pa.

#### TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

The Proprietor of Domino House has protected this bank in the sum of \$10,000, so that we may in turn guarantee to the customers of Domino House that this firm will do exactly as they agree.

If they fail to do so, this Bank hereby agrees to return to the customers of Domino House the total amount of their purchases from them, said amount at no time to exceed in the aggregate the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars.

Yours very truly,

ASST. TREASURER.





# Why Do They Do It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off



**THIS** is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen in the past month, that was stupid, unlikelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

## WEATHER NOTES

**WHEN** Cullen Landis, as the boy in "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" returns home, he goes to the little church, and failing to find his mother at the organ, kneels on the ground to pray. It is Christmas Eve, and there is not a bit of snow. However, when he rises and goes to his mother's home, his shoulders are white and the ground is covered with snow.

In "Big Game," the cowardly husband and his wife are caught in a snow-storm; yet one can see trees in the background which are scarcely moving.

In "Don't Tell Everything," the lightning is seen to strike a tree which crashes through the window in a hunting lodge. A few minutes later the window is seen whole, and the tree is nowhere in sight.

MANLEY RICE, Cherokee, Iowa.

## LOST IN TRANSIT

**I**N Katherine MacDonald's picture, "Her Social Value," a farmer tells Mrs. Lodge that her husband has been hurt, and a doctor is called. Mrs. Lodge and the doctor get on a hand-car to go to the scene of the accident. When Mrs. Lodge arrives, the doctor is nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Lodge is told to wait for him, but he never shows up, though he left on the same car.

S. CASSELL, New York City.

## REGARDING A WRECK

**THIS** one takes the gold lined bath towel in my estimation. I grant that King Vidor staged about the most thrilling train wreck I ever saw in "Love Never Dies," but he also pulled a most luscious *faux pas*.

Lloyd Hughes and his little orphan sister are on the train and go into the dining car, which in all my travels has always been in the center of the train. When the train plunges over the trestle into the canyon, two cars are left standing on the trestle, and one of them eventually falls after the train. Yet Lloyd Hughes and his l. o. s. emerge quite intact from the remaining car and walk to the end of the bridge safely.

TIM CRAWFORD, San Francisco, Cal.

## YES

**I**N "North of the Rio Grande," Val goes to the barn on her father's ranch looking for a horse. When she discovers that all the horses are gone, she says, "Not a horse here." Just a few minutes before, her father, the Black Rustler, rode up on his horse and fell to the ground unconscious. Did his horse run away, or what?

ESSIE MAE MOORE, Muncie, Ind.

## HOT STUFF AT THE BORDER

**O**VER THE BORDER" was a good picture, but there were several times when I just had to laugh.

Once was when Betty Compton, the star, has ridden all night in a terrific blizzard. She makes no stops and is literally covered with snow and ice. Upon her arrival at home the next morning, her make-up is perfect, her hair is in order, and all the snow and ice seem to have disappeared entirely.

Then there's Val (Casson Ferguson). He stumbles home wounded and nearly dead from exposure in the blizzard. But when he sees Tom Flaherty (Tom Moore) he immediately jumps upon him and proceeds to do battle.

VIOLA E. HOLDEN, Riverside, California.

## REPORTED MISSING

**T**HERE was some comedy in "Reported Missing," but what was really missing was a little more lifelike action. For instance, when Owen Moore jumps from the steamer we assume naturally that he hits the ocean sooner or later. Yet he manages to keep his clothing perfectly dry and his glasses intact and still serviceable. And the terrific storm blows out a candle in Owen's room, but leaves the room as light as it ever was.

ETTA MARILYN FINKELSTEIN, Indianapolis, Indiana.

## WE'LL TAKE THIS UP WITH MR. HAYS

**I**CANNOT let the opportunity pass without commenting upon that masterpiece of inaccuracy, "The Son of the Wolf." The title should have been, "Two Wasted Hours," for that's the way we all felt when it was over.

I don't know in what part of the Great Frozen North this picture was taken but I thought I saw some California pine trees. Maybe it was that unknown area that Captain Amundsen is about to discover and we have been treated to a little inside stuff. If so, I apologize for this little brief.

Did you ever see an Alaskan picture that was not all snow? Perhaps it snows up there all the time or else nothing ever happens in the summer. The Indians in "The Son of the Wolf" were a rare treat—a combination of South Sea Islander and Roman soldier. Their tents were not very large outside, but inside there seemed to be plenty of room, with a tea kettle steaming and everything nice and clean. The dogs were wonderful; they could run all night and all day and never needed to be unharnessed or fed. But what worries me more than anything is that some day in one of those fights with knives they invariably indulge in in Alaskan films, some one is really going to get hurt and spoil the whole thing.

FRANK J. CLANCY, M. D., Seattle, Washington.

## REFERRED TO THE ANSWER MAN

**I**N "Chain Lightning," a race-track drama, the race begins from a barrier made of a piece of rope, with a man holding one end and with the other end tied to the rail. After winning the race the heroine-jockey is formally presented with a bag of coin, presumably the purse. Did that director ever see a horse race? Did he ever see a race track? Was he ever in Kentucky?

H. A. HARRIS, Lexington, Kentucky.

## DEPENDS ON THE TEA

**T**HE social lights of Selznick's "Society Snobs" prepared their tea, raised their cups daintily to their aristocratic lips—and never drank a drop. Is tea a formal exercise?

CHARLOTTE MORTON, Omaha, Nebraska.

## ENCORE

**I**N "Reckless Youth," a scene shows Elaine Hammerstein removing her left glove. Immediately after she is to be seen taking it off again.

DAIL VERNONDO, Edinburg, Indiana.

## SUSPICIOUS

**T**HERE were several mistakes in "Spanish Jade," but this was the most noticeable. During the fight in which Estabon stabs himself accidentally he draws forth the stainless dagger and drops it beside him. However, when a servant finds the dagger it is stained with blood.

ROBERTA VALENTINE, Stamford, Conn.



# Pompeian Day Cream



## Do You Look As Young As Your Husband ?

How anxiously a woman asks herself this question—and how needlessly—for she can retain all the soft, lovely coloring of her first blushing youth by using the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

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 that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle?

These three preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists or toilet counters, 60c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), cleanses and clears the skin; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), the cold cream for beauty; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talc with an exquisite odor.

### Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

"Honeymooning in Venice." What romance! The golden moonlit balcony! The blue lagoon! The swift-gliding gondolas. The serenading gondoliers! Such is the romantic story told in the new 1922 Pompeian panel. Size, 28 x 7 1/4 inches. In beautiful colors. Sent for only 10c. Art store value 50c to \$1. With each Art Panel we send samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM, NIGHT Cream (an improved cold cream), and FRAGRANCE (a talc). You can make many interesting beauty experiments with them. Please tear off coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Also Made in Canada

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### GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

### TEAR OFF NOW

To mail or to put in purse as shopping-reminder.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.  
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below





# Pretty when she wakes up

This is the real test. The girl who wakes fresh and radiant, with a clear, smooth skin which has no defects to conceal, need not worry about her looks. She possesses the greatest of all attractions—the one which outshines all others.

This need not discourage the girl whose complexion is not so good. Proper care will soon transform a bad skin into one admired for its perfection.

Get rid of the clogging accumulations which cause coarseness and disfiguring defects and you will soon be complimented on your fresh, blooming complexion.

The secret is simple and about 3,000 years old. It was discovered in ancient Egypt and practiced by Cleopatra.

## Simple—Beautifying

The remedy for a coarse skin, for one disfigured with blackheads or ugly blotches, is daily cleansing with a lather blended from palm and olive oils.

Such a cleanser is so mild and soothing that

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for only

**Palm and Olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.**

10c



it softens the skin and keeps it smooth. But it removes the accumulation of dirt, oil and perspiration which are responsible for most bad complexions.

You can't neglect your skin and expect to keep it blooming and alluring. The powder and rouge you use to conceal defects deceive no one.

## The soothing cleanser

Palmolive is the modern combination of the same beautifying cosmetic oils Cleopatra used in the days of ancient Egypt. It is just as valuable today as a safe, soothing cleanser.

Massage its smooth, creamy lather softly into the network of tiny pores which compose the surface of your skin. It will remove the clogging deposits which enlarge these pores, cause blackheads and invite blotches.

Dry skins are benefited by cold cream after cleansing. If unusual dryness is your trouble, apply a little cream before as well as after washing.

## Popularity—Low price

Judge Palmolive by other soaps and you will expect to pay at least 25 cents a cake. But the popularity which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night naturally reduces cost. Quantity production is always economical.

Thus this finest facial soap is offered at 10 cents a cake—a price all can afford. You can economically use Palmolive for every toilet purpose, for it costs no more than ordinary soap.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.  
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited  
TORONTO, CANADA

Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Copyright 1922—The Palmolive Co. (1535)

## Cleopatra's way

With a world of ancient beauty arts at her command, she depended on cleansing with palm and olive oils to protect, improve and preserve the freshness and smoothness of her skin.

This beautifying was not confined to face alone. The bath was a daily ceremonial with all ancient peoples, palm and olive oils the cleansers used.

Bathe with Palmolive and keep your skin smooth and white. It is a luxury all can afford.





# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 57)

to do the work in his absences from the roof top studio.

Paley as the camera expert would declare that photographic conditions were impossible and pretend to adjourn for the day. When



A sketch that made a whole series of careers. When James Stuart Blackton, a cartoonist on *The Evening World* in New York, drew this picture of Thomas A. Edison from life, he struck up an acquaintance that led through a long course of events to the founding of the world famous Vitagraph

Vincent left the company reassembled and went to work.

A large difficulty was encountered with the Ascension scene.

At last a rigging was evolved by which a small and well near invisible step could be carried up by ropes. The step protruded through the landscape and sky "back drop" of canvas and was armed with a razor blade, to cut the canvas to clear the way for the step as the ascension was made. The flowing robes of the actor, Mr. Russell, were adjusted to cover what of the slit in the sky might come within range of the camera. There could be no rehearsals since the action destroyed the scenery.

The picture was completed early in January. It was a total of twenty-one hundred feet, the longest picture that had been made in all the world up to the time.

Advertisements were placed in the New York papers announcing its first public presentation at the Eden Musee, January 30, 1898, with performance at three o'clock in the afternoon and at nine at night. Frank Oakes Rose was employed to "lecture" the picture. Spoken lines were necessary since the art of inserting titles in the film was not yet born.

When the advertisements appeared there came a call from Marc Klaw to Rich Hollaman. Hollaman visited the Klaw offices.

"You can't put that picture on at the Eden Musee. We own the exclusive rights," Hollaman was informed.

"Exclusive rights to the 'Passion Play'?" Hollaman snorted in derision. "Who did you get them from, the original cast?"

The picture went on at the Eden Musee and Hollaman filled the first night audience

with friends and the jovial personalities of Broadway. A musical program was presented in the interludes of the "lecture" to give stimulus to the emotional effect.

"I knew I had them when I saw those hard-boiled fellows, the sports of Broadway, with tears in their eyes," Mr. Hollaman observed in telling of the "Passion Play" pictures some twenty-four years later.

Frank Russell who had played the lead in the picture was prohibited from entering or appearing in the vicinity of the Eden Musee lest he be recognized by some keen-eyed member of the picture audience. This would have damaged the Oberammergau atmosphere considerably.

But Russell climbed a fire escape in the dark and attended his own first night with entire success.

The newspaper notices that resulted were filled with high praise. The pictorial presentation of the "Passion Play" met no such opposition as the Abbey-Morse stage production had received. This was due perhaps in part to the fact that the impression was that it had been made at Oberammergau, where the ritualistic "Passion Play" had acquired the authority and sanctity of tradition. But more largely it is to be attributed to the fact that the significance of motion pictures themselves had not gained any recognition whatever in any public sense.

The newspaper attentions were favorable for at least a week. Then something happened. It is not to be implied that the able house of Klaw & Erlanger had anything to do with it, but in some fashion a word leaked out to *The New York Herald* that there was a story to be had. A squad of reporters went about asking questions. Then the news broke out. *The New York Herald* of February 1, 1880, said:

"There was a large audience at the Eden Musee yesterday to witness what has been generally understood to be a cinematograph reproduction of scenes from the Oberammergau 'Passion Play.' The spectators apparently were much interested in the pictures, and at the close generously applauded them.

"All the preliminary announcements of this exhibition have tended to convey the impression that this is a genuine reproduction of the celebrated 'Passion Play' at Oberammergau. Of course the cinematograph has been invented since the last performance at Oberammergau. But a gentleman at the Eden Musee on last Friday, when a private exhibition of the scenes was given for the press, took the trouble to explain to a *Herald* reporter that the peasants who were accustomed to appear in the 'Passion Play' at Oberammergau had been induced to go through a special performance, at which the cinematograph scenes had been taken.

"As the lecturer at the Eden Musee dwells upon the Bavarian performance spectators are further impressed with the idea that the pictures are directly from Oberammergau, and that the scenes are genuine reproductions of the 'Passion Play.' That the public has generally been led to form this impression is evidenced by letters of

inquiry regarding the matter received by the *Herald*.

WHERE THE "PASSION PLAY" OCCURRED  
 "The truth is, however, that the cinematograph pictures at the Eden Musee were taken not at Oberammergau, but right here in New York on the roof of the Grand Central Palace early last December. A well known actor posed the groups, and directed the rehearsals, the actors in which were not professionals, but persons especially selected possibly because they might look like peasant actors or have some fancied physical resemblance to the biblical characters. A prominent local costumer furnished all the paraphernalia.

"The manager of the Eden Musee, when questioned on the subject last night, admitted that the rehearsal of scenes from the 'Passion Play' for the making of cinematograph views had not taken place in Oberammergau, but in this country, though the production had been carefully modelled after drawings made at Oberammergau during the last presentation there of the 'Passion Play.' Religious people, he said, had assumed the various roles. He declined to say where the scenes had been rehearsed, but the *Herald* has learned all about the Grand Central roof rehearsals.

"This may lead to the supposition that the cinematograph 'Passion Play' to be given at Daly's Theater during Lent is something of the same sort. The Daly exhibition, however, is genuine and the cinematograph pictures to be shown there were actually taken at Horitz, a small town in Austria, where for many years the peasants have given performances of the 'Passion Play' at stated intervals.

"Mr. W. W. Freeman, who has prepared the views, says he visited Horitz last summer and persuaded the peasants to give a special performance for him and it was at that performance he secured his cinematograph pictures. To vouch for this he not only has the contract he made with the peasants by which they agreed to go through the performance, but also a letter from the bishop of the diocese."

This, however, came belatedly and without important effect on the success of the "Passion Play." Frank Z. Maguire, of Maguire & Baucus, the Edison film agents, approached Mr. Hollaman, who had decided to sell prints of the picture to other exhibitors.

"It probably would be best to have the work done over at the Edison plant," Maguire tactfully suggested. It was a tip to Mr.

(Continued on page 80)



The old Eaves Costume establishment in 1897 at 63 East 12th Street, where for sixteen years the Salmi Morse manuscript of the "Passion Play" reposed, waiting to become the world's first motion picture scenario. In front of the place is Albert G. Eaves (at left) and a group of friends



Mae  
MurrayHARTSOOK  
L.A.Anita  
StewartPriscilla  
DearMildred  
Harris

# How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Beautiful

The Secret of Having Soft, Silky, Bright,  
Fresh-Looking Hair

**S**TUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and luster, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

## A Simple, Easy Method

**FIRST**, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a

little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stock to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

**T**HIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thor-

Betty  
Compson

oughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

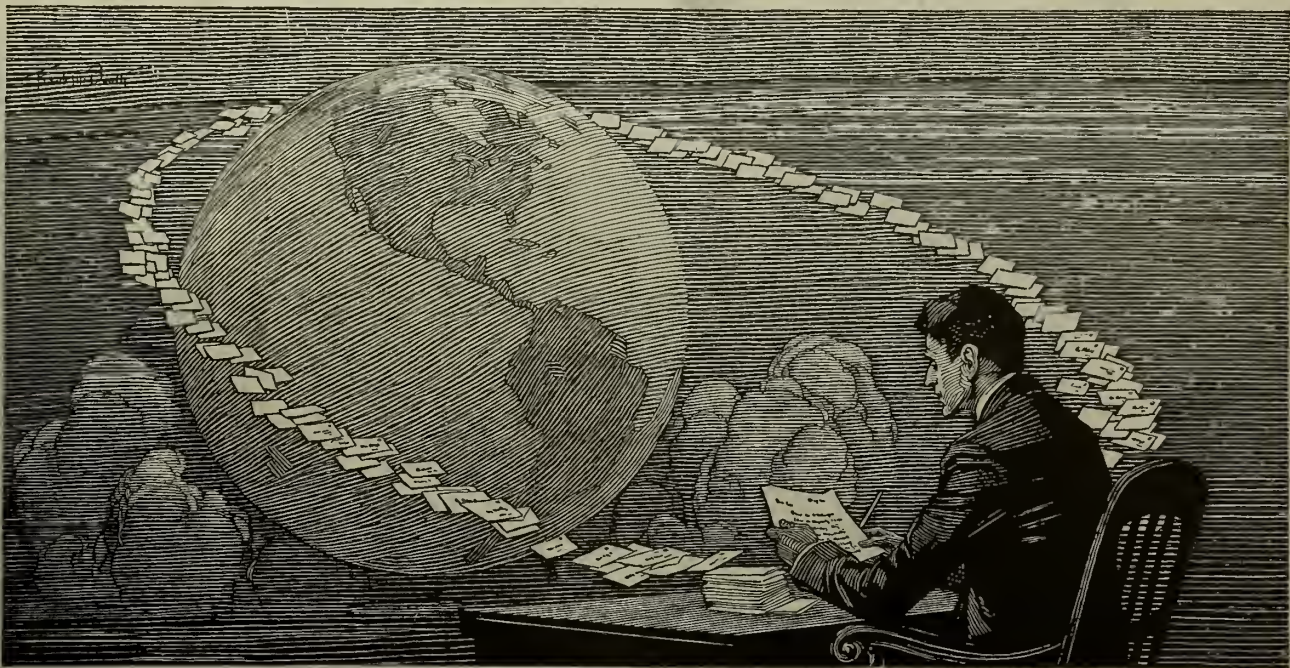
If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

**MULSIFIED**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**







## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

W. K., NEWTON, IOWA.—It is unnecessary for you to request me to publish only your initials. I wish you well, and would hesitate to print your name and address, in view of the fact that your question is: "Who's the girl who plays instead of Marguerite Clark while Miss Clarke rests?" Marguerite has been retired from the screen for several years now, as Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams of New Orleans, La. And she has never employed a double or an alternate that I know of.

ELECTRIC FAN.—I turn you the figurative cold shoulder, old dear. You are passé. The air is crisp these days, and the flappers will soon be putting their summer furs in moth balls. The rôle of *Andreas* in "Theodora" was played by Rene Maupre.

GERTRUDE.—So you really cannot decide which you like better: Rodolph Valentino or base-ball. It must be an awful nervous strain trying to make up your mind. I should think you'd figure it out from the standpoint that the base-ball season is comparatively short but that Rodolph's season is all the year round. When you've seen "Blood and Sand" you'll doubtless forget all about the so-called national pastime and devote yourself exclusively to the real national pastime, which seems to be writing to Rudie.

CRICKETT.—I rejoice that I have been the humble means of your winning a five-pound box of chocolates. I would rejoice still more if I could sample the chocolates. The momentous question on which you wagered was: is Alice Terry really brunette or blonde? The lovely Mrs. Ingram has dark, reddish hair, which is even more becoming to her than the blonde wig she wears on the screen. Sweet Alice!

BETTY.—It is interesting to hear from people I have never seen. It would be still more interesting if I could see them. Like the screen stars, I regret I am able to make only one personal appearance at a time. In

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

my case, this occurs at my typewriter. So if you call on me I won't be in. They'll tell you that. They won't let me see anyone at all while I'm writing this department. They know if they let anyone in the visitor would feel so sorry for me she—it would be she, wouldn't it?—She would be so touched by my pale haggard countenance that she would insist upon my getting out and having some tea. But I must make these sacrifices for my art, which I love. You understand. Lillian is two years older than Dorothy Gish. They're both blondes. Dorothy wore that black bobbed wig in her comedies but is appearing as a blonde in "Fury," the new Barthelme picture in which she plays opposite Dick. Dick used to appear opposite her for Griffith.

LILLIAN G.—May you ask my name? Please do—I've always wanted to be unable to answer one of your questions. I am more inaccessible than any screen personage who ever posed for a close-up. I am never in. I have various disguises which I assume going to and from my office. Only once have I been recognized. I was walking along the street in my heaviest of whiskers when two young ladies saw me, screamed, and turned and

fled. They undoubtedly had been the victims of my barbed shafts of sarcasm on more than one occasion. I am awe-inspiring rather than lovable. Allan Forrest played *Gordon Grant* in "The Hole in the Wall." He's Lottie Pickford's husband.

JULIE.—I think I shall put up a sign at the head of my department: "No Barking Here." Some of you people seem to have very little on your minds when you howl and whine about such trifling things. I shall be obliged to administer a few verbal spankings if you don't take Sally-Marilynn's advice and look for the silver lining. Yes—Miss Miller became Mrs. Jack Pickford, in August, at the home of Mary and Doug in Beverly Hills. As usual, I bow to Mr. Cal York, who has told you all about it in Plays and Players much more accurately, not to say elegantly, than I could.

T H. G., MANHATTAN.—If I were you I would not consent to being put upon a pedestal. Some day you might lose your balance and topple over. It is a great popular pastime, idol-smashing. Remember the French Revolution? I don't. But what I mean to say is, consider Marat. They put up busts of him in the theaters; a little later they were dragging his effigies through the streets. The class in history will adjourn and the class in film art assemble. Irene Rich in "One Clear Call." She is the same young lady who was Will Rogers' leading woman for Goldwyn. Miss Rich has been married; she's the mother of two children.

E. A., KNOXVILLE.—So your friend had an offer to play with Valentino and refused. She is the world's most unappreciative young woman if this is true. I am inclined to skepticism, however. Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson may be addressed at the Lasky studio, Hollywood. Jack Holt is in New York right now shooting Manhattan street scenes for his newest film; but he will soon return to California. (Continued on page 112)



“What motion-picture production needs today is an infiltration of new blood—new thoughts, new dreams, new ideas, new points of view—in short, a new imagination.”

—*Photoplay Magazine*

## ANNOUNCEMENT

**T**HE Palmer Photoplay Corporation announces that it will immediately enter the field of producing motion pictures. This extension of our service will be on terms that open wide to the public the closely guarded gates to screenland.

We shall produce, and release for exhibition in the theatres, the best photoplays of new creative genius and fresh imagination. It will be talent discovered and trained by the world's largest and most authoritative school of photoplay technique.

We shall share the proceeds of each production with its author, on a royalty basis which recognizes the just claim of *creative effort* to participate as long as the earnings continue. For the first time, the screen author will be raised to the same dignified level of professional compensation as the stage dramatist and novelist.

This constructive undertaking is intended—

(1) To provide for the unknown writer outside the gates a greater opportunity than he has heretofore enjoyed;

(2) To bring to the screen the drama which springs from the people

themselves, who *live* it and *create* it, and who can best reflect it in the universal medium of graphic expression, the photoplay.

Our production enterprise is the logical culmination of a vision which inspired the founders of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation four years ago. Our search for fresh imagination for the screen has uncovered a gold mine of vital human drama. Our training has revealed the tremendous possibilities of creative imagination equipped with the technique of screen interpretation.

Our institution has attracted the warm support of thoughtful, cultured men and women who realize, from the public's unerring point of view, what a mighty spiritual force the motion picture can and ought to become in the life of the whole world. They feel the urge to contribute something worth while that lies within them. They have shown their earnest purpose by enrolling for the course and service of the Department of Education of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

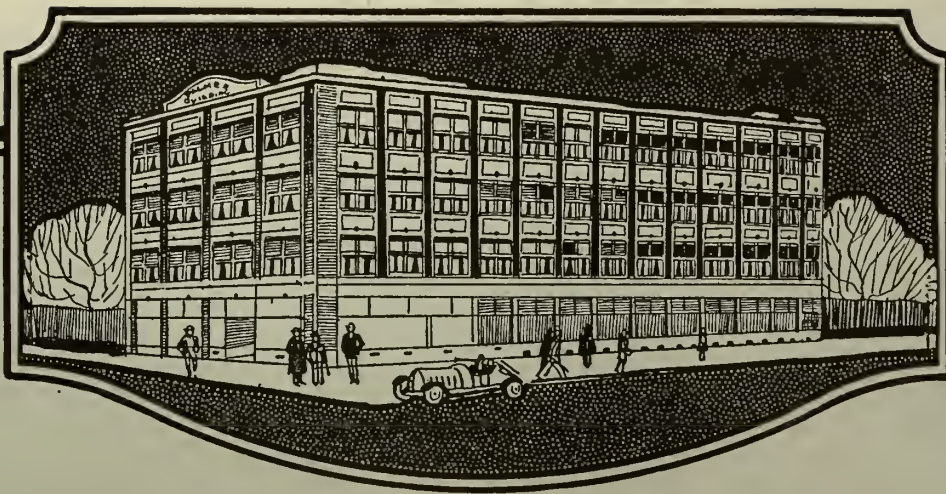
Nearing completion in Hollywood is the new building which we shall

# Palmer Photoplay

*Los Angeles, Calif., 124 W. 4th St.*

*Represented in*

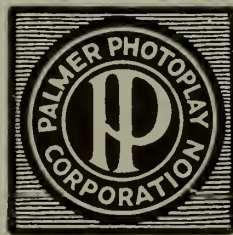




The new building in Hollywood in course of construction for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. It will be occupied this autumn.

occupy this autumn; and the time is ripe to realize our dream. We shall now back, with finished productions, our faculty's judgment of talent—and our editor's judgment of photoplays. It is the hope of this organization of 250 earnest men and women that, through a medium which we have the honor to provide, the people shall acquire and permanently retain controlling influence in an art which peculiarly belongs to them; and that the author, whose story is the indispensable starting point of every picture, shall have a reward commensurate with his contribution.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will carry on with renewed vigor its nation-wide search for creative imagination and dramatic ability. It will continue to train properly qualified persons in the screen technique. Its Sales Department will continue to supply story material for those producers who have the vision to purchase screen stories on their merits. Our producing enterprise is merely an extension of our activities which does not alter our long established educational and story marketing policies.



### The Entrance Examination

Here on the threshold of this extension of its service to better motion pictures, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation renews, with increased vigor, its search for the creative imagination that lies, often hidden, within the people themselves.

With greater confidence than ever before it repeats its tried and proven assertion that *any adult person who has the gifts of creative imagination and dramatic insight, can acquire, through the Palmer method, the technique of screen writing.*

With the public in overwhelming numbers supporting our contention that there can be no better pictures until there are better stories, we renew our effort to get better stories on the screen, both through our own production enterprise and those producers who have the vision to select and the ability to judge screen stories—on their merits.

But the Palmer Photoplay Corporation will not consciously hold forth false hope. It will invite no person to enroll for training in the screen technique who has not passed the Entrance Examination.

It does invite adult men and women, whatever their occupation or writing experience, to take this examination by sending for our Creative Test Questionnaire. It will be sent free, and without obligation of any kind. It has revealed to many persons the presence of unsuspected talent for creating dramatic stories. You can apply this interesting test in a single evening in your own home. A frank analysis will be given you without cost upon return of the questionnaire to us. For your convenience the coupon appears below.

*“Better Pictures start with Better Stories”*

# Corporation

*New York at 527 Fifth Avenue*

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation,  
Department of Education,  
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

NAME.....  
*Indicate Mr., Mrs. or Miss*

ADDRESS.....



## Even his wife wouldn't tell him

OF COURSE, she loved him—loved him dearly and looked to his future just as ambitiously as he did. There was nothing she wouldn't have done for him.

But they were both sensitive young people and this subject seemed to be one she could not bring herself to discuss.

The position he held, with a firm of excellent standing, had promised much. Yet he did not seem to progress as he should have—as they had hoped. Other men constantly stepped ahead of him into the better positions. He seemed to be giving satisfaction, yet he was standing still.

The thing that held him back was in itself, perhaps, a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

A big, little thing that even his wife never mustered courage enough to mention.

\*\*\*

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) never won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it holds them back. And the pathos of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't want to mention it to him.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. But usually—and fortunately—it will yield to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Listerine, recognized for half a century as the safest antiseptic, possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat halitosis. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is just right. You know it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells lots of Listerine. It has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

For  
HALITOSIS  
use  
LISTERINE



Norma Talmadge and her director, Frank Lloyd, in a listening attitude. Hearing "The Voice from the Minaret," perhaps! Miss Talmadge is now in Europe, vacationing

## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 67)

ALICE TERRY and Rex Ingram visited New York for the first time together, on their way to the West Indies to shoot scenes for John Russell's "The Passion Vine," Ingram's latest. "Toilers of the Sea," announced as the next Ingram opus, will not be made until later—and maybe not at all.

It was the vivacious Mrs. Ingram's very first trip to Manhattan, and she was as excited about it as a schoolgirl. Perhaps more so; for she possesses none of the sophistication of the schoolgirls we know. Frank and spontaneous, and as humorous as her reddish hair demands—you'd like Alice.

IN SPITE of a lot of new and quite gorgeous dance palaces and cafes which have been instituted around Los Angeles lately, Sunset Inn, at Santa Monica, continues to be the favorite of the movie stars—particularly for Sunday night dinner during the summer.

Last Sunday night, I saw one big party of stars that was very dazzling—Betty Compson, accompanied by Walter Morosco, who, it is reported, is decidedly interested in the star, Bebe Daniels, with Kenneth and Howard Hawks, and Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy. At an adjoining table was Ruth Roland, nearby was Phyllis Haver. Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky had a table, Al Greene

and his wife were there tripping the light fantastic, Ray Griffith and Gladys Walton, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mulhall, and Mae Busch.

THE film colony of Hollywood was particularly interested in the first performance of "The Fool," a new play by Channing Pollock, in which Richard Bennett is starred. The stage premier of this play was given at the Majestic Theater in Los Angeles, under the management of Thomas Wilkes.

In fact the actors and actresses who make up the theatrical circles of the west are much stirred over the announcement made in Los Angeles that Sam Harris, the big New York manager, and Thomas Wilkes, who owns the Majestic Theater in Los Angeles have formed a combination whereby Harris will use the Los Angeles stock house to try out his new plays for New York.

The lack of new and constructive theatrical entertainment in Los Angeles has been a cause of much unhappiness and complaint among the screen artists, whose love of the theater is starved continually. Their appreciation of the new Wilkes venture was apparent on Mr. Bennett's opening night when in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck (Norma Talmadge), with Constance Talmadge and Mr. and Mrs. Lou Anger (Sophy Bernard),





A clay of such amazing power no less than a dozen imitations have sprung into being; applied in a moment; starts its work in ten more minutes; and—

—In forty minutes, wiped away, the clay has forced the clarity and color of youth to any humanskin on which it is applied. A new triumph of dermatology

# A New Skin in 40 Minutes with this Astounding Beauty Clay!

How a Pleasure Trip to Sunny Wales Uncovered a Secret of Mother Earth's That Forever Ends Any Women's Need for a Complexion Beautifier

By MARTHA RYERSON

I HAVE brought to America the greatest news women ever heard about the skin. From Wales where I spent a month without seeing a single had complexion. I went there with a complexion that had been my despair since childhood. *One afternoon I left it in the hills; exchanged it for one of absolute purity and undoubtable natural color.*

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself! I would never tell the story—a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this: the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province, is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lusture and color, with impurities nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a bappy thought that took a most unbappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder I "took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I did.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with *mud*. I recognized the peculiar gray of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did not!

## I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a *perfect* complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman will ever have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse,

and from the spring's bed she took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally *pulled out*. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

*My blemishes were gone!*

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when I entered the rooms of the little inn that evening was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a hasket I had two crocks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lotsel self didn't know. Father is a chemist.

Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we staid on; he worked all day at his "mud pies" as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me, and on all my girl friends. At last, he scientifically produced clay identical with that Welsh clay in its miraculous effects—only ten times more smooth and pure.

## Anyone May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women, everywhere (and men too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of anyone who did not regard it worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimples, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody, and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. I know.

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all that I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! My father has made you a remarkable offer below. Read carefully.

## FREE DISTRIBUTION OF \$5.00 JARS

(Only One Jar to a Family)

The general public is entitled to benefit by a discovery of this importance. So, for a limited time we will distribute regular, full-size \$5.00 jars of Forty Minute Clay without profit—at only the actual cost, which is \$1.87.

You may have your *first jar* for only this bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expenses of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing, printed announcements, and shipping in large quantity, has been figured down to \$1.87 per jar, plus postage.

For the small laboratory cost price of \$1.87 for ingredients, shipping, etc., is not really a payment; rather, a *deposit* that we will promptly return if you are not unreservedly satisfied that this miracle clay is all we claim.

Send no money now. Pay postman the net laboratory charges of \$1.87 plus postage, when he brings your jar. Or, if unlikely to be at home at mail time, enclose \$2.00 and jar will arrive postpaid, with the same money-back guarantee.

I can assure any man or woman who will try this miracle of Nature's own chemical laboratory a *remade* skin.

*Wm. Ryerson*  
Head Chemist

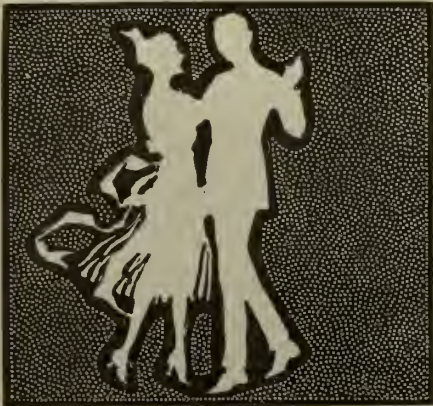
THE CENTURY CHEMISTS, Dept. 49.  
Century Building, Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-sized, regular \$5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of \$1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name.....

Address.....





## Why Good Dancers Are Popular

Everyone admires a really good dancer. They admire the ease of manner, the self-confidence and poise, the perfect step and grace which are always characteristic of one who dances well.

Perfect dancers are the life of any party. That's why they are invited everywhere and are always surrounded by a gay set. If you can't dance you are out of everything because no one wants to sit around just talking when there is so much real fun and laughter on hand.

Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing teacher, has perfected a wonderful new method by which you can learn any of the latest dance steps in a few minutes—and all of the dances in a short time.

Even if you don't know one step from another—through Arthur Murray's method you can quickly and easily master any dance without a partner and without music, right in your own home—or the lessons won't cost you one cent.

**Free Proof  
You Can  
Learn the  
New Dance  
Steps at  
Home in  
One Evening**

The Vanderbilts, Ex-Governor Locke Craig, of North Carolina, and scores of other socially prominent people, have chosen Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. Dancing teachers all over the world take lessons from him. And more than 60,000 people have learned to dance through easy, learn-at-home methods.

To show you how easily anyone can learn to dance at home, without music or partner, Arthur Murray has consented to send, for a limited time only, his

## 16 Lesson Course Only \$1<sup>00</sup>

Keep the course for 5 days. Test it out carefully right in the privacy of your own room. And if you are not perfectly satisfied in every way, return it and Mr. Murray will return your dollar promptly without question.

## Send No Money—Not One Cent

Prove for yourself how quickly and easily you can learn all of the newest steps and dances. Don't send any money now—just the coupon. When the postman hands you the 16 lesson course just deposit \$1.00 with him, plus a few cents postage, in full payment. And if after five days you are not delighted, return the complete course and your money will be promptly refunded. Otherwise the course becomes your personal property without any further payments. Send the coupon NOW. Don't delay. Return the coupon at once and the 16 lesson course will be promptly mailed to you.

**ARTHUR MURRAY**

Studio 435 100 Fifth Avenue New York

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 435, 100 Fifth Ave., New York

To prove that you can teach me to dance in one evening at home, you may send the 16-lesson new course in plain cover and when the postman hands it to me I will deposit \$1.00 with him (plus the few cents postage) in full payment. If after five days I decide to return the course, I may do so, and you will refund my money promptly and without question.

Name.....

Address..... State.....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon.  
(Price outside U. S. \$1.10 cash with order.)



## Griffith Returns to 1922

Photography by Diem

*Back across the years comes D. W. to make a picture of thrills and flappers, of modern love and mystery. Off with the powdered wigs! On with the curled bobs! Carol Dempster is the flapper in chief, and the featured player of the cast. No costume stuff, no mob scenes, no guillotine. This is the first still to be published*

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meighan, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bryant (Mme. Nazimova), Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson (Frances Marion), Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Roberts, Harold Lloyd, and Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram (Alice Terry).

**PRISCILLA DEAN** came all the way from California to ride on the roller coaster in Coney Island.

Also to take a turn on the ferris-wheel and to visit the Island's Eden Musee.

Not that Miss Dean has a passion for such performances. It's just that her current picture demands it.

Tod Browning, the star, and several members of the cast spent several weeks shooting scenes in Coney Island every night after twelve o'clock. To these Hollywoodians, Manhattan means just Coney Island and nothing more. They worked there from midnight until late morning, and it is doubtful if any one of them will ever feel inclined to visit an amusement park of his own free will again.

**GLENN HUNTER'S** ambition is about to be realized.

A kind-hearted producer of the legitimate purchased the rights to "Merton of the Movies" and asked Glenn to play the title role. It didn't take Hunter long to sign that contract, because he's been wanting to play *Merton* ever since he read that screaming satire by Harry Leon Wilson.

It wouldn't be at all surprising if a kind-hearted producer purchased the screen rights and asked Glenn to do it for the films.

Just about everybody in pictures has read "Merton of the Movies" and expressed appreciation of its telling satire. Wonder if it didn't make some of our actors feel self-conscious?

**IT IS** almost becoming a shuttle, the way people go from the stage to the screen, and from the screen to the stage, etc.

The latest screen leading lady to forsake the silver sheet is Ruth Renick, who has been sent to New York by the Los Angeles theatrical



manager, Thomas Wilkes, to appear in "The Nervous Wreck." The leading male role will be played by Edward Everett Horton, who left the Majestic theater in Los Angeles not long ago to appear before the camera in a picture, "Too Much Business." Betsy Ross Clark has forsaken the films temporarily to play in "The Nervous Wreck."

**T**HE Writers Club has begun work on the extension to their Hollywood clubhouse.

The addition is to consist of a perfect, miniature theater, with a seating capacity of several hundred. Every facility for perfect dramatic production is being installed.

Plans for a winter season in this theater are under way, under the guidance of such experts as William de Mille, Marion Fairfax, Peter B. Kyne, Thompson Buchanan and Rupert Hughes. The organization intends to present a series of dramatic evenings, some of them to consist of original one-act plays, any complete dramatic plays of unusual originality and merit which they can discover, as well as lectures and readings of great artistic worth and instruction.

In fact, The Writers hope in the future to establish a theater which will work along the lines of the Provence town Players. The money to build the playhouse was raised by "The Hollywood Follies," presented by The Writers this summer. More performances of this kind will be given to raise money for the work to be done.

**L**ILLIAN GISH has returned from Newport, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duell—the president of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, which stars Dick Barthelmess, and his wife, who was Lillian Tucker, an actress.

It is rumored that Lillian, as well as Dorothy, will appear under the Inspiration auspices in the future. At any rate, Newport feted the film star.

**W**HO do you think is turning out to be a real, live, knock-'em-dead vamp?

Little Gladys Walton.

Since she got her divorce, a few months ago, Gladys has been stepping out, and from the variety of masculine escorts with whom I see her, and their devoted and breathless adoration, it would seem that she is destined to cut quite a swath.

**M**AY—we ask Madge Kennedy why she changed the title of her next picture, "Dear Me," to "The Purple Highway"? There have been so many highways; but not one "Dear Me"—which was, besides, a popular play on the stage, employing Grace La Rue and Hale Hamilton, both former screen actors.

Madge is rehearsing her role in "The Spite Corner," the comedy in which John Golden will star her on Broadway; and also her part of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which will be a future film vehicle.

**A**T LAST we have something in Hollywood to show the tourists who come out here looking for something wild and woolly.

Hollywood has its first, original and only jazz palace at last—the first time there has ever been a dance floor or a cabaret in Hollywood. That's hard to believe, isn't it?

Anyway, the Little Club has been opened on Hollywood Boulevard, a charming, bizarre big room, with a dance floor and excellent dance music. And it is proving very popular with film folk for dancing and food.

**M**ARIE PREVOST is going to be very dramatic in the future.

Her Universal contract having expired, as Universal contracts have a habit of doing, she came to New York, interviewed several producers, and finally decided to be the heroine of the Warner features.

This means she will act in "The Beautiful and Damned," F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel



### Ask Him

Ask the boy what cereal he likes best. He will say, we believe, Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Millions of children do.

And these are the best foods for him. They make whole grains enticing.



### Ask Him

Ask the doctor what cereal is best for the boy. He will probably say Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. For he advises whole grains. And these are the only whole-grain foods with every food cell broken.

## Let No Day Pass

without some whole-grain diet

The reason for whole grains lies largely in minerals. In the lime, the iron, the phosphates which growing children need.

Whole wheat is almost a complete food. It supplies 16 needed elements. Children who get whole wheat in plenty are in no way underfed.

### Why Puffed?

The reason for Puffed Grains is the fact that every food cell is fitted to digest. There are 125 million food cells in a grain of wheat. This process explodes them all.

The process was invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert. It is the only process which so fits every element to feed.

### Like bubbled nuts

The fearful heat gives Puffed Grains a taste like toasted nuts. The puffing makes them airy, thin and flimsy. So this makes whole grains food confections. Children revel in them.

You can serve in a dozen ways, at mealtime and between meals. Do so—you mothers who believe in making whole-grain foods delightful.



### Puffed Rice

Rice grains puffed to bubbles—made to taste like toasted nuts. Queen of all breakfast dainties.



### Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat puffed to 8 times normal size. Every food cell blasted. The supreme supper dish.





## Cleared More Than \$1500 the First Year!

that's what Mr. W. O. Hopkins did—selling BUTTER-KIST Popcorn. Many are making much more. Do what he and hundreds of others are doing. Install a BUTTER-KIST Popcorn Machine in unoccupied space in your store. Takes up only a few square feet of space.

The famous BUTTER-KIST Popcorn Machine manufactures Butter-Kist Popcorn and sells Roasted and Salted Peanuts. Just the kind of a treat that appeals to all classes of people.

The BUTTER-KIST Machine makes its own profits. And more—it actually pulls trade. Let the people that come in your store, smell the fresh fragrance of BUTTER-KIST Popcorn and they'll buy it. Because people do like popcorn—especially the kind that's made by BUTTER-KIST Machines.

And profits? Out of every dollar's worth you sell you keep 60 to 70 cents! And you can sell many dollars' worth each day. People come back for more. BUTTER-KIST Popcorn actually develops regular customers. They like its delicious taste—its toasty flavor. All this means profits—and profits mean less worry about the rent. Write for the BUTTER-KIST Easy Payment Plan.

### BUTTER-KIST Popcorn "America's Oldest Treat"



The coupon, filled-in, will start you on the road to Quick Profits. Get a "Location Survey".

It tells you how much you can make in your particular location. We'll mail you the information. Send in the Coupon Today.

## HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Popcorn  
Machines and Peanut Toasters

2116 Van Buren St. Indianapolis

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.,  
2116 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free Butter-Kist book "America's New Industry." I also want the Location Chart which will fill out and return to you.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City and State \_\_\_\_\_  
Business \_\_\_\_\_



Al Christie, Vera Steadman and Dorothy Devore in a situation that needs a good nerve, a steady hand and an infinite amount of tact. Al is telling 'em that they're wearing 'em longer in Paris

about the flappers. And maybe in "Main Street" and "Brass," also Warner properties. Marie's bathing-girl days are gone forever, but not forgotten—except possibly by Marie. There is no soubrette on the screen who dresses more modestly than the erstwhile Sennett beach ornament.

ZASU PITTS has filed petition for bankruptcy in the Los Angeles courts.

Zasu is a clever—almost a great—character comedienne. But that petition is the direct result of trying to make a star of a girl who hasn't the type of talent, or ability, or looks, that go to make stars. By the way, what happens to a husband when his wife goes into bankruptcy?

Zasu is married to Tom Gallery, and they have a baby daughter.

MAE BUSCH was certainly glad to get back to Hollywood.

You'd think a girl that was lucky enough to go to London, all her expenses paid, and who had been showered with attentions while there, would want to keep right on going, but Mae likes "home" pretty well.

AFTER having survived six weeks of strenuous location activities for "The Cowboy and the Lady," Mary Miles Minter was knocked about her private car when a switch engine jolted it near Victor, Idaho, sustaining severe cuts and numerous scratches and bruises.

Tom Moore, Mary's leading man, received severe bruises about the head. The actors were waiting to start their railroad journey back to Los Angeles when the accident occurred.

The unfeeling director was doubtless relieved that the actors had completed their roles in the picture before the smash happened.

MRS. THOMAS H. INCE is spending all her time nowadays completing work on her new thirty-two acre ranch back of Beverly Hills.

The ranch is not only to be a country home for Mr. and Mrs. Ince and the three Ince boys, but Mrs. Ince intends to make it a model, productive farm. The buildings are most artistic and undoubtedly Ince ranch will be one of the show places of southern California.

TWO recent arrivals in the Hollywood colony are Sheila Patricia O'Malley and Mitchell Dazey.

The young lady is the latest addition to the family of Pat O'Malley.

Mitchell Dazey is the second son of Frank Dazey and Agnes Christine Johnston Dazey, well known scenario writers.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE has gone to the Orient, accompanied by his secretary.

Arbuckle was for the past few months associated with the Buster Keaton company in the capacity of writer and director. It was rumored not so long ago that Joe Schenck or Oliver Morosco was to present him on the stage. He may make pictures in Japan or China.

ACCORDING to reports, Mary Alden wishes to become identified once more with youthful roles.

It would seem that the creator of such poignant parts as the mothers of "The Old Nest" and "The Bond Boy" would be content to continue such performances.

But perhaps Miss Alden is as fed up with the screen mother as some members of the audience. Since "Over the Hill" there has been a seemingly endless procession of tottering, white-haired old ladies wending their way to the poor house.

SHIRLEY, the eleven-year-old daughter and only child of Mr. and Mrs. Al Christie, died in Hollywood of injuries received when she fell from her horse.

The daughter of the well-known producer had turned to speak to her riding instructor when she accidentally flanked her horse. The animal became excited and threw her. She passed away a few days later at the Children's Hospital.

OF COURSE, chauffeurs will be chauffeurs. Still, both Gloria Swanson and Betty Compton have decided there's a limit.

Gloria went to the garage one morning to find that her beautiful Pierce-Arrow roadster had disappeared during the night.

She telephoned the police, who started an immediate hunt for the missing car. But without success. However, the following day,



the car was brought back by Gloria's driver, who had been on his vacation and had "borrowed" it for a joy ride.

Betty's chauffeur drove her Cadillac limousine to the beach one Sunday and got arrested for speeding on the way back.

**A**MONG the month's more or less important announcements are Hugo Ballin's, to the effect that he is not going to make any more program pictures, but will concentrate on special productions in the future; and Hope Hampton's, that, owing to the star's intense desire to make her pictures worthy of her great public's commendation, she has caused some of the color scenes in "The Light in the Dark," depicting the Holy Grail legend, to be retaken.

**JACK HOLT** is in the East and has started work on a picture of New York life. Only street scenes were shot.

**CRANE WILBUR** is once more in the public eye.

He has written a play which will soon be produced on Broadway. And he has just married Mme. Suzanne Caubet, his leading woman, who, it is said, is a niece of Sarah Bernhardt.

Wilbur obtained a divorce from his first wife, Florence Dunbar Wilbur, in July of last year.

**CURLY STECKER**, for many years head animal trainer and keeper at the Universal studio, came near death the other day when Ethel, one of the largest captive lions in this country, suddenly turned upon him.

Curly had gone into the big cage to work with Ethel, who has been one of his pets and with whom he has worked continually. Suddenly she turned and leaped at his throat, bearing him to the ground.

The assistant keepers dashed to his rescue, but they were unable to open the door, which Curly had locked on the inside, and were afraid to shoot because Curly and the lioness were so mixed up it was hard to tell which was which.

At last they broke open the doors, and with bars and whips drove the lioness into her corner. Curly was pretty badly cut up and bruised, and will be in the hospital for some time.

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 61)

### "WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WOMEN"—Equity Pictures

**A** STORY of modern life after "The Servant in the House" pattern. A symbolical character named *Carpenter*, and all that. Mostly about the unrest of the modern women who leave their husbands and babies and fiances and fathers to go jazzing about in studios of iniquity. An all star cast with Wilton Lackaye, Montague Love, and Constance Bennett (daughter of Richard), in the leading roles. Miss Bennett is a film find. Not for the children!

### HEARTS HAVEN—Hodkinson

**A** SWEET story, with a simple plot for the simple minded. The story includes a little crippled boy, a silver haired grandmother, an appealing terrier dog, and a worthless wife. Also two effective healings by faith. There is a heroine—Claire Adams—and an earnest young hero who marries her after the worthless wife passes out of the picture. We wouldn't be at all surprised if most of the family like this!



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### THE BROKEN SILENCE—Arrow

MADE by an independent company, without any of the more luminous stars decorating the cast, this picture stands head and shoulders above the average Mounted Police atrocity. There is a real plot, and the continuity is splendid. So is the cast—headed by the interesting Zena Keefe—J. Barney Sherry, Robert Elliott, Gypsy O'Brien, and Roy Gordon. A story of love, revenge and "God's great outdoors."

### AFFINITIES—Hodkinson

REELS and reels of Colleen Moore acting cute and never, for one moment, forgetting that the camera is watching her. John Bowers in a thankless role that doesn't give him the ghost of a chance. A story by Mary Roberts Rinehart, without a gleam of originality left in it. The direction, settings and cast—all commonplace. Only the very young children will be able to stand this.

### UP AN' AT 'EM—R-C Pictures

A LIVELY comedy about art collectors, wax works, and the bad little daughters of rich fathers. Not really bad, y'understand—just mischievous! Doris May is the daughter, Otis Harlan the father, and Hallam Cooley the young man in the case. There is another one of those scenes in a museum of wax works after hours. And there are some exciting moments with a band of thieves. Family stuff, of course!

### THE LOADED DOOR—Universal

A WESTERN, of course. For Hoot Gibson's name has come to mean, always, a western. Hoot brings a certain air to a sombrero and a six shooter that most of the old guard have lost. This story has two unusual tramp characters—Charles Smiley and Victor Potel—while Nobel Johnson makes a despicable villain. There is an element of suspense, pretty well sustained.

### JUST TONY—Fox.

HORSE PLAY, with Tony featured, this time, instead of his master Tom. Like the average Mix feature—except that it's a trifle better because the credit and close ups are more evenly distributed. Much hard riding, more than a little fighting, and sets that we have seen somewhere before. Claire Adams is the leading lady—and a decided improvement over the others who have had this honor. Take the children.

### THE COUNTRY FLAPPER —Producers' Security

THIS ancient comedy, made when Dorothy Gish was wearing, for film purposes, her black bobbed wig, should have been permitted to rest in peace. Retitled in flapper slang, it is the month's most mournful effort. The gifted Gish is wasted. If you're fond of Dorothy don't see this. Those who are addicted to vocalizing the captions will be in grave danger of violent ejection from the theater by enraged audiences.

### MARRIED PEOPLE —Ballin-Hodkinson

THE latest Hugo Ballin leaves the impression that the charming "Jane Eyre" must have been accidental. If this is an example of the later Ballin methods, the director-producer should really go right back to art. His sets are as artistic as ever, but unfortunately they do not entirely make up for the complete absence of a plot. This was one of those "prize contest stories." Mabel Ballin overacts it with an enthusiasm worthy of a better cause.

### THE KICK-BACK —Film Booking Offices of America

A SPECIALLY designed sombrero should be presented to Harry Carey on the occasion of his first independent production. At last an honest, straightforward western with only one close-up of the hero embracing his faithful horse! And Carey doesn't take even this touching scene too seriously. He doesn't go in for embroidered chaps and monogrammed saddles; but then a real actor doesn't need them. For boys and girls, and ma and pa.

### MYSTERIES OF INDIA —Paramount

JOE MAY, who contributed that gigantic flop, "The Mistress of the World," made this one, too, over in Germany. It has the massive sets eclipsed by the same massive Mia May. Still, it is not so rollickingly absurd as "The Mistress of the World." It is all about an Indian prince who decides to bury his unfaithful wife alive. Full of snappy cruelty and curious Yogi mysticism. Trick photography is the Yogi's first aid. Acting awful and the thing is of little American interest.

### HOPE—Triart

ANOTHER of a series of short dramas suggested by and built around famous paintings. This has George F. Watt's canvas of the same name for its origin. Like the others of the series, it is fine in artistic photography and grouping, conventional and draggy of story and crude now and then in its direction and acting. This reveals a lighthouse keeper's daughter and her sailor lover. Mary Astor has a certain haunting quality to her silversheet personality, if she is still short on histrionic qualities. This picture is long on art and short on interest.

### PLUM CENTER COMEDIES —R-C Pictures

DAN MASON, of the original Toonerville comedies, creates a new character—that of Pop Tuttle who drives the mail stage. A country atmosphere, painted with high lights and shadings not too subtle to be ignored. Laughter, here, for almost everybody—and especially for those fortunate folk who have lived or visited in country villages. And each picture has something of a plot, too—almost too much to expect of the average comedy!

"The Shadow Stage" will save you time and money by directing you to the good photoplays and warning you of the poor.



## Romantic History of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 77)

Hollaman that if he delivered his negative to Edison and got prints through Edison there would be no prosecutions or actions for infringement of the Edison patents. And so it was arranged. The Edison plant delivered prints on Hollaman's order. "Pop" Rock bought a copy of the Passion Play for his Louisiana vitascope service.

Then came a significant new step for the films. Colonel Henry H. Hadley was a spectacular evangelist of the day. He had first been a corporation lawyer, a New York newspaper man and latterly a reformer with a punch concerned most with the iniquities of hard liquor. He had a message for the masses.

Colonel Hadley saw the "Passion Play" pictures at the Eden Musee and decided that there were elements of showmanship of value to the pulpit. He obtained a print for the purposes of his meetings.

He preached a vigorous brand of damnation and salvation with a vast fervor.

"These pictures," observed Colonel Hadley, "are going to be a great force. It is the age of pictures, see the billboards and the magazines and the newspapers, more and more pictures all the time. These moving pictures are going to be the best teachers and the best preachers in the history of the world. Mark my words there are two things coming, prohibition and motion pictures. We must make the people think above the belt."

Colonel Hadley's first effort to bring the picture to aid the cause of religion met a churchly rebuff. He tried to put on the Passion Play pictures as an accessory to his preaching at the Ocean Grove, New Jersey, summer religious colony. The opinion of the community was against it. They classed all motion pictures with girls in tights and the "May Irwin Kiss."

"Very well," said Colonel Hadley, moving his pictures over to an abandoned merry-go-round tent across the bridge from Ocean Grove at Asbury Park. "Now the virtuous citizens of Ocean Grove can come over to see the 'Passion Play' without having their own precincts defiled by the moving pictures. They are new, therefore immoral."

The Ocean Grove people did cross the bridge and the picture-sermons achieved an important success. Thousands saw moving pictures in the merry-go-round gospel tent who would not have gone down the street past a theater.

Colonel Hadley included a musical program with the pictures, breaking his accompanying lecture into parts. Samuel Hopkins Hadley, the evangelist's young son, a gifted tenor, sang. The musical numbers included "Ave Maria," "O, Holy Night" and "The Palms." The boy tenor's voice brought him to the attention of a musical comedy producer and the "Passion Play" engagement with his evangelist father led directly to the stage.

IN his second season in 1899 with the "Passion Play" pictures Colonel Hadley opened at Young's Pier in Atlantic City. The piers of that resort had a somewhat unsavory character then, and the proprietor shrewdly figured that the religious atmosphere lent by the presence of the evangelist would bring more respectability. He was beginning to observe that respectability usually had more money to spend. That was the beginning of a new status for the piers of Atlantic City and the development which has made it America's most famous seaside resort.

The following summer Colonel Hadley went on the road with the "Passion Play" pictures, taking them and his message into many small communities which had never before heard of moving pictures. His was undoubtedly the first use of the motion pictures for propaganda. Colonel Hadley has long since passed to his reward. His son, the boy



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## PEARLS

tenor of 1888, by coincidences of his dramatic career was drawn into pictures as a scenario editor in 1911 and is now known to Broadway as "Hopp Hadley." He is engaged in the promotion of pictures and his evangelistic days are unknown to Times Square.

The influence of the "Passion Play" and its precedents was most important. Crude as it was with its twenty and odd scenes, without titles and but a slender dramatic thread, it was a departure, even though slight, from the entirely parasitic line of production which had preceded it. A production taking up more than two reels of action had been staged for the camera. It is true that this beginning was in fact largely a recreated event, a make-shift for the rights to picture the play at Horitz, but it had enough of originality in it to open a new line of progress.

Many copies of the picture were sold when Mr. Hollaman released it to the open market. Copies went abroad and covered the world of the motion picture. The success of the Hollaman-Eaves production resulted in many similar attempts. It was then as now. The imitative function in the motion picture mind was working vigorously. Let there be one outstanding success like "The Miracle Man" and straightway as soon as the studios can grind them out there will be half a dozen efforts to duplicate it. So no less than five versions of the "Passion Play," produced with varying degrees of pretentiousness and skill, appeared in the next four years.

Siegmond Lubin, established in Philadelphia, with an optical shop in Chestnut street on the ground floor and motion pictures in his basement, produced a version of the "Passion Play" about 1900 that is classic in the jocular annals of the films.

Rough and ready production characterized the Lubin establishment in that primitive time. The stage was placed in a backyard in Philadelphia. A cast of nondescript actors from New York was employed. They did not take their work with any deep seriousness. "Pop" Lubin's days were full of grief. Much of his then slender capital was tied up in the venture and he was desperately serious.

MIDWAY of the picture *Judas Iscariot* betrayed the anxious producer and went on what can be described only as "a bender." While *Simon Peter* absented himself to shoot "craps" in an adjacent barn. Graphic tales are told of the troubles of "Pop" Lubin laboring to keep his twelve apostles before the camera.

Eventually the Lubin "Passion Play" was completed. It sold with some success despite some minor flaws of direction and technical detail. The picture contained elements of interest that were not in the script. Back of the stage was a dwelling. As the painted backgrounds flapped in the wind this house was occasionally revealed. Frank Tichenor, who in after years came to figure in the motion picture business, was amazed and startled to see on the screen the Philadelphia girl to whom he was paying attentions, revealed leaning out the window to watch the actors, in the midst of one of the "Passion Play's" most impressive scenes.

Once again turning back to the fall of '96 in the month of November another beginning of portent is discovered. That was the time when Jimmy Blackton, the Evening World's cartoonist lecturer, and Albert E. Smith, the legerdemainist, decided that their joint funds totaled enough to take a plunge in the picture business with the purchase of an Edison Projecting Kinetoscope, the Edison machine which succeeded the Armat Vitascope at the Edison works. This machine Edison was ready to sell to all comers. The Vitascope had been available only to the buyers of territorial rights from Raff & Gammon. Blackton and Smith added motion pictures to their repertoire and showed the fifty foot subjects of the time, "Sea Waves at Coney Island," "Shooting the Chutes," "Fire Engines Responding to an Alarm," "The Bad

Boy and the Garden Hose," "The Black Diamond Express" and, of course, "Blackton, the Evening World Cartoonist."

The Blackton-Smith project might easily have ended there with the exhibition of the pictures as it did with many another project of the kind at the time. But these two young men were inspired with the desire to make pictures themselves. Blackton's experience before the camera at West Orange gave him a notion that it would not be hard to do. The rest of the problem was Smith's. Edison offered no cameras for sale at any price. The American Mutoscope & Biograph Company had adopted a policy of selling nothing. Cameras could not be had. But, as was pointed out in an earlier chapter, the mechanical movements in the camera and the projection machine were and are to all practical intents identical. The deft Mr. Smith retired to a workshop and proceeded to build a black box housing for their projection machine. And then it was a camera by day and a projector by night.

Blackton and Smith set to work to make films. In a short time they found they could do it fairly successfully. Thereupon they repaired to the roof of the Morse building in Nassau street, where they had a tiny office, and proceeded to start operations on a subject to add to their program. They decided to call it "The Burglar on the Roof." Mr. James Stuart Blackton took the role of the burglar, the title role, if you please, in the very first production of an institution that has won immortality in picture annals. Mr. Smith as the mechanical expert operated the camera. Ronald A. Reader, their prestidigitator friend, and Mrs. Olaf Olsen, wife of the Morse building janitor, completed the cast. The picture was made in bits at lunch hours when the members of the cast had time from their work to appear at the "studio." It was completed in sixty-five feet and ultimately played all the "big time" in the United States. It was an episode, rather than a story, but it had the microscopic germ of the modern thriller.

Neither the term Vitascope, which applied to the Armat machine, nor Kinetoscope which signified the Edison machine, seemed advisable to the roof top producers, so they took the same liberties with nomenclature that they had with Edison's machine. They christened it "The Edison Vitagraph." There was credit to Edison in the name, this with a weather eye against litigation, and it was a new name that they might claim their own if it grew to be of value. That was the birth of the name of "Vitagraph" which came to loom large in world of the films.

MEANWHILE over in London there were Anglo-American developments coming on. When Charles Urban arrived to take charge of the Maguire & Baucus agency for Edison pictures and machines he found conditions more interesting than promising. After a visitor's first look about at the Tower of London and the Houses of Parliament, he decided to begin his labors. His first morning at the office in Dashwood House he arrived at 8 o'clock. The office was just as lonely and quiet then as the ordinary film office is today at that hour. At 9 o'clock a tall young man in a silk hat strolled in.

"What can I do for you?" Urban was pleasant but businesslike, after the best American manner.

"Do for me, sir? I am the junior clerk here!"

That was the introduction to the factum known to American establishments as office boy. At 10 o'clock the lady who announced herself as the manager came to the office.

Mr. Urban found a number of things the matter. Maguire & Baucus' London office was not doing well. Robert Paul and the others who had seized upon the opportunities presented by the failure of Edison to patent his kinetoscope in Great Britain had practically all of the business. They were doing



nothing to allay the prejudices of the British show men against the American product.

Also the office suffered from an unsatisfactory location, too remote from the theatrical district. In his rambles about London Urban came upon a new but vacant building at Warwick Court in High Holborn. He leased the place and when the business was moved it came forth under a grand new British name, The Warwick Trading Company. There is an old political adage in the United States saying "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em." Urban had joined. The new concern also had new capital of five hundred very British pounds.

The Warwick Trading Company prospered. In a year Charles Urban was its managing director. The company had paid off \$9,000 in liabilities and bought out the Maguire & Baucus interests in the British business for 3,600 pounds. The Urban Bioscope, evolved, as has been told, to permit picture showings in Michigan villages which had no electric service, was selling at a great rate in London for use all over the world. The Warwick Trading Company was developing swiftly into a world institution. It had two vast advantages, its location in the great world capital of London and the indomitable salesmanship of Charles Urban, the book agent who got to Marshall Field. The Warwick concern was ready to supply films of practically every manufacture in the world. Edison films from America, and Lumiere and other films from France.

To the Eden Musee in New York and George Kleine in Chicago Urban sent large export shipments that went out from these agencies to cover the United States.

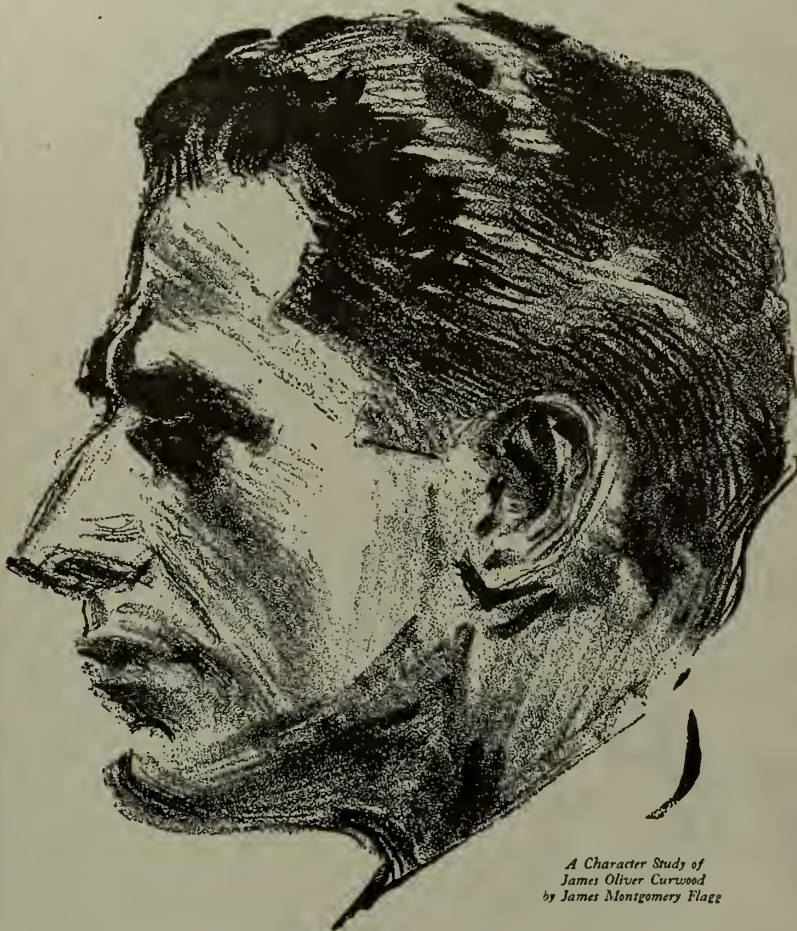
Naturally enough he found a strong demand in London for British subjects, and curiously enough Paul and others early in the peep show business there were not supplying this demand. There was no available camera and no source of supply of the subjects that seemed to be required. Just as he had Isaacs in New York build his Bioscope, Urban went to a mechanic, A. Darling, engaging him to build a motion picture camera. This was the Warwick camera which followed the Bioscope around the world, and which became some years afterwards a vital factor in the development of American motion picture history.

With his first Warwick camera Mr. Urban set out to make a picture. He went to the British naval base of Portsmouth and took a long picture dealing with the merry tars and their life aboard ship. It was a lucky or a wise choice. He had heard enough of the bands playing "Rule Britannia" to know the box office value. His edited picture was 1,200 feet long, a sensational production for 1898.

THE naval picture went into the Alhambra in London for a run of three weeks. It obtained a life policy for the Urban picture activities, and laid a precedent of production that has extended itself down the years in the continued interest in topical subjects, an interest which has received more attention at the hands of the theater in England than in the United States. Beginning with that naval picture at Portsmouth Urban has continued to today as the one most ardent exponent of the topical, scientific and educational motion picture. With but casual excursions into the dramatic field his producing activities have for more than a quarter of a century been concerned with nature and fact, rather than the realms of film fiction.

Cecil Hepworth, whose first connection with the pictures was in the making of electric lamps for Paul's "Theatrograph," went into the service of the Warwick Trading Company in a technical capacity. There he evolved a semi-automatic machine method of printing and developing the long films. It was an idea that with a gradual growth of nearly a quarter of a century has come to play an important part in the laboratory processes of the industry. The old machines are still in

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In France in the year of '97 George Melies, a new figure and factor in film production, began a rapid rise with a novelty idea of introducing to the screen tricks of magic. Melies had been a student understudy of the celebrated Robert Houdin. His pictures found ready sale. Charles Urban was among his best customers. In the United States Melies' subject also attained an early popularity.

American picture men were puzzled not a little at the mysterious results on the screen. The pictures caught on and to meet the demand in the most profitable way, it must be admitted, the Americans copied or duplicated the Melies subjects with a gracious freedom. The method was simple. An original subject printed by Melies was put through the printing machine with a piece of negative stock. Thereby a negative was produced from which any number of "dupe" prints might be made. This practice grew general and commonplace in the industry and in the course of two years came to be one of its greatest curses. Trademark and copyright ultimately came to check the abuses of the "dupers." In the beginning the motion picture with no precedents behind it had almost none of the rights of property.

There was something in the shadowland of screen illusion that drew magicians the world over. It has been noted earlier in these pages that among the American screen pioneers Colonel Selig, Alexander F. Victor and Albert E. Smith were all professional illusionists.

The Melies magic pictures began with rather simple and obvious bits of trickery that would scarcely hold the attention of the screen-wise audiences of today, and advanced to a deep complication of photographic ingenuities. In the Melies studio effects were worked by tedious experimentation which resulted in the discovery of methods that today vastly increase the scope of the camera and add importantly to more legitimate dramatic attainments. Among these effects can be mentioned the "overlap" dissolve for magically molding scenes together, the fade-out at the end of a scene and the like. It is interesting to note that the first "overlaps" were made by the use of reducing chemicals which etched away the image on the negatives at the ends of the scenes. The camera devices of iris control and the dissolving shutter for gradual reduction of illumination were not evolved until later.

The Melies pictures reached their zenith in America toward the end of the period treated in the next chapter. The fantastic effects of the French magician's more pretentious pictures helped to revive a waning interest in the pictures at that time and tended to bridge the time until the story-telling value of the screen came into recognition.

Somewhat in line with the sort of educational and topical screen development that

Urban carried forward in England, Lyman Howe of Wilkesbarre was building an enterprise in the lesser communities of the inland of the east.

It will be recalled from an early chapter that Howe had taken up the Edison phonograph in the days before the films to give church and town hall entertainments. This led to a solicitation from Raff & Gammon when they offered Vitascope rights. Their price was five thousand dollars for Pennsylvania. Howe objected. In the first place he felt a sort of parentage of the pictures, since he had for three years been in correspondence with Edison urging a projector to put the World's Fair kinetoscope pictures on the screen. Secondly, he thought he could build a better machine than the Vitascope. In the course of a year he succeeded in building quite independently a projector that satisfied him and proceeded to add motion pictures to his church phonograph entertainments. He took in Pennsylvania, up state New York and the New England states. He soon acquired a camera and presently a camera staff, making pictures largely devoted to travel and kindred subjects, rather outside the realm of other American picture men. And through the years following, when a nickel became the price of a picture show in the cities, Lyman Howe stuck to fifty cents admission and got it in the provinces. He helped to keep alive a concrete demonstration of the value of wholesome pictures in a time when the industry peculiarly needed it.

IN the same period marked by the pretentious effort of the "Passion Play" pictures produced by Hollaman and Eaves, Biograph made a sensational camera performance in an entirely different direction. William A. Brady of Brady & O'Rourke, ring promoters, arranged with Biograph to picture the Jeffries-Sharkey fight at Coney Island. It was a night fight and it meant the first motion picture made under lights. H. N. Marvin and Herman Casler made elaborate calculations. They prevailed upon Brady to reduce the size of the ring slightly and then proceeded to hang four hundred big arc lamps over it. A half dozen modern high intensity lights of today would have equalled the effect of the four hundred then. Billy Bitzer operated the Biograph camera that night under the broiling lights and ground out seven miles of the big Biograph film. This one picture used more film than most Biograph competitors used in a year. It was a long time before that much film was expended on a picture again and for years after the seven miles of film in the fight picture was one of the proudest boasts of Biograph.

The motion picture was moving along on the current of contemporary events. In the next chapter the influences and glamors of the Spanish American War will come into the annals of the screen.

(To be continued)

## Screen Will Show Winner

(Continued from page 53)

of every entrant, with the view of making her up to her best advantage. The girls were coached—and coaxed—to be themselves, as were the Chicago candidates; to guard against stage-fright or self-consciousness. Their tests were simple and straightforward, but calculated to bring out the best qualities of every girl. The eastern entrants were told to walk naturally into the room and behave just as if they were going to meet a good friend. A director stood on the sidelines to give encouragement and to urge each girl to act as naturally as possible. Her face was caught in repose and animation. She smiled and became pensive. Her face was photographed from every angle—front view, three quarters, profile. The first close-up

was undoubtedly an ordeal, but each New Face realized fully how much depended upon making a good impression before the camera, and went through the scene gamely.

It is important that screen actresses walk gracefully. To discover their abilities along this line—and there is nothing so difficult as walking well—the girls were required to come slowly into the camera's range and then turn and walk away from it. Good carriage photographs; poise is essential on the screen.

Each girl was given exactly the same chance. The tests accomplished their purpose: that of presenting every entrant as naturally and favorably as possible, so that the judges could tell, almost at a glance, whether or not she possessed screen possibilities.



To New York also, many mothers accompanied their daughters and took as lively an interest in the proceedings as the girls themselves. One entrant had had her passage engaged for a trip to Europe; but when word came that she was one of those selected for screen tests, she promptly cancelled it and stayed at home. Eleven of the eastern girls were from New York City itself, or no farther away than Rockaway, Long Island. One girl was from Boston, Mass., and another from Bridgeport, Conn.

These girls of so many different dispositions were all inspired, seemingly, with one thought. They displayed a remarkable sincerity and desire to cooperate to the fullest extent. Some were more self-possessed than others, more sophisticated and therefore not at all disconcerted by the camera and the lights. As an instance of exactly opposite temperaments, there might be mentioned Miss Lorraine Eason and Miss Eileen Elliott. Miss Eason is a sparkling brunette; Miss Elliott a rather demure little girl with expressive eyes. It was these contrasts in coloring and temperament which made the tests so interesting.

And now these strips of celluloid are being run off in the projection rooms for the judges to see. What beauty and talent is shadowed there? Has a New Face been filmed which will waken the world to new loveliness and charm? The judges are deciding these questions right now. The screen will show the winner of the Photoplay-Goldwyn New Faces Contest, which has attracted more worth-while attention than any other enterprise of its kind.

Each girl is asking herself if *she* is the fortunate one; if the camera will be cruel to her, or kind; if she will be chosen to go to the land of pictures, romantic California, where the Goldwyn gate at Culver City will swing open for her, and where she will be given the opportunity every girl craves—a film chance. It is not required of the New Faces winner that she be an accomplished screen technician at once. She will be placed under the tutelage of one of the screen's foremost directors who will give her the benefit of his long experience in the pantomimic art. The winning young woman will have a role in a Goldwyn picture and then it is up to her. If her abilities warrant it she may become one of the screen elect—a celluloid princess whose subjects make obeisance from Indiana to India.

After viewing the screen tests, the judges narrowed the eligibles down to six. Now tests are being made of these girls. The film tests revealed some surprises, for some of the prettiest girls filmed badly. Some of the contestants who saw their tests were frank in admitting they did not belong to the screen. An effort will be made to arrive at a definite decision regarding the winner in time for an announcement next month.

## Interviewing Joseph Talmadge Keaton

(Concluded from page 51)

"One thing I am, is independent. I won't let anybody—nurses, or movie stars, or anybody else—walk over me. I've got a will of my own and I thought they might just as well get used to it now as later. They may all be big guns at the studios and in the movie world, but I'm a baby with ideas and I'm going to be considered around home."

## Histrionic Criticism

Booth, the tragedian (father of Edwin Booth), had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth, but to be frank with you, I can't quite get over your nose."

"No wonder, madam," replied he. "The bridge is gone"—*Judge*



# This Free Test

Has brought prettier teeth to millions

The prettier teeth you see everywhere now probably came in this way.

The owners accepted this ten-day test. They found a way to combat film on teeth. Now, as long as they live, they may enjoy whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

The same way is open to you, and your dentist will urge you to take it.

### The war on film

Dentists, the world over, have declared a war on film. That is the cause of dingy teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles.

A viscous film clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. Then it formed the basis of thin cloudy coats, including tartar. Most people's teeth lost luster in that way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people have escaped these troubles caused by film.

### Ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat that film. Able authorities have amply proved their efficiency. So leading dentists the world over now advise their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, avoiding old mistakes. The name is Pepsodent. It does what modern science seeks. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

### Aids nature's fight

Pepsodent also multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. One is the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling to teeth. In fermenting they form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives to both these factors a manifold effect.

### Show them the way

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that Pepsodent brings a new era in tooth protection. Then show the results to your children. Teach them this way. Modern dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

This is important to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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# FRIENDLY ADVICE

From  
*Carolyn Van Wyck*

B. B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I will try to advise you, as wisely as I can, in the matter of your three problems. I hope that you will take my advice in a kindly way, as I mean it.

First of all—your home. You say that you have had a college education and that you have nice friends but that the house you live in seems to be, through your mother's lack of interest, little more than a "dump." I am quoting, you see, directly from your letter! My dear girl—why don't you take an active interest in your home; and raise it, by your own efforts, to a higher level? It is not a question of money with you, and you admit that you have plenty of time. A bit of paint, a bolt of chintz and—to use an old phrase—a deal of "elbow grease" will work miracles.

I am sure, in answer to your second problem, that it would be best to give up all thoughts of the young man you once loved—especially since he has neither answered your letters nor responded to any of your advance since last May. If his family are well acquainted with you they would certainly let you know if anything were wrong with his health. Let the dead past bury its dead and—since he has seemed to forget what you used to mean to each other—do your part, and try to forget also.

In response to your third and last question I will tell you frankly that the young man you are now interested in does not impress me very favorably—if your description is at all accurate. A man who drinks, who has been a drug fiend, and who is easily discouraged in business seems hardly the sort of a person for a sensible girl to consider seriously. Be very, very sure of his reformation before you even think of becoming engaged to him. And do not rely entirely upon your own opinion in this matter—for you are apt to be prejudiced.

M. C. B., WHITNEY POINT, N. Y.

I think that you will find a heavy silk crepe dress most practical for a church and matinee frock. Midnight blue is always good, with your dark coloring, and it is always smart. Have the frock made simply with a touch of real fillet lace at sleeve and neck to relieve the darkness of the material. And have it made to wear with sashes, for the sake of variety. A roman stripe sash, a henna one, and one of

french blue will make it seem like three separate dresses.

Why not let your hair grow, while at school? Fashion authorities tell us that long hair is going to be very smart next year.

And don't worry about the roman nose. I have seen some very beautiful and charming women with straight hair and the patrician type of nose that you so dislike!

"BILLIE," SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Fifteen years is quite a difference in age. But it is not an impassible barrier. If you are of a serious nature—older, perhaps, than the usual girl of nineteen—and if the man you care for is young for his age, I am sure that things will adjust themselves. You were right to take a firm stand against an immediate wedding—be sure of your own mind before you commit matrimony!

I think that, if you do marry the man, it would be a splendid thing to travel with him for a few years—especially as it will not interfere with his business. Travel is the greatest of all educators—it will broaden your view point, give you experience and poise. And that, when one is young, is invaluable!

EVA, TELL CITY, IND.

Medium brown hair, fair complexion and violet-brown eyes! You sound so very attractive—and in such a different way. In the following colors your attractiveness will be accentuated:

Shades of blue, green and brown are your forte. And the cool lovely tints of periwinkle and orchid. And grey, in all of its varying tones. I can see you in lavender with touches of french blue, in Nile with silver lace, in bronze with dull gold. You can wear the warmer colors—pinks, reds, oranges and shades of rose, too. But then you will look your best in the colors I mentioned first of all, I should advise that you stay close to them.

PEGGY M., NEW ROCHELLE, N. J.

White vaseline is best for the cultivation of long thick lashes and good eyebrows. It's an old fashioned treatment, but it's almost always effective. Rub it on the brows in the direction in which the hair grows. And paint it thinly upon the lashes every evening before retiring.

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante  
She will also be your friend

*C*AROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor



**IONA-CHUM.**

At the ages of seventeen and eighteen conversation is often restrained, and natural shynesses assert themselves. It seems strange that this should happen, however, when you and the eighteen year old boy have known each other for so many years. Does he seem as much at a loss for words as you do? Why not try to find some subject in common—something that you will both be interested in, and that you can talk about spontaneously, without being forced to remember the personal element?

I think, as you have known each other for so long, it will be quite in order to ask your young friend to escort you to a motion picture theater or to some entertainment that the young people may be giving. Perhaps he is too bashful to speak for himself!

**M. W., St. Louis, Mo.**

It was both cruel and wrong for the sisters of your fiance to deceive him, and to tell untruths about you. While he was away, and unable to communicate with you, he had no way of knowing that you had not really married someone else. I do blame him, though, for allowing himself to be persuaded into a hasty marriage with a girl whom he did not love.

However, all that is over and done. The question of whether or not you shall go to him is the only thing of importance. And I am going to advise you against going. I realize that you care deeply for each other, and that you feel that your place is beside him, when he is in trouble. But in going to him you will wrong his wife and—even more deeply—yourself. The world does not measure right and wrong as we individuals do. In the eyes of the law and society you will be doing something that is not right. Be brave, and try to live your own life in a wise way. And, if necessary, *alone*.

**ELIZABETH B., MONMOUTH, ILL.**

Yes, indeed, if you will send a picture I will be more than glad to advise you about a style of hairdressing that will be becoming to your type of face. It is much easier to give efficient advice after seeing a photograph.

To make the hair wave in large waves you must use a good sized curler and roll the hair twice—once before you put it on the curler, and once as you place it on the curler. Dampen it, of course, and take a deal of hair for each curler. For instance, divide all of the hair, from the ears forward, into three sections. This will assure a large, flat wave.

To be an interesting conversationalist you must have three things. Charm of manner, a pleasant voice, and a good fund of general knowledge. The first—charm—comes only to those who are sincere and natural. The pleasant voice may be cultivated, by the use of simple vocal exercises. And the good fund of general knowledge must come from careful and extensive reading—and from trained observation.

**VIRGINIA M., NEW YORK CITY.**

Why not, as the saying goes, lay your cards upon the table? It will be hard, I know—but if the young man is the right sort he will surely understand. Tell him, frankly, the ideas that you hold. Tell him the precepts that your mother has instilled into your heart and your mind. Tell him that you do care for him, and that you do not dislike his kisses. But that the happiness is taken out of your love by the doubt in your own mind. Not a doubt of him—make that very clear—but a doubt of yourself. Tell him that your whole plan of life is confused by the position in which you find yourself. Explain that you have always felt that it was wrong to allow a man, to whom you were not engaged—to kiss you. And if, after you explain the situation, your friend does not make some very definite statement of his plan for the future, I should advise you to exert all of your will power, and put an end to his attentions.



*It is every woman's right to keep her youthful looks*

*Gray Hair comes like a thief in the dark stealing youthful looks while a woman is yet young in body and in spirit. It is unfair to yourself to have this handicap in life—it is unnecessary, as you will realize upon reading this announcement.*

# Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes

A PROMINENT society woman said, "I discovered Inecto Rapid when we were in Europe last Summer and my husband says—'It has taken twenty years from my appearance.'"

Inecto Rapid was originally brought to this country by returning tourists who were grateful for the youthful appearance Inecto Rapid had given them. The demand here became so great, however, that two years ago American offices were opened. The same astonishingly successful results enjoyed by thousands of women in Europe have followed in this country.

**Endorsed by Hairdressers**

Over 97% of the finest Hairdressers in Europe use Inecto Rapid exclusively. The best Beauty Parlors in this country have now adopted this superior method. Remember that the Hairdresser, the *accepted authority* on Hair Coloring has given to Inecto Rapid an *unqualified* stamp of superiority.

Well informed women, not only praise Inecto Rapid but consider it as essential to their toilette as face powder and creams. To these women it is a dainty and sure way of keeping the youthful charm of their hair, unwaning.

Until the discovery of Inecto Rapid, however, when a woman's hair became gray, streaked or faded she either accepted the inevitable sign of age or applied some so-called restorative which produced an inharmonious effect or destroyed the natural texture and beauty of the hair.

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We have told the story of Inecto Rapid to thousands of readers of "Photoplay" who have written us the most gratifying testimonials after actual applications.

Its results are permanent and cannot be detected from natural even under a microscope. Inecto Rapid is harmless to the hair

or its growth. It never rubs off and is unaffected by perspiration, sunshine, salt water, shampooing, Turkish or Russian Baths. It does *not* prevent permanent waving or any other hair treatment.

Inecto Rapid has created the art of hair tinting. It is totally different from so-called dyes or restoratives. It is controllable to the minutest variation of a shade from ash blonde to raven black.

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In New York Inecto Rapid is used exclusively in such ultra-fashionable shops as the Plaza, Hotel Commodore, Biltmore, Waldorf-Astoria, while many thousand leading hairdressing shops from coast to coast including Burnham and Marinello, use and unreservedly endorse Inecto Rapid. Thousands of women successfully apply Inecto Rapid in the privacy of their own homes. Every woman who is not completely satisfied with the color and texture of her hair owes it to herself to know *all* the facts about this wonderful discovery and what it will do for her.

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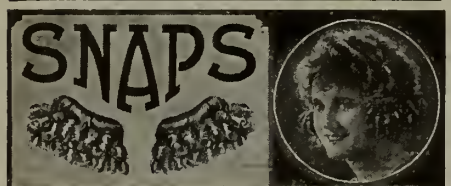
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M. H. M.

If you really think that you have talent for writing I am sure that you would find a short-story course both interesting and profitable. I have always felt that the gift of self-expression lies dormant in many a heart and mind—only waiting for the proper inspiration to bring it out. Of course the writing game is crowded, over-crowded, in fact; but if a beginner has grit and stick-to-itiveness there is always a good chance of breaking into the field.

Be sure that you make a wise choice in the matter of a short story course. We have advertised a number of them in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—those I feel that I may safely recommend.

DOROTHY WINTER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Isn't it possible to wear your hair neatly and attractively without having it cut again? Long hair is certainly going to be popular in a very short time—almost any day the latest edict of fashion may become known. Irene Castle—who originated the bob—is now speaking of new styles of hair-dressing. And that it seems to me, is significant.

I know many girls and young women who are solving the problem of "growing-in" tresses by the use of a hair net. By cleverly tucking in ends, and by adjusting the net with the smallest of invisible hairpins, a splendid result is obtainable. Almost like long hair, and as convenient and practical as a bob. Ask your hairdresser to show you some of the newer, and smarter, ways of doing the hair with a net.

M. B. R., ELIZABETH, PA.

With black hair, brown eyes and very fair skin you should use rouge of the shade called ashes of rose. And the powder that is labeled "naturelle." You certainly can wear most colors, especially if you have a good natural complexion.

I cannot tell you if you are overweight without knowing your height. But this is the way to decide what your weight should be. Multiply the inches over five feet by five and one half. And add the result to one hundred and

ten. For instance, if you are five feet, four inches tall you should weigh one hundred and thirty-two pounds. If you are less than five feet, multiply the number of inches by five and one half and subtract them from one hundred and ten. I mean the number of inches less. As an example: If you are four feet ten inches tall you are two inches less than five feet. Multiply two by five and a half, and subtract the total from one hundred and ten. The result is an ideal weight of ninety-nine pounds. Do you understand?

I cannot tell you why you are not popular. But, from your letter, I judge that you are super-sensitive. Perhaps this has made you shy and retiring—which would account for a lack of friends.

B. D. WALDEN, SPOKANE, WASH.

If the wedding is in the afternoon, and you are not one of the wedding party, I think that you would be lovely in a gown of soft grey silk crepe, faced with a silvery shade of rose. Grey and rose are a charming combination—particularly for a girl with brown hair and hazel eyes. Have the dress made with flowing sleeves and the bateau neck line. And—the normal waistline is coming back into favor! With this dress wear grey suede strap pumps and grey silk stockings. Unless the wedding is very formal you will need neither hat nor gloves.

If the wedding is in the evening I should suggest a simple, sleeveless dress of jade green taffeta, made with a tight bodice and a full scalloped skirt. You might get a lovely effect, if you are slim, by using a frill of silver lace, low on the shoulders, in a rather medieval line. Silver slippers and stockings, if possible. And a band of silver leaves in your hair.

MARY GRAHAM, VANCOUVER, B. C.

I can tell you the colors that you should wear, for you have told me that your eyes are brown, that your skin is pale and fair, and that you have greyish blue eyes. But I cannot tell you the style of dress that will suit you without knowing something of your height and the proportions of your figure. You say that you weigh one hundred and twenty-four



It's a real team of Russian Wolfhounds. We wondered if they were really responsive to the reins, but in "The Billerness of Sweet," a Colleen Moore picture, they prove it right on the screen. They are here shown with their little driver, Betsy Ann Hisle



pounds. This, according to your height, may be either very slim—or decidedly plump!

For street wear you will look well in shades of dark blue, in brown, in purplish heather mixtures and in light grey. Avoid shades of green or taupe or beige. In the afternoon and evening I should like you in orchid, mauve, shell pink, french blue, and coral.

“UNHAPPY SIXTEEN,” PRESTON, WASH.

I can well appreciate your desire to be a motion picture actress. But I cannot tell you of any way in which you may realize your ambition. Unless you are gifted, and of unusual beauty, being a motion picture actress may mean long days of waiting around a studio, long months and maybe years of doing extra work.

Try to get the advice of someone who knows your qualifications—and is acquainted with the industry. And, if that person advises it, go to the place, nearest your home town, where some company has offices. And consult the casting director. Do not get in touch with any motion picture company that is not well, and favorably, known.

R. R. R.

You are really not tall—five feet three inches is below medium height. But, being slender, you may give the appearance of being taller than you are. In that case you are one of those very fortunate young women who can wear ruffles—and puffs and panniers and hoops—to your hearts content. With dark hair, grey eyes and a dark complexion you may wear nearly every color—except shades of yellow, taupe and green. I should like you best in soft shades of rose and blue and lavender.

If your skin is not quite free of blemishes I think that one of the new complexion clays would help you very materially. And if you will be careful to use a vanishing cream before powdering it will keep your complexion soft and un-marked.

J. AULT, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Do not use peroxide, I beg of you! It is noticeable, usually—and it is far from pretty. I never advise it—not even in extreme cases. I think that a good henna shampoo would perhaps solve your problem—it would certainly give your hair a lovely lustre. Brilliantine, used sparingly, will make the surface of your hair more glossy and will beyond doubt improve the condition of your scalp.

“SWEETHEART,” CALIFORNIA.

As you are short and slight you will be most attractive in straight little gowns of soft materials. Of course you would be charming, also, in ruffled organdies—but not so charming as you will be in simple voiles and georgettes, made without frills. As you are dark, with a high color, you can wear nearly every shade—except, perhaps, certain variations of blue or yellow. The three most popular colors, this season, are periwinkle, jade green, and tomato red. All of them would be stunning on you!

FiFi LAC., ALLENTOWN, PA.

It was unfortunate that you did not enclose your full name and address—if you had, the special delivery stamp upon your letter would not have been wasted. It takes some time for a question to be answered via the magazine. Magazines go to press long before they reach you!

Are you sure that a sequined evening dress of black is not overly mature for a girl of sixteen years to wear? I should not like to see a young friend of mine so gowned. However—if you already have the frock, I can only answer your question. By all means wear black slippers and stockings with it, instead of flame colored ones. They will be much smarter.

It is quite all right for you to accept flowers from the young men of your acquaintance. But it is not good taste for you to wear a tea gown to breakfast at a fraternity house party. Wear some simple little morning frock, or a sports skirt and blouse. (Continued on page 101)



## DULL HAIR—How to correct its color

DOES YOUR HAIR ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished you knew of something that would make your hair look better, richer in tone—your own color brightened?

Golden Glint Shampoo supplies the color complement which will wonderfully enhance the natural beauty of your particular shade of hair, without changing its color. It adds beauty, a “tiny tint,” the little something which distinguishes really pretty hair from that which is dull and ordinary.

Do not confuse Golden Glint Shampoo with Henna. Henna, if effective at all, will gradually make the hair redder and redder. It is in this respect that Golden Glint Shampoo is entirely different. It is not like henna, for every trace of the applied tint is removed with each successive shampoo. What it does for the hair is

entirely superficial, like a rouge or a face-powder. It does not penetrate the fibre of the hair. You can remove it by washing as cleanly and as completely as a rouge can be wiped from the face.

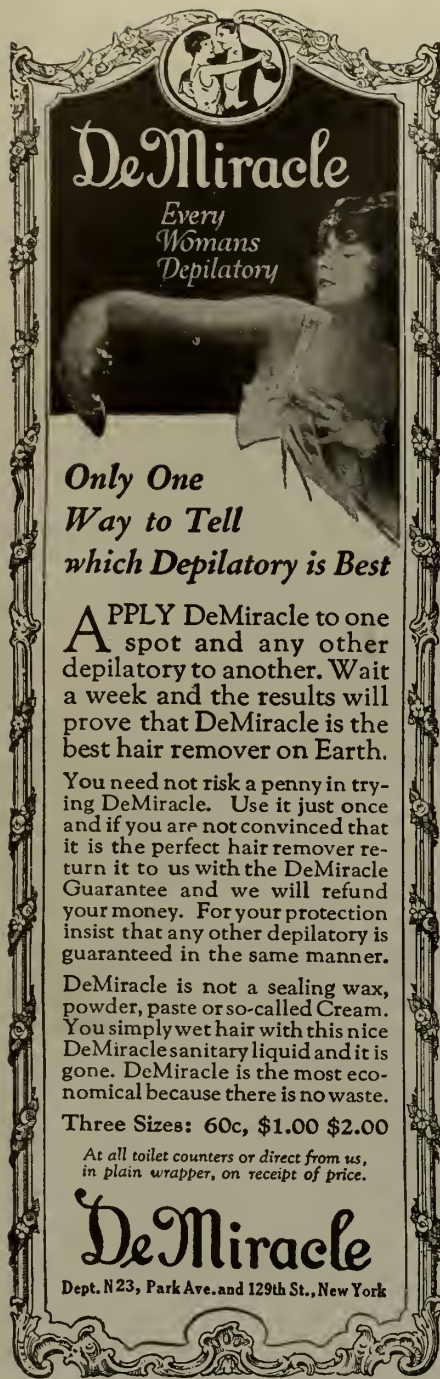
This temporary quality enables you to maintain always the same wonderful improvement in your hair. No matter how long or how often you use Golden Glint Shampoo, the effect will be just what will be best for your hair, whether it is dark brown or the lightest blonde. Medium brown hair looks best of all after a Golden Glint Shampoo.

If you really wish to make your hair soft, fluffy and bewitching with a new lustre, have a Golden Glint Shampoo today. Responsible hair-dressers all use it, or you can buy a package at your druggists. If he hasn't it, send 25c direct to—J. W. KOBI CO., 151 Spring St., Seattle.

# Golden Glint

## S H A M P O O





**DeMiracle**  
Every  
Womans  
Depilatory

**Only One  
Way to Tell  
which Depilatory is Best**

**A** PPLY DeMiracle to one spot and any other depilatory to another. Wait a week and the results will prove that DeMiracle is the best hair remover on Earth.

You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

DeMiracle is not a sealing wax, powder, paste or so-called Cream. You simply wet hair with this nice DeMiracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. DeMiracle is the most economical because there is no waste.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00 \$2.00

*At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of price.*

**DeMiracle**  
Dept. N 23, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York



**Writer's Digest**

**FREE**

Amateur writers will find just the help they need in this illustrated journal for writers of Photo plays, Short Stories, Poems, etc. Contains many money making hints on how and where to sell. If you would write for profit, send for FREE copy TODAY.

The Writer's Digest, 721 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

## Learn Cartooning

**At Home—In Your Spare Time** from the school that has trained so many of the successful cartoonists of today earning from \$50 to \$200 and more per week. The Landon Picture Chart Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn. Write for full information and chart to test your ability. Please state age.

**THE LANDON SCHOOL**  
507 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.



## A Letter from Agnes

A New York newspaper girl who went to Los Angeles is bitten by the Sheik worm, which is to Hollywood what the mosquito is to New Jersey

**D**EAR Mr. Editor: Here is a scenario I have written. The scene is laid in Egypt, just like "The Sheik," "Burning Sands," "The Sheik's Wife," and "Desert Love." Experts tell me that a story has a better chance of being produced if it is published in a magazine of wide circulation than if it is merely slipped in the coat pocket of an editor as he is eating at The Writers' Club. But the story could be produced at small expense; everyone knows that Egyptian atmosphere is no farther away than Oxnard, California. And nearly every studio is equipped with *papier mache* pyramids and one good miniature sphynx. I should like to have Fanny Brice play the leading role, with Eddie Cantor as the gentleman vamp.

The story is called "Sandy Passion." The Scandinavians are welcome to help themselves to the rights.

SUBTITLE: That Night.

SCENE 1. Long shot of a band of Arabs on horseback, apparently looking for more young English girls to conquer.

SCENE 2. Silhouette effect of Arabs against the sky.

SCENE 3. A good close shot of nine Arabs all registering screen passion at once.

SUBTITLE: Wild men of a wild country, they lived for women and fighting. (Editorial note: All men are alike.)

SCENE 4. Another view of same desert. A young girl, in evening dress, is riding horseback and registering unconcern.

SUBTITLE: Muriel Muratti, an untamed daughter of the English aristocracy. (This is the role to be played by Fanny Brice.)

BACK TO SCENE. Muriel raises her gun, shoots at the Sphynx and hits it.

SCENE 5. More desert. A young Arab, aroused by the shot and the noise of the falling Sphynx, jumps up in alarm and looks off scene—

CLOSEUP OF MURIEL, wearing that catch-me-if-you-can expression.

SCENE 6. Same desert view as Scene 4. The young Arab walks on, grabs Muriel's gun, crowns her with it and drags her off.

SCENE 7. Entrance of tent. A servant is seated by the doorway.

SUBTITLE: Faithful Chesterfield, mild and satisfied.

CLOSEUP OF SERVANT. He is looking at the Arab and Muriel and he registers "What! Again!"

SCENE 8. Interior of tent. It is decorated like the apartment of any wealthy illustrator of Gramercy Square. Arab enters with Muriel, who looks at the decorations and faints.

SUBTITLE: (Arab speaking.) "Are you not woman enough to appreciate this?"

BACK TO SCENE. The girl revives and slaps the Arab's face. The Arab hits her with a Chinese teakwood stool. And then an old-fashioned pillow fight ensues.

SUBTITLE: The next morning.

SCENE 9. Interior of tent. Sure enough, it is morning. The Arab is dressed as in Scene 8 but Muriel wears a well-fitting polo costume. Muriel speaks—

SPOKEN TITLE: "Who are you, my master?"

BACK TO SCENE. The Arab taps her affectionately with the Chinese teakwood stool. He speaks—

SPOKEN TITLE: "I am Melachrino, king of the desert and the delight of the harem."

BACK TO SCENE. Muriel is cowed. Her spirit is broken.

SCENE 10. Outside the tent. A lot of strange Arabs are riding up, headed by a villain who looks like Bull Montana.

SUBTITLE: Lucky Strike—ruthless, cruel and bad-mannered.

BACK TO SCENE 10. Chesterfield is still sitting by entrance. He looks up and sees Lucky Strike and his bold marauders. He jumps to warn his master but is shot down. He dies a brave death, using the pretzel formation.

SCENE 11. Interior of tent. Muriel in tears. Melachrino lighting a cigarette.



~ night



Use Rigaud's Cold Cream and tissue Cream at night.

Use Rigaud's Vanishing Cream in the morning.

How lovely you will be tomorrow is something you can decide this very night! For years, many of the most exquisite complexions have owed their beauty to

**Rigaud's**  
COLD CREAM  
TISSUE CREAM  
VANISHING CREAM  
*Fragrant with Parfum*  
**Mary Garden**

Rigaud's Cold Cream works its way into the pores, cleansing them of dirt, allowing the skin to "breathe" and appear radiant.

Rigaud's Tissue Cream, helps flabby muscles become firm; it improves and refines the texture of your skin. Rigaud's Vanishing Cream forms a perfect base for your morning's light film of powder.

Decide today to win loveliness for yourself—go to your druggist's or department store, now, and select these three essential Creams.

PARFUMERIE RIGAUD  
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GEO. BORGFELDT & Co., NEW YORK  
Sole Distributors  
In United States and Canada



Lucky Strike enters and rushes toward Muriel. It is evident that he means no good by her. To defend her honor, Muriel seizes a brassie from a convenient golf bag and makes a neat drive through Lucky Strike's skull. Melachrino polishes off the rest of the intruders. Amid a heap of dead bodies, Melachrino takes Muriel in his arms. Looking at her fiercely but tenderly (try this stunt before your mirror) he speaks—

SPOKEN TITLE: (Important because it explains the plot.) "I am not Melachrino, the Arab. I am Sir Philip Morris, of Morris Arms, Surrey. I came to the desert to avenge myself on Lucky Strike. Lucky Strike is not a true son of the desert. He used to play villains in western dance halls."

BACK TO SCENE. Muriel gives the hero a respectable kiss.

SUBTITLE: Better late than never.

SCENE. British consulate. Muriel and Sir Philip Morris are being married by a clergyman who looks like a Keystone cop trying to break into bigger and better pictures.

\* \* \*

This little story is worth its weight in trading stamps. Don't publish it unless you need something to run around the advertising columns. If you don't want it, make nine copies of it, send it to nine of your friends and you will hear of good luck within nine days. Don't break the chain unless you want the country to go dry.

Cordially yours,  
AGNES SMITH.

**Nature's Movie Show**

Each evening at the close of day,  
When heaven's all aglow,  
Up along the milky way  
Is nature's movie show.

The stars, more brilliant far  
Than movie stars I've seen,  
Fascinate me as they are  
Projected on the screen.

While I gaze up into space  
Silvery clouds drift past,  
The moon comes out with smiling face  
To greet the all-star cast.

Shadows chase each other  
Around in hot pursuit;  
It seems quite like a tragedy  
When stars begin to shoot.

The scene is changed with close up view,  
And on the screen disclosed  
Is a picture of all nature,  
In her vernal foliage clothed.

The moonlit fields, with daisies white,  
Appear like drifting snow,  
The fireflies flash their tiny light  
As they scamper to and fro.

All through the night this picture,  
Produced by nature's hand,  
Continues its performance  
Throughout the entire land.

The birds now from their sleep awake,  
The dew has kissed the clover,  
Another day begins to break  
And the movie show is over.

EDWIN A. BENEDICT.

During the recent Chicago street car strike, the orchestra leader of a motion picture house found several members of his organization missing at a morning rehearsal. While they were tuning up he was informed he was wanted at the phone.

"Say," came an anxious and Teutonic voice over the wire, "this is Jake. I can't come down. I ain't got home yet from the night before."

~ morning



"My mother's prettier than yours!" you've heard some little child boasting. Can your child say the same? It requires such a little time in a life to cultivate charm, or to lose it! Try

**Rigaud's**  
FACE POWDER  
and ROUGE  
*Fragrant with Parfum*  
**Mary Garden**

as your face powder! Select this exquisite "filtered" powder, made from fine French ingredients, and scented—oh so exquisitely—with Parfum Mary Garden.

After you have applied Rigaud's Face Powder, you can add a lovely rose flush to your cheeks—with Rigaud's Rouge—fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden.

Buy Rigaud's Face Powder and Rigaud's Rouge—both fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden at department or drug stores.

PARFUMERIE RIGAUD  
16 Rue de la Paix, Paris, France  
GEO. BORGFELDT & Co., NEW YORK  
Sole Distributors In United States and Canada







## Buster Keaton Takes the Honors

The conservative New York Times says of one of Buster Keaton's comedies at a showing in New York:

*"It would take something a lot better than the feature at this Broadway house to take the honors of the program away from Buster Keaton's comedy, 'Cops.'"*

And that's just what the newspapers all over the country are saying of his 2-reel fun makers. You know yourself that when a Keaton comedy is shown it is the best thing on the program. You know that you are in for the best laugh of your life. Watch for the Keaton plays at your theatre. Here's a list and more good ones to come.

"Cops" "The Boat" "The Paleface"  
"The Blacksmith" "The Playhouse" "My Wife's Relations"  
"The Frozen North"

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck and directed by Buster Keaton and Eddie Cline.

*Every Show Is a Good Show  
When Keaton Heads the Bill*



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

## Studio Directory

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

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Katherine MacDonald Productions, 904 Girard St., Los Angeles, Cal. (s) 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

R. A. Walsh Productions, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hope Hampton Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

BALLIN, HUGO, PRODUCTIONS, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

(s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Cal. Marshall Neilan and Maurice Tourneur Productions.

HART, WM. S., PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.

INCE, THOMAS H. (s) Culver City, Cal.

INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., New York City.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Mae Murray Productions, 344 West 44th St., New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th St., New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). (s) George B. Seitz Productions, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.

R-C PICTURES CORP., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Nazimova Productions, United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Cal.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; (s) 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

**"BOW LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES" UNSIGHTLY**

Send for Booklet showing photos of men with and without **THE PERFECT LEG FORMS.**

**PERFECT SALES CO., Dept. 54**  
140 N. Mayfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**STOP FORGETTING** **Systemize Your Mind**

Good memory is absolutely essential to success. I will send you free my Copyrighted Memory and Concentration Test, illustrated book, How to Remember names, faces, studies—develop Will, Self-Confidence. Write today.

**Prof. Henry Dickson, Dept. 741 Evanston, Ill.**



**"Sally"** was a pretty girl, but in spite of this she was a wall-flower at parties. When men were asked why they didn't dance with her, they just said, "Sally don't dress like the other girls. When I dance with her, I feel like apologizing for her clothes."

Then, one day, a married sister told her of this.

Ten weeks later, at a house dance, Sally was so prettily dressed and so attractive that she danced every dance and received several invitations.

When asked what she had done, Sally astonished her friends by saying, "Why, I made that gown myself. Otherwise, I could not afford to have it. I took up the Franklin Institute system and after 10 weeks' fascinating spare time work, I can now design and make my own gowns, waists, skirts and suits. I am now making an evening dress for mother."

Over 13,000 women and girls have, like Sally, learned Dress Designing and Making at home, and are much better dressed at one-third the former cost. Sign and mail the following coupon — at once. This two cent stamp may save you hundreds of dollars, and make you better dressed.

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. H650, ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Send me free sample lessons and full information about your Dress Designing, Dressmaking Course.

Name..... Address.....



## Friendly Advice

(Continued from page 97)

"ADMIRERS," PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The dress, being made as it is of four georgette "handkerchiefs," should be easy to do over. And it should be attractive, when re-made. I am glad that, in giving you a suggestion for fixing it, I am helping six other girls who had the same sort of frocks. I only wish that you had sent me your name and address—then I could have helped you very promptly.

Rip the handkerchiefs apart (they are, you tell me, about three feet square) and make a straight skirt, gathered at the top, of two of them. This will do away with the pointed, petal effect, and give you the straight line that is so popular this year. Attach the skirt to an underbodice of the same shade of china silk, with wide shoulder straps. To the shoulder straps fasten the other two handkerchiefs so that they fall—each in a square—from the front and the back to well below the waist line. Cut out this square, at the neck, so that a long shallow effect is given. This is called the "bateau" neck line. Fasten the corners from front to back, on each shoulder, with a flat silk rose, and hold a loose girdle in place with a larger rose. The edges of the square will fall softly away from the shoulder, making the loose sleeve effect so popular this year.

DORIS G., NEW YORK CITY.

To marry a man whom you do not love for the sake of a home and a certain income and an assured future? Yes, it is understandable—but it is not creditable. For, if you do such a thing, you are cheating. Cheating the man—who has a right to expect a warm and tender love from the woman who is his wife—and cheating yourself. There is nothing more beautiful than the happiness that comes with a real marriage—in which a strong and deep affection is made sure and safe! There is nothing more tragic than a marriage of convenience.

Surely you do not understand what you contemplate doing! For the sake of fair play, for the sake of your future, for the sake of the children whose mother you may be, some day, think very sanely and carefully before taking this serious step. If you had a foundation of fondness to build upon—if you had something in common upon which a love could thrive and grow—I might advise differently. But if it is only money and social position I can truly say that you are more than likely to regret marrying this man—and that you will undoubtedly touch the depths of extreme misery and disillusionment. And you will not be alone—your husband will be forced to bear half of the burden, and through no fault of his own!

DOROTHY J., SALT LAKE CITY.

Never marry a man to reform him. Never listen to the plea of a fiance who promises to do better after you have become his wife. If he does not love you well enough to make the effort before marriage it is doubtful if he will want to make it when you are tied to him. Drink and bad company! They have driven many a woman to desperation—and have aged her before her time. If you really care for the man, tell him that you will marry him after, say, a year of going straight. If he loves you as much as you love him he will surely see how fair such a proposition is. Make your marriage a reward, not a bait!

C. W., NEW YORK CITY.

It is usually unwise to accept valuable gifts from an older man—even if he does assure you that there are no "strings" to them. While they are given and accepted in good faith and friendship, the very acceptance of them is putting you under an obligation that is a "string"—an unbreakable one—in itself! The one-time rule—"flowers and candy and simple presents" is best and safest.

(Concluded on page 105)

# How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks,"  
"The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea

Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers, with all their blithe, vivacious, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a lifetime. The young woman who earned

eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for \$500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some

simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing." This book was written to help all aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for doubting beginners; it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthrall, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know.

"The Short-Cut to Successful Writing" tells how many suddenly realize they can write after years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How many rose to fame and fortune. How simple plots and ordinary incidents become successful stories and plays when correctly handled. How new writers get their names into print. How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to WIN.

This book and all its secrets are YOURS. You may have a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE. You need not send a penny. You need not feel obligated. You need not hesitate for ANY reason. The book will be mailed to you without any charge whatever.

Get your pencil—fill out the coupon below. Mail it to The Authors' Press before you sleep to-night. This little act may be the turning point of your whole career. Who knows?

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Elinor Glyn



# New Way Makes Ordinary Wave Almost Permanent



Ruth Roland



Claire Windsor



Frank Mayo

No wonder Stage and Screen Stars enthuse over wonderful new discovery. No more straight, stringy hair—no more baking, no sticky oils or greases—no disagreeable odor. Just apply before waving hair and the wave becomes almost permanent.

WOULD you like to have the beautiful, wavy hair that distinguishes your favorite star? You can. This amazing new discovery—used by scores of Stars—does away with mussy, untidy looking hair—makes any wave almost permanent—in two minutes. Dress your hair the way you want it. Just apply a few drops of this harmless liquid, and Presto! your wave stays and stays in spite of combing, dampness, mussing work or play. It can't come out. And it has the most beautiful gloss and lustre ever seen.

## Fine for Bobbed Hair

Every woman with bobbed hair knows how quickly it becomes straight and stringy. But no more. For now this great discovery keeps it wavy, fluffy and beautiful for weeks.

This wonderful new scientific preparation is called Hermo "Hair-Lustr." It is not oily and greasy. It cannot be detected. And its instant effect is marvelous.

## Used by Men and Women

Well groomed hair is as important to men as to women. Thousands of men—business and professional men as well as Screen stars—use "Hair-Lustr" to keep their hair smooth and in place. Dainty women have "Her-mo's" feel and look." Careful men are never without its aid to smart appearance.

## Send at Once for "Hair Lustr"

Send no money, just your name and address. We will mail at once full size bottle good for 6 months use. Post-man will collect \$1 and a few cents postage. If you are not amazed at the remarkable effect—the long life of your waves—the fine, well groomed appearance of your hair, your money will be refunded. Write at once.

## HERMO COMPANY

542 E. 63rd St., Dept. A10, CHICAGO

# ELIZABETH ARDEN

Restoring the pores to their normal condition is the first step in remedying summer coarsening and attaining the clear fine texture of a perfect skin.

**Venetian Pore Cream**—A greaseless astringent cream which reduces enlarged pores, tones up the skin tissues, and refines even the coarsest skin. \$1.00.

Send for Elizabeth Arden's booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful."

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*There is no one in the world who looks like Will Rogers, and walks like Will Rogers except Will Rogers*

## Exposing Will Rogers

(Continued from page 36)

hard-working man. He's modest. And he doesn't make jokes. They just come to him.

He had just made his return to Ziegfeld's Follies after a vacation spent in the California studios, during which he made a few dozen pictures, gave out 677 interviews just packed with clever stuff, wrote most of the titles for his films, and also edited a reel to which he contributed his prowess with the rope and the pun. After kidding Manhattan from the New Amsterdam stage, he found time hanging heavily on his hands and decided to make another picture. Carl Stearns Clancy was doing "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"; and thought Will was the only one to play *Ichabod Crane*.

Which was the reason I went over to Hackensack, New Jersey. They were on location there.

Will Rogers was asleep. I don't know if the title of the picture he was making had anything to do with it. But Mr. Clancy went up to a sedan parked on the driveway of an up-to-date country place—the plans for which were being drawn in 1750 and which was completed about 1760, and which served the cinema as the home of the Van Tassel family—Mr. Clancy poked his head inside the door. In half an hour he returned.

Mr. Rogers, he said, would be out in a few minutes.

It couldn't have been any more than three-quarters of an hour later that a strange figure, nattily attired in the best tailor-mades of the early Sleepy Hollow period, shambled out of the sedan and started in our general direction. Once or twice he looked around him as if contemplating flight; then he seemed to find that unfeasible and approached. That he regarded me with suspicion was all too apparent. He had counted on a day off. The sky was gloomy and not many scenes would be shot. He had risen early that morning and arriving on location had expected to pack in a little sleep. Instead, they had sprung an interview on him.

The suspicion was mutual. I've admitted that already. I even expected him to make a *mol* about the weather. Instead, he suggested that we go to lunch. He figured we was all hungry, and the Grand Hotel had good food.

But Hackensack's Claridge, which adjoins

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its Union League Club, was banqueting the Kiwanis Club and couldn't be expected to take care of an insignificant motion picture company.

Someone suggested we should postpone our lunch until the next day; but Mr. Rogers said no, all the company was hungry. So we repaired to a more democratic foodery, where he sat me down very politely at a nice big table with his producer and supporting cast and then he went away over in a corner and ate lunch with the cameraman and assistant director.

On the way back to work, Mr. Rogers asked me if it was true that we made up the magazine two months in advance. I said yes; and he said, "You're takin' an awful chance workin' that far ahead; 'way things look now, there ain't goin' to be no film business by that time." I could see he hadn't intended to say it, but it slipped out.

They took some scenes—and then *Ichabod Crane* did a disappearing act. He was nowhere to be seen. They looked for him. The star of the show presently came out of the garden on the old estate. He was munching contentedly. "Fine scallions they grow here," he remarked before beginning work.

Pretty soon he forgot all about me, and from then on, a good time was had by all.

The company which is making this picture isn't an honest-to-goodness motion picture company. The boss of the outfit is a beardless youth, barely twenty-eight, who seems to be thinking more about making his photoplay a faithful transcription of the Washington Irving story than about making money. Then there's Rogers. He isn't a star. Don't be deceived by the posters. He's too generous with other actors' close-ups and is more interested in the success of the picture than the size of type in which his name will appear.

**W**ILL was wondering who was going to play the Headless Horseman. By the way, they're going to call the picture, "The Headless Horseman; or the Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Because the exhibitors throughout the country have been excited about horsemen ever since the four of them rode to fame. Will said he thought he'd double as the Headless Horseman and save the company some money.

While I was there a pompous personage gushingly asked Mr. Rogers which one of all his jokes he himself enjoyed putting over most. "Wal," replied Will, "I reckon it was the time that Mrs. Vandergould had asked me to rope at a party at her home on Fifth Avenue. It was my first appearance in society, you might say; and I was the only entertainer—paid. I had some jokes that I thought was pretty good and I sprung 'em. And all the while I was talkin' not one of the folks changed the expression of their face. I pulled some new ones about politics and people and things that everybody was readin' about at the time. But it didn't get over. I died that day—hard.

"But I got even. Up to the Roof that same night I found myself facin' some of the same folks I talked at that afternoon. So I said, 'I just made my debut in society and I was certainly alone. I never got one laugh. But say—I don't blame those people so much. Why, if I was rich I wouldn't read, either.'"

While the august visitor was holding his sides, Will went over to one of the small boys who are always hanging around when a company makes scenes on location and gave him a ride on his horse.

He said he wished he had thought to bring Jimmy—the youngest Rogers—with him to play in "Sleepy Hollow." He left Mrs. Rogers and the kids at the Beverly Hills home in California, and I think he was wishing he hadn't.

The only living descendant of the first owner of the 1760 house said she'd had two moving picture people there before—Elsie Ferguson and Alice Joyce; and that she went to town to see Alice's picture but was dis-



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AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

appointed, as she liked to hear their voices. And she thought Mister Rogers was real nice.

He had done a Houdini again. He wasn't in the garden. So I went to his dressing-room sedan.

"Mr. Rogers!" I called.

No answer.

I waited; then I looked inside.

I saw a pair of legs encased in vivid woolen, terminating in square-toed shoes; I saw a spread-out newspaper, which gently rose and fell.

Will Rogers was asleep again.

## Sex Appeal, Babies and Alice Brady

(Continued from page 21)

"Aren't business men dreamers—if they're successful?"

We retreated behind our salad.

We have said that Miss Brady is self-centered. We do not mean that she likes to be aloof from people and things. "My favorite study is the human," she says. "Yet sometimes I find animals kinder and more understanding. Human beings build up a wall around themselves. Frequently we call it personality. But most of the time it is only a sham. Animals—dogs, for instance—are much more real." Yet Miss Brady actually isn't embittered. She has too passionate an interest in life.

At that we're with Miss Brady anent the honesty of animals. Our best friend was a cat, wise and sympathetic, but now, alas, passed to the happy hunting ground of cream and catnip.

**A**LICE BRADY is the daughter of William A. Brady, the theatrical producer, and, like all 1922 daughters, she rather looks down upon him. "Dad's one of those commercial managers," she explains. "All last season he'd just snort when I would try to drag him to see Eugene O'Neill's play, 'The Hairy Ape.' Sometime I want to do O'Neill's short play of the sea, 'Ile,' in vaudeville. Dad just groans when I mention it."

"Parents are so provincial and reactionary," we admitted.

The star sees motion pictures from a very sane angle. She believes there is too little acting and too much posing. She likes Pola Negri, for instance, because of her lack of the usual cinema restraint.

"I want to do character roles on the screen," went on Miss Brady, "but the managers want me merely to go through the usual polite experiences in pretty frocks. I'm beginning to think the screen is afraid of acting. And they want to keep life dressed up like a department store Santa Claus, expecting us to believe it is so.

"Consider my own personal predicament," went on Miss Brady. "Because I weigh but 98 pounds, they tell me I lack sex appeal. As far as I can gather from them, sex appeal goes hand in hand with plumpness. They want me to get up around 120 pounds. Of course, I had always supposed avoirdupois was a popular thing in the far East but not in Western lands. But I have discovered I am wrong. I'm only 98 and I utterly lack sex-appeal. So you see I'm dieting to achieve it."

We passed the potatoes to Miss Brady. "Have some sex appeal," we begged.

Miss Brady frowned. "You don't take my problem seriously. I study calories night and day."

"Forgive our utter lack of sympathy," we admitted. "We're enjoying ourselves. Everyone we interview is dieting to get slender and it ruins our digestion. These are the first potatoes we've interviewed in months."

"Do you think sex appeal is a matter of weight?" Miss Brady demanded.

"Er—er," said we, judiciously, "er—have another potato."

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## Friendly Advice

(Concluded from page 101)

MRS. E. L. JONES, CHICAGO, ILL.

In this day and generation a defense of the flapper is both unique and interesting! Almost everybody spends a great deal of time talking against the flapper—her conversation, her mannerisms, her funny little "collegiate" clothes. A letter from a flapper's mother, disclosing a new viewpoint, is decidedly unusual. You say—and there is more than a little truth in your contention—that the young girl in her teens has been too much derided and laughed at. Her clothes are sensible because of the very things that have made them laughable. If every school girl wears the same sort of tweed suit, the same variety of turned back hat, the same kind of sport shoes and stockings, there can be little of the clothes competition that has always been so evident between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. Often it is unpleasantly apparent that certain well-to-do girls are trying to wear smarter and more expensive frocks than the rest are able to—in the class room and at their small social affairs—this spirit is made plain.

The "collegiate" style of dress, however, does away with this striving. Every girl who can afford to own one tweed suit, one hat, and one pair of oxfords is immediately on an equal footing with the rest of her classmates. The very fact that they are as much alike as a row of paper dolls, cut from the same strip, is an advantage. While they are so much alike there can be no cattiness, no unkindness.

The flapper has her unpleasant aspects. Her sophistication, her freedom, her lack of old fashioned tenderness and courtesy cannot be laughed away! But in standardizing her dress she has—perhaps unwittingly—done a braver and more sensible thing than any other group of American women.

MRS. E. A. ELKINS, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

You don't like the long skirts, because your ankles are pretty and you object to hiding them. Well, it sounds reasonable—at first. But, after the first moment of thought, I think you will agree with me—that too short skirts can make even the prettiest ankles seem ungraceful. A long skirt, not too long—of an

alluring length—can make a woman seem more attractive by far than any short skirt can. More attractive in the way that a real gentlewoman wants to be attractive.

JANE R. K., ELMIRA, N. Y.

It is wrong to state that a girl with auburn hair should wear only the colder colors—green and black and navy blue. Some "red headed" girls are charming in certain shades of mauve and pink and rose. If you have good color and dark eyebrows and lashes, I should suggest that you buy a mauve frock at once—it will be sweet on you, I am sure. Do not be afraid to experiment with colors—you have the clothes instinct, I can tell from your letter to me. And such an instinct seldom leads astray.

MISS E. M. K., BELOIT, WIS.

The books that you should read to be cultured? What a question? There are so many books that may give that phantom thing, culture, to one person—and may utterly fail to bestow it upon another. Not only books in the newer, smarter class—I mean Hergisheimer, Lewis, Hutchinson—but older books, the books of another generation, are necessary. The repressed charm of Jane Austen, Tennyson's mid-Victorian flavor, the Bronte sisters; they, too, are almost necessary. And then there are weightier works. I should suggest that you go to the librarian of your town, and ask for a list. And, if your town has no librarian, that you send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope so that I may write to you at length.

HILARY, LONDON, ENGLAND.

This year the cleverest of the styles will be charming on you. They must have been designed for girls with too-slender arms! The sleeves are long and flowing, even on party dresses. Always go in for gowns that are draped, rather than frocks with decidedly tailored lines. And always the graceful, full type of sleeve that falls well over the hand. In the meanwhile massage your arms with a good tissue-building cream. This will help to make them more plump.

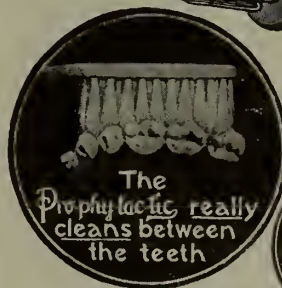


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## Foolish Censors

(Continued from page 41)

more or less and lots of times the kiss departs entirely. Ohio won't stand for a man to kiss a woman's foot. They cut a scene of this kind from "Man, Woman and Marriage" and Louis XIV got his when he hit Ohio in "Passion." The censors settled his divine right by ordering, "Cut out scene where Louis handles and kisses Jeanne's feet."

Legs—particularly feminine—practically don't exist as far as the screen is concerned. Ohio has just ordered a flash of Mlle. Mistinguette's "million dollar legs" from a news reel. From "Too Much Wife" the New York censors cut a flash showing a fish hook catch-

The censors ordered, "eliminate first close-up of *Theodora* embracing and kissing *Andreas* in amorous action." And they refused to permit *Theodora* to be called a courtesan in the sub-titles.

There are scores of miscellaneous instances of censorial idiocy. For instance, Maryland eliminated all reference to the Russian yellow ticket in the film, "The Yellow Ticket," thus completely eradicating the reason for the film.

Dope—and all suggestion of taking it—is prohibited by all the censor boards. Narcotics do not exist in life as pictured on censored screens.

If you intend to write a scenario, remember the censors won't let you—

*Hint at birth in Pennsylvania*

*Touch on infidelity but guardedly in Pennsylvania*

*Show a cigarette in Kansas*

*Permit your villain to be inhuman anywhere*

*Show bathing girls in New York, Kansas or the middle West*

*Use drugs as a part of your action anywhere*

*Let your heroine wear a narrow skirt in Kansas or a bathing suit in Pennsylvania*

*Permit divorce to be mentioned in parts of Canada*

*Stir up racial antagonism in the South*

*Let your playful sub-titles be over slang in Ohio*

*Admit that feminine limbs exist in most of the states*

*Use a kiss without holding a stop watch*

*Refer to the word "love" without gloves*

*Show murder or arson being actually done most anywhere*

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### From pupils' letters

"Last year I weighed 216 pounds--this year 146. It is surprising how easy I did it. I feel many years younger."

"I haven't had a pill or cathartic since I began your work. I used to take one every night."

"My weight has increased thirty pounds. My nerves are rested and I sleep like a baby."

ing a girl's dress. Pennsylvania eliminated a view of a girl putting on a waist from "Godless Men." Pennsylvania also completely eliminated a scene showing a mountain heroine bathing in a brook in "The Branding Iron." Later the whole picture came under their ban. They were shocked, apparently thinking that she ought to wear a regulation 1890 bathing suit. A shot showing a girl putting money in her stocking went from "The Penalty" in Pennsylvania. Yet how many times have the highly moral comic papers shown this very thing?

The censors have curious ideas on points of delicacy. From a comedy, "Be Reasonable," Ohio cut "all scenes of man backing into cactus and all scenes of cactus sticking in his seat." Ohio cut "scene of eunuch with breast exposed" from "One Arabian Night." Pola's Oriental dance speedily departed from the same film. Pennsylvania saw evil in a scene of "The Man Who Had Everything," in which a girl was "reclining on chair with over-exposed shoulder." Another shot went from the same film because a "girl wriggled her body in suggestive manner."

Biblical phrases used as sub-titles seem to annoy the censors. Pennsylvania eliminated from "The Eternal Magdalen" the injunctions, "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone" and "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Apparently the censors would like to fix up the Bible. One of these same quotations went from "Madame X" in Pennsylvania. Ohio recently eliminated a prayer from "The Devil's Garden" which ran, "Reveal Thy mysterious judgment, O God of Light, and Thy road to death and forgiveness."

Pennsylvania ordered "Theodora" to be careful in the Goldwyn film of that name.

Middle Western censors recently cut up the Harold Lloyd comedy, in which, as a tramp, he rode the bumpers of an express train. As the train raced along, Harold sagged while his trousers struck sparks from the roadbed. When the train stopped he sat down on a cake of ice, which promptly melted. The censors looked upon this as dangerous to the morals of their community.

Canadian censors objected to a comedy played entirely by dogs, "The Eternal Triangle," because it "belittled love." Pennsylvania censors, with their superb respect for maternity, have often deleted nursing calves and suckling pigs. Leave it to a censor to fix up Nature!

The censors have a pet aversion to bathing girls. The New York boards have cut shots of bathing girl contests from news reels. Another scene showing a bathing girl in a news reel was recently eliminated because the costume was considered "to be worn in a suggestive manner." Kansas, too, has a particular dislike for the bathing maiden. Narrow skirts that pull up as the wearer sits down can't be worn on the Kansas screen. Fancy stockings, too, are likely to end a young woman's film career as far as Kansas is concerned. And Kansas permits no cigarettes. Let the villain but draw a cigarette case from his pocket and his machinations from that moment are never to be observed in Kansas. Pennsylvania doesn't like to have women smoke, either.

Here let us append a bit of the Ontario Board of Censors' instructions to its members upon what to cut:

"The Board will shorten if not eliminate scenes of girls in cabarets, dressing-room scenes or bedroom scenes in night clothes, suggestive actions when sitting on laps of men or women."

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# Hattie of Hollywood

(Continued from page 70)

"Where on earth are you going?" he whispered hoarsely.  
 "Oh—just for a walk," said she, outwardly calm.  
 "Well, you do beat all! Don't you get this, dear—a fat little fifty-two thousand a year! and more next year, and the next!"  
 He had her arm. She shook off his grip and opened the door.  
 "Perhaps it's better to leave the details to our older heads, though. You're excited, of course. Don't blame you. We'll arrange everything. Just go along and get some air—"  
 She was running down the stairs to the street.

SHE waited for a trolley car and rode into Los Angeles. For a time she wandered about the crowded streets that were now become familiar. She found herself passing the Alexandria and turned in there. The spacious lobby had its usual swarm of tourists and commercial men, its rectangle of arm chairs and sofas where women and flappers and two or three men awaited others. It would be luncheon time, then. She moved, an insignificant wisp of a girl, in and out among the chattering groups, glancing at the self-important men at the telegraph and cigar counters and at the girls demurely awaiting their turn outside the row of telephone booths. She was all restless nerves. The sense of rushing through life was nearly intolerable now. The simplest thing might be to take the car down to Santa Monica, stroll out on the pier, and quietly drop into the Pacific. Or, instead, she might go into the big dining room here and lunch in state, alone. Come to think of it, she had all of the final week's salary in her shopping bag. Alice had forgotten, in all the excitement, to ask for it. She decided to do this.

The head waiter was courteous and quick with suggestions. She had oysters and chicken soup and a big baked lobster and salad and potatoes and ice cream with cake and coffee. Then she bought a box of chocolates and took it into a picture house. A doll-faced girl, up there on the screen, appeared to be going through a struggle of the soul not unlike her own. Evil men pursued her. The hero rushed to her defence, and fought to defend her honor; fought heroically, with a knife, then with a stick, finally with his bare hands. At the end of the battle his face was battered and his clothing torn, but he was victorious. This victory evidently convinced the heart-wrung heroine that she loved him. She hadn't seemed aware of it before. Also in some inexplicable way it saved her honor. And she faded out with him in a long kiss by a moonlit lake.

Life wasn't like that. Henry would hardly attack de Brissac with a knife or a stick, and it was difficult to figure out how anything would be settled if he did. He'd just lose his job. . . . Come to think of it, he had spoken of renewing his contract with the Earthwide people. So he wouldn't be with the new company. Perhaps that was one of the moves to hold her there. It might easily be. . . . Besides, de Brissac wasn't a cheap villain. The cheapest villain she knew was the actor who played that hero. He'd been divorced twice, and was supposed to be going with Ida Irmenthal, who played sweet heroines for Interstellar. He'd been on the Plantagenet lot lately, and had shown symptoms of pursuing her little self; had, indeed, invited her to dine with him at his bungalow. She hadn't known how to evade him without giving offence, and had felt relief when the unit he was with went out into the desert on location. They were doing a western. He played the cowboy lead, but couldn't ride and had a double to do the rough work.

Back on the street she sighed and gave it up. She went into another theater and sat through a foreign costume picture. Later she called Henry up at the lot and left word with the

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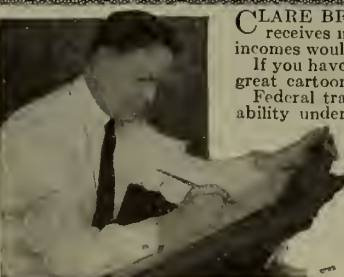
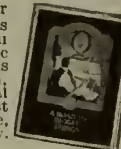
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operator that she'd meet him at the Alexandria at six. She didn't seem to care who knew it. The only thing she was sure of was that she couldn't go home; not as she felt now . . . in a few hours it would be eight o'clock. Eight o'clock! She felt a sort of doom in the thought. The thing would be just to manage to live past it and everything would be all right. The limousine would be there, of course, on the minute, waiting on the curb below the flat. Seeing Henry would help. She wished Lucille would happen along. She felt now that their conversation hadn't been finished. Questions arose that she'd like to ask, questions about the meaning of life.

At the first glimpse of Henry peering about the lobby of the hotel her mood changed. She smiled. She was all soft impulse. Even though he was distraught and full of moody talk about some Texas men with real capital who were showing interest in him; who were really asking questions.

After the dessert she clasped her small hands before her on the table and watched him as he lighted his cigar.

"Henry"—she began.

"Yes, dear. Here waiter! Check, please! Yes, Hattie, what were you going to say?"

"De Brissac made me an offer today. Three years, beginning with a thousand a week."

"A thousand a" . . . he tossed a bank note to the waiter and turned, incredulous at first, then as the fact went home, breaking into a startled smile.

"Mm—hmm!"

"Why, Hattie—how wonderful!"

"I don't want to do it."

"You don't want . . . but my dear little girl, a thousand a week!"

"I don't want to work with him."

"But really . . . oh, you mean he has both-ered you?"

She nodded.

He smoked a little while on this. And she waited.

"Have Earthwise said anything yet?"

She inclined her head.

"How much?"

"Two hundred and fifty."

"Oh, but that's silly! When they learn of de Brissac's offer—"

Slowly she moved her head in the negative. "I can't work there, Henry. I simply couldn't stand it to go through again all I've had to go through with Plantagenet. It wouldn't get me anywhere. There's no career—in that, failing again. Henry—"

"Yes?"

"What would you think if I—just—quit altogether?"

HER fingers were tightly interlocked; her color rising somewhat; her eyes seeming to hang on his face. If only those intensely centered thoughts of his would clear away, make a little room for these equally intense thoughts of hers. He did look astonished, if not responsive.

"Oh I know it sounds funny—but" . . .

There was so much she wanted to say, if only she could break through this inarticulate outer Hattie. Why couldn't she propose outright, simply, naturally, that they marry and live on his salary and, even, sell the roadster? It had seemed, now and then during the day, that she

might not find it so difficult. But it was proving terribly difficult. She was stumbling, not saying what she meant . . . "I don't like acting, Henry. I hate it. Waiting around all day just for a chance to get Kleig eyes." This wasn't getting her anywhere. "It hurts so. You don't know the nights I've had."

"What you need right now is a little fresh air, kid. You're tired, pulled down. But with this new job you'll have chances to rest. De Brissac's got too much sense to work you to death. He won't want to do that. Come on."

The roadster was parked near Seventh Street. As they walked over there, she clinging to his arm, they passed show windows with bedroom and living room furniture set out. There was a model kitchen in one. She hung back to look at these, exclaimed over a kitchen cabinet and then over an electric range.

"I'm going to make Alice teach me cooking," she ventured. It seemed to her that this thought might open his mind to hers. If only they could draw together in a real understanding she'd marry him tonight. Just give up everything to be his little wife. Why couldn't she say the words? Perhaps because he merely looked at her, something puzzled, then turned into a doorway to relight his cigar, and said again, "Come along."

AT the parking yard he grew angry because someone had scraped the paint of the left forward mud guard, someone backing in. Twenty-seven coats of paint, he said—a wonderful job, only to be marred by some Ford or other . . . She knew, as she watched him, that he wouldn't sell the roadster. She couldn't reach him, couldn't make him understand that this was the moment of final decision. The family couldn't understand either. And life, with its strange burden of success and tragedy, like a river in flood, was sweeping her along. If only she could stand still long enough to think! Henry even said, as they drove out Wiltshire Boulevard—

"After all, de Brissac's a practical business man, Hattie. Once this contract's signed, he'll have to stand for it. He can't insist on making it personal. All you've got to do is have your sister stay along with you. Just keep a level head and put the money in the bank."

She shivered, and drew away to the farther end of the seat. Off to the right—they were coasting down the hill beyond the Ambassador—twinkled the lights of Hollywood.

"Henry"—she moved a hand—"turn over there."

"Why? I thought we'd—"

"Mr. de Brissac is sending for me at eight to—talk over the new picture."

The limousine stood waiting at the curb. The Japanese chauffeur—she knew him—was stepping out of the hallway, as if he'd been inquiring for her.

She got out quickly; murmuring, as Henry drew her face up for a kiss, "Not here!" Then, after a pause—she stood then on the curb gazing silently up at him—she said good-night and got into the limousine. The Japanese shut the door.

As the car moved off she looked again. He saw her white face pressed to the rear window. She must have been kneeling on the seat to reach so high. And then, as he lighted another cigar, she was gone.

(End of Fourth Installment)

IT is not too late for those who have missed the preceding installments of "Hattie of Hollywood" to begin this big fiction feature now. You will find a complete synopsis on page 43.



## The Bond Boy

(Concluded from page 29)

straightened up. And just then the door burst open; the sheriff and other men rushed in. Joe stood panting.

The sheriff grasped his shoulder.

"Too bad," he said. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, God!" cried Ollie. "I can't keep still! He never killed Isom Chase! I saw it all—I was in the room! The gun went off by accident! Joe stopped me—I was going to run off with Morgan! Isom thought Joe—"

She stopped. The sheriff looked puzzled. "Sounds like the truth," he said. "But—"

"I know the governor," said Colonel Price, who had come in. "I'll talk to him by telephone and arrange a reprieve. This is new evidence—ground for a new trial, that will acquit this boy. And—" His voice rose. "I've found the proof I've looked for for a long time—that Isom Chase forged the papers that gave him this property. It belongs to Joe and his mother. Joe—" His voice broke. "Go and tell his mother, some one!" he ordered, gruffly. "I—I've got to tell some one else."

## Presenting Patsy

(Continued from page 35)

She is so fresh—so natural—so innocent.

A great artist, who happened to be in Hollywood from the colony at Carmel, remarked to me the other day that acting and grease-paint and lights and hard work and the atmosphere of stage and studio always dims and erases what he termed the freshness of beauty.

"Ah, but," he added, "it replaces it, of course; with a million other things—with poise, with charm, with character, with expressiveness, with every enhancement and allure known to woman. But that little freshness that lies upon the cheek of a wild rose in the dawn with the dew upon it,—that we must find elsewhere."

Of course it's true. That is why year after year we must seek new faces, why year after year beauty choruses must be replenished from the farm.

An actress must have one of two things—real talent or freshness. If, when the freshness passes she cannot replace it with art and power and emotional appeal, she must go.

Patsy Ruth Miller has been in pictures almost two years, and she still has it undimmed—that freshness. She is a Peter Pan sort of creature.

If you watched her work in "Watch Your Step" and "The Wandering Boy" with Cullen Landis, with Douglas MacLean in "One A Minute," you will see that she has distinct possibilities as a screen comedienne of the beloved Connie Talmadge type.

There's a little fairy tale about how Patsy Ruth got into pictures that somehow suits her, too. It ought to give everyone a thrill nowadays, when so much has been said about the difficulties of getting on the screen and the long, hard road to success.

Patsy Ruth Miller and her parents came to California from St. Louis for a vacation. Patsy Ruth was in school, but it was summer time. They came just to look at the oranges and the palm trees and the climate. They knew motion pictures were made here, but they didn't stay away on that account.

One afternoon Patsy Ruth was sitting on the sands, watching the waves with demure and pensive gaze. Little did she dream that the man watching her so intently was a motion picture director—in fact she didn't see him at all. She was probably thinking of a boy back home. Douglas Gerrard, the director, watched her for some time. Then he offered her a job in pictures.



Miss Holly, popular screen favorite, ingenue with Clara Kimball Young in "What No Man Knows," now with Monty Banks Comedy Co., playing leads in "The Artist," etc.

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The element he has found physics one's skin. Its action is gentle, but positive. Its use is delightful, for it is applied outside. Put it on; slip into your easy chair; in less than an hour the skin pores *move*. Impurities clogging your facial pores are instantly banished; even the pores themselves are contracted and rendered invisible. The new bloom of color and velvety texture of skin are simply marvelous.

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Her mother and father investigated the whole matter after that and finally yielded to her plea that she be allowed to try it.

She worked with Doraldina in one picture. Then she went to the Ince studio, handed in her pictures, and was given a rôle in "One A Minute." Now she is under a long-term contract to Goldwyn, and you'll see her next in "Omar, the Tent-maker," with Guy Bates Post, to whom Goldwyn loaned her.

Sounds easy—doesn't it? But it's hard to find Patsy Ruth Millers.

## Irene Castle's Newest Frocks

(Concluded from page 55)

clung to the normal position of the waist," said Mrs. Treman. "I think a tight bodiced gown that outlines the figure far more charming than the shapeless affairs worn today. In the long drooping waist line a good figure is lost and a bad one not improved. But how few women realize that to be well dressed it is far more necessary to pay attention to the right proportions than to follow the latest thing in style! It is appalling to find that so many women do not take the trouble to study themselves, to learn their defects of face and figure as well as their good points."

Just then I caught sight of a photograph lying on the table, showing a tiny dancing figure, fragile and delicious, of Mrs. Treman. It had just been completed by Sally Farnum. Looking at the graceful figure with the lovely curved line of the back and the long well shaped legs I recalled Sally Farnum's saying, that "all movement is attractive when one is well proportioned," and that the reason Irene Castle had achieved fame as a dancer was because of her perfect proportions.

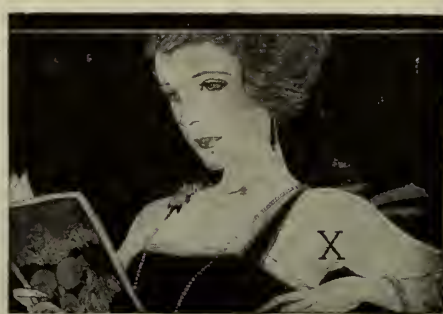
When I asked Mrs. Treman if she approved of corsets, she said it was a great mistake for women to let their figures get too sloppy. Being slender she never wears a corset herself, and never has—except when dancing. Then she always wears a narrow light one of rubber, for otherwise she feels a decided strain. "If a woman is the least bit inclined to be fat she should certainly wear something," she told me. "For the stout woman corsets are a real health measure."

Speaking of corsets Mrs. Treman declared that in these days of the loose, uncorsetted figure she does not care for shirt waists and skirts when worn without a coat. "They give the figure a cut off look at the waist line which is really terrible. Though I must say that the American woman wears tailored suits exceptionally well. For myself I prefer to wear dresses and coats, or capes."

It was interesting in these days when all the world is wearing flat heeled shoes to find Mrs. Treman wearing high heels. When I commented on the fact she thrust forward a slender, high arched foot, clad in a smart shoe of tan suede trimmed with narrow strips of brown leather, with a really high French heel. "I always wear them" she declared, "for I am not comfortable in anything else. Of course, for sports, one has to have flat heeled shoes. But I am always unhappy in them."

I rose to go. Irene Castle Treman extended a slim, white hand in farewell. "Always remember," she said, "that successful clothes—especially for the women of America—must possess to a marked degree smartness and distinction. And must mirror the very spirit of youth—the keynote of charm!"

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## The Best Laugh Getters I Have Ever Told

(Continued from page 25)

"Mister, please give me a dime. I haven't tasted food for a week."

Rich man replied, "Don't worry, it still has the same old taste."

**LITTLE** Hans had been kept home from school for a few days and when he went back the teacher told him to go home and get an excuse for having been away. Here is the excuse his mother wrote to the teacher:

"Please excuse me for keeping Hans home because I had twins a few days ago, but it shan't occur again."

**LADY** travelling through California for the first time saw a fig tree. She said to the guide, "My good man, what kind of a tree is that?" He said, "Lady, that is a fig tree."

She said, "Oh, no, it can't be a fig tree."  
"Yes, ma'am, that's a fig tree."  
"Oh," said the lady, "I thought the leaves were larger than that."

**LITTLE** Johnny had a terrible habit of whistling. He used to whistle so much that his mother finally threatened to give him a severe spanking if she caught him daring to whistle one note again.

Well, Johnny promised he would not whistle any more, so his mother kissed him and said, "Now go down stairs, dear, and tell cook to give you something nice to eat for being such a good boy."

When he got to the kitchen, cook wasn't there, but Johnny saw some nice persimmons. He ate quite a few of them and after he'd eaten all he could hold, he took a big drink of water. Immediately his mouth began to pucker all up and it frightened him so that he dashed up stairs to his mother.

The moment his mother saw him, she said, "Now, Johnny, remember what I told you. If you whistle one note, I'll spank you good."

Between puckers, poor Johnny cried, "Whithel—whithel nothing—I'm poithoned."

**A** SOLDIER in the cavalry was sitting on his horse at an important sentry post. Captain rode up to him and cried, "Don't get

off your horse unless you hear from headquarters."

Just then the horse kicked him off. The Captain turned around and saw him, pulled up his horse and yelled, "Didn't I tell you not to get off your horse unless you got orders from headquarters?"

"Yes, but I got orders from hindquarters," said the private.

**THEY** met by chance, they'd never met before.

They met in June, it left her sick and sore. They'll never meet again, don't want to, that I vow.

They only met that once, the freight train and the cow.

**A** SUAVE young Chinese Tong man walked into the office of a well known lawyer in San Francisco.

"How much you charge me, get me free for shot a man dead?" he asked.

"\$10,000," said the lawyer promptly.

"How much down?"

"\$5,000 now—\$5,000 when I go to court."

The Chinaman counted out \$5,000 and put them on the desk then started out.

"Hey, come back here—where you going?" cried the lawyer.

"I go shoot him," said the Chink coolly, "be back bimby."

**THIS** is a very old one, but of all the stories I have ever told it gets the biggest laugh, and I told it only the other evening at a fraternity banquet and it got a great reception, so here goes.

Motion picture theater, crowded with couples, male and female.

Man dashed into the lobby, waving a gun and said, "My wife's in here with another man. Get her out quick or I'll shoot up the place."

Manager tremblingly rushed around back stage, and came out to make this announcement. "There's a man in the lobby with a gun, says his wife's in here with another man. If she is, she'd better sneak out that side door quick."

In one minute the theater was almost empty.



Photo by Campbell

Poseu by Irene Castle

## Irene Castle in her new frock of Corticelli Castle Co-ke

No one knows better than Irene Castle how important a part material plays in the success of any frock.

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Pity the poor actors, who get really rained on outside the castle gates, while the director of the stormy scene and his assistants remain dry in their slickers. But then there are still people who would rather be actors than directors. This happened at Cosmopolitan, during the filming of "When Knighthood was in Flower"



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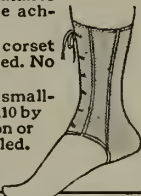
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64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

**Questions and Answers**

(Continued from page 79)

**VIC, ROCKLAND, ME.**—I sound chummy? do I? I shall try to mend my ways. You will probably receive a reply from Valentino if you write a sensible letter. Every actor appreciates honest praise. Carol Dempster was *Gypsy Fair* in "Dream Street." She is the heroine of Griffith's newest, tentatively titled "At the Grange." Theodore Kosloff played *Rodriguez* in "Fool's Paradise." Kosloff is a Russian dancer.

**BETTY, SWAMPSCOTT, MASS.**—You Bettys had better change your name to Legion. Betty Carpenter is still in pictures; she was recently seen in "Cardigan." Address her at her home, 1078 Madison Avenue, New York City. She's not married. Antonio Moreno is not engaged to Colleen Moore. That young lady is reported to be betrothed to a young executive of one of the film companies.

**ANNIS.**—If the Cecil deMilles evince a desire to adopt a grown daughter I will let you know. They have two adopted children already, besides a daughter of their own. Please don't be so discouraged about yourself. At twenty-five you have no real right to vote life stale and profitless. Give it a chance. Eugene O'Brien is playing with Norma Talmadge again. There is something to live for, after all.

**JANUARY.**—Glad to see you again. Your doctor told you not to order everything on the menu if you didn't want to stay so plump? I never needed a doctor to tell me that. A glance into my wallet was enough to convince me. Max Linder? He's just made a new five reel comedy, a satire, or perhaps burlesque would be better, of "Three Musketeers," called "The Three Must-Get Theirs." It will be released through the Allied Artists Corporation, which is a branch of United Artists. Sounds sort of far-fetched to me; but then I like my satire spread thin.

**W. E. K., DETROIT.**—I would gladly convey to Pauline Garon the information that you believe her to be the princess of peaches—if I knew Pauline. Why not write her yourself? She is only nineteen and before going on the screen was the ingenue in Marie Doré's last season vehicle, "Lillies of the Field." Her pictures have been "The Power Within," "Reported Missing," and "Sonny." Not married, are you, Miss Garon?

**KAY H. G.**—Marriages made in heaven seem usually to end in the divorce courts. I am not at all pessimistic about marriage, you understand. I have never tried it myself and don't feel qualified to discuss it. Douglas Fairbanks wants to do "The Virginian" but his wife won't let him. You see Mary figures that Doug is expected to be his own spontaneous self in every rôle he plays; and Owen Wister's well known character was a slow-moving, drawing sort. So Doug, while he will produce "The Virginian" himself, may get some other actor to play it.

**LEW CODY FAN.**—Your Lew isn't married now. He's been married, however—to Dorothy Dalton. His latest part is an heroic one, in "The Valley of Silent Men," opposite Alma Rubens. His male-vamping days are over, he says; and I for one am thankful.

**E. B., DUBLIN, N. H.**—It must be interesting to have a film record of your marriage and honeymoon. Provided the marriage is a success. Celebrities don't have any private lives at all these days. Lois Wilson, Lasky studios; Marion Davies, International. Neither Lois nor Marion is married. Martha Mansfield's new picture is "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

(Continued on page 118)

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# BRICKBATS and BOUQUETS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed—but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's name and address.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### An Answer to Marie Price

Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I read a letter in the question and answer column, of the July PHOTOPLAY, signed "Marie Price," which I could not resist the temptation to answer.

I want to introduce to "Marie Price" a few lines of Arthur Brisbane.

As follows:

"Thirty-six millions in America, according to the department of commerce, have foreign blood. They were born in Europe or their fathers or mothers were born in Europe.

"All white Americans, of course, have 'foreign blood.' The United States is built on foreign blood, foreign intelligence, foreign ambition.

"This country grew rapidly because those who came were ambitious; they had the energy to cross the ocean.

"The greatest mistake this nation ever made is in keeping out what it needs now, more than ever:

"Ambitious energetic immigration from Europe."

It may be that nature has cheated "Marie Price" of beauty and good common sense;

perhaps this is the true cause of her jealousy toward the famous Italian actor, Rodolph Valentino.

ANTHONY CHLIQU.

### To Star Kathlyn Williams

Hazleton, Pa.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

May I take a little of your time to tell you of an actress whom I think deserves more recognition than she is given? The actress happens to be Kathlyn Williams.

She has been seen for some time in supporting casts to stars and directors, so why not give her a chance to display her talent and "star" her?

Due to the fact of my holding a position at a local theater, I hear many favorable remarks regarding Miss Williams' ability, when she is seen as one of a supporting cast, and I'm sure she has a host of admirers that many of these so called "Producer-made" and "Beauty-winner" stars (that are forced before the public) would envy.

Some time ago, I saw her play in "A Virginia Courtship," starring May MacAvoy. She played the part of an old Southerner's sweetheart. The old Southerner was played by Alec Bud Frances who, speaking truthfully,



This would be oh, such a convincing publicity picture of Clara Kimball Young and Elliott Dexter being late for work and taking a camera truck to get to the studio and having a policeman stop them and demand a license—IF the truck only didn't lack a somewhat important part of its anatomy—namely, an engine. Elliott, how could you?

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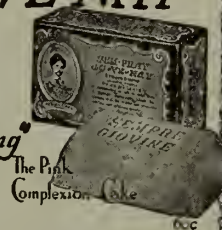


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Sell our wonderful Salesmen tailored to order, \$29.50, virgin wool suits and overcoats direct to wearer—all one price—\$20.00 cheaper than store prices. You keep deposit. Everything guaranteed. Big swatch outfit free; protected territory for hustlers. J. B. SIMPSON, Inc., Dept. 123, 831 W. ADAMS ST., CHICAGO

looked old enough to be her father. Why is so pretty an actress given such elderly characters to portray? Of course, she is not the flapper or ingenu type, but star her in roles such as those played by Clara Kimball Young, Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson, and Kitty Gordon (that is, in days gone by) and it would be introducing a star whom the public can rely upon, knowing her ability from previous characterizations.

Many are the movie fans who would applaud with delight if Kathryn Williams were numbered among the screen satellites.

Recently, I read in your magazine of her bereavement, and she unknowingly had my sincere sympathy.

C. L. KRAUS

## A Jingle for Nagle

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

First, allow me to comment on your interesting "department" in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. I never fail to read it. One likes to get ideas concerning what his fellow-fans think of plays and players. Sometimes the ideas conflict with ours; other times they were in perfect harmony.

Now, let me express myself, in verse; giving credit to a movie actor who more than deserves it. Here goes:

I rave not 'bout Rodolph,  
Or others with the shiny hair;  
Some are actors good,  
And others simply aren't "there."

But one whose praises I sing,  
For the kind of acting I call "sublime,"  
Is handsome Conrad Nagle,  
Who is doing better each new time.

Give him more good pictures,  
Assign him roles, in which he can shine.  
And soon he'll be YOUR star,  
Like now and always he is mine.

E. P. MIREMONT.

## A Crystal Mirror

Waukomis, Okla.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I adore Mary Pickford. Though she is an actress, she may safely be an example for any girl. She is a crystal mirror, in the depths of which is reflected life—full of laughter and tears. She is so quiet and unassuming yet withal, a wonderful woman—a rare artist. How can any person doubt the sweet sincerity that marks her performances?

It used to delight my English instructress at school, to inform her young pupils, who quite naturally searched the ranks of the movies for their ideals, that the subject of their admiration were of a very doubtful character.

Despite all that is said, Mary Pickford remains my favorite—and an ideal!

WILLIAM L. BURFORD.

## Much Ado About Hair

Camden, N. J.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Why all this ado about bobbed hair on females?

All the boys and men have their hair bobbed, do they not? You know it used to be the style for men to wear their hair long, too. Then someone conceived the idea of having it bobbed. They liked it, so the others followed suit.

You see, when a man thinks up something and tries it and likes it, he goes on and does it

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TRAFFIC INSPECTOR**  
Earn Up to \$250 Per Mo.

Prepare in 3 mos. spare-time study at home for this fascinating profession. Travel; meet big railway officials. Splendid opportunities. Start at \$110 Per Month expenses paid. Position guaranteed instead of lead. Send for Profit Proposition. Evenflo Pen Company, Dept. 66, Grand Rapids, Mich.



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Cigarette Holders, Sterling Silver  
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 14K **RAT** SOLID WHITE GOLD  
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This beautiful wrist watch is 14 Kt. solid gold, set with 4 genuine bluewhite brilliant diamonds, at a price that we believe to be the lowest ever offered in the U. S. Send only \$2.00 down as a guarantee of good faith and we will send this bargain to you. The 14 Kt. case is HAND ENGRAVED and will stand U.S. Government assay. Silk grosgrain ribbon of the finest quality, with 14 Kt. clasp attached. The movement is 15 jeweled lever, adjusted and regulated and is guaranteed to give you complete satisfaction.

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 Sparkling, brilliant, full cut, genuine diamonds make this the greatest bargain ever advertised. If you can duplicate it for less than \$65.00 we will refund every cent you paid. Buy on our 30 days free trial plan—you can't lose.

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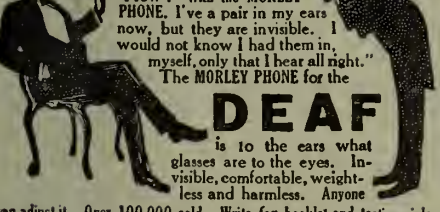
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 LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 10302-L, Chicago

and says nothing about it. So much for his good sense.

Now, I believe we women have just as much good sense, but we're so stingy about using it that we pay a high price for our stupidity.

We keep our scalps simply baked, all done up in switches and rats and other unnatural things, this hot weather; and even in cool weather our heads are bound up uncomfortably with hairpins if we wish our coiffures to look at all neat or becoming.

The unfortunate women, who have an abundance of natural hair, are more to be pitied than the women who have to wear switches and things; because they cannot even take part of their hair off at night.

I believe that bobbed hair is the most sensible, sanitary style that has come woman's way for a long while. Every thinking woman should take advantage of it.

Anyway, long hair is only for flappers. By "flappers" I mean those—(male or female)—who care all for clothes and outward appearances. The studious or really busy women have no time to care for their hair—to give to it the style that fashion demands. To them, the switches, rats, puffs and other coiffure accessories are an abomination; and entirely too extravagant for every day fashion.

The women or men who desire to use their thoughts and time and energy for higher and better purposes than mere outward adornments must, I'm sure, enjoy and appreciate the privilege of wearing short hair.

"AUNTIE GRACE."

*The European Lover*

Rochester, N. Y.

Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
 Dear Sir:

In reference to Miss J. C.'s contention about Mr. Valentino's article in the March issue of your magazine, I wish to say that I agree with Mr. Valentino in several points. I do not think the European lover sly. He is far more courteous than many American men I have known. He gives to women many of the things which Americans do not. However I will say nothing more against the American. For myself I would prefer a frank, honest American even if he is not so skilled in love-making. But I would also like a little of the charm of the European lover.

Most women crave for the romantic, though many of them do not say so. Here is where the European is skillful, but because he contributes his charm and love to the woman he is called sly by the man and by some women.

Yes, I like Conrad Nagel and agree with J. C. on all points.

However when one goes to the movies one doesn't always wish to see the same, quiet man one sees in everyday life.

I have a large circle of acquaintances and the majority agree that they would rather see the charming, romantic lover because he is different—and most people go to the movies to see something a little different! We find the charm, poise and romance portrayed in Mr. Valentino.

Sincerely,  
 MARIE HALL.

*Anent Tonic Properties*

Richmond Hill, L. I.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

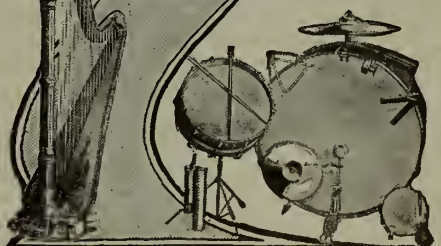
Dear Sir:  
 I happened to pick up the August issue of PHOTOPLAY and carefully read "What is the matter with pictures?" I'm terribly surprised to read the many different answers. Many were, in my opinion, hard knocks. I dare say that those who have written all the terrible things they could about the pictures, would have written everything good, if the



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 A few cents a day will pay. Instruments and complete outfits at factory prices direct to you.

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 Send me your new catalog, which illustrates and describes every known musical instrument, many of them shown in full colors, all at lowest factory prices. Also tell me how I may have an instrument on a week's trial in my own home at your expense and without obligation, and may pay for it on your special easy payment plan.

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The truth and nothing but the truth, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

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Send money order or check with name and address to

**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
Dept. J-6, 350 N. Clark St., CHICAGO

prize were offered for: "What good do you find in pictures?"

No one has asked me to "Butt in" but I have been a nervous wreck for four years, and I took medicine by the barrel, and one year ago, my doctor advised me to go to a movie every afternoon and evening. I did, and I've been growing steadily better. I dare say my improvement is due to the fact that the pictures gave me something to occupy my mind. Pleasant thoughts, and many good ideas, and most of all an ambition. The ambition is to some day become a moving picture actress!

CORAL G. UFFERT.

**An Aid to Theater Owners**

Fair Haven, Conn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Some time ago I wrote you a letter which I hoped you would publish in your "Letters to the Editor."

Nevertheless you fulfilled part of my requests and did it splendidly. I asked you to review "The Iron Trail" for me.

The best part of your magazine is your pictures and your "History." The part that is most useful is your review department.

Why not print your reviews so that they can be shown in theater lobbies without having to turn the page to see the reviews on the other side? Print them so that if they are cut out there won't be reviews on the other side to spoil. Our local manager requests me to ask you to do this.

JOSEPH BECK.

**More Educational Pictures Needed**

Greenwich, Conn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I think most of your readers will agree with Thomas A. Edison about the value of the motion picture as an aid to education.

The question is: What can be done to hasten its general use in our public schools?

It would be interesting to know just how much has been accomplished in this direction.

A friend of mine who teaches in an east side settlement house in New York, tells me that as the kindergarten songs and games are mostly about animals and natural objects of which these children have no personal knowledge, it is necessary to show each child the illustrated song book in order that he might get some conception of a brook, a mountain, a cow or a sheep, or whatever happens to be the subject under special consideration.

I believe that the wonderful nature pictures of the screen would greatly simplify the work of the teacher and bring an added touch of beauty and harmony into the classroom, which might help to counteract the unhealthy and stilted home environment of these little ones of whom Charles Dickens has so wisely said:

"Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and I will prophesy his future."

GLENN HUNTER.

**The Pound of Flesh**

Scranton, Pa.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

May I write my opinion about the article Adela Rogers St. Johns has in the June issue of your magazine, about the beauty of today? She has, well, I might say, cast a reflection on two favorite players of a girl's club and they are up in arms about it. Katherine MacDonald is one of them, Betty Blythe the other.

If D. W. Griffith happened to select a certain type of beauty does that mean the whole world must follow suit? True, he has made some great productions, so have William Fox and



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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Will show reduction taking place in 11 days, or money refunded. Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period), return the Reducer at once, together with the instruction book that accompanied it, and your \$5 will be refunded.

Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 211 to 152 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber, and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight, you can reduce any part you wish, quickly, safely and permanently by using Reducer a few minutes, night and morning. By a gentle manipulation, the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination; thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years, Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicines or exercise. Sold generally by druggists everywhere, or will be sent direct to your home, in plain wrapper, upon receipt of \$5 plus 20c to cover cost of Parcel Post, and Insurance (\$5.20 in all). Send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember, it is guaranteed. Or if you prefer, send for free booklet.

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with root bulbs by applying Nohair at home. Acts quickly and effectively, checking all future growth. Unlike preparations which dissolve surface hair only, Nohair is a scientific application for hitting out superfluous facial hair with the roots. Guaranteed harmless to the most delicate skin. Write for free pamphlet sent in blank envelope.



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"Neither root nor hair do I spare"



Rex Ingram and others. If Rex Ingram saw a girl whom he thought had the makings of a great actress I don't think he would let an inch in her height or a few extra pounds in her weight make any difference, he's too clever a man for that!

David W. Griffith reminds me of Volstead. Volstead said let it be dry and it became dry. David W. Griffith said let it be little women, and little woman it is. The public is fickle, we all know that. But if one hundred people like small women, there will be another hundred who will like big women, even on the screen.

MYRTLE BRYDEN.

*Less Expert Advice, Please*

New Rochelle, New York

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.  
Dear Sir:

May I shout my little shout? The editorial, "What do you want?" in the May PHOTOPLAY encourages me to do so. And the letters from readers are an added incentive.

We want more pictures like "Tol'able David" for one thing. I agree with Mrs. Speck. "Tol'able David" is a masterpiece; intensely dramatic, holding one's interest from start to finish, by superb acting, direction and photography. In plot it is a little slice of life, with no heed of the spectacular or bizarre to bolster it.

Another thing some of us want is to know why the Limelight Divinities so often feel it incumbent upon them to advise us (the plain people) regarding love, marriage and the ever-after. The ones who seem especially keen about this are those who have been themselves conspicuously unsuccessful.

We may enjoy the clever fictional situations of Elinor Glyn, without desiring personal counsel. It is true that our feminine hearts go pit-a-pat when we see Valentino upon the screen, for he appears the embodiment of adventure and intrigue—of which we dream in idle moments.

But when the lights go up on every day life once more, how perfectly splendid it is for American women to have one hundred percent, plain American husbands, who treat them as pals and equals and love them for saving

pennies for the children's future, instead of spending them on sunken marble baths and other supposedly necessary adjuncts to the art of keeping a husband.

Sincerely,  
MRS. A. G. EVELYN KUPETZ.

*Give the Devil His Due*

San Francisco, Cal

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

New York City.

Dear Sir:

Where do you people get that stuff about Pola Negri being Polish, because she married that Polish *no count*? Her right name is Pauline Schwarz; born and reared in Hamburg, if anybody should ask you. Give the devil his due, even if he is *German*.

Yours respectfully,  
G. DIRLEWANGER.

*Marcelles or Lucile*

Carson City, Nevada.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

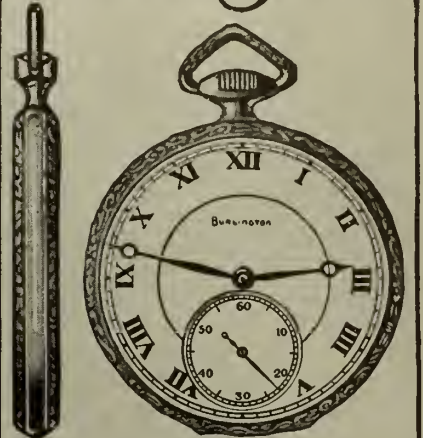
In "Foolish Wives," the most foolish thing is the picture itself. Of all the inane eight reels of goulsh I ever witnessed, this attempt at wickedness is the worst. It is supposedly a deep plot with vile doings by a hero who looks like a cross between the crown prince and a weasel, and wears a middy blouse buckled around with a trunk strap, and a pile of medals.

He had many amours, chief of which is one with a highly marcelled American girl whose husband seemed to possess the only sense of humor in the whole production. High ladies with languid eyes, servant girls with addled brains and Irish profiles—they all fall for Count-No-Account.

He staggers on through the interminable reels until most of the ladies have jumped into the sea or languished away, and the American girl gets her hair mussed up and falls into her husband's arms.

Conclusion—this picture is either an advertisement for cigarettes, marcelles, or Lucile.  
MILDRED R. HUT

*21 Jewel Burlington*



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Adjustable to the Second  
Adjusted to Temperature  
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21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels  
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Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon. Find out about this great special offer which is being made for only a limited time. You will know a great deal more about watch buying when you read this book. You will be able to "steer clear" of the over-priced watches which are no better. Remember, the Burlington is sent to you for only One Dollar down, balance in small monthly payments. Send the coupon for watch book and our special offer Today! Do not delay one minute!

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*It's hard to write a caption for this without sounding like a Gaelic glossary. If we get through it without letting a "shure" slip in we are going to ask for a raise. Meet the O'Malleys: Pat and Eileen. Shure an'—see?*





His eyes come close  
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Do you like to have him know  
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Together you skim around the waxed  
floor, almost in a world for two. His eyes  
are close to you. He cannot fail to take an  
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And how much more a roseleaf skin will  
appear to him than—freckles!

Freckles are the result of neglect. You  
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through the hair quickly restores the  
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Gervaise Graham Hair Color in a plain wrapper.

Name.....

Address.....

## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 112)

**BOOTS.**—Colleen Moore denies that she's engaged; but then they always deny it. Jack and Marilyn vowed they had no intention of getting married, you know. So the best I can do is to publish the reports, interspersed with sufficient "they says" and "it is rumored along the rialto." Much as it hurts me to have to. Marie Shotwell was the widow, *Mrs. Smythe*, in "Civilian Clothes." She has also appeared in "The Master Mind," "Her Lord and Master," "The Thirteenth Chair" and "Blackbirds." Sorry but I have no record of a Louis Sealey.

**ALICE, AMBRIDGE, PA.**—There's a new town. Bless our hearts, it's the first new town I've heard from this month. Alice of Ambridge—perfect. Richard Barthelmess has a country home at Rye, New York; and an apartment in Manhattan. He is married to Mary Hay. His new film is called "Fury." Address him Inspiration Pictures.

**DIANE.**—That name always fascinates me. It calls to mind lovely French ladies and portly kings and moonlit gardens. How sentimental I am becoming: But then a little sentiment is not amiss once in a while. It saves me from complete cynicism. I can be sentimental at will, which is a somewhat difficult feat. Besides "Tarzan of the Apes," Louise Lorraine has appeared with Hoot Gibson and Jack Perrin in short westerns, in Universal-Century comedies, in "Elmo the Fearless" with Elmo Lincoln and "The Flaming Disk." Louise's very latest is the George Walsh serial, "With Stanley in Africa." It is understood she has embarked on an independent career.

**L. F., NEW HAVEN, CONN.**—You think Darrell Foss would be more popular if he would change his name, as it's a hard one to remember. I'll have to take that up with him immediately. But he'll probably answer that it's served him faithfully through his film career and he can see no reason for changing it now. He isn't married; his address is 103 Rose Avenue, Venice, Cal. An appropriate address for a film hero, verily. Johnry Hines, 548 West 164 Street, Manhattan.

**CALAMITY JANE.**—You are faithful; I admit that. But sometimes I could wish you would write more often to Rodolph and spare me. Of course if you write to him about me as you write to me about him, why that's different. He will, it is said, remarry Miss Rambowa as soon as the law permits. That was Valentino with Mae Murray in "The Delicious Little Devil."

**ANGEL, ROCKVILLE CENTER, L. I.**—As to the relative merits of the smiles of Valentino and Reid I refuse to commit myself. You girls will have to fight it out among yourselves. My poor brain is not big enough to undertake such weighty considerations. Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois, on November 8, 1890. Jean Acker was a member of the cast of the Clayton picture, "Her Own Money." "Once to Every Woman," in which Valentino supported Dorothy Phillips, was made in 1920 and released in November of that year. Universal has reissued it since Valentino's sudden climb to fame.

**DORIS, SAN ANTONIO.**—Glad to give you the cast of "A Poor Little Rich Girl." *Gwendolyn*—Mary Pickford; *her mother*—Madlaine Traverse; *her father*—Charles Wellesley; *Jane, the nurse*—Gladys Fairbanks; *the plumber*—Frank McGlynn; *the organ grinder*—Emile La Croix; *Miss Royle*—Marcia Harris; *Thomas*—Charles Craig; *Potter*—Frank Andrews; *the doctor*—Herbert Prior; *Susie May Squoggs*—Maxine Hicks. You're welcome, Doris, come again.

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PEARLS**  
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Thousands of women have often wished they could afford beautiful pearls like these and here is your opportunity to get them on terms to fit your pocketbook. These indestructible, iridescent Priscilla Pearls are worn by the leaders of society and famous screen stars. They are sure to prove a charming adornment to those seeking appearance, comparable to New York's so-called "Four Hundred."

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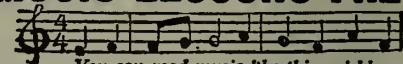
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S. M., SCHENECTADY.—I refuse to be cajoled into sending you a portrait of Harold Lloyd from PHOTOPLAY's library. You are not at all tactful, to say the least. You should first have asked for my picture. Not that I would have sent you one; but I would have couched my refusal to send you Harold's in touching and contrite terms. You see what you have missed. Constance Talmadge is five feet six. Shirley Mason is six inches shorter than Connie; and Viola Dana one inch shorter than Shirley. Figure it out for yourself. I can be very distant when I want to be.

G. H., STAMFORD.—Annette Kellerman's chief appearances lately have been, I believe, in the bathing suit advertisements, as far as I am able to ascertain—and I am generally pretty good about ascertaining things like that. The day of the bathing beauty seems to be gone forever. Marie and Phyllis burned their swim suits. I am afraid nothing you nor I can do will bring them back. I weep on your shoulder, G. H., and you may weep on mine. Not that it will do us any good, you know. But it makes a charming picture.

PEGGY C., AURORA, ILL.—Well, I wouldn't trouble learning French if all you want to do is to be able to read French novels in the original. The translations are even more interesting, I understand. You are a frivolous creature; but why shouldn't you be? Twenty, and curly-haired, and called Peggy. Go right ahead; frivol all you care to. Helen Lynch is just five feet four inches tall in her, to put it politely, heel-less slippers. Alice Lake isn't married. She was born in 1897. She's two inches shorter than Helen.

EVELYN.—So you liked the cover of Valentino? Don't mention it, please. I am only too glad to do these little favors for my friends. As for sending you the original, I have already promised it to 465 young ladies, none of whom will receive it, as it belongs to the Editor. I'll promise it to you if you like. Rodolph's next will be "The Spanish Cavalier." Nita Naldi will again appear opposite him. She's the latest important discovery.

FRANCES K.—I went out to watch Will Rogers work in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Bill—I call him that because I don't know him well enough to call him Will—was occupying an impromptu dressing room in a stable on location. He went in to make up and came out leading a horse. "Say," he said, "who's the star of this pitcher—this horse or me?" Walter McGrail was the sculptor in "Her Mad Bargain."

COLE K. B., LAREDO, TEXAS.—One would deduce from your letter that you were mildly interested in Miss Swanson. I can inform you from personal observation that Gloria is just as good looking off as on the screen. In fact, I think she's prettier because she doesn't go in for freak coiffures in private life. She has been married twice—once to Wallace Beery and the second time to Herbert K. Somborn. She has a little daughter. I would be glad to get you an autographed picture of Gloria but I have never been able to get one for myself. You write to her, care Lasky studios.

ALINE LOIS, KAY SEE.—You say you remember when I was telling 'em that Bushman and Bayne are not married and that Mary Minter is only fifteen. Let's see—how many years ago was that? But perhaps it would be more polite not to ask that question. Vivian Martin is now touring the country in a stage comedy, "Just Married" Fannie Ward is living abroad, with her husband, Jack Dean—chiefly in Paris. Three of her old pictures, "The Cry of the Weak," "The Japanese Nightingale," and "Our Better Selves" are being re-issued by Pathe.

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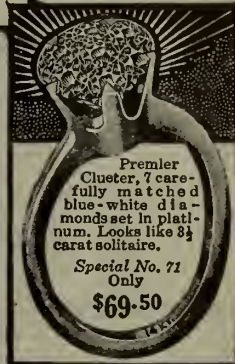
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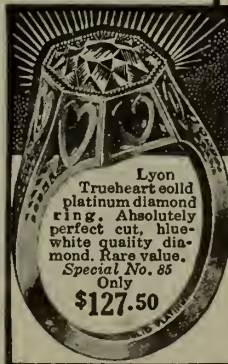
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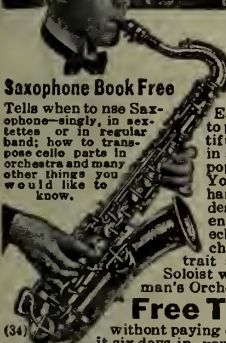
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MISS EILEEN.—Don't call me Old Fellow. I will wager I am younger than you are. Perhaps not by calendar,—I say this because I don't want to lose a customer—but certainly in spirit. No, no—Gloria Swanson isn't married to Wally. Mrs. Reid is Dorothy Davenport. Bebe Daniels is five feet five and weighs 120 pounds.

JERRY.—I am distressed that you do not admire my moustache, which was shown in my photograph. Would you feel better about it if I told you it was just one of my disguises? You are at liberty to believe this if you care to. I won't swear as to the truth of it; but it's a pretty story. Lila Lee is five feet three and tips the scales at 110. She is one of the featured members of the Lasky company.

SELMA K.—Yes, you can buy Russian roubles very cheap. But why not spend your money on something useful? There are a number of Russian film companies, I believe—or were. I have not heard lately about them. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. She is on the coast making a new picture for Selznick. Her husband, Charles Brabin, former Fox director, is to handle the megaphone. They have no children. Theda is thirty-two.

M. J., 'FRISCO.—Thanks for your nice letter. Glad you like us. I would gladly tell Mr. York what you said about him but he is in danger of becoming conceited now, so many bouquets have been thrown at him; so I will refrain. It is all for his own good. Mary Miles Minter has returned from location in Idaho for "The Cowboy and the Lady," in which Tom Moore is her leading man; and may be addressed at the Lasky studio. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine.

P. N.—If you subscribed chiefly because of my answers, I am flattered, but I suspect it was more for the photographs of Valentino. I harbor no delusions as the reasons for what little popularity I can boast. You esteem me because I have more information about your hero than you have. May McAvoy was mentioned for the role of the wife in "Blood and Sand," but Lila Lee was cast for it instead. Miss McAvoy is in William de Mille's "Clarence" with Wally Reid and Agnes Ayres.

SALLY BESS—Are the longer skirts coming into general favor again? Well, Sally Bess, it rather depends upon who's wearing them. Girls eligible for the Follies prefer to be old-fashioned and wear them short. But some ladies have hailed the Parisian decree with joyful relief. At any rate, the well-turned ankle will come into its own again. Alice Terry is Mrs. Rex Ingram. Address her care Metro. The Ingrams are now in the east making "The Passion Vine." They are a charming couple. Conway Tearle, United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood. Wanda Hawley in "Burning Sands" for Lasky.

AMELIA.—So you are going to graduate from high-school and take a few dancing lessons before going into pictures. Isn't it nice you have it all arranged so simply? And it's just sweet of you to offer to send me your first autographed picture. I shall reserve a place for it on my office wall right now. Meanwhile you seem to be occupying your time chiefly with writing to Tommy Meighan. He's still with Lasky and may send you his photograph if you write him an interesting letter.

ANDY.—How many censors are there? I would say too many if I were addicted to puns; but if there's anything I dislike it's puns. I will indeed be good enough to give you a short account of the career of Harold Lloyd. He was born in Nebraska in 1893, and educated in Denver and San Diego. His stage career began at the age of twelve; he went

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into film in 1912. He is not married to Mildred or Bebe. He is not married at all.

**CAROLYN, STOCKTON.**—Just as I get Rudie married off, you girls begin to worry about Harold. I just assured Andy he isn't engaged; but I am going to take it up with Mr. Lloyd and see if we can't have him led to the altar. It would save me a lot of time and trouble. I agree with you that "Grandma's Boy" was a corking picture. And I rarely agree with you, Carolyn.

**JANETTE.**—I expected you to inscribe your epistle on sweet pink. And I was not disappointed in the scent—lilies-of-the-valley, if my ancient proboscis does not tell me falsehoods. (Lit'ry reference.) You should have seen my stenographer bristle when I opened the envelope. She is so particular about perfumes. Here's the cast of "A Tale of Two Cities": Charles Darney, Sidney Carton—William Farnum; Lucie Manette—Jewel Carmen; Marquis St. Evremonde—Charles Clary; Jacques De Farge—Herschell Mayall; Madame De Farge—Rosita Marstini; Dr. Manette—Josef Swickard, Roger Cly—Ralph Lewis; Gabelle—William Clifford; Jarvis Lorry—Marc Robbins; Mr. Stryver—Willard Louis.

**ANGEL CHILD.**—Love is not only blind. Sometimes I think it is also deaf, dumb, and mentally incompetent. I am sorry you are tired of hearing about Valentino in these columns; but I can't help answering questions, can I? Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring, not Frances Starr. Miss Starr is an actress appearing at present in New York in "Shore-Leave," a Belasco play. Miss Ring has retired from the stage.

**CURIOUS.**—I am sorry if I seem bored. I knew I felt bored but I didn't know it photographed. Barbara Castleton was Norma Huntley in "The Child Thou Gavest Me." Wallace Reid is thirty-one. He drives a Stutz car. He didn't participate in the races at Indianapolis after all. His film contract didn't permit it. Right now he's interested in radio.

**M. M., LAKE CHARLES, LA.**—My stenographer is quite well, and appreciates greatly your solicitude. I have wondered why you enquire so solicitously as to her welfare. She never takes dictation, works from eleven until three thirty, with two hours for lunch, gets passes to all the pictures, and has a larger collection of autographed photographs than I have. Why shouldn't she feel fine? Just between ourselves, I have been very much put out about her of late and if I dared I would dismiss her. But the least little thing upsets her and she is so tender-hearted I am afraid she might cry. And if there's one thing I can't stand it's to see a woman cry. They look so unattractive. Ruth Roland has auburn hair and dark blue eyes, is just five feet six inches tall and weighs 120. She is twenty nine years old, and for the past three years has been appearing in Pathé serials.

**FRANCES, BOGOTA, N. J.**—So a millionaire is wanted for producing your friend's opera. Hard on the millionaire; but he should be warned against this sort of thing. Elsie Ferguson's future film vehicles will be better, I believe. She is to make "Outcast," her stage success, into a photoplay soon. Miss Ferguson is the wife of Thomas Clarke, vice-president of the Harriman National Bank of New York City. The Clarks live on Park Avenue. So does Lillian Gish. Claire Adams was born in Winnipeg, Canada, September 24, 1898. She is five feet five, weighs 105, has brown eyes and chestnut hair. She is the heroine of the Benjamin B. Hampton westerns; but was loaned to Tom Mix for "Just Tony." Somebody said of this picture that it was acted by a horse but unfortunately not written by one.

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**VALERA CARMEN.**—I have not heard that Valentino's next picture is to be made in Europe. The European thing is passé now; it isn't being done any more. Time was when every cinema star who was a star went abroad to obtain atmosphere; but that time is past. The Talmadges have announced their imminent departure for the Orient; but they are going on a vacation. Geraldine Farrar is singing in concert now. Her Manhattan home is at 20 West 74th Street. She is separated from Lou Tellegen.

**FOURTEEN, PHILADELPHIA.**—It's awfully nice of you to admit I have literary possibilities, and I appreciate it. What do you think is the best way for me to develop myself into another Ring Lardner? I hope you are serious and are not trifling with me because I have literary ambitions and would like to get along. My photograph appeared with the other members of this Magazine's staff in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY.

**FERN, PENSACOLA.**—You are convinced that either I or my secretary is a woman. You are right, Fern. No argument there at all, is there? And you dispute the statement that women are divided into two classes: those who write to Valentino and those who can't write. You say you don't write to him because you are averse to throwing away several sheets of your note-paper. They tell me he answers his letters—or employs a secretary to do so. His real name is Guglielmi, and he was really born in Italy.

**GENEVIEVE AND MARIE.**—You're nice sensible children—and I intend to be complimentary. But I suppose you will resent the phrase, preferring "mysterious worldly women with slant-eyes and white, white skin" or something like that. Milton Sills is with Lasky. He is married. Sills was formerly a college professor. In the movies he has played just about every rôle except a college professor.

**GLADYS.**—You like the way I crack jokes, do you? It is unconscious on my part. Jokes mean, to me, those things about prohibition and mothers-in-law and toupées and marriage. I never, never make jokes. Here is the cast of "Fascination": *Dolores de Lisa*—Mae Murray; *Carlos de Lisa, her brother*—Creighton Hale; *Eduardo de Lisa, her father*—Charles Lane; *The Marquesa de Lisa, her aunt*—Emily Fitzroy; *Carrù, a torcedor*—Robert W. Frazer; *Ralph Kellogg*—Vincent Coleman; *Count de Morera*—Courtenay Foote; *Parola*—Helen Ware. There's a cast that is a cast!

**BETTY HAMILTON, OHIO.**—Lady Hamilton was an English beauty who was a favorite subject for artists because of her delicate charm. H. B. Warner is married to Rita Stanwood. They have two children, a girl, aged four; and a boy of one year.

**M. M. G., PLAINFIELD.**—You say you have been so touched by reports of my poverty-stricken condition that you would like to make a suggestion. PHOTOPLAY should have a contest, offering a prize for the one who does the most for the Magazine. I suppose you would suggest that I resign. You're downright unkind. Norman Kerry as *Antonio Tumullo* with Alice Brady in "Little Italy." Miss Brady is making "Anna Ascends" at the Paramount studio in Long Island City now. Elsie Ferguson is also working there. Daniels is Bebe's real name. She was born in Dallas, Texas, January 14, 1901.

**BETTY, DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.**—Mary Pickford's eyes are hazel. She is making "Tess of the Storm Country" a second time. Personally I believe Miss Pickford will always play children on the screen. The public knows and loves her as a child; why should she ever grow up? Agnes Ayres is twenty-four; Elsie Ferguson thirty-nine.



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What Silvertown is to tires, Silvertown is to tubes, for all that Silvertown means in a cord tire, Silvertown means in this new and unusual red tube.

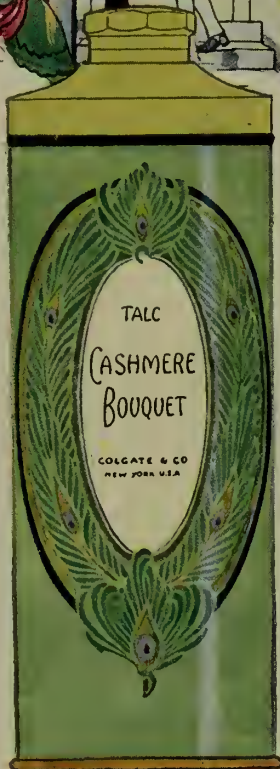
It is the de luxe tube for *any* tire, made for those motorists who are willing to pay a little more for a tube that is extra fine.

The Silvertown is an unusually thick, heavy duty tube. The very feel and stretch of its velvety red rubber gives you confidence in it.

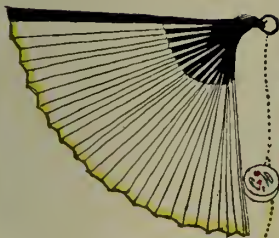
Goodrich Dealers have the new Silvertown Tube in all sizes.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY  
*Akron, Ohio*

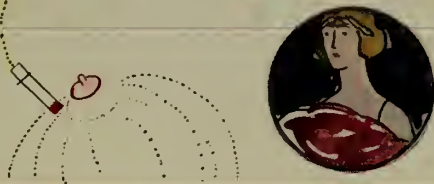




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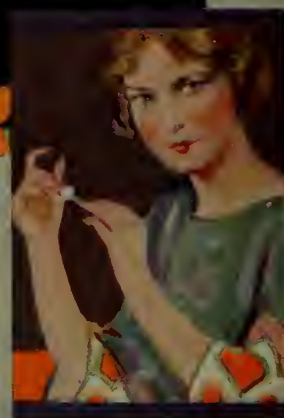
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# CUTEX



The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

N. S. E.

# PHOTOPLAY

November 25c  
1922



ANNOUNCES HERE

COLLEEN MOORE

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO PICTURES





# Holeproof Hosiery

## And Now It Surpasses in Style

**H**OLEPROOF has long been famous as the most durable hosiery. Today, it is fast becoming known as America's smartest hosiery, as well.

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**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY**

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Posed by Constance Talmadge, attractive star of the Constance Talmadge Film Company, producing *First National* motion pictures. Miss Talmadge is one of many charming women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

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Ingram's Rouge is a safe, trustworthy preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color—the coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. It is prepared in a solid cake, alluringly perfumed. Now supplied in a thin, handsome, purse-size metal vanity-box, with mirror and eider-down pad. Furnished in four perfect shades—Light, Medium Rose, Medium Natural and Dark—to sell at 50c.

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

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

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream!

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ARE you really confident that your complexion is all that you would like to have it? Are you entirely satisfied that your skin is as clear and as radiant as it should be—that it bears no trace of sallowness, no hint of coarseness?

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For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream, read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

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New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghuznee Street, Wellington.  
Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zulueta 36 1/2, Havana.



# Paramount Pictures released in NOVEMBER



## Rodolph Valentino IN "The Young Rajah"

Valentino as a gorgeous Prince of ancient India—that's his latest role—greater than "Blood and Sand." The pomp of Eastern palaces—the flash of scimitars—the throbbing note of Valentino's love for a beautiful American girl—these are the merest hints of a wonderful evening's entertainment.

From the play by *Aletheo Luce*, and the novel "Amos Judd" by *John Ames Mitchell*. Directed by *Philip Rosen*. Adaptation by *JUNE MATHIS*



The Most Reliable Guide to Good Motion Pictures is the Current Month's List of Paramount Pictures

On this page are brief descriptions of the Paramount Pictures released in November.

See them for yourself. No one else can tell you what you will like or dislike. But with these Paramount Pictures there's not one chance in a thousand of your failing to thrill to high voltage entertainment.

Phone your favorite theatre and find out when they are coming—

and discover once more that for dependable entertainment Paramount Pictures furnish you your only permanent guarantee against loss of time or money.

## Gloria Swanson IN A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"

Miss Swanson went to Paris for gowns and bathing suits for this production depicting life at Monte Carlo and points adjacent.

From the novel by *David Lisle*. Adapted by *Percy Heath*.



## "On the High Seas" with Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt

Supported by *Mitchell Lewis*  
**IRVIN WILLIAT PRODUCTION**

When a ship goes down and men and women are floating on wreckage the human soul is seen at its worst—and best. Don't miss this one.

Edward Sheldon's first original photoplay Scenario by *E. Magnus Ingleton*



A WILLIAM DE MILLE PRODUCTION

## "Clarence" with Wallace Reid Agnes Ayres & May McAvoy

Booth Tarkington's greatest comedy! William de Mille's finest production! Three stars! And millions of fans know they have a date. Here is an absolutely perfect example of the new type of picture.

Screen play by **CLARA BERANGER**

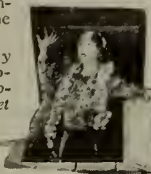


## Alice Brady IN "Anna Ascends"

Directed by *Victor Fleming*

It is only natural that the play in which Alice Brady scored her greatest success on the speaking stage, should assume success of an even more striking quality in the larger emotional dimensions of the screen.

From the play by *Harry Chopman Ford*. Scenario by *Margaret Turnbull*.



## "The Pride of Palomar"

A COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION

*Peter B. Kyne's Great Story*  
Directed by *Frank Borzage*

The story millions have wanted to see in motion pictures. Made by the man who made Humoresque.

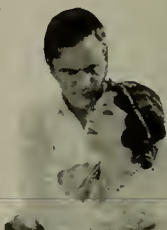
The cast includes *Morjorie Daw, Forrest Stanley, Joseph Dowling, Warner Oland, Wilfred Lucas, George Nichols, Edward Brady, Adele Forington*.

## Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"

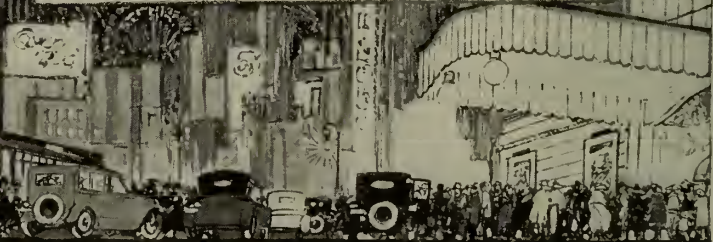
Directed by *Alfred Green*

If only you could see in advance—just once—which road to take to lead to real happiness—would you look? The Man Who Saw Tomorrow did, and chose between the society heiress and the wild daughter of a South Sea pirate. Which?

Authors, *Perley Poore Sheehan & Frank Condon*



PARAMOUNT



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





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXII

No. 6

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the criticisms before you pick out  
your evening's entertainment.  
Make this your reference list.

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*Addresses of the leading motion picture studios  
will be found on page 16*

# Through European Studios for Photoplay Herbert Howe

*one of the  
best writers on  
film subjects  
was sent to  
Europe  
to find out  
who's who and  
what's what.  
His story on*

## Pola Negri

*in this issue  
gives you an  
idea of his  
unique style.  
Don't fail  
to read it.  
Next month—  
the story of*

## Lubitsch

*the most  
famous  
director of  
Europe—  
the man who  
produced  
"Passion" and  
"Deception."*



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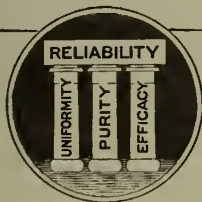
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# Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's name and address.

## From a Producer

Los Angeles, Cal.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Reading with interest your editorial "Mr. Producer, It's Up to You," in the PHOTOPLAY for August, I cannot let it go without comment.

You have hit the nail squarely on the head. Your page is solid fact. You are very easy on some producers.

I believe that if producers would get in closer touch with the sales of the distributor, they would learn a good deal. These salesmen are in touch with the exhibitor, the exhibitor is in touch with the public and knows what the public want. The exhibitor bears the brunt of the complaints of the public. He knows what they want only too well, and in many instances sees ruin staring him in the face because he cannot get the pictures they want. Occasionally, yes, and usually at a higher rate, or in many instances, is compelled to take a number of mediocre productions in order to get the one good picture. His complaint and kick is given to an experienced film salesman, and seldom gets as far as the distributor, let alone the producer. A good salesman sells what he has on hand, and particularly when he realizes he cannot get anything better. His branch office many times writes to the main distributing office, requesting them to get more good pictures. However, the kick of the exhibitor seldom gets as far as the distributor and perhaps never to the producer.

The writer has made an investigation of the exhibitors, sales and the distributing methods in motion pictures, and has had the good fortune to become acquainted with some of the foremost exhibitors and to learn of the conditions you speak of in your editorial. I repeat again, you have let the producer down easy. On my investigation of the sales, I find that film salesmen are ready to tell their troubles when they find someone to listen to who may possibly improve conditions and enable them to better please their customers, the exhibitors.

There are meetings and conventions of various factions of this big industry, but what we need is meetings and conventions wherein all branches could get together and talk over their troubles.

The producer located at his

studio cannot hear the complaints of the public and the exhibitor, except occasionally through the magazines or the press.

Yours very sincerely,

J. E. BOWEN.

President Federal Photoplays Inc.

## Silent Drama Boon to Deaf

Tarrytown, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I wonder if you have ever considered the joy of the silent drama to the deaf? Or if you have reckoned the number of deaf people in the United States? Authorities estimate that twenty per cent of the population has defective hearing in one or both ears. Among my own circle of acquaintances I find the percentage one in ten. Not so deaf that they cannot carry on a conversation with some degree of intelligence, but too deaf to enjoy going to the theater. The picture houses, therefore, have

been a constant source of entertainment, but if the new little selenium cell is to provide voice for the motion pictures what are the deaf, and partially deaf, going to do?

M. L. WALTON.

## A Plea for Privacy

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Some people seem to have made it their business to inquire into the private lives of picture players. Why can't they let them alone? Surely film folk work hard enough to be entitled to a little privacy. They are watched all the time. Everything they do is magnified. How would we feel if we were continually being spied upon and gossiped about? I, for one, would resent it; and I should think the stars would feel the same way.

These same prying people are inclined to the belief that motion picture actors are not respectable. This is not true. I know a great many of them personally and I have found them, with a few exceptions, well-meaning, clean-living, and—always—hard-working. The good they do outweighs the bad. I pity Mr. Valentino heartily for the brickbats which are being thrown at him; on the other hand I think the bouquets have been too plentiful and effusive. For myself I prefer Conrad Nagel, Elliott Dexter, Thomas Meighan, Wally Reid, Harrison Ford, and House Peters. Mrs. N. D.

## Why Make Comparisons?

DeKalb, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the September issue of your estimable Magazine and feel that I must uncork the vials of wrath.

In an earlier issue was a paragraph to the effect that all women who can write, write to Rodolph Valentino. Well, I for one have never felt the urge, although I can write in English, French, or his native Italian. What caused most of my righteous indignation, however, was a paragraph concerning the slump in his correspondence since his trial for bigamy. For I would write to him tomorrow if I thought that he would appreciate the sympathy and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

## How to Use the Reviews

Berkeley, California, Aug. 26, 1922.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY:

Dear Sir: On the page of contents of your September issue you have a column which, to me, is the best thing yet introduced into your magazine—after the critic's department.

For several years I have used PHOTOPLAY as a guide in the choice of plays. Having children to advise, I have been serious enough to keep a note book of comment founded on your reviews. I note the name of the month's plays and opposite, write a "yes" or "no" or "perhaps" according to our tastes and needs. Especially is this valuable when the critic advises for or against the kiddies attending.

This has saved us many a dollar to say nothing of our intellects and morals. I have advised it to individuals and clubs as a means of personal censorship. It would do much toward making a demand for better pictures, for, as you have said, the almighty dollar talks to the producer as to any other business man.

Now you have simplified my rather childish system and I would advise everyone's trying your reference list. Could I suggest, however, that keeping the magazine for reference is almost impossible, as it is always "loaned out"? Couldn't we have just an inch more space for making a comment and then keep the list? This especially for those who, like myself, see the pictures months after the criticisms appear.

Your magazine is improving its standard and its matter every issue, and if your strong, sane editorials were heeded we'd have far less of the "movie" problem.

MRS. M. E. GRANT.



# How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half-hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear over night—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging and I was tempted more than once to give it up.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and being a woman, I promptly changed my mind.

## Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when dead skin and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Domino Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

## My Extraordinary Experience

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Domino Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled my-



self comfortably for a half hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface.

At nine-thirty I removed the Domino Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Domino Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half hour

what other preparations had not accomplished in years. It is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

## Domino House Made This Offer to Me

The formula from which the amazing Domino Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay to any one who reads my story. If I would write my experience with the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only \$1.95 for a \$3.50 jar from my readers. You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Domino Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It has been guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of \$10,000 in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. I want you to know that your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Domino Complexion Clay within 10 days.

## Send No Money

It is not necessary to send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Domino Complexion Clay is in your hands. You will have the same extraordinary experience that I had—and you will be grateful to me for agreeing to write this story. But I advise you to act at once before the special offer is withdrawn and Domino Complexion Clay is once more placed at its regular price.

By taking advantage of this special low-price offer, and sending direct to the manufacturers, you get Domino Complexion Clay freshly compounded, the very day your order arrives. And you pay only \$1.95, plus few cents postage, although products of a similar nature, and without many of the advantages of Domino Complexion Clay, are sold regularly from \$2.50 to \$3.50.

# ONLY \$1.95

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon today. Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you in plain sealed package—no markings to indicate contents. Domino House, Dept. 2611, 269 South 9th St., Phila., Pa.

SEND NO MONEY

## SEND NO MONEY

Domino House, Dept. 2611, 269 South 9th St., Phila., Pa.

You may send me a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay, sufficient for 2 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only \$1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon and save postage.

Price outside U. S., \$2.10 cash with order.



# Will Your Conscience Let YOU Marry?



Regrets will haunt you all your life, if you marry before you are physically fit. You know that excesses have sapped your vitality—you are not the ideal man that some innocent girl believes you to be. It is a crime to deceive her and wreck her happiness. It is doubly a crime to bring weak, sickly children into the world—a burden and reproach as long as you live. It looks hopeless to you—but cheer up—I can help you.

**STRONGFORTISM**—The Modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in restoring your Flagging Powers and Manhood and Fit you for Marriage and Parenthood. I guarantee it.

Mark the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want special confidential information and send with 10c for postage, etc., on my free book "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It's a man-builder and a life-saver. Send for it Right Now.

**LIONEL STRONGFORT**  
Physical and Health Specialist  
Dept. 1013 Newark, N. J.  
—CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON—  
**FREE CONSULTATION COUPON**

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 1013, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," for postage on which I enclose a 10-cent piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

- |                 |                         |                         |
|-----------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| .. Colds        | .. Torpid Liver         | .. Youthful Errors      |
| .. Catarrh      | .. Indigestion          | .. Prostate Troubles    |
| .. Asthma       | .. Nervousness          | .. Impotency            |
| .. Hay Fever    | .. Poor Memory          | .. Vital Losses         |
| .. Obesity      | .. Rheumatism           | .. Heart Weakness       |
| .. Headache     | .. Falling Hair         | .. Round Shoulders      |
| .. Thinness     | .. Weak Eyes            | .. Poor Circulation     |
| .. Rupture      | .. Gastritis            | .. Stoop Shoulders      |
| .. Lumbago      | .. Skin Disorders       | .. Despondency          |
| .. Neuritis     | .. Deformity (Describe) | .. Lung Troubles        |
| .. Neuralgia    | .. Successful Marriage  | .. Muscular Development |
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| .. Pimples      | .. Manhood Restored     |                         |
| .. Blackheads   |                         |                         |
| .. Short Wind   |                         |                         |
| .. Flat Feet    |                         |                         |
| .. Constipation |                         |                         |
| .. Biliousness  |                         |                         |

Name .....  
Age ..... Occupation .....  
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City ..... State .....

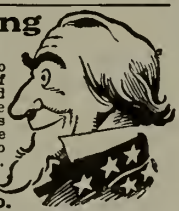
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If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 3222 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

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# Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

admiration of one who wishes him only happiness and success in the future. But what good would that do? I am but one of many thousands who look on from the sidelines.

Then—why, oh why, will people persist in comparing him with Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, et al. He is a distinctly different type from these very American men. Why, then, make comparisons to his or their disadvantage? To me he is perfection of his type, but that does not stop me from sincerely admiring other stars, especially the likable Tom Meighan.

My plea is that all be appreciated for their talents and none be disparaged because of their deviation from types long familiar and better understood.

VERNETTE AKELEY.

## She's Satisfied!

Asheville, N. C.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

My opinion of pictures and players generally may be expressed in one phrase—all right! I like the films and I like the folks who make them.

So many seem to think that a star's private life belongs not to the star but to the public. I don't care what the star does out of pictures. That's not my business. I love to think of them as they are in their photoplays. When I think of Douglas Fairbanks it is not what he does in private life but on the screen that excites my admiration. Doug is one of my favorites. I think of him as Zorro or D'Artagnan and am looking forward to "Robin Hood."

ANNE LATROBE NEW.

## Separate Theaters for Children?

St. Paul, Minn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Why cannot people enjoy two kinds of pictures? Pictures such as "The Old Nest," "Over the Hill," etc., as well as "The Sheik," "Camille" and "The Affairs of Anatol"?

To my mind it is ridiculous to criticize the latter kind of photoplay. There is a place for them as well as for the so-called clean, wholesome films.

I firmly agree with Elinor Glyn that there should be separate theaters for children, so that adults would not have to see baby-stuff; and adolescents and children would not have to see the sophisticated dramas.

ALEXANDER ARNOLD.

## Somebody's Tribute

Lincoln, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

We were amused, and thought perhaps you might be, too, at the hidden treasure which we discovered. I am employed in a store and several weeks ago a customer left a handkerchief with something tied in the corner of it. We did not know whose it was but judging from the handkerchief it belonged to a member of the fair sex. Of course, it is very common for people to tie money in their handkerchiefs and from the way this looked we thought it must be some bills. So we put the handkerchief with its treasure in safekeeping thinking the owner would call for it. Two weeks elapsed and no one called. Our curiosity was aroused by this time, so we untied the little corner and lo and behold, a newspaper clipping, faded and worn, was disclosed. It was a picture of Rodolph Valentino!

W. E.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]



## Dr. Lawton's Guaranteed FAT REDUCER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Will show reduction taking place in 11 days, or money refunded. Results come usually in three or four days, but if you do not see positive reduction taking place in 11 days (the full trial period), return the Reducer at once, together with the instruction book that accompanied it, and your \$5 will be refunded.

Dr. Lawton, shown in picture, reduced from 211 to 152 pounds in a very short time. The Reducer is not electrical; made of soft rubber, and weighs but a few ounces. Whether you are 10 or 100 pounds overweight, you can reduce any part you wish, quickly, safely and permanently, by using Reducer a few minutes, night and morning. By a gentle manipulation, the Reducer breaks down and disintegrates fatty tissue which becomes waste matter and is carried out of the system through the organs of elimination; thereby the blood circulation is improved. For years, Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer has been successfully sold and is used by thousands. It is ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, and its use requires no dieting, starving, medicines or exercise. Sold generally by druggists everywhere, or will be sent direct to your home, in plain wrapper, upon receipt of \$5 plus 20c to cover cost of Parcel Post and Insurance (\$5.20 in all). Send for your Fat Reducer today. Remember, it is guaranteed. Or if you prefer, send for free booklet.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON

120 W. 70th St. Dept. 78 New York

**Clear-Tone FOR PIMPLES**  
Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body—Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. CLEAR-TONE has been Tried, Tested and Proven its merits in over 100,000 test cases.  
**FREE** WRITE TODAY for my Free Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted fifteen years.  
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Send for Booklet showing photos of men with and without the PERFECT LEG FORMS.  
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The epic of the pictures.  
—CHARLES CHAPLIN.



"A Girl of the Films" is excellent—  
real and alive.  
—KATHERINE MACDONALD.



It has a greater significance than  
mere entertainment.  
—NORMA TALMADGE.



Rob Wagner in "A Girl of the Films"  
is not blind to the cinema's faults.  
He might even spank it for its wel-  
fare.  
—THOMAS MEIGHAN.



At last a real novel about the films.  
—AGNES AYRES.

All the  
Leading Stars  
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"A Girl of  
the Films"

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THE GREATEST NOVEL OF  
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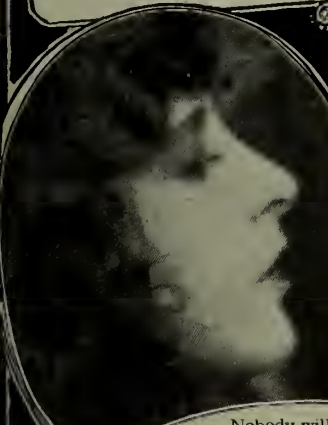
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AT ALL NEWS STANDS



"A Girl of the Films" is not only  
very interesting, but very fair.  
—GLORIA SWANSON.



Nobody will  
enjoy "A Girl of the  
Films" more than the  
picture people them-  
selves.—MAY  
McAVOY.



"A Girl of the Films"  
was written by one who  
knows and loves his  
subject.—BERT  
LYTELL.



"A Girl of the Films" is by far the  
truest story yet written about pic-  
ture people.  
—HAROLD LLOYD.



I am reading "A Girl of the Films"  
with great interest. It is charming.  
—BEBE DANIELS.



I have begun to bet on the identity  
of the characters.—BETTY COMPSON.



"A Girl of the Films" intrigued my  
interest from the start.  
—RODOLPH VALENTINO.



# What Would You Give to Become a Really Good Dancer?



How much would it be worth to you to make yourself so popular through your ability to dance all of the latest steps, that everyone would be anxious to have you attend their social affairs?

Good dancers always have the best time. The best dancers and the prettiest girls always want a good partner. From the business as well as the social standpoint, it is really time and money profitably spent to add dancing to your other accomplishments. Especially so, since it now costs so little to learn—and a fine dancing ability can be mastered in only a few hours through

Arthur Murray's new method.



**ARTHUR MURRAY**  
Dancing Instructor  
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Arthur Murray's remarkable method is so clearly explained and so lucidly written that you don't need anyone to explain the instructions. Diagrams show every movement—just how to make each step of every dance, and the written instructions are concise and easily remembered. In fact they are so simple that even a child can master the steps of any single dance in one evening. Partner

or music are not necessary. After you have quickly learned the steps by yourself in your own room, you can dance perfectly with anyone. It will also be quite easy for you to dance in correct time on any floor to any orchestra or phonograph music.

## Send No Money—Not One Cent

In order to convince you that Arthur Murray can quickly teach you all of the newest dances and latest steps, he has consented—for a limited time only—to send a full sixteen-lesson course for five days' free trial. Through these sixteen lessons you will learn, The Correct Dancing Position—How to Gain Confidence—How to Follow Successfully—The Art of Making Your Feet Look Attractive—The Correct Walk in the Fox Trot—The Basic Principles in Waltzing—How to Waltz Backward—The Secret of Leading—The Chase in the Fox Trot—The Forward Waltz Step—How to Leave One Partner to Waltz with Another—How to Learn and Also Teach Your Child to Dance—What the Advanced Dancer Should Know—How to Develop Your Sense of Rhythm—Etiquette of the Ballroom.

Send no money. Just mail the coupon and this remarkably easy, certain sixteen-lesson course will be sent to you at once. When the postman hands it to you simply deposit with him only \$1.00 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. Keep the system for five days, follow the easy instructions and prove for yourself that this is the quickest, easiest, most delightful way in the world to learn to dance. Then, within 5 days, if you are not satisfied, you may return the course, and your deposit will be promptly returned. But if you decide to keep the course—as you surely will—it becomes your property without any further payments.

Arthur Murray, Studio 455, 100 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.  
**16-LESSON COURSE ONLY \$1.00**

Arthur Murray, Studio 455  
100 Fifth Avenue, New York

To prove that you can teach me to dance in one evening at home, you may send the sixteen-lesson course in plain cover and when the postman hands it to me, I will deposit with him \$1.00 plus a few cents postage in full payment. If within five days I decide to return the course I may do so and you will refund my money promptly and without question.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

If you wish you may send money with coupon and save postage. (Price outside U. S. \$1.10 cash with order.)



# FRIENDLY ADVICE

From  
*Carolyn Van Wyck*

R. G. M., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

If your fiance does not object I can see no reason why you should not go to parties and dances with other men. But, if you feel that you cannot give him the same liberty, I cannot help saying that I think it would be fairer for you to decline all outside invitations. Do not make yourself miserable because the man you love has admitted that he likes to look at a pretty girl. All normal men do! It is quite possible to love one woman devotedly and still find pleasure in the contemplation of a lovely face.

M. E. L., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

If you love the boy as much as any woman should love the man she intends to marry, a difference of three years on the wrong side of the ledger will cause you no anxiety. If you have love enough nothing will make any difference—you will be able to pass by criticism and embarrassment with your head in the air and a song in your heart. Only—after one unfortunate matrimonial experience—do not allow yourself to marry unless you are so sure that you will not think it necessary to write to a third person for advice!

GINGER, NEW JERSEY.

A girl with bright blue eyes, chestnut hair and a slightly olive complexion should wear the following colors—if she wishes to look her very best. For street: Navy blue, pearl grey, greenish heather mixtures and a deep, rich brown. For afternoon and evening wear: White, periwinkle, jade, bronze, orchid, silver, and—if she is very careful in her selection of shades—a soft, greyish rose.

JANICE J., NEWARK, N. J.

If your eyes are often swollen and dull I should advise that you consult an oculist. Glasses are a great nuisance, but eye troubles should not be trifled with. Bathing the eyes, twice a day, with boracic acid (the same as boric acid) will help, too, I think.

As to your complexion: This simple method should bring a natural color to your cheeks, if you will follow it every evening before retiring. Wash the face with a good skin soap and lukewarm water. Work the lather well into the skin. Then rinse the soap off with slightly warm water and apply very warm

water—in this manner steaming the skin. After several applications rinse the face again with very cold water and, if convenient, rub it with ice. If this is done regularly you will notice a gradual increase of natural color.

Stillman's Freckle Cream may help to remove the blemishes from your skin. And—if I were you—I would not put up my hair until I had reached the age of seventeen. Once done up, lady fashion, it has to stay up for a long time!

EVELYN S., WEST VA.

Although bobbed hair is likely to become a fixed fashion for certain types, it is fast losing its great popularity. Long skirts will bring back the vogue for long hair—*have* brought it back, in fact. If you want to put on weight I think that you will find some valuable hints on the subject in a book called "The Key to the Calories." You can probably purchase it at your local book shop.

It never pays to be "fast" even though it does seem to attract a certain type of men. The finest men fall in love with, and marry, girls who are sweet and lovable and wholesome. Your mother, if she were alive, would say the same thing.

I. M. B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A turpentine bath will probably take the varnish stain out of your linen scarf. Or—if you do not want to trust yourself to the task—any reliable French cleaner should be able to do the work properly.

BETTY B., CHICAGO, ILL.

You have the most fortunate coloring of all. Skin fair, blue eyes, and hair with a slightly ruddy tinge. You can wear nearly every shade—although I should suggest that you avoid hard hues such as emerald green or royal blue. And such "off" shades as olive green or sulphur yellow. You will look your best in French blue, periwinkle, orchid, Nile green and navy.

The form of writing a letter varies—there is no set style. Write on the first page and then the third—if the letter is short. If it is long it is a good plan to go to the fourth—or back—page after the first. And then to cover the two inside pages.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante  
She will also be your friend

*C*AROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor



# Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and

ill at ease in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know *how to behave*.

At the dance, at the theatre, as a guest or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display—no more.



Do you know the correct and cultured way to make introductions?

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct, people commit impulsive blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of *etiquette*.

Etiquette means correct behavior. It means knowing just what to do at the right time, just what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and that serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

## What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, etiquette gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, etiquette gives a well-poised charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, etiquette gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.

Through generations of observation in the best circles of Europe and America, these rules of etiquette have come down to us—and today those that have stood the test of time must be observed by those who wish to be well-bred, who wish to avoid embarrassment and humiliation when they come into contact with cultured people. The lady should know how to create conversation, how to conduct her-



What would you do or say in this embarrassing situation?

**Do You Know —**

- How a widow should sign her name?*
- How to acknowledge an invitation?*
- How to address a titled person?*
- How to dress for a formal dinner?*
- How to avoid embarrassment at all times, in all places?*

self with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

## What It Will Do for You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. Etiquette will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, without a particle of a doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.

Do you know the correct etiquette of weddings, funerals, entertainments? Do you know the correct manner of making introductions? Do you know the correct table etiquette? Do you know how to plan engagement and wedding receptions and parties; how to word cards, invitations and correspondence?



What should the gentleman say when the music ceases and he must leave one partner to seek another?

The existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. Etiquette tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you what clothes to take on a week-end party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people with whom you come in contact.

## The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges.

To have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing blunders, to know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.



Do you know the correct behavior at public places?

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on correct dance etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of calls and correspondence. There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual everyday courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain puzzling circumstances. The Book of Etiquette solves all problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob, to the correct amount to tip the porter in a hotel.

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**MEN'S SHIRTS, EASY TO SELL, BIG DEMAND** everywhere. Make \$15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free Samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 249, Chicago.

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**LADIES—\$10 TO \$50 WEEKLY SELLING SANI-**tary specially used by women; whole or part time; dignified work; no experience; free particulars. American Rubber Products Co., M-608 5th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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## POEMS—VERSES

**\$500.00 PRIZE CONTEST. IF YOU WRITE THE** best third verse for our song "Empty Arms" you will receive \$500.00. Send your name and we shall send you free the contest rules and words of this song. World Corporation, 245 West 47th St., Dept. 669-C, New York.

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## Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

"LONESOME," LATE OF PORTLAND, ORE.

One of the best ways in which to meet the right sort of young people is to attend a church regularly. There are many societies connected with every real church—societies that make it possible for the boys and girls of the congregation to get acquainted.

You can reduce your hips and waist by doing this simple exercise: Stand erect with your hands upon your hips, and your heels together. Turn first to the right and then to the left—as far as it is possible to turn. Do this twenty-four times, and at least twice a day. A rubber reducing garment, built after the fashion of a girle corset, would also help you greatly, and would not be very expensive.

M. Y., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

No, you are not too heavy. One hundred and twenty-nine pounds is a very good weight for a girl of five feet six inches. Not too light, and not too large. With golden brown hair, green eyes and an olive complexion, you should use face powder in the rachel shade, a dark lip stick, and rouge brunette (unless you can find some in the color called "ashes of rose"). You will be especially charming in Nile green, bronze, periwinkle, silver grey, and mauve.

"WAITING PATIENTLY," BALTIMORE, MD.

Do not take any chances by experimenting with a feature as important as the nose. If you want the shape of it altered I should advise that you go to the best plastic surgeon in your city and ask his advice. Creams and massage will not help to reduce the size of it.

L. K., ORLANDO, FLA.

No, if you shampoo it carefully, once a week is not too often to wash your hair. Bobbed hair is very unattractive when it is not fluffy and free of oil. To do away with the greasy and unmanageable condition of it you should use the best tonic for oily hair that you can obtain. If you will send me a stamped envelope I will be glad to give you the names of a few reliable brands of tonic. Do not rub vaseline into your hair—it will only aggravate the condition that so troubles you.

L. K., MICHIGAN.

I am sorry. It is indeed hard to be a nice girl and a pretty girl—and yet to be a lonely girl. I realize that some folk possess a power of attraction that seems to have been denied many others—charm is a gift of the gods, indeed! If you are ill at ease when with boys your own age I can only suggest that you try to develop into a good listener rather than a good conversationalist. Make the boys do the talking. Lead the way to subjects that you know they care about. Men appreciate women who can listen well. It is a real art.

CRICKET, WASHINGTON, PA.

No, indeed, if you are only seventeen do not begin to think in terms of marriage. You are too young to know the way of your heart. Some girls of seventeen, of course, are more mature than others. But your letter has a certain childish ring to it.

Be good friends with boys your own age. Have nice times, go to parties with them—if your mother approves. But don't get too serious, just for the sake of having a "steady beau." There's plenty of time.

"YOUTH," MONTREAL, CANADA.

Indeed, you are over weight! You should reduce at least twenty-five pounds. And the best way to do it is to diet. If you will eliminate all starches, sugars and fats from your daily menu you will lose weight steadily.

With black hair, hazel eyes and a good complexion you can wear nearly all colors. But I should advise that you wear the darker shades as they will make you seem more slim.



# New Way to Reduce a Pound a Day

## Now Yours for Only \$1.97

The easiest, quickest and most healthful way to obtain a normal, youthful figure. No painful self-denials, drugs, exercises, massage or other discomforts. Sent on TEN DAYS' TRIAL to PROVE how easy it is to lose a pound a day.

"IN just three weeks I lost 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your new way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly remarkable.

Thus writes Miss Kathleen Mullane, the famous stage beauty and artist's model, whom a well-known artist called "a most perfect example of American womanhood."

"Thousands of dollars would not represent the value of the knowledge I have gained as to this healthful, pleasant way of reducing weight," writes Mr. Clyde Tapp of Poole, Ky., who quickly reduced 60 pounds by this method. "A wonderful thing is, there are no drugs, baths or exercises to take, and you do not have to starve yourself, but can eat plenty. Life is so different, now. I am more agile and active, and I can wear stylish clothes now, whereas fat people never look good no matter how well dressed."

### Loses 22 Pounds in 14 Days

Whether you are much overweight or just a few pounds too heavy, this new method is equally beneficial. You reduce as rapidly or as slowly as you please. When your normal, ideal weight is reached, it can be maintained without gaining or losing any more. Mr. Ben Naddle, a New York business man, was just 22 pounds overweight, and he decided to rid himself of this excess in the shortest possible time. His letter to us follows:

"I reduced from 175 to 153 pounds in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby and sick. Had stomach trouble all the time. I feel wonderful now!"  
(Signed) BEN NADDLE,  
102 Fulton St., New York City.

### Look Years Younger When Fat Departs

Stout people usually look much older than they really are. This is not only on account of their form, but also because the fat, pressing upon and interfering with the action of the heart, lungs, and kidneys, brings a premature aging which is reflected in their faces. But when this new, healthful, natural way to reduce is employed, what a rapid change takes place! Besides securing slender, graceful, youthful figures, their eyes become brighter, their steps become more elastic; weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath and many dangerous organic troubles vanish. Many write that they were positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable! A delighted Pennsylvania woman writes, "I feel 20 years younger since I lost those 54 pounds, and my family say I look it.

### The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole

system of weight control was based. But to discover the vital "law of food" has always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together *take off* weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations *cause* fat; others *consume* fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal, they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. The excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

### 10 Days' Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight into a course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." Lessons 1 and 2 show how to reduce slowly; the others show how to reduce more rapidly. To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course on trial to any one sending in the coupon.

### Why the Coupon Is Worth \$1.03 to You Now

Those who use this rapid method of reducing to normal weight are usually so enthusiastic that they simply cannot refrain from mentioning this method to their friends. This will be the best kind of advertisement for us. So we are willing to lose money in order to secure a great number of users in the shortest possible time.

So here is our offer. Just mail the coupon without sending a penny. The coupon will be accepted as worth \$1.03 on the purchase of this course for which others have had to pay \$3.00. Then when the course arrives all you have to do is to pay the postman only \$1.97 plus the few cents postage, and the course is yours. There will be no further payments at any time. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient, you may remit \$1.97 with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn.

Mail the coupon NOW.



Mrs. Mary J. Denney, of 82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J., before and after losing 74 pounds by this wonderful method.

### Loses 74 Pounds, Feels Like a New Woman

"I weighed 240 pounds when I sent for your course. The first week I lost 10 pounds. My weight is now 166 pounds and I am still reducing. I never felt better in my life than I do now. There is no sign of my former indigestion. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples. I reduced my bust 7 1/2 inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches." (Signed) MRS. MARY J. DENNEY,  
82 West 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.

### Reached Normal Weight in 30 Days

"For three years I had weighed 168 pounds. Then I heard of and sent for your method. I found your instructions easy and your menus delightful. I lost 28 pounds in 30 days—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has greatly benefited and I have not had one of my former sick headaches since losing my extra flesh." (Signed) E. A. KETTEL,  
225 West 39th St., New York City.



E. A. Kettel, prominent in New York news paper circles, who lost 28 pounds in 30 days

**Corrective Eating Society**  
Dept. W-20811, 43 West 16th St., New York City  
**This Coupon is Worth \$1.03 to You**  
(Under Conditions Named Below)

**CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY**  
Dept. W-20811, 43 West 16th Street, New York City

Without money in advance, you may send me in plain wrapper Eugene Christian's Course on "Weight Control—The Basis of Health." You are to accept this coupon as worth \$1.03 (ONE DOLLAR AND THREE CENTS) on my purchase of this course. Therefore, when the course arrives, I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, and having my \$1.97 refunded if I am not delighted with the results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....  
(Please write plainly)  
Street.....  
City..... State.....





*Just wait! It's a new*  
**Constance Talmadge**

in something entirely  
 different in her latest

**"East Is West"**

**I**T really is the same Constance you have always loved, with her winsome ways and her charming humor, but in a role so entirely different she will bring big surprises to you. For as Ming Toy, the little Chinese slave girl, she touches a depth of pathos never before reached and at the same time gives you all of her joyous, sparkling fun.

Here is a picture taken from the stage play by Sam Shipman which had the most unprecedented run on Broadway — one of the biggest stage triumphs ever presented. And as a picture it surpasses the play in atmosphere and artistic touches. When you see it you'll agree it is Miss Talmadge's very best. Watch for it on the screen at your favorite theatre.

It is presented by Joseph M. Schenck and directed by Sidney Franklin, the director of "Smilin' Through."



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

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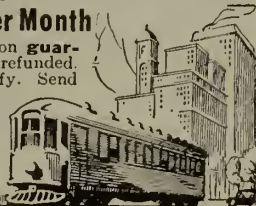
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**FREE** Big Money writing photoplays, stories, poems, etc. Send today for free copy of **WRITER'S BULLETIN**. Full of helpful advice on how to write and where to sell.  
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## \$10 to \$20 a Day Profit from New Gum Vender Pays Rent for Store Owner

Install one in your store or any public place and get this easy profit. Requires no attention. Always works. Machine's profits pay the rent. Write us about re-built penny and nickel machines. Finished like new. In excellent running order. Price \$85. Pay their cost in 10 days. Write or wire today for full particulars. \$25 down payment. Balance C. O. D. Mints \$30 per case — 2000 Gc packages.



**Silver King Novelty Co., 300 Williams Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.**

## A Perfectly Developed Bust Growdina

gives wonderful results, no failures, price \$5.00. Mlle. Koppel's Parisian Studio, Dept. C, Brooklyn, General P. O. Box 314, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Studio Directory

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

**ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES**, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Katherine MacDonald Productions, 904 Girard St., Los Angeles, Cal. (s) 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

R. A. Walsh Productions, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hope Hampton Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.

Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

**BALLIN, HUGO, PRODUCTIONS**, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

**CHRISTIE FILM CORP.**, 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP.**, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

**FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT)**, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

(s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.

**FOX FILM CORPORATION**, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

**GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION**, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Cal. Marshall Neilan and Maurice Tourneur Productions.

**HART, WM. S., PRODUCTIONS**, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.

**INCE, THOMAS H.** (s) Culver City, Cal.

**INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC.** (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., New York City.

**METRO PICTURES CORP.**, 1476 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Mae Murray Productions, 344 West 44th St., New York City.

**PATHE EXCHANGE**, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th St., New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). (s) George B. Seitz Productions, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.

**R-C PICTURES CORP.**, 723 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.

**ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO.**, 1339 Diverser Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

**SELZNICK PICTURES CORP.**, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

**UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION**, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Nazimova Productions, United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

**UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO.**, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Cal.

**VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA**, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; (s) 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.



# Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

## Let the Photoplay Grow Up!

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I cannot resist the impulse to write the column which you have seen fit to name "Brickbats and Bouquets." This is extraordinary, as I naturally suppress my impulses; in fact, suppression is the keynote of my existence, and the contemplation of those who behave other than I do I find very distressing. The bobbed hair (so-called) which young girls are wearing causes me no end of mental pain. When I was a girl I never thought of having my hair cut short as they do nowadays—what's the world coming to?

And then this Arbuckle case. True he was exonerated on the extraordinary charge, but it seems to me it is the duty of all respectable people to voice their disapproval. It is quite apparent that his mind had been poisoned by seeing too many motion pictures in which the heroine is pursued round the table by a person who plainly means her no good. Which somehow brings us to Mr. Will Hays, an estimable person, whose training as a post-master and politician has admirably, no doubt, fitted him to be the high cleanser of the movies. I am sure that under his gentle guidance they will not make films that would tax the intelligence and powers of assimilation of a child of five. This will be a great day for the art. Many authorities have said that the movies are still in their infancy; and now with a concerted effort of the censors—both professional and amateur—they will succeed in keeping them there.

Hoping to have your support in our new slogan for the films, "Nothing that will hurt the moron," I am,

MRS. GRUNDY.

## Art Is International

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Some of the heated communications regarding the American public's support of "foreign" actors and actresses are indeed amusing. Art is art the world over, and each has his or her own standards. As for Valentino, who seems to be the object of so much discussion right now—I never saw him before I witnessed "Blood and Sand," and though to me the star is usually the incentive, in this case I was frankly interested in the picture. It was splendid. And I can't think of an actor in this country who could have improved upon Valentino's characterization. Certainly Otis Skinner, in the play, was not the real *Gallardo*. I went to criticize the star's performance—and I came away admiring an intelligent performance of an extremely difficult role. Remember, too, that the greatest of our screen artists are "importations." Mary Pickford, from whom there is none greater in my opinion, hails from Toronto; Chaplin from England; Pola Negri from Germany.

CATHERINE HUNTER.

## Perspective

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Your editorial called "The Source" interested me. Frequently I have seen the question, "What's the matter with the movies?" I would answer in one word: Hollywood.

Do not misunderstand me. I believe Hollywood is as clean as any other city. But I believe it a mistake to segregate the stars, writers and directors. They get away from the hearts of the people. They should live

among the people, and see as the people see; think as they think. Then they will produce pictures the public want and will go to see.

I have been tremendously interested in the photoplay from the first miserably presented prize-fight at the state fair. I've watched its growth from a critical viewpoint. I've fidgeted when in the earlier days the cowboy lost his hat in a headlong race and regained it in the next scene without losing a lobe. And I've squirmed when a man's pipe turned mysteriously into a cigar. When in time the picture began to show perfection of detail I was proud. I am an incurable fan.

But I believe the photoplay is showing less and less of real life. It has become a formula. The writers seem to have lost their perspective and are writing what the producers want, not what the public wants. Why not live a little among unprofessional people? Then pictures will not bear the unmistakable stamp of "Made in Hollywood."

FREDERICK WEBSTER.

## A Bouquet for Miss Clayton

Wollaston, Mass.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

As a movie fan, and as the mother of four fans whose ages are between twelve and nineteen, I would like to declare myself in favor of the charming Ethel Clayton.

I can always take my children to see her pictures knowing that they will be good, clean, and intelligent. Her personality makes them so. We never miss her pictures; we often see them twice. Let's hear more about her!

MRS. E. E. M.

## Fair Play

Folsom, Pa.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Referring to E. M. B.'s letter, in the September issue, I, for one, do not agree with him. As far as Fatty Arbuckle is concerned, who is E. M. B. to criticize? Has he never done anything of which he is ashamed? Has his life invariably been "clean and wholesome"? How does he know whether or not Fatty should be blamed? He only knows what he has read in the newspapers. That's all any of us know about the stars. But that is not enough to entitle us to unfair condemnation. Of course E. M. B. may express his opinions. There is no harm in thinking these things. But there is also no use in letting your thoughts harm others.

JEAN ALLEN.

## Publicity, Not Real Acting

Cambridge, Mass.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

After reading the letters in your latest issue, my fingers itched for a pen, and I had to sit down and write a few brickbats. I thoroughly believe it is publicity that makes a number of our stars favorites, and not real acting.

Acting isn't beautiful gowns, elaborate settings, daredevil stunts, flapper coquetry or making faces. Acting is feeling the part, and few of our so-called stars feel their roles, in my estimation. I can count the few who really live their parts on my fingers, both men and women. Richard Barthelmess, Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson, Anita Stewart, Norma Talmadge and two or three others.

Although a reader for two years, I have withheld my opinion, until I had to give in and write!

JOSEPH CARLETON BEAL.



Latest Photograph of Earle E. Liederman

## If you were dying to-night

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow, or any day some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance!

### A REBUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting bold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

### ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

### A REAL MAN

When I am through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular man. You have the flash in your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. Like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time fits and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

### SEND FOR MY BOOK

### "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains dozens and dozens of full page photographs of both myself and my numerous pupils. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red-blooded man. I could easily collect a big price for a book of this kind just as others are now doing, but I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is absolutely free. All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. So it's yours to keep. Now don't delay one minute—this may be the turning point in your life today. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**  
Dept. 111, 305 Broadway, New York

**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**  
Dept. 111, 305 Broadway, N. Y. City

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

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....



# She found again the glow and sparkle of perfect health

Sparkling eyes—vivid coloring—that charm of personality which fairly radiates from a superbly healthy body—

Why do so many women who could possess these natural powers let them slip by?

Health and vigor are *normal*, not exceptional. Thousands lose them because they neglect the body's two most vital needs:

—Building up the worn-down tissues from day to day.

—Removing daily the poisonous waste.

The fresh, living cells of Fleischmann's Yeast contain a natural food — with the very elements which help the body perform these two vital functions.

Like any other plant or vegetable, yeast produces the best results when fresh and "green"—not dried or "killed." Fleischmann's Yeast is the highest grade living yeast—always fresh. It is not a medicine, it is a natural food. It helps to "tone" up the whole system and assures regular daily elimination. *Results cannot be expected unless it is eaten regularly.*

Everywhere physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast to correct constipation, skin disorders and to restore appetite and digestion.



*"And now I never need laxatives"*

A business girl writes that the extra work of a busy summer had exhausted her. "I was run down and badly constipated" she says, "and had one boil after another."

For several months she added 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast to her diet every day, "the boils disappeared after the first week and now I never need laxatives."

*Eat two or three cakes a day regularly—plain, or spread on crackers, or mixed with water or milk. If you prefer, get six cakes at a time. They will keep in a cool, dry place for two or three days. Begin at once to know what real health means. Be sure you get Fleischmann's Yeast. All grocers have it.*







Abbe

**T**HE languidly colorful Barbara La Marr lends a touch of the exotic to the screen—a celluloid orchid. Since she played Milady to Doug's D'Artagnan she has been coming along. Barbara is both picturesque and promising





Hesser

**A** NNA Q. NILSSON is one of several pretty Scandinavian personalities in our films. She has contributed at least several capable performances to the screen, aside from giving us an attractive and always optically pleasing personality.





Hesser

**W**HAT shall we say of the always intriguing Gloria Swanson that hasn't already been enumerated? Gloria is the sartorial glamour of the screen. Some one has described Gloria as the old-fashioned vampire sent to a polite finishing school





**S**AVE for Henry B. Walthall, Jack Holt is the only screen actor who has succeeded in popularizing the mustache as a heroic accessory. For a time his silversheet skill was buried in scoundrel roles. Now, as a worldly hero, he's an idol





Donald Biddle Keyes

**M**ILTON SILLS was once a professor of psychology. One would hardly think of Sills on a rostrum platform while watching him as a celluloid lover. And he has been highly efficient opposite our feminine stars. A sincere actor





Abbe

**N**ORMA TALMADGE stands rather apart on our screen, occupying a niche all her own. Here is young American womanhood personified. From a mere child at old Vitagraph she has become possibly the cinema's most popular exponent of emotionalism. Her performances are at once mellow and carefully considered





Abbe

**L**ILA LEE was once called "Cuddles." That was way back in a school act in vaudeville. Then the baby star grew up. Stardom came too soon—but Miss Lee long ago justified herself as an excellent actress. Admirable in her melting histrionic moods, she has given splendid aid to many male luminaries



Photographed after its 9th  
washing with Ivory Flakes

And this pure silk, flame-colored sweater has been washed 4 times since the picture was taken—its color is still even and uninjured. You may never want to wash a silk sweater 13 times—but isn't it reassuring to know that you can do it safely with Ivory Flakes? (The sweater with its owner's letter, is on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)



# You really invented this yourself

## Now embroidered lingerie and filmy chiffons have become your debtors

The ingenuity of American women like yourself, who know how gently Ivory Soap cleanses the face and hands, first suggested a new method for the very safest quick laundering of precious garments.

These thinking women—and you were probably among them—simply shaved the Ivory cake into thin flakes, which dissolved at the touch of hot water.

But see what has happened now!

Here is the same Ivory Soap—flaked for you—ready for instant use in wash-bowl laundering of your most precious garments.

Yes, the very same Ivory Soap which for 43 years has protected the faces and

hands of millions of women—pure, mild, gentle, white.

Ivory Soap Flakes is safe for ordinary laundering, of course; but it has a very liberal margin of safety for the very sheerest, filmiest things you own—things you should entrust only to a soap which is mild and gentle enough for a baby's skin.

We will gladly send you a small sample and a booklet of uses if you will write us in accordance with directions in the lower right-hand corner.

*The full-size package of Ivory Flakes is for sale by grocery and department stores—it is very inexpensive.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

**FREE—Send for these!**

A generous sample of Ivory Flakes and a booklet of uses will be sent to you on receipt of your name and address. Write to Section 45-KF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O.



# IVORY SOAP FLAKES

*Makes dainty clothes last longer*





# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXII

November, 1922

No. 6

## Kindly Advice to New Stars

WE take for our text today the forty-fourth caption from the fifth reel of Ibanez' "Blood and Sand":

"The plaudits of the world are as fickle as a woman's whim."

\* \* \*

At this moment several stars of the screen and megaphone, a year or so ago unknown, stand on the lofty and dizzy heights of international film popularity—idols of the passing hour.

Just how long they remain will depend upon themselves. Far be it from PHOTOPLAY to intimate that they are developing idiosyncrasies of temperament. Even so, it's a very understandable and human failing and we are not scolding. But in the friendliest spirit we offer a word of advice that they may avoid disaster on a road strewn with the wrecks of former idols.

The path to popularity is a trick stairway.

Every now and then the fickle public presses a button, the stairs collapse and there is a dull thud down below. Another idol has gone the way of all things egotistical.

This stairway is not a thing of film-dom alone. It is as old as history. The trick stairway has given its shock to public figures ranging all the way from Woodrow Wilson to Babe Ruth. There is one thing that the public will not tolerate—and that is exaggerated personal ego.

It is true that it is hard to achieve the laurels of great fame—and to main-

tain one's mental balance in the bargain. Indeed, it is well nigh super-human. But it can be done. Mary Pickford is a shining example of one who seems to have balanced sanity and cinema success.

Let us turn back the pages of film history.

Once—back in the early days—there was a Greek god of the photoplay, a curly headed pioneer. He won the confidence of the public—and then threw it away.

Once there was a team of stellar players, beloved of the film fans. But there came a flagrant disregard of public ethics—and the stairway collapsed.

Once there was a young actor, charming and boyish in his wholesome screen work. But ego seized upon him—and his shadow is growing smaller and smaller.

Once there was a gifted foreign actress of fine intelligence and rare ability. But she became an example of supreme ego rampant and she now faces bankruptcy.

Once there was a comedian who made one false step. Today he is barred from our screen.

Once there was a clean-cut idol of the films—carefree and likable. But he has disregarded his duty to himself and his followers—and the stairway is creaking ominously.

With which we arrive at the present moment. To the newcomers we present our study of human ego.

The steps to fame will ever be over a trick stairway!



# Are they or Aren't they?

**I**N other words—how many negatives make an affirmative? How many times must a beautiful young woman say that she isn't engaged—before she is? They all deny it, vehemently. And then spend most of their time "twosing." Dancing, swimming, riding, driving—always in couples.

*Colleen Moore, for instance. She says that she isn't going to marry John McCormick—western head of First National. And yet—she refers to him as "My John"*



*Bebe—or Mildred? The blonde with the face of an ingenue—or the silken lady with the midnight hair? Well, Harold was engaged to Bebe—once! And they're very good pals again*



*From the look on William Russell's face he more than enjoys waltzing with Helen Ferguson. Still, he isn't the one who denies their engagement*







Betty Compton says, "No, I'm not thinking of matrimony—not at all!" And smiles. Walter Morosco, son of the theatrical producer, Oliver Morosco, says, "I'd rather not talk about it just now." And he smiles, too.



Just because Eddie Sutherland comes around to the "stage door" of the Lasky studio, afternoons, and drives May McArroy home in his big Stutz, is no sign that there's anything between them. You can see that yourself. Still . . . Maybe!





# The Man Uncomfortable

Jack Holt  
wrote his own title

By *Delight Evans*

*The younger Holls—Imogene, Tim, and Betty—spend most of their time in this play yard and the tiny play house set in a grove of eucalyptus trees. It is their exclusive domain. Behind the play house is Jack's tennis court*

MR. JESSE LASKY'S offices in Manhattan are papered with autographed pictures of every famous player. I tried to read the autographs as I waited. It was really Mr. Adolph Zukor who kept me waiting. Jack Holt had been on his way when Mr. Zukor collared him and bore him away to his sacred sanctum. Which made my wait even more worthwhile.

When Mr. Holt finally arrived he was a bit out of breath.

He discovered right away that I didn't intend to ask him how he liked New York. So he took a long black cigar out of his pocket and applied a match. "Mr. Zukor," he observed, "gave me this. I have to smoke it."

The poor man had arrived in Manhattan that morning. He had about an hour before he had to see his director to discuss the scenes to be shot early the next day. Street scenes.

"If there's anything I dislike," he said to me sternly, "it is street scenes."

I told him how sorry I was.

"People," he went on, "are always gaping. Someday I'm afraid I may turn around in an important scene and punch them."

He didn't want to leave California very much anyway. His three babies are out there, he said. Although Mr. Holt has seldom been photographed romping about the estate with his three kiddies, he really has



*Just good pals—Jack Holt and his son Tim. Jack Junior is his real name, but everybody calls him Tim. Any part of the Holt house or gardens suits these two. The youngster has his dad's dark brown eyes*



them. Mr. Holt, by the way, has very seldom been photographed at all outside the studio. He doesn't like the idea. They make appointments for him at the photographer's and he promises to keep them. Then some really important thing like a polo match comes up that simply has to be attended to. And the photographer photographs some cinema cutie instead.

He said he had finally gone to a still studio before he'd left the coast; but added hopefully that maybe the pictures wouldn't turn out well.

He has very brown eyes and he can look bored beautifully. He was very much bored then. He admitted he was bored as a rule when hero-ing but was surprised to learn that it photographed.

He didn't like his picture, "The Man Unconquerable," very much. He said he was seasick most of the time on location, and so was the rest of the company; and they had to write in a lot of fights to pad it out. So he rechristened it "The Man Uncomfortable."

During the course of our conversation—by no stretch of the imagination can it possibly be called an interview—several young office ladies walked through, on very important errands. Each young lady walked very slowly and one or two collided with the other. You see, the very important errands involved watching Mr. Holt. He didn't turn around but he looked uncomfortable. He doesn't like being stared at. He refuses to admit he belongs to his public.

As you may have guessed, it's hard writing about him. At least, without indulging in those sentiments which sound as if they were quotations from a portable home advertisement. You might say Mr. Holt was fond of his home and his horses; that he loves the real, the simple, the sane things of life; that he has builded slowly and surely and that his success is well deserved. In fact, the press agents are welcome to these noble thoughts if they care to stretch a point and tell the truth.

But the fact remains that he is as well thought of as any actor in the films. His company likes him. His wife likes him. His children like him. Even press agents like him. They like him so well they don't attempt to enumerate his various virtues. "Jack Holt," they say, "is all right." There is no higher praise.

You will readily believe that he was born in Winchester, Virginia, the son of a clergyman. That he attended Virginia Military Institute. That, while his father was for nine years pastor of the St. James Episcopal Church in the Bronx, N. Y. C., Jack was a choir boy. But you'll find it a mental strain to imagine the immaculate Mr. Holt as a mail carrier. And in Alaska. He went there as a surveyor; and on the side he drove a dog team from Fairbanks to Valdez and back again. You won't believe it if I tell you that he became end man in a minstrel show

(Concluded on page 111)



*Jack Holt is as well thought of as any actor in the films. His company likes him. Even his press agents like him. There's an hospitable atmosphere about his California home which suggests that its owner came from down south. He did: from Virginia. Below, the big, rambling house, painted a cheerful yellow, surrounded by a brick wall, latticed and shuttered in green.*

*That's Tim in the gateway*





# Charlie: With & Without a Necktie

Photographed especially  
for Photoplay by Abbe



*Charles Spencer Chaplin—"as is" and in his newest rôle, masquerading as a serious minded parson. In both pictures, the king of laughter was caught off his guard—when his eyes showed a shade of wistful pathos that lifted his art high above the accepted order of film comedy. Charlie does not show any irreverence in the picture. It is the story of an unfortunate who is forced to wear a parson's clothes or none at all, with laughable consequences*



# The Most Popular Girl in Hollywood

By *Adela Rogers St. Johns*

**N**OW who do you imagine is the most popular girl in Hollywood? You who see the film beauties only on the screen in all their glory?

It is one of the most venerable of all truisms that a prophet is pretty apt to flop in his own town.

Thus, though your box office receipts sound like the foreign debt, your fan mail requires a van, and your name is billed in letters eight feet high, your personal popularity in Hollywood is not enhanced thereby.

The glittering stars of the silversheet never play to as hard an audience in any theater as they do in private life.

Hollywood is what might be termed co-educational.

When I was in high school—and I was the bane of the faculty's existence long before anybody ever shot a foot of film—we used to select the most popular Hollywood girl in school every year.

My recollection is slightly dimmed by the passing of the years, but it seems to me that we signified our choice by casting her as the prima donna in the high school operetta.

If the boys at school were in the majority, the prima donna was at least easy to look at, whether she could sing or not—which has happened successfully in operas of more importance.

If the feminine prevailed in the student body, she might be able to sing a little, but outside of that she was a total loss. A sweet disposition doesn't register across the footlights.



To be popular with both sexes is the final achievement of woman.

Now there are many beautiful and famous and sweet and lovely young ladies in Hollywood.

I suppose it assays higher along that line than any other community in the world.

Therefore, under all these circumstances which I have stated, the attempt to select the most popular girl in Hollywood is a psychological experiment of some weight.

Possibly I am rushing in where angels fear to tread and after this article is published I may find my calling list cut down a trifle.

But—I honestly believe Bebe (Concluded on page 95)





Abbe

AFTER a dozen years of uninterrupted triumph, Mary Pickford has again donned the rags of her favorite character, "Tess." It was in the rôle of the Storm Country heroine that she first won universal recognition. A daring thing to do, reviving a past success; but Mary is equal to it. Meet Tess, 1922 edition, photographed for PHOTOPLAY



# Keeping up with the Fifth Greatest Infancy



Commenting  
upon  
super-events  
in the  
super-art

By  
Frederick James  
Smith

AS the time approaches for the usual new year forecast, we look to the silversheet with singular anticipation. With Pollyanna, we believe that the season has a lot of good things in store for us.

We anticipate several photoplays in which the little blonde virgin is set upon by the villain when she tries to earn enough to aid her invalid sister.

We foresee that, in a few of the 1923 productions, the other man will win away the wife longing for affection but neglected by her busy husband. But the little child will develop fever and re-unite the couple.

We expect that the leader of the Chinese underworld in at least six 1923 pictures will endeavor to capture the little flapper, only to be foiled by the hero who is really a secret service man.

We predict that at least twelve bad men will go to Gold Gulch, Nevada, to clean the town but will reform upon seeing the light in dying Faro Nell's eyes.

We forecast that some two dozen city slickers will go to God's great outdoors to cop the fair forest ingenue but that the stalwart son of the soil will foil him.

Not to mention that:

At least one or two young men will be run for office by the wicked political boss but will refuse to be anything but honest, turning down a \$200,000 bribe from the street railway company but winning the little brunette just out of the seminary.

Several Canadian mounted police will relentlessly pursue the fair cutie's naughty brother only to release him in the end in order to win her "yes."

A couple of dozen grey haired mothers will suffer terribly as their family goes to the dogs and jail but the eldest son will return in time to save her from the poor house.

In other words we predict a normalcy year in pictures!

\* \* \*

Film fans who follow

theatrical activities may consider why the screen has no Chauve Souris. Now the Balieff Chauve Souris is a footlight entertainment presented by a Russian company from Moscow. The program is a sort of aesthetic vaudeville, mingling a bit of the dance, a snatch of song, a brief whimsical pantomime, a comedy drill by make-believe wooden soldiers, a short tragedy told in song, and a haunting glimpse of gypsy singers in a restaurant. Indeed, it is a bit of anything and everything.

Why can't the film leaders devise a program of the best things cinematic? Marshall Neilan gave a hint of this sort of thing in his Grand Guignol of four playlets, "Bits of Life." What wouldn't you give, for instance, to see a program consisting of bits like this, running a reel or so each:

A Browning poem in one or two reels acted by Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess, and directed by D. W. Griffith.

Pola Negri in a snatch of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," directed by Ernest Lubitsch.

Mary Pickford as a sort of drab Dearest in a Mary Wilkins Freeman New England story, directed by King Vidor.

Rodolph Valentino in one of Schnitzler's "The Affairs of Anatol," directed by Eric von Stroheim.

A short modern melodrama done with a touch of comedy by Marshall Neilan. Plus Betty Compton in a "Miracle Man" rôle.

And Harold Lloyd or Buster Keaton in one of his one reel farces.

When that program had started to wane, we'd add one or two things like this:

Charlie Chaplin as Pierrot, with lighting and scenic arrangements by Maurice Tourneur. Or in one of Leonard Merrick's Parisian Boulevard stories.

A De Maupassant tragedy told in film form by Rex Ingram. And Will Rogers in most anything.

We suspect our theater would do record business!

\* \* \*

Is the photoplay really silent? Hardly. The demon  
(Concluded on page 111)



At least twelve bad men will go to Gold Gulch, Nevada, to clean the town but will reform upon seeing the light in dying Faro Nell's eyes



# All Handsome Lads in Pictures

ACTING upon the theory that all the handsome men in screen-dom aren't playing in front of the camera, PHOTOPLAY sent its scouts through the Hollywood studios. Result: a remarkably impressive array of masculine pulchritude that never touches a stick of grease paint or faces the camera lens. One of the curious things about the investigation was not revealed until the portraits of the seven handsomest had been selected. Then it was discovered that practically every one had an interesting war record.



DOES chance make the screen idol? PHOTOPLAY begins to think so, after considering the men who work in the making of motion picture dramas but never are seen on the screen. Here are at least several personalities that might easily "get over" on the silversheet. Indeed, we wouldn't be at all surprised that, after this issue appears, the fan mail of a half dozen or so screen workers will assume the proportions of a celluloid favorite. And well it may!

*Charles Moffatt, of the Lasky electrical department, was star half-back of the Los Angeles high school football team for three years. He enlisted at the beginning of the world war as a private and worked his way to first lieutenant. He served all through the campaign at training recruits, never succeeding in getting "over there"*



*J. Peverall Marley, circle below—another Hollywooder and a high school track star — was at officers' training camp when the armistice came. He is now a second cameraman with Tommie Meighan*



*Gordon Pollock, as air lieutenant during the war, served with our forces in France. He is first cameraman for the Mission Film Company and inventor of several devices for study of makeup and costume colors*

*Gilbert A. Fones deserted school for professional baseball. He was covering second base for the Fort Worth team and seemed headed for the big leagues. Now he's of the property department at Lasky's*



# are not in Front of the Camera



*Like Messrs. Moffatt and Marley, Oren Roberts is a Los Angeles boy and a former high school athlete. At the start of the war he entered the navy, serving three years. He made seven trips through the war zones. On being discharged he became a time keeper and later a carpenter on the Lasky lot*



*Fred Guiol is an American born in Mexico. The Diaz revolution broke out and Fred ran away to join the Diaz forces. When Diaz was defeated he fled into California, went to school in Los Angeles, and then served with the D. W. Griffith property forces. Now he's with Harold Lloyd*



*Bogart Rogers was captain of the Hollywood high school football team; later, Stanford gridiron and track star. He enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps before America entered the war. Was captain, ace and three times decorated for bravery. Now he's Douglas MacLean's business manager*



*W. E. Hauser, who was in the Doug Fairbanks property department until that studio closed upon the completion of "Robin Hood," served in the aviation forces during the war, saw active air work in France and, on his return, joined Fairbanks. He also was a western college football star*





*Dempster moved nearer; and all in that warm glow, helpless to it, she moved along on the window seat to make room for him. She had never felt like this with Henry; and with de Brissac there had always been fear and that unhappy furtive feeling*



*Real love* enters the  
 hothouse life  
 of the newcomer to  
 film stardom  
 and fate again  
 takes a hand  
 in HATTIE's career.  
 Shall she  
 obey the call  
 of youth?

*By Samuel Merwin*

*Illustrated by  
 Frank Godwin*

# Hattie of Hollywood

## The story to date

AS Harriet John, the heroine of director de Brissac's great new photoplay, little Hattie Johnson, former factory girl, finds herself famous. But fame brings problems which Hattie must solve. There is her family—her grandmother, her sister with a ne'er do well husband and small daughter—who must be taken care of; there is Henry O'Malley, head camera man, whom she loves and has promised to marry; and then there is de Brissac himself, whose genius has transformed her from an unknown into a potential star. He has made love to her; she has repelled his advances, although his fascination exerts an influence which she tries to fight. His unconventional code frightens Hattie. There was a scene in his office when they were interrupted by a jealous girl who attempted to throw acid into Hattie's face. Accordingly, at Henry's prompting Hattie breaks her contract with de Brissac and makes a picture for another company, only to discover she is a failure when she lacks the expert guidance of the great director. From Henry, absorbed in his own affairs, Hattie keeps her dread of the future. Then—her first picture is released. Her acting is amazing, and she begins to reap the reward of her long hours before the camera. An offer comes to star her; and shortly after a representative of de Brissac calls. The director has formed his own company and wishes to engage Hattie's services for fifty thousand a year. She is told that de Brissac will send his car for her at eight that night, so that they may talk things



*She let herself  
 into de Brissac's  
 office and  
 found herself  
 again in his  
 arms. . . .  
 That night  
 again she lay  
 awake and cried*

over in his studio. Hattie, dazed, leaves the house. Her ideas, her ideals, are in a hopeless jumble. Can she go with de Brissac knowing what it means? In desperation she asks Henry to meet her. But when she tells him of de Brissac's offer, he does not, as she hoped, suggest that she leave pictures and marry him. He advises her to accept the contract, keep a level head, and put money in the bank. De Brissac, he assures her, will have to stand for it when the contract is signed. Bitterly disappointed in Henry, Hattie meets de Brissac's car at the appointed time. Fate has decided for her.

## The story proceeds

THE lawyers came and went, through an exciting fortnight, debating clauses of the long contract. The telephone bell rang and rang. Arthur, with a new suit and a bustling manner, was everywhere, raising objections, as he kept explaining to Hattie, in her interest, and contributing expansively to the family discussions.

Every smallest event in the world of motion pictures is celebrated with a great amount of photographing, and it seemed natural enough that Hattie should be pictured alone in many poses as one of the family group. The publicity men thought it would be effective to show her in a girlish little dress



*She drove to  
Wiltshire  
Boulevard and  
turned in  
behind the Am-  
bassador, park-  
ing her car there*



playing at doll's housekeeping with Emily. And it occurred to one of them to picture her pushing Gran'ma in the new wheel chair.

The family agreed with Arthur that a move to more comfortable quarters was desirable, even necessary when you took Hattie's position into account. He succeeded within a second fortnight in subletting the apartment over the grocery store, and rented a large bungalow that was set apart in its own grounds with pipes and sprinklers in the lawn and a two-car garage. Inevitably, then, he selected an automobile for Hattie; one that would, he felt, accord modestly with her growing importance. It was bright blue in color, with a great deal of nickel-ware about it and much extra glass. And he taught her to drive it. Alice remarked more than once that Hattie needed a business manager now that she was a successful star, and that Arthur's appearance was providential, really, when you stopped to think about it.

Reporters came to interview her, pleasant enough men and women. At first she felt timid and upset. The failure at Plantagenet Town was still vividly in her mind and it was hard to avoid dwelling morbidly on it. Hard it was, as well, to avoid speaking eagerly, emotionally, of de Brissac. He filled her imagination. Over and over she told herself that she was a woman now that everyone must know. She studied her face in the mirror for evidence of change. Surely the terribly stirring fact couldn't long be hid. And those reporters were such keen persons. But always afraid, with the shrewd admonitions of her lover ever in her ears, she contrived to talk as she knew picture stars always talked to reporters. She would sit very still, a listless wan little thing, and say that she loved her work and that it was wonderful to have her dear family always about her, it meant so much to Gran'ma to make her last years bright and happy; that she was indeed fortunate in having her career shaped by so great a director and that the only message she could send to the thousands of girls who admired her art was to work very hard and fix their faith on great ideals.

When the interviews appeared she would read them fearfully at first, and then re-read them, over and over, exultant, bewildered, unable ever to believe that the charming little person in the illustrations could be her miserably confused self. For she was walking a dangerous way, more than ever with the sense of being dragged along faster than she could think, never quite believing that the facts could be the truth, turning inward to the little white flame of her girlhood that miraculously seemed still to be burning behind the ugly shadows.

It began to seem incredible that the family shouldn't suspect—they were so close to the situation—as to herself. In a curiously aloof way they appeared to be taking de Brissac for granted. As the weeks and then the months passed she perceived that they were taking for granted her frequent evenings with her director. There was a sometimes rather breathless tendency to explain away his personal demands on her. They were given to dwelling on the importance of her career; and of every contributing phase of it. De Brissac was really her career; no getting away from that. They eagerly accepted the fact. It was during this phase that Arthur persuaded them all to call her Harriet instead of Hattie. He felt it to be better suited to her position.

Her own attitude toward de Brissac was in part an admiration that bordered on hero worship and in part a fear that was always sombre and that at times became terror. Her secretiveness, she knew, puzzled and piqued him. He gave her costly presents—a wrist watch in platinum, richly jeweled, a locket, a bracelet, a string of pearls—all of which she hid under lock and key at home. He really couldn't understand that. What was the difference? She couldn't explain. Nor could she tell him why she refused to accept gowns and wraps, refused even to buy them for herself; always she appeared as the simple little Hattie of her earlier days in Hollywood . . . And during all the summer he kept urging her to slip away with him on his yacht. They had two or three nervous little quarrels about that. She couldn't go. Indeed not once did she stay away from home over night. Even

when Arthur and Alice planned their trip to San Francisco, after Gran'ma went permanently to the sanatorium in the mountains, she fought the idea. Closely she held them about her . . . Doubtless this often capricious resistance held de Brissac the more firmly. But Hattie would hardly have thought of that. There was, even now, nothing of the coquette in her; there was only a series of profound disturbances of the spirit . . . bitterness, fear, sudden uncontrollable longings followed by repulsions that were quite as strong, and shot through the whole devastating experience a sense of dark wild beauty that at moments was a flame and at other times only an ache . . . nights of crying herself to sleep (she clung, secretly, to the doll) . . . new imaginings and desires, this along in the autumn, in which de Brissac figured not at all.

Henry O'Malley, until he went to New York in September, was a constant problem. She met him on a late afternoon in Los Angeles and told him . . . summoning all her courage, a whitely firm slip of a girl . . . that the engagement must be broken. It was difficult. He plead, argued, questioned; he telephoned (she had to forbid him calling up the lot) and wrote heartbreaking letters. In August she saw him driving another girl in the roadster. For a few weeks after that she heard nothing from him, but then he began again. There was, he cried out, no one else who understood him, who nerved him to the struggle. That would be because she had sat very still during so many of her hours with him and listened or tried to listen while he talked and talked of himself. But then most men did that. Even de Brissac . . . She couldn't tell him about Henry. She couldn't tell anybody. She found herself, indeed, a frightened little person about whom adult passions raged. And she was herself fairly caught. There was no guessing the course of events. Tragedy seemed, and for that matter was, momentarily possible.

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DE BRISSAC drove mercilessly at the first picture under his own management. It was finished within four months and released in December. This was "Pharaoh's Daughter," in which Hattie made her first appearance as a full-fledged star. The picture started well. The publicity campaign was vigorous and effective and the reviews flattering. For Hattie personally it was an even greater success than "Bagdad." Hardly more than a month earlier the release of



"Little Nell" had proved depressing, but that was now overshadowed and forgotten. Again the letters were pouring in by every post. Again the photographers and the interviewers besieged her. And in a way she rose to it, became excited and pleased as the solidity of her success came home to her. For the first time she began thinking that fame might prove a substitute for happiness. Alice and Arthur, as well, seemed to be catching at it in something of the same spirit. At home they talked of little else. All three watched the daily papers and the picture magazines, pouncing brightly on each item about Harriet John and her swiftly ascending star, looking for larger headlines, happier captions, a little disappointed when the superlatives for a moment, here and there, seemed to fail. The excitement of it really drew the family together. They even drove up into the mountains, on consecutive Sundays, to show armfuls of this stirring matter to Gran'ma.

And Arthur busied himself in the matter of caring for the correspondence and advising the publicity men. He liked to come to Hattie with that sort of thing, showing her how busy he was with her affairs. He made a great deal of preparing the income tax, too, and such things as insurance and watching De Brissac, Incorporated, to check up credits for expenses and incidentals. Alice said, indeed, that Heaven only knew where all Harriet's business would drift to without such help. Certainly she had no business gift herself. Which Hattie knew to be an accurate observation.

Hattie and de Brissac had their sharpest quarrel just after the release of "Pharaoh's Daughter." His desire that she share his vacation, amounted on this occasion, to a demand. And when she shook her head, just kept on shaking it and saying that she couldn't possibly do that, he grew angry. They were both tired. Nerves were near breaking. It was a critical time for the new company. He told her that she was unreasonable, even so far forgot his usual poise as to say that she wished to eat her cake and have it too. She rushed away then.

He called up, twice that afternoon and repeatedly during the evening. The first time she hung up the receiver without a word, and afterward had her maid explain that she was resting and couldn't be disturbed. In the morning, before ten, the bell rang again. At noon his secretary brought a letter—an eagerly phrased love letter that blazed with

restless passion. He couldn't go without her. He needed her, more at the moment than ever before or, perhaps, ever again. She mustn't fail him in this crisis. And on and on.

It was the first indication that her great de Brissac could be tempestuous. She was more than ever frightened. If so strong a man were really to lose his head there was no telling what awful thing might happen. Evil publicity. Disaster. He had said much about their comradeship; but this wasn't that sort of thing, he was asserting a right now, like a husband, like a—this was her confused, hurt thought—like a man. Shut in her room that day and all the next, she entertained thoughts of quitting the pictures, running away, picking up a job, doing anything that would enable her to live her own little life. It seemed to her then that she loathed all commerce with men. She thought vaguely of nuns; they looked very serene in their hoods with the white facings.

And she wondered in bitter reverie what the family must be thinking. Surely they knew who it was who kept the telephone ringing. Certainly they knew Miss Wilson, his secretary, who came again that second day with a letter. They



*The publicity men thought it would be effective to show Hattie in a girlish little dress playing at doll's house-keeping with Emily*



could see how upset she was herself. It did seem that they must know, or at least suspect. But they avoided the subject, avoided it airily. Arthur talked more, perhaps, than usual, but on other topics.

De Brissac stopped his efforts to reach her and took the night train for San Diego; went at the last without a word. He didn't write again. This was worst of all. If he had really turned against her, it might mean the end of her amazing career. Then what would become of the family? What would become of Gran'ma? . . . These questions arose at night when the lights were out and she lay staring awake in her pretty room. They were confused with her growing fear of exposure. His anger had brought back that other time of disturbance, after the scene with the dark girl. Even now she didn't know who that girl really was or what lay behind the incredible attack. She was losing all hold of herself. If she didn't look out she'd be fainting again. And that wouldn't do. He wanted her to put on a little flesh for the next picture. She'd been taking milk and eggs and meat and potatoes just for that. He wanted a more mature beauty—this was for "The Soul of Angel Blaine"—and here she was, forlorn, thinner if anything, getting nowhere with herself.

That about eating her cake and wanting it too wasn't fair. The words rankled. She couldn't even explain, couldn't make him see that this appearance of respectability that she so desperately clung to—this perhaps absurd insistence on spending every night at home protected by her family—was her last hold on life. Once her feeling for respectability was lost, she'd go—anywhere—into the outer chaos. He fought that instinct in her, and she could only fight blindly back.

Three weeks went by. He didn't write from San Diego, or wherever he had gone. But in that time she found no peace. Tender exquisite memories arose to torture her just when she thought she was angriest, memories of evenings in his office on the quiet lot. Then would come thoughts of her own dishonesty, a hatred of living falsely. She would wake up at night and cry. Toward the end of that time puzzling little questions began stabbing at her. Had she been unfair to him—unfair and unkind? He did need her. Perhaps she had driven him to some other girl. Was she, in drawing this curious line, merely straining at a gnat? Perhaps. But she couldn't help it. She couldn't surrender her reputation.

Then he returned. They met, at first, coolly. He was himself again; and seemed, in his self-restraint, a being high above her miserable little self. On the second day—they had to discuss the new picture—after the scenario people and George had gone he showed her the present he had brought her, a richly embroidered old Spanish shawl. He had been down in Mexico City, it appeared. She took it home and locked it up with those other things . . . They were several days in



*De Brissac's courage became a topic of conversation about over, retakes made without stint, time consumed in long*

wearing through their aloofness. It was like a new wooing. Then, one day, he asked her to stay with him in the evening. She inclined her head. She couldn't meet his ardent eyes. And she let herself into his office and found herself again in his arms.

And that night again she lay awake and cried. It was this furtive secrecy that seemed to be breaking her down. It seemed then that she couldn't go on much longer with it. Some awful climax must be building for the two of them, for herself. Something that would be an ending, something catastrophic. All the moral instruction of her childhood pointed to such an end, all Gran'ma's puritan logic, the books she had read; sin must lead to catastrophe. She had no means of knowing, during this phase, that catastrophe is by no means always external. She could hear this or that young actress spoken of as "hard-boiled"—that was what the more heedless among them were called in the current slang—without knowing that Fate was speaking through the careless words, and speaking in terms of the grimest law known to mankind.

And steadily, meanwhile, inevitably, in the swiftly rushing pace of her pictures, her fame was growing. It seemed that everybody in America now, nearly everybody in England, many on the Continent, on the China Coast, in Manila, in vast





*the studio. He flatly wouldn't hurry. Scenes were built  
delays while each smallest detail of the picture was made perfect*

South America, knew and loved Harriet John. Yes, loved her—for her daintiness, her wistfulness, her girlish quality, for the soul they felt in her.

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ARTHUR answered the thousands of letters now. He prided himself on a growing skill in phrasing. "My Dear Friend," he would say, "I cannot tell you how happy your letter has made me. I, too, not so long ago, was a poor little girl with only my dreams to cheer me on. And what beautiful dreams they were!" . . . There was a secretary, as well, a Miss Gladys Revere who sometimes worked as an extra at the studio, and she signed all the letters and the photographs with the name "Harriet John." Hattie thought the slanting hand impressive, and privately learned to imitate it pretty closely. In time, indeed, the imitation became her own signature, and the rest of her writing was formed on it. Gladys had temperament and might have gone far in the pictures but for a bad nose.

"The Soul of Angel Blaine" now filled all their lives. Hattie gave herself enthusiastically to it. She lived, indeed, at this period, from one phase of excitement to another. Anything

but quiet was welcome. It was becoming important that the family have always something outside their intimate circle to talk about. Alice and Arthur were almost constantly at the studio, watching the progress of the work. And frankly to the disgust of de Brissac both went out on location with Hattie when the desert scenes were taken.

Through the winter, spring and summer they worked, eight driving months of it. Once again nerves tightened and faces grew set. "Pharaoh's Daughter" was definitely a success, but the company was not yet strong enough to withstand so great a setback as a failure of "The Soul" would entail. De Brissac's courage became during the summer a topic of conversation among all in the know about the studio. He flatly wouldn't hurry. Three assistant directors and nearly a score of camera men worked without thought of the mounting costs. Scenes were built over, retakes made without stint, time consumed in long delays while each smallest detail of the picture was made perfect. In May it was said that the picture would cost four hundred thousand dollars. By the end of June the estimate had grown by a hundred and fifty thousand, and in September, with the immense exploitation charges figured in, all concerned realized that very little would be left of three quarters of a million when the film at last reached the public.

It was plain to Hattie, as these months passed, that she and de Brissac were approaching another and a more intense emotional climax. At the time of their last trip on location he was in a state of mind that might cause him in any small moment of upset to throw discretion to the winds.

Still she insisted on having Alice with her. Alice privately tried to beg off, but Hattie wouldn't consider it, even when Alice insisted that she didn't feel at all well.

Hattie was changing. She knew this herself; could even see it in her mirror. She was less confused. Motives were quietly forming. The firm little thought had come that if de Brissac wished to go on moulding her life, keeping her for his own at whatever cost to herself, he should step up to the line and marry her. She even told herself that she was about through with this furtive business. She knew now that he had been married and had children somewhere, but he never told her whether he was now free . . . never a word about that. And she was beginning definitely to think that she had a right to know. There were still many tender passages between them; but habit had become a factor in the situation, and there were reservations and evasions.

Outwardly she was quieter, just a thought more settled, surer. And she had grown like certain of the other young actresses in that her demure look was no longer ingenuous. And her gently pretty smile told nothing. Sometimes she felt very old. It was hard to believe that she was not yet nineteen.

The climax she dreaded developed (Continued on page 97)



# Chums

"By their friends ye shall know them!"

So speaketh the  
cinema  
philosopher

*It's certainly a good thing they live right across the street from each other. Otherwise, it would keep them broke buying gasoline. When Mildred Davis isn't out with Harold Lloyd and Helen Ferguson isn't being escorted by Bill Russell, their idea of a good time is to go down town together to a picture show and consume ice cream sodas afterwards. They're been chums for seven years*

**W**HO are the real chums of the film favorites? PHOTOPLAY investigated and the exclusive pictures on these two pages are the result. Sometime soon PHOTOPLAY may present some more. Film fans will find unusual interest in these pages, for they are the real thing, caught far from the maddening press agent.



*There isn't a closer friendship between men in Hollywood than the one existing between "Ruddy" and Douglas Gerrard, director and character actor. In fact, until Valentino came East recently, he and Mr. Gerrard were bawling together in Rodolph's home. "He's the best friend a man ever had," Ruddy says positively. The intimacy started some five years ago, when Valentino first came to Hollywood*



*It doesn't seem quite fair for Bebe Daniels and Lila Lee to be chums. Such a high voltage of charm as they make together is apt to be disastrous. However, these two are the best friends in every sense of the word. They wear each other's clothes, always go to parties together, eat lunch every day in each other's dressing rooms on the Lacky lot, and Bebe is either at Lila's for the week-end or Lila is at Bebe's*





Mary Miles Minter and Jeanie MacPherson, the scenarist, are the greatest friends. When "The College Widow" opened in New York years ago, the leading man was Tommie Meighan and the juvenile, who played "Stubby," was Larry Wheel. Larry was best man when Tommie married "The College Widow" herself, Frances Ring. They've been pals ever since. Larry is now on the screen in California



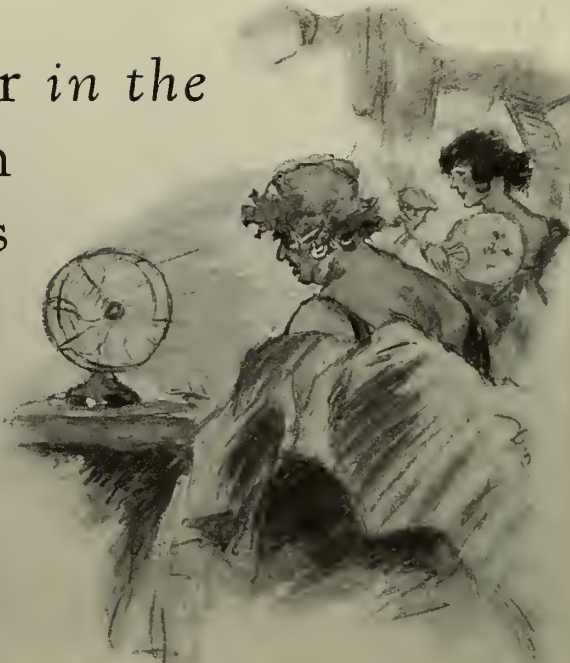
They're like a couple of school girls in their friendship for each other, Lois Wilson and May MacAvoy. Just above, Gloria Swanson and Mrs. Frank (Peggy) Urson, who have made two trips to New York and one to Europe together and are still friends. Gloria occupies a luxurious apartment above Mrs. Urson's and depends upon her for advice—also the overseeing of small Gloria II when mamma is at the studio



# Summer in the Eastern Studios



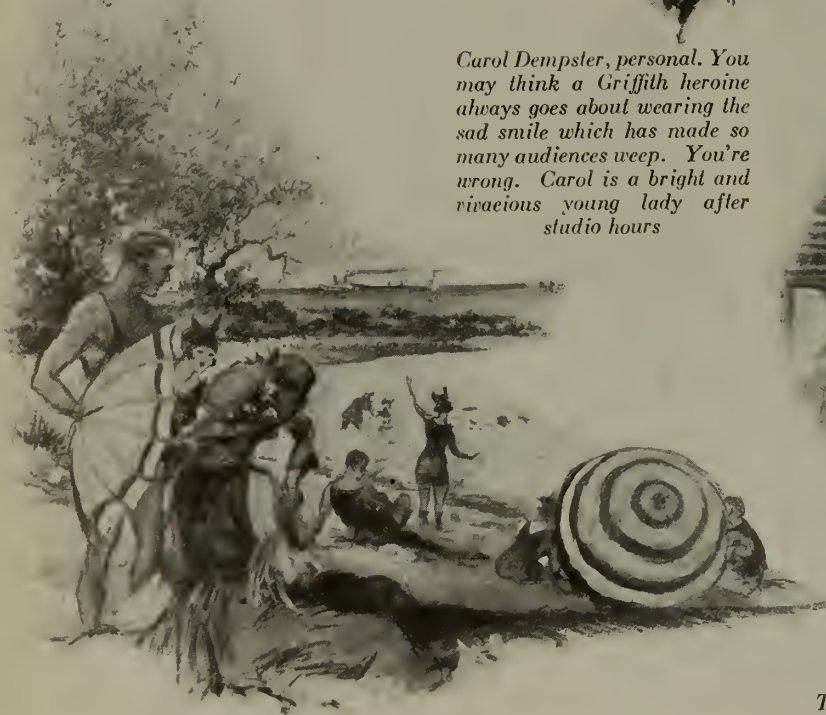
Lew Cody is the star of what looks like the great table-pounding scene from "The Mysteries of Paris," which were recently unravelled at the Whitman Bennett studios. There are, apparently, the mysteries on the shelf—bottles and bottles of 'em. Their contents are, to say the least, synthetic. Ever taste properly wine?



Rose Coghlan, the veteran actress from the stage, plays an important part in D. W. Griffith's midsummer production, tentatively titled "At the Grange." The electric fan has nothing to do with the story; but it had a great deal to do with keeping the actors in good humor



Carol Dempster, personal. You may think a Griffith heroine always goes about wearing the sad smile which has made so many audiences weep. You're wrong. Carol is a bright and vivacious young lady after studio hours



The Griffith studio isn't just a studio. The director has one of the loveliest locations in the east for a permanent set. Here's the famous beach on the estate, where the players go in swimming between scenes. Talk about the bathing pools of Hollywood! We'd work for Mr. Griffith for nothing



The poor little persecuted heroine, wrapped in blankets, is shivering with cold. That is, until the camera stops grinding. When Mr. Griffith calls "Cut," Carol Dempster will shed the blankets and shivers and beat it to the beach; for this scene was shot on the hottest day of the summer. The temperature under the lights was 150°



# The Romance of a princess who was also a human being

By Charles Major

Fictionized by  
William Almon Wolff



*With a cry  
Brandon  
rushed forward  
and took  
the hand that  
Mary Tudor  
held out.  
He kissed it,  
held it . . .  
held it so long  
that she  
blushed. And  
between them  
something  
electrical  
passed*

## When Knighthood was in Flower

MARY TUDOR was a *king's* sister, and the *bride* of a *king*; but she followed the call of her heart, and it led her to the gallant CHARLES BRANDON

CHARLES BRANDON sat in his rooms, well pleased. He had reason enough for his pleasure. That morning he had been a poor man, unknown at court, without preferment. He had carried a good sword to the French wars and brought it home again to England, hoping much, expecting little. An uncle, willing enough to favor him if he might do it without cost, had presented him to Henry VIII; the chance that he knew a game of cards, unknown to that monarch, had done the rest. So evening saw Charles Brandon's fortune made, as such things were reckoned in those days. These rooms, in the King's own castle of Windsor, were his. He was a captain of the guard; assured, so, of pay and perquisites sufficient to maintain him at court. The king was pleased with him; Caskoden, his new friend, had told him that. He was sure to go far.





*But now came Henry himself and his guard; the odds were too great. And back to London, sobbing, rode Mary Tudor; rode Charles Brandon, too, bound for the Tower, chained and as good as dead already*

And—there was that girl he had come upon, earlier in the day, when he had been sent upon his first errand; the one who had twitted him so saucily when he sought the Princess Mary.

Odd, how the memory of the jade stayed with him! A pretty thing enough—but Brandon had been blind to pretty faces all his life. Even now he pushed the memory of her away. Some lady of the court she was, no doubt, who had been pleased to amuse herself by teasing him; he knew something of the ways of such ladies. To be sure he had done her a service; she had seemed, at least, to be grateful when he had sent that great rascal, Buckingham, about his business as he forced himself upon her.

But other thoughts were stirring in Charles Brandon. He had achieved something here today. But he was half sorry that it was so. He had come home to an England that had seemed to hold out no promise to him. This one cast he had made. But his plan had been, had he failed at court, to take ship for New Spain; to seek adventure and wealth in a new world—to find death instead, if that should be his fate. Now—well, he sighed. Time would show all things. And of time there was always enough, and to spare.

**A** KNOCK at his door. He called permission; Caskoden, smiling, handsome, the debonair courtier all over, came in. His eyes were quizzical. "I bring a royal command," he said.

"From the king? I thought we were excused—"

"A command more imperative than his—the Princess Mary's! She receives us in her private quarters—now, at once. With only the Lady Jane Bolingbroke to bear her company."

Brandon frowned.

"I have no taste for such amusements," he said. He smiled. "I have heard of you and Lady Jane," he went on. "But as for the Princess—why should I wait upon her?"

"Because she bids you," said Caskoden, roundly. "There's answer enough! Man—man—would you be a courtier and keep so stiff a neck? Bend it to suppleness!"

"Well—if I must I must," said Brandon, ungraciously. "Come—the sooner begun the sooner done."

Fate must have laughed a little just then. Fate knew what

Charles Brandon did not suspect—that the pretty lady of the afternoon, owner of that face that had so strangely stirred this young man who had, so far, so successfully resisted the lure of ladies, awaited him in the rooms of the Princess Mary, and in that highly placed and wilful lady's own lovely person. And she—she knew it too, be sure! He had used her with courtesy that day—yet with a sort of amused disdain as well. A thousand men, behaving so, would have angered her; she had relished conduct from him that would have spelt ruin to any other man.

She laughed as she greeted him; grew grave as she realized that, recognizing her, he saw himself as the victim of a jest. He bowed low.

"I have waited upon Your Highness," he said, "I have now only to take my leave."

And he was gone. But—Mary followed him.

"Master Brandon," she said. He turned, sullen, displeased.

"It—it was a silly jest," she said. Her eyes were shining.

There was a spirit as intoxicating as a strong and heady wine in Mary Tudor's eyes that night. Incredulously he gazed at her. And she went on: "I crave your pardon—humbly and sincerely," she said. And swept him a curtsy so low that it brought one knee to the ground.

With a cry he rushed forward and took the hand that she held out. He kissed it; held it . . . held it so long that she blushed. And between them something electrical passed. For the moment it was all. But Lady Jane saw, and Caskoden, and because between them, also, it had been, and still was, so, and because they knew Mary's spirit, and the plans that Henry, her brother, was already making for a marriage for her that should further his ambitions to be Emperor, they were deeply troubled.

For Mary nothing mattered save that she had found a man. Brandon was deeply stirred; strange things had come to him. He danced with her, in the new fashion of the French court, so that, when he put his arm about her she shrank, as from an affront, before she laughed, and yielded herself, happily, to that light embrace, unseen, heretofore, in the English court, ruled by that paragon of primness, Catherine of Aragon.

Gay that party was, and innocent—save for what might



grow out of it. But outside trouble brewed. Buckingham, Mary's suitor, favored by the King until the lure of a marriage to Louis XII of France had been dangled before him, was not one to submit lightly to a blow—and Brandon had struck him that afternoon, when his passion had betrayed him into an attempt to force himself upon Mary. He and a hireling of his, one Judson, already hostile to Brandon as the result of an old quarrel in France, had seen Caskoden and Brandon enter the wing of the castle devoted to Mary; they planned to seize them as robbers as they came out, and to precipitate, so, a scene sure to result in scandal.

But they reckoned without Mary. For now there came word to Mary of the plans for the French marriage. Shocked and angry, she determined to flaunt her brother; to consult, that night, a soothsayer, known as Grouche, though recourse to him by any of the court was expressly forbidden by Henry. Buckingham and Judson, with their bravos, changed their plan when they saw Mary and Jane emerge; followed them, and Brandon, in turn, stalked them.

So he was ready, when Buckingham sought, in his desperation, actually to abduct Mary, as she came from Grouche's, to rush to the rescue. He wounded Judson; killed two of the bravos; scattered the rest. And did nothing, thus, to change Mary's conviction that in him she had found a man.

The French marriage was all but arranged. Mary, sullen, angry, growing desperate, knew it; all the court knew it. But what could her betrothal to a doddering old man, with one foot in the grave, do to deter Mary Tudor? She loved Charles Brandon; she had arts enough to make him avow his love in turn. They kissed; in despair, they parted.

Buckingham suspected their secret; did more than suspect it; was desperate enough, and mean enough, to take his tale to Henry. He had an excuse for action, too; Brandon was arrested upon his charge and Judson's and lodged in prison. Caskoden was in France; upon his return he was able to arrange to have Brandon freed. In time, oh, just in time, for the maddest of all of Mary Tudor's mad adventures!

Common sense, a thought for his safety, dictated flight for Charles Brandon. The king had been amused, so far; at any moment he might turn from amusement to a savage anger. Brandon must seek new fortunes in the new world.

"Well enough!" said Mary. "But—with me!"

They were mad—but they were resolute. As a boy Mary could go, she insisted; as a boy, clad in doublet and hose, she appeared, and off they rode. Bristol lay before them, at the end of the open road; side by side they rode through the night. Behind them sped Buckingham and the king.

Bristol they reached, with the pursuit an hour behind them still. The ship was ready, with its company of gentlemen adventurers. Gentlemen they were—by birth; blackguards, too many of them, by choice and growth. Mary, as a boy, must pass muster with them. Sharp eyes penetrated her disguise; a fight began. They were for killing Brandon then and there and carrying her with them.

"Till, gallant and sure of herself, she swept off her hat; declared herself.

"Strike if you please—but you strike Mary Tudor!" she cried. "Gentlemen—this is my lover, Charles Brandon—and they would wed me to a toothless king in France! Will you stand by us?"

Buckingham had come with his bullies. Him the adventurers, won now to Mary's cause, would have fought and beaten. But now, upon his heels, came Henry himself and his guard; the odds were too great. And back to London, sobbing, rode Mary Tudor; rode Charles Brandon, too, bound for the Tower, chained and as good as dead already.

And yet—not quite. For Mary had a good friend at court, even when her brother had turned against her. Wolsey, the great cardinal, shook his wise head.

"She will marry Louis, sire," he told the King. (Continued on page 112)

*"Yes, you are safe now, so long as the king lives," the Dauphin admitted. "But—never forget that when he dies I shall be king! You may play with him as you please—have your way. But I—I shall be master as well as king!"*





# What Directors are Made of

Photography by Abbe



*George Medford cherished youthful ambitions to be a wild-wester in a circus. He ran away from home, and did a he Annie Oakley—shooting little glass balls and the like. And then Fale came along and made him a director, and now he's shooting "Sheiks!"*



*And, on the other hand, (in the oval), Penrhyn Stanlaus began life as an artist and his work was known and loved by the public when the pictures were really in their infancy*



*Mickey Neilan, himself. He used to be a messenger boy, and says he's proud to admit it! He was probably one of the hard-boiled kind, who read all night letters before delivering them*



*The gentleman on the splintery looking pole, Frank Lloyd, in fact, was once a construction hand on a telegraph gang. Now, when temperamental stars go up in the air, it leaves him quite unmoved*

*Alan Dwan was an electrical engineer, with a college degree and everything. He was even one of the stars on the Notre Dame football team! And then, one day, he was sent to the old Essanay studio to fix some lights, and fixed a poor story as well. And then he just stayed on, and fixed up a lot of things—and the rest was easy*



# Poise, Clothes and Grooming

By

Carolyn Van Wyck

Photography by  
Nicholas Muray

**I**T IS the duty of every girl to get the most out of herself.

To make herself as attractive as possible. To accentuate a lovely curve, a beautiful line, a pretty feature. It is more than a duty—it is a rare privilege!

A commonplace woman may be the most striking figure at any gathering—if she has poise and a sense of clothes. If she stands and sits well, uses her hands gracefully, and arranges her hair in a becoming manner.



*This girl is all wrong. She gives an impression of the shoddy. She is bad taste incarnate! Her suit, with its garishly embroidered skirt, makes her seem narrow and bent of shoulder. Her stockings and shoes cause her ankles—really quite good—to seem thick. Her style of hair-dressing makes her face seem broad, and—to cap the climax—she is posed awkwardly, with hands spread and head thrust forward*



*The same girl—but with a difference! Properly and simply gowned, topped by a becoming, and equally simple, hat. And, most important of all, minus the ugly side bunches of hair. Notice the hands, quietly at rest. The hands of a gentlewoman, certainly!*



*The lines of this hat are wrong. Decidedly. Again they broaden where width is not necessary. And the figured material, so close to the face, makes the complexion seem less clear. The turned back brim throws a hard light into eyes that can be both soft and appealing*



# Make the Lady, says Miss Van Wyck



*There is something unpleasantly aggressive in this attitude. The hands, jammed into small pockets, give a note of needless swagger. The feet, far apart, speak for themselves—speak too loudly, alas! Again the ruffle, the embroidery, the hair! Here is Sixth Avenue, blatant and pitifully plain*



*Charm, poise and personality. They are embodied in this graceful figure. The dress of misty gray is flattering to blonde beauty, the sash gives a pleasing touch, the hair is—as it should be—a soft frame for a youthful face. Vertical slipper straps accentuate trim ankle and well-poised foot*





"Yes," Mack went on presently, as if, instead of thinking, he had been speaking, "that's it! The fault must be mine. Somehow, I've failed"



# THE THIRD ACT

By Donald G. O'Connor

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

RENE'S slim, white-knuckled hands had not unclenched, nor did she answer. She was staring into the reflected lights at the left of her make-up mirror, where, on a ruffled doll-pincushion of soft browns and yellows, there gleamed, surrounded by an oval of pearls, the scintillating reds and greens and blues of a magnificent fire opal.

"The critics have said," Bruce continued, "that I live the part I play; you have played with me long enough to know, Rene. But of my life outside the theater they know nothing. It is my own—and I am myself. You are the only person in the world who has ever had a glimpse of the real Landon Bruce. I think you know me as I really am, Rene."

The reflected glitter of the fire opal still held Rene's gaze. She nodded mechanically, but back of her long-lashed brown eyes her brain was struggling with the greatest problem she had ever faced. Her decision meant either that she would go on with Mack Karber, as star and manager, as man and wife, or—

A strange stilted phrase kept repeating itself over and over in her mind: "Dust or the flare of fire. . . . Dust or the flare of fire. . . . Dust or the—"

"You stare at that opal so!" Bruce said, annoyed at her long study of the pearl-enclosed jewel. Fifteen years in London and New York had given his voice a richness, a mellow quality that made of it an instrument on which he, perhaps unconsciously, played. The thin thread of irritation that sounded in it at Rene's apparent abstraction was more noticeable to him than to her. When he spoke again, his tone was gentle, almost wistful. Rene took keen note of *that*.

"It seems to have life and warmth," he said; "to stir within the pearls as if it were seeking to be free from their narrow circle. It is like love, Rene, chafing against restraint."

Rene's gaze shifted from the reflection of the opal to the jewel itself.

"I think you said you picked it up in Australia?"

"I found it when I was a boy. Even before it was polished, the colors were glorious. But"—Bruce brushed some powder from the lapel of his coat with his white, well-manicured hand—"to me, the dead luster of those pearls seems to rob it of much of its warmth."

Rene smiled.

"Mack's a bit superstitious," she said. "He had it set in pearls on account of 'the evil eye.' Opals are supposed to bring bad luck, you know; but if they are surrounded with pearls the spell is broken. At first, I was afraid Mack wouldn't want me to keep it; but he admires it almost as much as I do."

"Mack," Bruce said slowly, "is unusual. He is the only manager I have ever known who could appreciate beauty for itself alone. You understand what I mean, Rene. Theatrical managers have a reputation here in the States. They may not all deserve it, but it clings. And in the legitimate, we see only a suggestion of the ugly business that goes on in the musical shows. You know most of them personally: their minds centered in one direction, their faces ineradicably marked by the one trend. Why? Because instead of realizing that there is only one thing in the world that matters, instead of looking for it, they are reaching into the flesh-pots."

The opal seemed to gleam with a more intense flame as Rene

turned her eyes to meet Bruce's. "And that one thing?" she asked softly.

He held her gaze steadily for an instant, while the color crept up under the smooth flesh of her throat. Then, abruptly, he got to his feet.

"Do you mind if I smoke? . . . Thanks."

Mack would not have asked permission. . . . It was a thought, at once trivial and apparently irrelevant; but, somehow, significant. It was one of many such thoughts that had lately come to her.

Her mind had been traveling back over the years: the beginning of her success, and then, her marriage to Mack Karber. Lately she had not seen much of Mack. She was playing

two matinees a week, and, in the morning, she slept late—slept until long after Mack had left for the office. She had had hardly a chance to talk to him. And, when she had seen him, he had seemed both physically and mentally heavy. If only he possessed what Bruce would have called "the finer feelings!" She sighed a little. The contrast between the two men—a contrast she did not consciously sharpen—kept thrusting itself into the foreground of her mind. Bruce had shown her so many little attentions, the less obvious gallantries, the small courtesies that all women appreciate. Too, he made her feel his need of her, his desire to be with her; he deferred to her opinions, seemed to place great value on them. With a swift little contraction of her brows, she wondered if her appreciation of all these things, her acceptance of them, was in any way disloyal to Mack Karber. But Mack was so sufficient unto himself! He took her—he had, she reflected, always taken her—quite as a matter of course. Good to her? Yes! Kindly, generous, loyal, but—oh, that dubious conjunction! But!

With this man who leaned over and deftly wrapped a cape about her bare shoulders—almost before she sensed the feeling of cold—what would life not be like? He made her conscious of her beauty, made her feel her own desirability. Mack loved her—she was sure of that—but in his own stolid, even way. There were no heights, no depths to Mack. He would do as well without her as with her; he didn't really *need* her. And Rene wanted to be needed. In that desire, she knew that she did not differ from other women. They want admiration, love, attention; but most of all, they want to be needed.

Landon Bruce, leaning against the wall in the shadows, watched her face reflect the varying mood of her thoughts. It was a lovely, piquant face, framed by hair that showed gold, or brown or red, under different colored lights. The eyes were wide, changeful; the mouth, in repose, was almost childishly wistful, but there was a firm set to the small chin, a fine poise to the head.

All the long struggle for recognition, and five years of marriage, had changed Rene not at all. Success had come, and with it admiration, flattery, jewels, every conceivable luxury; yet she was unspoiled. All the illusions, all the buoyancy of unspoiled youth were hers; at heart, she was still the child. There was a warmth of tenderness in Bruce's musical voice as he said:

"It seems to me that the most important thing in the world is understanding—subtle understanding. One can do with friendship, companionship, love even, sometimes; and yet find a lack—one may not be conscious of what it is: the need of someone with whom a few moments mean more than hours and days with all the many others. Someone whose presence means infinitely much; someone whose comprehending silence brings harmony. Harmony, Rene; the perfect harmony of silence, with no need for the words that most people find necessary in their relationships." He hesitated an instant before he added: "I think that your life, if I may be allowed to say it,



is lacking in the fine appreciation and understanding that you deserve."

Rene's slender fingers tightened a little over the arms of her chair. She swallowed as if there were some constriction in her throat.

"It must be almost time for you to go on, Landon," she evaded. "I think I heard them call 'third act' some time ago." With his eyes on her, his voice sounding in her ears, she could not think clearly; she wanted to be alone.

Bruce opened the door a crack on Rene's maid sitting just outside; he listened, then he shook his head and closed the door again.

"You must have been mistaken," he said; "we've still a few minutes; we don't have to talk if you'd rather not."

Considerably above the average actor in ability and intelligence, Landon Bruce had early learned to repress as well as express his thoughts and emotions. He might have tried to take Rene in his arms, but he possessed an innate perception that did not allow for advances of a demonstrative sort. He only looked at her with his slow, compelling smile, and with a light in his eyes that made her aware of his feelings in a way no woman could resent.

He moved across to the make-up shelf and lifted the doll-pincushion in his hand.

"So many blending colors," he said; "so much fire and warmth. Opals reflect the moods of the person who wears them. They dull and brighten, blaze and then fade; sometimes they even die and fall to powder. There is nothing left but a tiny pile of gray dust, as lusterless as those pearls. Pearls are very—substantial, I suppose, but to me, Rene—" He shook his head slowly, as he replaced the pincushion on the shelf. "Mack telegraphed that he'd get here about ten, didn't he?"

Mack . . . Mack would be in at any moment. . . .

Mack had his odd little tests, which he used when he was confronted by a situation that he found to be difficult of solution. Rene wondered miserably just what he

would devise were he facing such a problem as hers. *Dust, or the flare of fire. . . . Dust or the flare of fire . . . dust. . . .*

The little window at the left of the make-up shelf swung shut with a click, fluttering the ruffles of the doll-pincushion. From the stage, came faintly the sound of voices; the curtain was up on the third, the last, act.

Landon Bruce knew that between him and Rene, matters had reached a climax—a climax—he had antici-

*Karber moved a little closer, lowering his voice to a cautious undertone. "Selma Jaeger will play the lead," he said. "This is confidential. I'd like Rene to have it, but, well, you know her limit as well as I do"*





*Karber drew a deep breath that was half sigh, half prayer. Rene . . . she stood in the doorway, her head flung back, a little scornful smile on her lips*

"I never wanted to speak. I meant to keep from it at whatever cost. And I couldn't, Rene. I had to tell you before—before—"

pated early in the run of the play. And tonight, the first time that Rene had allowed herself to accept an invitation to go anywhere with him unchaperoned, Mack Karber, her husband had telegraphed that he was returning to the city.

"I don't know, Rene," Bruce said slowly, "I can't be sure, of course; but my intuition tells me that you are not developing your best. And standing still, means going backward. In your own heart, you know that you have no real inspiration, nothing to make you go on, rise, ascend the heights." With a gesture he indicated the ascent.

"I have never ventured to say anything before, but caring for you as I do—" His voice, with its mellow inflections, ceased in a silence more eloquent than speech. He had stepped back again into the shadow of the gown-hung wall, looking his best with his make-up in the dimly lighted place. When he spoke again, it was in those musical tones that were so peculiarly his, that shaded meanings so perfectly for the stage.

"The appreciation that you need, the understanding you crave, that would stimulate you to bigger and better things, develop the talent that is yours—you must have it, Rene. You are like a very rare jewel—like that fire opal there. And you are—set in pale, lifeless pearls. Oh, Rene—" In his voice there was both pathos and passion; a hint of something that was almost despair.

To be loved by a man, is the desire of all women. The love of Landon Bruce with his deep, beautifully modulated voice, his classic features, his sympathy and understanding, stirred Rene strangely. Her eyes were fixed on the powder strewn floor-cloth. The fingers of her right hand moved nervously, like the muscle-bound hand of a child learning first piano exercises.

Rene looked up, straight into his eyes.

"Rene, you know that I love you." The words were those he had uttered as the hero in dozens of plays on hundreds of nights; but there was no mistaking the sincerity of them. "And I believe that you love me. Do you, Rene?"

"I—I—" her voice faltered on a sob; the harsh sob of one who has made an effort to hold back an emotion and failed.

"Do you, Rene? Tell me." He took a step toward her.

Neither of them had heard the sound of footsteps approaching across the floor outside the dressing room. The door knob turned. Mack Karber entered. He came in with the brisk assurance that dynamic personality always possesses, the keynote of domination that makes for success. He did not seem aware of the atmosphere of emotional suspense with which the room was charged.

"Hello, dear!" he said, taking Rene in his arms and kissing her. "Great house tonight, isn't it? Every seat sold and forty or fifty standees! . . . How are you, Landon?"

"Good evening, Mack," Bruce said, rather colorlessly; and Rene forced a smile. Their constraint was obvious, but if Karber noticed it, he gave no sign. He was not so tall as Bruce, but he was quicker in his movements; his accents were more crisp. He had trained his facial muscles to conceal rather than portray what went on in his mind.

"I think it's about time for me to go on," Bruce remarked easily, and started for the door.

"No; don't go!" Karber said, a little abruptly. "The maid will call you in time for your cue." He took a cigar from his pocket, clipped and lighted it. "The Rolls Royce I got for Rene the other day," he explained, in response to Bruce's inquiring glance, "is going to be de- (Continued on page 114)



# The Gamin is Back

Photography by  
Abbe



NOT since her memorable little roughneck of "Hearts of the World" has Dorothy Gish had a part so peculiarly suited to her whimsical talents as that of the heroine of "Fury," a new production in which the comedienne-Gish co-stars with Richard Barthelmess.

Louise in "Orphans of the Storm" was a touching and a true portrayal. But—it wasn't what we'd come to expect of Dorothy. There are so few real comic spirits on the screen, and she is one of them. The old mad, bad, beloved Dorothy—the adorable *gamin*—is back. Above you see her, sedately, as Mrs. James Rennie. And to the right, as Dick's hoodlum heroine. By the way, have you heard that the Gish girls may be starred together?



Mr. Howe calls  
 Pola The Supreme Coquette  
 . . . . A Goya  
 Woman. . . .  
 Frost-white skin  
 with blood scarlet  
 lips. . . The  
 luminous black-  
 ness of eyes. . . .  
 Raven hair  
 . . . . Nights of  
 Bagdad, Nights  
 on the Nile,  
 Venetian Nights  
 with tiny red and  
 amber lights  
 turning water  
 into wine

Pola Negri is sur-  
 prisingly unlike Du  
 Barry and Carmen.  
 her manner more  
 subdued, yet funda-  
 mentally she seems  
 the eternal Carmen,  
 the reckless, Bo-  
 hemian, impulsive,  
 loved and loving  
 gypsy, passionate,  
 elemental, primitive.  
 . . . A Carmen cul-  
 tivated by society and  
 tempered by experi-  
 ence in pain



By  
 Herbert Howe

# The Real Pola Negri

## POLA NEGRI'S Message to America

**M**Y card went palpitating into the presence of Pola Negri while I palpitated outside her chambers in the Hotel Adlon in Berlin.

The months rolled by.

A door opened.

An English maid, lean and correct, loomed forward.

"The countess is ill and begs to be excused," said she. Would I make the appointment for Saturday evening? And would I be so kind as to excuse the countess?

"Anything the countess says is jake with me," I said stylishly, and minnowed away.

Came Saturday and me, this time with a package of Turkish Butterfly cigarettes inscribed. Smoked by Nobility.

I got as far as the antechamber this time. A film official substituted for the maid. I was making some progress. But the countess was ill in bed in the next room. She

"**A**LWAYS AMERICA has been my dream from the time I was a child in Poland. You do not know how Polish children look toward America. It is like heaven to which people go for eternal happiness. The leaves of the trees are gold. Always people return rich or send money back. Everything is free, and all people friendly.

"Of course I do not have these childish illusions any more. I know that in the world there is not perfection. But America, I think, is most nearly perfect.

"Ah, yes, I have seen with my eyes the Quaker Friends going among the poor. Who came first to the deathbed of poor, suffering middle Europe? Who cared for the babies and nursed them back to health? America.

"I think most wonderful of all is to be able to forgive your enemies. America does that. She is the friend of those in pain whoever they may be.

"For me America has been the fairy godmother, as wonderful, more wonderful than I could have imagined as a child. How could I ever have dreamed that America would one day love me? It was wonderful—in one night almost I hear that America is praising me and wanting me. At the very time, too, when my whole career was in the balance. When the Germans had denounced me for my Polish sympathies and made it impossible for me to continue work.

"The happiest day of my life is when I see America."





was most unhappy to disappoint me. Would I be so very gracious as to call on Monday at her dressing room in the studio?

Monday: Hope going and cigarettes gone (*Not Smoked by Nobility*).

A very high official rapped on the dressing room door, just an ordinary wooden door without a star or coronet but bearing the electrifying name of Pola Negri in small letters. I was shocked to behold the door opening. A voice, soft and mellow, floated up like a perfume from peach-colored satin. I was in the presence of—The Countess Domska!

**G**LAMOUR swirls in giddy circles around the being of Pola Negri.

Upon arriving in Berlin for the express purpose of paying court to the lady on behalf of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE I inquired of a German as to her possible whereabouts.

"Pola Negri—that tiger cat!" he muttered. "She has disappeared."

He pondered darkly while I resolved within my soul to be a better Sherlock Holmes than John Barrymore.

"I cannot tell you precisely where she is," replied the German, after goading and gimleting. "I believe that her Polish friends have persuaded her to return to Poland."

On to Warsaw! But first I made inquiries of other Berliners. They were also of the opinion that she had gone into Polish fastnesses. Her heart, they said, had always been with her little distraught country. Only they didn't say it that way. *Nien!*

"She made all her money in Germany and gives it all to Poland. The Germans do not like her any more. If her pictures were shown here now they would tear down the theater."

"So she has given up career for country!" I murmured romantically.

The Herr nodded grudgingly. "We do not know where she has gone—only she's gone."

It looked like a plain case of me for the hungry Poles and another ten dollars for a passport *visa*.

But at that very moment Pola Negri was in Berlin. She had returned quietly from her place of seclusion, wherever it was, and was working under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch in his studio.

Before gaining this tip and while hounding for scents I attended a party at the Kockelbrau, a popular beer-guzzling

gazzort of Berlin. Among the noses periscoping out of the titanic steins were those of several professors, critics and newspapermen. There was the inevitable talk of French atrocities in the occupied area—"atrocities," a familiar old word that made me grin despite my perfect Lloyd-George manners. I learned that the German hate for France has prior claim over all the other twenty-seven hates but that the hate for Poland is a close favorite. I didn't object, however, as the beer was bravo and the weinerwurst a fine old dog.

With reference to Poland I thought of Pola, she and Pad-erewski being all there was to Poland so far as I'd ever heard.

The name struck fire. Instantly a little flame of gossip was licking its way voraciously upward.

Her original name, I learned, was Apollina Schwartz. Some said Paula Schwartz. Anyhow, there was a unanimous "Ya" for the "Schwartz." Out of the purple shadows of Warsaw she whirled into the spotlight of a cabaretzky. She came to Berlin eventually and danced in "Sumurun," later entering pictures.

As a cinema star she became popular with the German public, although never as highly esteemed as Asta Nielsen or Henny Porten, actresses to whom the American fan has already awarded tombstones.

With stardom and high salary came her marriage to the Polish Count Domska. It is significant that this marriage, according to German report, was very much like that of Madame Du Barry in "Passion." You will recall that the little milliner married in order to gain a title that would permit her to move in aristocratic circles. Whatever the motive in the Negri-Domska union it is true that Pola divorced the Count shortly after the nuptials—some say Domska swung on the gate two days after.

One devastating criticism of Pola did interest me. It was that she has no regard for money—that she gives and gives and gives—never using any sense—giving it mostly to the starving Poles, who seem to have a greater penchant for starving than jailed suffragettes. It was admitted, however, that some of her money went to German charities. Rather inconsistent of the marble heart, I thought. Nor could she be accused of lorgnette airs despite the allegation that she married for the purpose of mingling with the Berlin monacles.

I give these fragmentary and unauthentic tales because they will inevitably come submarining to America. And it is well



A scene from Pola Negri's first American success, "Passion"





to know that the people starting them are full of sauerkraut.

Pola Negri's profound love for her country, her prodigal generosity toward all those who suffer within it, has antagonized a certain familiar type of German and made for her many enemies in Berlin.

"THE Countess Domska—or Miss Negri?" I queried as a petal hand trailed out of peach satin and the black glory of eyes smiled a caressing *bon jour*.

"Non, non," she smiled. "It is—Pola. I am no more countess. I am—" she paused while a radiance gathered in her eyes—"I am going to America!"

I didn't need to ask her if she were happy to go,—those eyes, those Negri Eyes!

"Why do you think you will love America so much?"

"Because,"—a smile of arch candor,—"America loves me."

I herewith solemnly proclaim Pola Negri a Divinity.

If angels are more beautiful than heaven is no place for saints.

I don't know how beautiful she is because there's no one stunning enough to be compared with her.

When you first look upon her you see—EYES.

You think you see two eyes in which all the nights of the world are sparkling and the lids are a little weary.

Then the expression changes—another two eyes, soft, gentle, plain-tive.

Then dizzying, flirting, daring eyes.

Eyes bold,—eyes demure—EYES.

Eventually, of course, other features emerge from the mist of hypnosis—perhaps two or three hours after, depending on how strong-minded you are. For instance, after looking at her for three days I noticed she had ears. It was a startling discovery. It never occurred to me that eyes needed ears.

A Goya woman. Frost white skin with blood scarlet lips. The luminous blackness of eyes. Matched with her hair the raven is a dull mulatto.

—Night and countries of the moon—Nights of Bagdad, nights on the Nile, Venetian nights with tiny red and amber lights turning water into wine—

But some one else will have to write a Sonnet to the Supreme Coquette. I'd grow hysterical.

I only know that every enchantress of man in history is credible when envisaged as her. Queen of Sheba, Queen of the Nile, Helen of Troy—yea the Venus ambrosial.

Here is the attar of femininity. The charm of sex in essence.

Her appeal to the American man will be comparable, I fancy, to that of Valentino to the American girl. Yet it is a foolish comparison. All comparisons with Negri are foolish. Women as well as men will be her votaries, for she is a very great artist, a vivid and brilliant woman.

There is an unexpected note of pathos in the voice of Pola Negri, a voice a little like Ethel Barrymore's, though not as robust. She speaks slowly with a provocative little drawl.

For several hours one day I watched her as she worked before the camera and as she rested between emotional scenes.

It was during the rest moments that she interested me particularly. She sat very still and aloof in the silky billows of her 1860 French costume, almost motionless except for her eyes, which were continually roving, glancing, flirting, staring, hovering, musing,—shifting expressions with every mood of a cinematic mind.

One expression was peculiarly haunting. It was reminiscent. I tried to remember where I had seen it. One of those strange, heart-reaching expressions, that echo and re-echo through the mind, groping for comparison. Naturally I thought of the indefinable and disturbing light in the eyes of Mona Lisa. But it was like only in the disturbing and indefinable quality. Yet I could not abandon the quest. Like a name that flutters just outside the regions of the mind, it tempted by elusion.

Once I was startled by a memory flash of Lillian Gish. Impossible though it seemed to my weak reason, there was a kinship between that one plaintive appealing look in the eyes of Negri and the gentle sorrowfulness in the eyes of Lillian.

Pola Negri—that tiger cat! (Continued on page 92)



In picture, Pola Negri is a woman. In person, she is a girl. Perhaps the screen maturity is due to her make-up. She employs no tricks to prettify



# New Faces Contest Winner

to be  
Announced Next Month .

A thousand difficulties beset judges who have filmed nearly one hundred girls in search for screen charm



*Taken on the roof of the Goldwyn Building, at Fifth Avenue motions before the most impartial and cold blooded judge of along—oftentimes finding defects that*

**T**HE camera, impartial always, clicks on. Finding a defect here, an imperfection there, that a less keen and cold blooded observer would pass by as unimportant. A rosy complexion, a dancing eye, a roguish smile—the camera may utterly pass them by. For it is charm—personality—that elusive, indefinite something—that the camera finds and magnifies.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, in its choice of the first hundred girls, made its selection chiefly with beauty in mind. A lovely

protie, regular features, a straight patrician nose—they were considered seriously, and with extreme fairness. And then, after thousands of dollars had been spent, it was found that most women, beautiful to look at, could not transfer their beauty to the screen. It also was found that a plain girl frequently photographs more successfully than one with radiant beauty. A woman, who at first glance seems to be colorless, may possess that vital spark that every worth while motion picture actress should have. And so beauty experts were called in, and screen authorities were consulted. And as a result of the conference some of the first hundred girls were eliminated from the final try-out—and other girls, who had been passed by—were brought to the fore. PHOTOPLAY was extreme in its effort to give everyone an equal chance.

A still picture—a photograph made in a regular studio with a regular camera—may be most deceptive. For a photographer



*Waiting to find out if they possess the magic key — beauty — with which to open the Goldwyn Gate. Four runners-up in the New Faces Contest, seated in the order named: Pauline Le Gros, Lorraine Eason, Mildred Armstrong and Helen Baldwin*





and Fortieth Street. The girls are going through the all—the motion picture camera. The camera clicks wickedly the casual observer would never notice

often, by a clever use of lights and by skillful posing, finds unexpected glimpses of prettiness. Invariably a photographer, if he knows his business, chooses the best angle at which to make a picture. A certain flattering line is accentuated. An especially attractive pose is made captive. But the motion picture camera does not resort to these tricks. It photographs from all positions, without any display of favoritism. It looks with an unfaltering eye upon all lines and angles—be they flattering, or otherwise.

Lucien Tainguy—camera man since he started with George Melies, of Paris, in 1900, and one of the most efficient in the business—made the screen tests for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. And, when asked about the qualities that go toward successful screening, he answered unhesitatingly.

“Many beautiful women,” he said, “are not lovely upon the screen. For the motion picture camera—he is a hard master. It seems that he has

the minute attention to detail of a microscope. And the warmth of a—fish. And a remarkable intuition. And a sense of humor, sometimes, that is unbelievable!

“A woman who is beautiful upon the screen must photograph well from all angles. She must walk well. She must carry her body gracefully. She must hold her head with poise and dignity. Her feet and ankles—they may make a difference that is quite tremendous! Her hair; the expression of her eyes. And the soul of her . . . I think, often, that a camera can bring out the latent meanness in a character. That it can show smallness of spirit.

“I think that the best actress upon the screen is Pauline Frederick. She is not the most beautiful—no, indeed. But compare her with any of the celebrated beauties—Miss Pickford, for instance. Compare her with anyone; and you will see what I mean. Depth, color, charm. She has them all.”

PHOTOPLAY has made its last screen tests. The winner of the New Faces Contest will be announced next month. Definitely. She will be a girl who was chosen not for mere surface beauty. She will have been selected because she had something deeper and finer and more secure. Something that will catch at the heart-strings of people—that will make them live her characters. Something that will lift them, with her, to heights of emotion. She has been chosen after the careful second sorting of the portraits of fifteen thousand contestants.

It is not easy to award this crown. Not at all. Among so many there were sure to be certain girls who stood out from the rest. There were faces with a breath-taking loveliness, there were glorious eyes, there were mouths that seemed to have combined the sweetness of a rose and the character of a super-woman. And there were figures that Praxiteles might have modeled (Concluded on page 95)



Mildred Moore, one of the winners in Photoplay's Beauty and Brains Contest, demonstrates that there is a real art in making up for the screen. Miss Moore played leads for Universal, and Helen Baldwin—being decorated—hopes to follow in her footsteps





### Timothy's Quest—American Releasing Corp.

A STORY so simple and so tremendously effective because of that simplicity that one wonders why so many pictures rely on superlatives in the matter of costs and sets and extras. Just Kate Douglas Wiggin's book—as it was written by the author—and New England as it really is.

The plot develops around a little boy and girl who run away from a tragic slum environment to find a mother and a home. They land in a stiff village populated, mostly, by spinsters and find their way to a white farm house in which an embittered old woman (remarkably portrayed by Marie Day) lives. How they smooth away her bitterness and make their home in her heart is told so well that the watcher never feels a moment of false sentiment or a suspicion of boredom. Master Joseph Depew and Baby Helen Rowland are the children, and they—with the rest of the cast—are fine. For everybody.



### Love Is an Awful Thing—Selznick

THIS strikes us as being something of a five reel Sennett-esque farce minus a lot of the high pressure physical action. Victor Heerman, who wrote and directed the opus, depends largely more upon situations.

It's just the usual tale of a young man in love. This time there is an irate papa who refuses to tolerate a young man with any sort of a past. Of course, a chorus girl turns up with some indiscreet poems written five years or so before and the complications start. Added to the tribulations are the jealous janitor of the hero's apartment building, his stage struck wife, the hero's clumsy but well meaning valet, and a delightful negro porter.

Not much, you will say, but quite amusing. Owen Moore does very well as the young man with the near-poetic past. Marjorie Daw is the girl and Arthur Hoyt almost runs away with the comedy as the fussy valet.

## THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

# THE SHADOW STAGE

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

### A Review of the New Pictures



### When Knighthood Was in Flower— Cosmopolitan

HERE is an American made romantic production gloriously decorative. For this we must give our thanks to Joseph Urban, scenic creator extraordinary. Director Robert Vignola deserves his share of praise for keeping a fine grip on a difficult story. *Cosmopolitan* spared no expense in filming the tale.

Back in the days of swashbuckling fiction, Charles Major turned out this "best seller" of the gay reign of Henry VIII. Mr. Major made the saucy, fiery tempered hoyden, Mary Tudor, his heroine, revolving his romance around her turbulent love for Charles Brandon and her ill starred royal marriage to Louis XII of France.

Marion Davies is the petulant *Mary Tudor*, the rôle once done behind the footlights by the glorious Julia Marlowe. Miss Davies puts more variety into the rôle than in anything she has heretofore contributed to the silversheet. Forrest Standing is the heroic *Charles Brandon*. Lynn Harding's *Henry VIII* has many moments of excellence but personally we prefer Emil Jannings as the much married king. William Norris seems to overdo the senile *Louis XII* but his moments just before his death are superbly limned. There are a number of able players present but none of them offers a more clean cut bit than George Nash in a few brief moments as a roystering adventurer.

True, the photoplay lacks in character humanizing and in the Germanic touch of historic reality. There are moments when it seems to us Director Vignola could have attained greater suspense. But, then too, there are moments to be long remembered. There is the Urban arrangement of lights and setting when *Mary Tudor* kneels in prayer. Here is superb cinema painting. And, then again, there is a piquant glimpse of *Mary Tudor* in bed.



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

MANSLAUGHTER

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

REMEMBRANCE

VALLEY OF SILENT MEN

TIMOTHY'S QUEST

LOVE IS AN AWFUL THING

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 94



**Manslaughter—Paramount**

CECIL DE MILLE'S illness of last winter seems to have been as good a thing for him as *Lydia Thorne's* penitentiary term was for her. *Lydia Thorne* emerged from the gray walls a human being. Cecil de Mille came from long imprisonment in a sick room with a new touch of sentiment and sincerity to add to his sense of brilliance and timeliness and the result is "Manslaughter." This photoplay is the best thing Mr. de Mille has done. It is not perfect. It has theatric lapses; it collapses with the Pollyanna regeneration of the heroine in prison and the out-of-character slip to the depths of the district attorney. Yet it is an admirable commentary on rich, rushing, headstrong Young America, done with a fullness which no stage production could possibly approach and shown with a descriptive detail which no novelistic word painter could hope to equal.

The biggest stories are easiest to summarize in a sentence because they hammer home a single theme. "Manslaughter" is a one theme parable—the parable of the platinum-plated, utterly free, arrogant, young American girl, who has come to believe that the world was created to be her playground and all mankind to be her servants. Such is *Lydia Thorne*, who is oblivious to suffering because she has never felt its pang. *Dan O'Bannon*, young district attorney, both loves and deprecates her, and when in a moment of reckless disregard she causes the death of an honest young officer only trying to do his duty, it is *O'Bannon* who fights for her conviction on a charge of manslaughter and puts her away where she must think, eventually repent, and beg into learn.

Leatrice Joy as *Lydia Thorne* meets her great opportunity. Thomas Meighan's work as *O'Bannon* is one of his finest performances worthy of this real actor. He is a fixed star, not a comet.



**Remembrance—Goldwyn**

RUPERT HUGHES has been devoting his time and talent of late to publicizing parenthood. He has, you might say, made mother and father household words. He had a message for American sons and daughters, and he has delivered it upon two occasions. "The Old Nest" successfully sermonized about mother. In "Remembrance," Mr. Hughes gives father the same attention.

Here we have dad, the unappreciated toiler, neglected by his family except when they answer his question of "How much?" His wife has grown worldly; his children are strangers who dress for dinner. Dad becomes weary, falls down one day, and fails to get up. His long illness, during which he imagines himself drowning in a sea of unpaid bills, convinces his heartless family of his true worth. And the fadeout is, as usual, satisfactorily blissful. This is a well behaved photoplay. It is not startling, but it is entertaining.



**The Valley of Silent Men—  
Cosmopolitan-Paramount**

THE Royal Northwest Mounted Police, the lovely women they love, the great white ways of the frozen north, the murderer in hiding—you've heard of them. In fact, lately you have gone so far as to laugh at them. They have been burlesqued. But it hasn't done them any good—or any harm. They're with us again this evening. Ladies and gentlemen: Meet James Oliver Curwood's *Kent* and *Marette*, if you haven't already been introduced by a magazine.

You'll get just as much entertainment from this honest-to-goodness northwestern as you have had with its caricatures. It's melodrama, but it is good melodrama. It stars Alma Rubens' eyes, Lew Cody, real Canadian scenery, and Frank Borzage's direction. A combination which agrees with most audiences.





**Slim Shoulders—Hodkinson**

**I**RENE CASTLE'S shoulders are slim, but her story is slimmer. All about a society girl who masquerades as a lady Raffles to save her dear old dad from disgrace. It's noble of her, but not very original. Irene is becomingly gowned, and the obliging script calls for a little dance and a little dive—the aquatic kind. It has Rod La Roque, who plays a rich young man less offensively than usual.



**The Young Diana—Cosmopolitan-Paramount**

**A** STYLE show, perhaps, but not a good motion picture. Expensive sets, ice carnivals and Swiss scenery are all very well in their way; but, along about the third reel, you begin to wonder if a little honest emotion wouldn't help. Miss Davies' rôle calls for her to do a middle-aged spinster, which Marion performs creditably, considering Forrest Stanley is her leading gentleman.



**Rich Men's Wives—Goldwyn**

**A** TERRIFIC jumble of blond babies and idle women and misunderstandings—all set up against a lavish and expensive lot of backgrounds. The old stuff clear through, even to the happy re-united ending at the sick child's bedside, and the ballroom scene with the jazz band and the fountain. Some women will cry when the theatric child—Richard Hedrick—cries.

**W**E have had an interesting foretaste of what promises to be a highly auspicious screen season.

No doubt Cecil de Mille's newest picture, "Manslaughter," will rate high up among the intriguing dramatic films of the year. For it appears to reveal a new Cecil de Mille, chastened perhaps, anyway changed by his recent illness. De Mille, no longer quite so trammled by his old time propensity for luxurious inessentials, shows a surprising sincerity. We say this even in the face of the de luxe Roman bacchanal flashback and the last two or three weak reels.

"Manslaughter" deals with the jazz mad, spendthrift, licker-on-the-hip younger generation. Other film plays have touched upon this but none of them has handled the subject with quite the completeness of the Alice Duer Miller story in the hands of de Mille.

Marion Davies' "When Knighthood Was in Flower" is a superb thing of sheer decorative beauty. Never has an American made film been more artistically decked out. The romance of Princess Mary Tudor and the humble captain of the king's guards moves in front of a multitude of gorgeous backgrounds.

"Remembrance" is Rupert Hughes' newest contribution



**Burning Sands—Paramount**

**I**N other words, hot dirt! Of "The Sheik" school, and made by the same director—George Melford—who started the fashion in desert love, hate and passion. The cast is fairly good—Jacqueline Logan, Wanda Hawley, Milton Sills—and the sets have the east of Suez look. But audiences are beginning to tire of a conventional story in the midst of tribal feuds and sand storms and camels—especially camels!



**The Hands of Nara—Metro**

**T**HEY'RE slender—the hands—and so is the plot. Although a good story by Richard Washburn Child has been slaughtered to make it that way. Clara K. Young appears middle aged in some shots, and Elliott Dexter fails to come up to his usual standard of excellence. The continuity wanders aimlessly around, but the photography—by one O'Connell—is good. Don't take the children.





**Paid Back—Universal**

**A** WIFE in name only, after sacrificing reputation and happiness for the sake of her cowardly step-daughter, goes to the South Seas with the villain. No romance here, though. Revenge—pure and simple. Of course a handsome white man and his blond sister are living on the island that she chooses for a home. Enter complications. But everything ends well, eventually.



**Two Buster Keaton Comedies—First National**

**THE FROZEN NORTH** is the burlesque everybody's been waiting for. It is good clean fun at the expense of the pure white dramas. Buster gets his man—several of them. There is a perfectly matchless caricature of a hero of the waste spaces. "The Electrical House" depends upon mechanics to amuse. It is more impressive than humorous. You wonder how they ever thought up all those tricks.

to the screen. Apparently he set out to do for fathers in "Remembrance" what he did for mothers in "The Old Nest." The opus has both hokum and humaneness.

"The Valley of Silent Men" is another James Oliver Curwood tale of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Trite but interesting, what with the scenery, Lew Cody as the heroic M. P. and Alma Rubens as the heroine.

Kate Douglas Wiggin's story of two children who come from the city slums to a New England village in search of a mother, "Timothy's Quest," is one of the real gems of the month. A fresh and touching little screen play.

Owen Moore's farce, "Love Is an Awful Thing," just makes the chosen six best of the month. It is a rather amusing thing, more of situation than of action.

It is rather difficult to select the six best individual performances of the month. We're quite sure that Marie Day, as *Samantha Ann Ripley*, in "Timothy's Quest," deserves a place. And probably Max Linder in "The Six Must-Get-Theres," Lionel Belmore as *the Laird* in "Kindred of the Dust," Claude Gillingwater in "Remembrance," Lew Cody in "The Valley of Silent Men," and surely Leatrice Joy as the unforgettable *Lydia Thorne* of "Manslaughter."



**Top o' the Morning—Universal**

**JUST** too Irish for anything, with Gladys Walton wearing the latest in brogues! A foolish story of a cruel step-mother, and a brother who works in a bank, and a hen-pecked father. Harry Myers, as the leading man, looks like the top of the morning after. If he would only stick to comedy! Some cute little sub-titles in the best fairy story manner. Send the children.



**A Little Child Shall Lead Them—Fox**

**MUCH** ado about a town where the birth rate is so low that each family is forced to adopt at least two babies. With occasional glimpses of an orphan asylum where everybody is so sweet and kind that one feels sorry for the poor children who have regular homes and parents. The plot is tear soaked in places and threadbare in others, and the cast is not particularly important.



**Dusk to Dawn—Associated Exhibitors**

**BETWEEN** the direction of King Vidor and the stellar playing of Florence Vidor we anticipated a pleasant evening. But this story of two young women, one a Hindu maid and the other an American girl, with a single soul between them doesn't ring true. The soul works in the far East on the night shift and in America in the day time. Mr. Vidor's India isn't very real. (Continued on page 90)



# The Wives of Ro- dolph



Maurice Goldberg

*Some seven years ago Winifred Hudnut ran away from home to take up a dancing career. Then she became interested in the study of scenic and costume designing with Mme. Nazimova—her creations for "Salome" being the best example of her work—and became Nalacha Rambova. It was as Nalacha that she won "The Sheik" of the films. Right, Rodolph's latest photograph, taken exclusively for PHOTOPLAY*



Abbe





Abbe

*Jean Acker, who was Rodolph's first wife, has been in pictures since the early days. She was born in St. Louis, Mo., attended school in New Jersey and, after a short career in traveling stock companies, got her start with the old Lubin motion picture company in Philadelphia. Later she gained her first success at the old Imp studios. That was in the good old pioneer celluloid era*



# Plays & Players

If you keep up with these columns you will know more about film folks than they know themselves

By Cal York

is understood that the star was not satisfied with the billing of "Blood and Sand," which had a sensational Broadway run. Lila Lee and Nita Naldi were named in the advertising. "Blood and Sand" is expected to net its producers several millions, while "The Sheik" has passed the million mark. Rodolph, scheduled to begin work in a new photoplay, "A Spanish Cavalier," in the Hollywood studios of the Lasky Company, is still in Manhattan.

THERE was a rumor recently that Jean Acker, the former wife of Rodolph Valentino, was to wed Lew Cody. It was a perfectly good rumor. Unfortunately there wasn't a bit of truth in it. That's the way with so many of these rumors, isn't it?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



International News Reel

*Viola Dana says that snowshoes make good sandshoes after you've practiced awhile. Anyway, Viola gave the idea a good try-out recently*

AFTER bidding an affectionate farewell to Rodolph Valentino, aboard the Olympic in view of the newspaper photographers, Winifred O'Shaughnessy Hudnut Valentino slipped down a second cabin gangway to the deck and disappeared in the crowd just before the ship sailed. Rodolph's wife in every state except California was to have sailed with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hudnut. Her plans called for a sojourn in Paris, where she would study interior decoration until March, the month when she and Rodolph may remarry. At the last moment she changed her mind. She is still in Manhattan.

The reason: She decided her husband might need her aid in a legal battle he is preparing to fight with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Valentino will attempt to prove that the Famous Players did not live up to the terms of his contract. According to his lawyer, the film company has failed to fulfil its agreement in the matter of advertising. It is also thought that Valentino looks upon his salary, reported to be \$1,250 a week, as not being in proportion to the popularity of his pictures. It



*Here is another glimpse of the celebrated Harold Lloyd bathing pool, with the comedian entertaining Lois Wilson, Virginia Fox, Claire Adams, Mildred Davis, Vola Vale and Patsy Ruth Miller as his aquatic guests*





## Watch the ugly ragged cuticle instantly disappear

**N**OWADAYS it is no longer considered safe to cut the cuticle. For you cannot trim the dead cuticle around your nail rims without snipping through in places to the living skin which protects the delicate nail root.

Look through a magnifying glass at the cuticle you have been trimming. You will see the little cuts yourself that you have made.

In their effort to heal, these tiny cut parts grow more quickly than the rest. They become rough, dry, and ragged. Soon you have a thick, uneven edge at the base of your nails. Your whole hand will look ugly.

### *The safe modern way*

There is a safe, pleasant, dainty way to care for the cuticle. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail. Rinse the fingers in clear water, and at once the ragged, ugly cuticle will simply disappear, leaving a smooth, even nail rim. Then

work under the nail tips, to bleach them white and instantly remove stains.

No manicure is really complete without the jewel-like shine which is obtained from any of the Cutex polishes. These come in cake, paste, stick, powder and liquid forms.

The powder and liquid polishes have been recently perfected and are better than any heretofore appearing on the market. A light coat of Liquid Polish, used as a finishing touch, will make your manicure last just twice as long.

Cutex Sets come in four sizes: at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each article in the sets separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

### *Introductory Set—only 12c*

Send 12c in coin or stamps today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish, the new Powder Polish, orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-11, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.



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# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

## CHAPTER VIII

THERE was a fever in the air in the days of '97 in the United States. Forces hardly recognized were stirring the national consciousness. The

next immediate few years held a deal of destiny. The great isolated nation was stirring in its cocoon of content about to emerge as a world power, recognized of its overseas neighbors, always mentioned in the newspapers of then as "the powers."

And in the lives of many men this national stirring, this fretful premonition of a new birth, came to find an individual personal expression. They, too, wanted to stir. Out of this impulse came countless careers and developments in the course of the ensuing decade; among them one that was to count importantly with the motion picture's development.

The newspapers were filled with tales of braggadocio and gallantry and color. The United States was enjoying its war with Spain.

The motion picture caught step with the martial tune of the nation and went marching on.

First to snatch at the patriotic opportunity were J. Stuart Blackton and Albert E. Smith with their little studio atop the Morse building in New York. They rushed up to the roof that April 21, while the wires were still singing of the declaration of war, and made "Tearing Down the Spanish Flag."

"Tearing Down the Spanish Flag" was a tremendous success. For its day it was "The Birth of a Nation," "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and all that.

Cheers rocked the vaudeville houses and hats were tossed into the orchestra pits when the hand of righteous destiny reached out to tear down the Spanish banner.

Hundreds of copies of the subject were sold by Smith and Blackton. And from obscure sources dozens of imitations of it sprang up to meet the market demand. Blackton and Smith proposed to Fynes that they would supply both the Twenty-eighth street theater and the Proctor house in Twenty-third street with equivalent shows for the price that he was paying for Porter's one show.

Blackton and Smith got the contract and Porter got exceedingly angry about it. Promising himself revenge, which in due season he had, to his vast enjoyment.

Back in the larger centers of Chicago and New York the motion picture was undergoing evolutionary growth with the birth of a topical or news bearing function in connection with the war.

Biograph, Blackton and Smith, Edison, and Lubin in the East and Selig and Amet in the West were making the most of the war with pictures of troops marching away, transports loading and the like. A few cameramen, among them William Paley of "Passion Play" fame, got to Cuba and the remade pictures of the landing of the troops. But the new fangled and cumbersome motion picture camera was not accorded the remarkable liberty which marked the movement of the war correspondents. The motion picture camera did not get to the front.

A few of the old timers of that expedition survive, telling tales of photographic desperation and film making amid the shock of clashing battle lines and bursting shrapnel. But all

By Terry Ramsaye

these tales end with, "And then a big shell came along and blew up my camera and I never got back with any of the film."

Out at Waukegan, Edward H. Amet went most pretentiously into making of war pictures, centering his efforts on the sinking of the Admiral Cervera's fleet at Santiago. In miniature he constructed the Bay of Santiago and all the ships participating in the action, working them up with a great fineness of detail and equipping them with guns, all to fit exactly with the pictures and descriptions in the periodicals. The models were proportioned to the lens angle to create perspective with great accuracy. Electrically controlled devices supplied waves, and push buttons controlled the guns and ship movements.

By Amet's device the whole naval battle of Santiago could be fought on a keyboard. He had one assistant, William H. Howard, who stood at the switches while Mr. Amet turned the camera.

"Number One, Billy!" Then the black smoke rolled from the funnels of the ships under forced draught.

"Number two." Another button and the ships were under way with a curling bow wave at the cutwaters.

"Number three."

Every ship went into action with shells bursting about, splattering on the armor. A destroyer charged the U. S. S. Iowa and a twelve inch rifle lowered and fired point blank. The destroyer lurched under the impact, settled by the stern and sank with a mound of waves rising as the bow went out of sight. So the battle raged.

Amet's pictures went out as having been made with a telescopic lens on a camera aboard a dispatch boat at six miles distance from the action. There was never a denial and the pictures met many a critical eye.

Mr. Amet took his pictures to the U. S. Naval Training Sta-

tion at Lake Bluff, Ill., and showed them to a body of officers after the war.

There was only one doubting Thomas, an officer who had been aboard the old dynamite ship U. S. S. Vesuvius, an odd experimental craft armed with three great air guns which tossed high explosive bombs a half dozen miles.

This dynamite gunner watched the terrific upheaval caused by one of these bombs.

"I don't see how you could have got that picture—we only operated at night."

"Easy," replied Amet, with one hand on his magniscope projector and the other covering a grin. "You see we used moonlight film."

"Well, then," remarked the navy man, "that settles it."

One of Mr. Amet's early picture inventions was an oxygen-acetylene light, developed in 1897, to enable the projection of

### Historic Firsts Told Here

FIRST war pictures taken by Harry J. Miles during the Spanish-American war.

FIRST war spectacle, running fifty feet, taken on roof of New York building by J. Stuart Blackton and Albert E. Smith.

FIRST miniature battle scene, constructed by Edward H. Amet, revealed the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago.

FIRST big instance of news camera work registered by Messrs. Blackton and Smith when they "covered" the Windsor Hotel fire in New York.

FIRST attempt at sound realism behind the screen when G. M. Anderson (later "Broncho Bill") was engaged to supply realistic noises while "The Black Diamond Express" was shown.

FIRST news pictures put on as a regular feature at Koster and Bial's old music hall in New York by William A. Brady.





For nightly cleansing a cream with just enough oil to cleanse thoroughly and not clog the pores

## A special cream for the nightly cleansing

UNLESS you keep your skin thoroughly clean it becomes dull looking. No matter what you do during the day, dust and fine particles of dirt bore their way deep into the pores.

Everyone realizes this when she comes in from a dusty trip, but every day your pores collect much dust and dirt that ordinary washing cannot reach.

To cleanse your skin thoroughly you must use a cream with just the right amount of oil to remove every particle of dirt from the pores and work out again.

Creams with too much oil clog the pores. Creams that are too stiff stretch them. That is why it was so important to develop a cream with *just enough oil* and no more. This cream is Pond's *Cold Cream*.

This delicate cream is snowy white, very light and never has that greasy smell.

Tonight after you have washed with warm water and pure soap, smooth a little Pond's *Cold Cream* on your face and neck. Let it stay a minute. It

will work its way into the pores and out again, bringing all the dirt with it. Wipe it off with a soft cloth. The grime on the cloth will convince you how necessary a thorough cleansing is, and that ordinary washing is not enough.

### *Smooth out the little lines before they grow deep*

Pond's *Cold Cream* does more than cleanse; it keeps your skin supple and stimulates it. Use it now to smooth out any little fine lines before they have a chance to fasten themselves and grow deeper.

No one cream, however, can care for your skin completely. As a protection against exposure and a base for powder, you need a cream without any oil—Pond's *Vanishing Cream*.

Use both these creams every day. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair or clog the pores. Buy them in convenient sizes of jars or tubes at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

**POND'S**  
*Cold Cream* for cleansing  
*Vanishing Cream*  
to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,  
138 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....





*Edwin S. Porter, of the Precision Machine Company, with the model of his first mechanism, used at the Eden Musee and the ancestor of the present Simplex Machine*



*E. H. Amet, the Waukegan inventor of the magniscope, the machine which brought George K. Spoor into the screen industry and led to the founding of the once great Essanay*

pictures without electricity, a similar and parallel application of the same idea by Charles Urban in the adjacent but distant territory of Michigan.

It is interesting to relate that with the jet of this "oxy-carbide" light Mr. Amet sometimes amused guests in his Waukegan workshop by cutting a file in two parts and then joining them again.

He did not realize it then as now, but he had acetylene welding perfected.

That tiny thing alone, if given commercial development might have rewarded him a thousandfold more richly than the motion picture did.

Shortly after his Santiago pictures went out Mr. Amet found himself, like Edison; beset with too many inventive interests. His brother had lost his life in Cuba and there was no one to whom Amet cared to entrust his picture business. He sold it out completely to William, Brown and Earl of Philadelphia for \$10,000 and went into electrical work. Spoor acquired an Amet camera and films to continue his growing exhibition business among the vaudeville theaters of the west.

The exhibition business of the provinces attracted to itself a large number of the itinerant adventurers of the time, carnival men, medicine show men and the like. In cramped illiterate hands they wrote to Montgomery Ward, who had gone into the business, and ordered machines and lectures and films, or perhaps called in persons with rolls of tattered bills. Mostly tall gaunt persons they were, given to wearing frock coats and Prince Alberts slightly green at the back and shoulders, slightly greasy in the lapels. They chewed fine cut, natural leaf and plug and spat with the keen accuracy engendered of long range work from the outer rim of the groups that gathered about the cannon ball stoves of the country hotels. It may have been the woodsman's rifle that made America a nation of marksmanship, but it was juicy fine cut which preserved the art.

These knights errant turned with facile ease from the oratory of merchandising rattlesnake oil and the elixirs of eternal youth, from the manipulation of the three walnut shells and the fickle pea, from the sideshow exhorta-

tions in behalf of Madame La Fatima, Jo-Jo, the Dog Faced Boy, and all the allurements of tented mystery, to the new art of the moving picture.

The lectures came on printed sheets packed in the boxes with the slides and films. Anybody could be a lecturer and anybody was.

A complete outfit could be had for about three hundred dollars, and soon there was a supply of second hand equipment for less.

Films were bought outright by the exhibitors and passed from hand to hand as they grew stale.

The old films ran through rattletrap machines suffering from the lack of expert attention and thus contributed considerably to the early bad repute of the motion picture in many regions.

But a catastrophe was to bring a new flavor of verity into the pictures. On March 17, 1899, the Windsor Hotel in New York burned and forty-five persons lost their lives. Blackton and Smith covered the fire with their camera, getting short bits of film showing the burning ruins. Probably for the first time the motion picture camera pictured news in the process of happening.

About this time Blackton and Smith were notified by the Proctor theater management that their films and service would be no longer required, as better terms had been offered by William T. Rock. "Pop" Rock, who had bought the Vitascope rights to Louisiana territory from Raff & Gammon, had returned to New York. The Vitascope franchise and territorial restrictions had been set at naught by the territory jumpers and the invasions of new machines. Every Vitascope exhibitor was now a free lance with the whole world to roam.

With misgivings in his heart and a bag of films in his hand, Blackton sought audience with "Pop" Rock at his big billiard hall in 125th street.

"I'm Blackton. Smith and I have been making pictures. We're the fellows you have pushed out of Proctor's."

"Pop" Rock waved the young Blackton to a tall chair good naturedly.

"How (Continued on page 100.)

***The most interesting  
and authoritative  
History of Motion Pictures  
ever written***





## Moments Which Count

When you are conscious of the scrutiny of interested eyes which appraise every detail of your appearance, can you sit serene, secure in the consciousness that there is nothing to criticise but everything to admire?

Happy is the girl who can answer "yes" in these all important moments. She is the girl who knows that her fresh, clear skin and smooth, white neck and arms are sure to command admiration.

The girl who is not so sure of her personal attractiveness, who is conscious that complexion defects may affect her popularity, should waste no time remedying these conditions. The secret is cosmetic cleanliness, which keeps the skin free from clogging accumulations.

### Once a day, do this

Once a day, preferably at bedtime, give your face a thorough cleansing. This doesn't mean a harsh,

irritating scrub, but a cosmetic cleansing accomplished by the gentlest possible means.

Soap is necessary, but only the mildest soap should be used. This is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Once you experience the mild, soothing effects of its smooth, creamy lather you will recognize daily cleansing as the surest complexion beautifier.

Removal, once a day, of the accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and the remaining traces of cold cream and powder is absolutely essential to a clear, fresh skin.

Neglect results in clogged pores, coarse texture and blackheads. When the accumulated soil carries infection, pimples are the result.

### An ancient secret

The value of beautifying cleansing was discovered long ago, in the days of ancient Egypt. It was Cleopatra's secret—whatever the embellishments she employed, they were applied after the daily bath

with palm and olive oils as cleansers.

The great queen was famous for her beauty long after early youth was passed. She kept her looks with the aid of the same gentle, stimulating cleansing which we recommend today.

### Blended from the same oils

Palmolive is blended from the same costly oriental oils which served Cleopatra as cleanser and beautifier. We import them from overseas in vast quantity to keep the Palmolive factories at work day and night. This is necessary to supply the world-wide demand.

This popularity has reduced price, as manufacturing volume permits economics which lower production costs. Thus we are able to supply Palmolive for only 10 cents a cake.

So while Palmolive ranks first as the finest facial soap, you can afford to follow Cleopatra's example and use it for bathing.

Complexion beauty does not end with the face. Beautify your body with Palmolive.

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

**Palm and Olive Oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.**

10c



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, TORONTO, CANADA

Also makers of Palmolive Shampoo and Palmolive Shaving Cream

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# A Well Nourished Skin never Ages

Lines and wrinkles, sagging muscles, oily and dry skin, sallowness, coarse texture, pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores . . . all are due to

“SKIN MALNUTRITION”

Read what “Skin Malnutrition” is, and how MINERALAVA is the great corrective for it.



By  
HECTOR FULLER

All skin ills of the human face and neck are due to lack of vitality, insufficient blood circulation and lack of proper nourishment.

To surgeons and skin specialists this condition is known as *skin malnutrition*, and it is this condition for which Mineralava is the only specific.

It is the sole remedy which corrects these conditions and prevents their recurrence. It not only corrects the blemishes you can see; it works constantly and invisibly on the under skin, nourishing it to a ripe and lovely texture so that it is ready, as the old skin flakes away, to take its place—new-born and beautiful.

Sir Erasmus Wilson, M. D., F. R. S., famous skin specialist, tells us how the human skin is made up of two layers—the outer the *Epidermis*, the inner the *Dermis*. Day by day the outer skin imperceptibly flakes away, but all the time the under or baby skin grows on, ready to take its place. Keep the under skin well nourished and in robust health and it will have the vitality to throw off, through the pores, the poisons and impurities which disfigure it and destroy its health.

If you have *skin malnutrition* there is one perfect remedy, Mineralava!

## Billie Burke

*“A youthful appearance has really little to do with age. The impression of youth in a woman's face is merely the health and freshness and vitality of her skin. Real beauty can not be had by covering blemishes and imperfections with cosmetics. It can only be had in a natural way, by building up the perfect skin from beneath. My greatest aid in accomplishing this has been Mineralava, the constant and faithful use of which has kept my skin in a state of radiant health, so that today my contour is as firm and my face as colorful and fresh as when I was a young girl.”*

Signed

## What is Mineralava?

As its name implies, Mineralava is Nature's own remedy for skin blemishes, blackheads, pimples, oily and dry skin, sagging muscles, crows' feet, lines of fatigue and wrinkles. Discovered years ago by Mrs. M. G. Scott, the famous Beauty Specialist, it was tested and tried by the chemists of Europe and America who added to the natural up-building qualities certain minerals of effective medicinal power.

As thousands of satisfied users of Mineralava testify, voluntarily, it has become today the perfect product for the

use of the women of the world who desire Beauty.

It is applied to the face with a soft brush. It dries within a few minutes into a dainty, fragrant mask. You can feel the medical ingredients gently penetrating the pores, withdrawing all foreign matter; leaving the skin pure and clean.

The mild, throbbing sensation underneath the mask will assure you, by actual demonstration, how the newly stimulated blood is tingling through the tiny veins and tissues, bringing new Beauty through new vitality and new birth.

Wash off the mask in clear cold water and apply Mineralava Face Finish, a delightful skin tonic and a perfect base for powder.

Mineralava comes in a bottle with a soft brush for applying, at \$2.00. Each bottle contains eighteen treatments, or a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment. The Mineralava Face Finish is \$1.50.

## MANUFACTURERS' NOTE

We have letters from thousands of women from homes in every part of the United States and from the famous beauties of the stage and screen testifying of their own accord that Mineralava has smoothed away wrinkles, has caused blackheads and pimples to disappear; has eradicated crows' feet; cured oily and dry skin; closed enlarged pores and made the rough skin smooth; vitalized sagging face muscles and has proven the greatest aid to Beauty they have ever known.

You can get a trial tube of Mineralava for 50 cents. It is merely an introductory size that will enable you to prove to your own satisfaction the wonderful merits of Mineralava. You will then, we are sure, want the \$2 bottle, and if after the full eighteen treatments you do not find that it has done all and more than we claim for it, your dealer has our authority to pay back your money. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.



## Introducing the MINERALAVA Trial Tube

The Mineralava Trial Tube is merely an introductory size that will enable you to prove to your own satisfaction the wonderful merits of Mineralava.

Use the treatments as directed and you will, like millions of others, buy the regular size bottle with brush for applying. The regular size bottle of Mineralava—\$2.00—contains eighteen full treatments; slightly more than 10 cents a treatment.

After using Mineralava it is pleasant and beneficial to apply Mineralava Face Finish, a perfect skin food and tonic and an ideal base for powder. Its price is \$1.50 a bottle.

Go to your Druggist or Department store. Ask for Mineralava in the Trial Tube. If your Drug or Department Store does not have it, fill out the coupon below and we will at once forward to you your trial tube of Mineralava and see that your dealer is supplied to fill your future requirements.



# Mineralava

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK  
Distributor

## MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Scott's Preparations, Inc. HH 11-22.  
251 West 19th Street, New York City.  
Enclosed find 50c for which send me a MINERALAVA Trial Tube.

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... State .....

My Dealer's Name is .....





## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**LU, CHICAGO.**—Some of these films strain my nerves, but not my intelligence. I am a fan, certainly; but I like to see my favorite stars in stories worthy of their talents. Gloria's latest is "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew." Conrad Nagel is her leading man. Wanda Hawley opposite Valentino in "The Young Rajah." Nita Naldi was scheduled to support Rodolph in "A Spanish Cavalier," but as Rodolph hasn't made it yet Miss Naldi has been cast in some other film.

**JULIE.**—So you play golf for exercise. Oh, you don't play as poorly as that, do you? Mae Murray was born May 5, 1896; Natalie Talmadge in 1900; Norma Talmadge, May 2, 1895; and Constance Talmadge, April 19, 1899. Connie's latest is "East Is West," Norma's, "The Voice from the Minaret." Norma may make at least some of "The Garden of Allah" abroad.

**BETTY, HARTFORD, CONN.**—You contend that Thomas Meighan and Ethel Clayton are not on the wane in popularity. That's right, Betty; you defend your favorites. Wish I had a loyal booster like you. (The least she can do after this is to assure me that I am second only to Tom in her estimation.) I cannot give you Ethel's home address; but you may write to her at the R-C Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, and she will receive your letter.

**CLARE ELLEN.**—Am I a good driver? What do you mean, motor, golf, charity, or slave? I perform most ably on the typewriter. I can get the most exquisite modulations from my machine. Harrison Ford isn't playing with Norma or Constance right now. His latest appearances have been for Paramount—opposite Gloria in "Her Gilded Cage" and in "The Old Homestead." Eugene O'Brien in "The Voice from the Minaret."

**JOSEPHINE.**—I'm not sure whether the Lee kids have stopped having birthdays or not. The last I heard Jane was nine and Katherine eleven. Mary Miles Minter, Lasky. Barbara

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

Bedford, 5269 DeLongpre Avenue, Hollywood; Madge Bellamy, Thomas H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.

**J. R. P., NORTH CAROLINA.**—Many thanks for your thoughtfulness. I am not a native New Yorker, so don't felicitate Manhattan upon having produced me. I was born—but there, it's in my contract that I must never appear in public without a veil and that I must not, under any circumstances, divulge the fact that I was not born in Egypt.

**N. F., COLUMBUS.**—There seem to be altogether too many happy marriages in the motion picture world to suit you. I can just see you devouring the divorce notes, laughing and thrilling over them; while the marriage notices depress you for days. What a cheery little person you are. What a comfort you must be to your family and friends. Harrison Ford is just thirty years old. I believe he and his wife Beatrice Prentiss were separated—now smile. But—and I hate to disillusion you like this—I believe they are now reconciled. Harrison has a home in California.

**X. Y. Z.**—Your poetic effusion has upset me. You rhyme "time" and "thine"—your verse

is just filled with things like that. Sometimes it seems I can stand this life no longer. Valentino is twenty seven. Gloria Swanson has been married and divorced twice. Once to Wallace Berry and the second time to Herbert K. Somborn.

**GERTRUDE.**—Oh, I could read your writing, all right. I found myself wishing once or twice that your chirography wasn't so blamed legible. I can't help it because Harrison Ford is not playing opposite Constance right now. Take up a subscription or collect petitions and send them to Joseph Schenck. He might do something; and then again, he mightn't. Because he has just sailed for Europe, taking Norma and Constance with him.

**DOT, WESTFIELD.**—I suppose it is, in a sense, flattering that you all blame me for whatever you don't like about films. On the other hand, it is decidedly nerve-racking. I always feel such an utter brute when I can't carry out your wishes. I wish I were Will Hays; although I doubt if Mr. Hays could be bothered with your problems. Chief of them being the fact that you have written three times to Natalie Talmadge for a picture of herself and Busters Jr. and Sr. and haven't received it yet. This is most unreasonable of Natalie. She and her husband and son are coming to Manhattan for a vacation soon; and if I see her—I say *if*—I shall surely reprimand her.

**A FRIEND OF MINE.**—At last I have discovered you. You're the person who collects those hand-painted poems in gilt frames that the stationers put in their windows. All about "Friend o' Mine" and "My Pal" and "At Eventide." I have often wondered who bought them. Now I know. Your sentiments are charming but I fear I am not worthy of them. You see, I never bought a motto; I have never owned a pennant, and those pine-needle sofa pillows don't interest me. Betty Compson and Conrad Nagel, Lasky. Nagel is married to Ruth Helms; they have one baby, a girl. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]





Remember when Gloria was a stunning bathing girl? This shot of her in the Deauville, France, beach scenes of "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew," will arouse memories. Note the novelty bathing cap of black fillo silk cords arranged to look like a bobbed hair wig, with the long black braids of cord hanging down at the sides. These are wound around the head when in the water. Suit is of Goffre cire satin and bathing slippers of patent leather

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

MABEL NORMAND has returned from Paris, with a little style show all her own. Mabel bought more new frocks and hats than she can count. In her Paris apartment at the Hotel Crillon, Mabel received. All the smartest shops sent their representatives up to the American film star.

Mabel sat on the floor while the mannequins paraded before her. When she liked a costume she said, "I'll take it," just like that—dress, hat, shoes and all. And she liked most of them.

Oh, well, with her salary of eight thousand a week Mabel can afford a few of the luxuries of life.

ONE of the main topics of conversation along the boulevard seems to be Nita Naldi.

Ever since the showing of "Blood and Sand" the dark young woman who vamped Ruddy Valentino has held a prominent place in the spotlight.

She returns to Hollywood soon to take up her Lasky contract.



Eleanor Boardman, who plays the movie vamp in Marshall Neilan's "The Strangers' Banquet," believes in safety first. Observe how she has her evening gown pasted on! No single thread suspense for Eleanor

"THE Experience of a Great Stage Star on Making Her First Motion Picture."

That would describe the book that Laurette Taylor could write around the happenings of the few weeks since she first arrived at the Metro studio to film "Peg o' My Heart."

Miss Taylor was happy and confident in the fact that she had stirred the hearts of two continents as *Peg*, and she anticipated no difficulty in doing it again.

She sailed into the studio with draperies afloat and much aplomb on the first morning.

The next day she arrived very quietly and slipped through the side door.

She put on her ordinary stage make-up and then had to spend days learning how to get the exactly right make-up for the camera—had even, 'tis whispered, to call her great friend, Mary Pickford, to her aid.

After a couple of days' work, the beautiful Irishwoman contemplated the narrow lines of the movie set and remarked plaintively, "I never realized before how much *room* we have on the stage."

"Nor how much you depend on your voice," she added later.

One location was almost at the top of a mountain. The car that took Miss Taylor and her husband, Hartley Manners—author of "Peg"—to the scene, stopped about half way up. "Tell him to go on," said the star.

"Have to walk the rest of the way, Miss Taylor," said the chauffeur.

So in the broiling California sun, Laurette climbed mountains, fell over the cliff until she was black and blue—oh, it was great sport.

King Vidor, who is directing the picture for Metro, was heard to remark, "We've only been on the picture two weeks and we're three weeks behind schedule now."

But, Laurette Taylor is one of the gamest women the stage has ever known. She fought her way to the top of the ladder on the speaking stage, and so quietly and good-naturedly she has gone about learning the picture angle.

**B**ILL HART is the father of a nine pound boy.

The young man, whose name is William S. Hart, Jr., arrived at the Santa Monica beach home of Mrs. Winifred Westover Hart on September 6th and both he and his mother were soon out enjoying the ocean breezes.





# One woman in a hundred knows this secret

—and she is the envy of all the rest

**I**N every gathering there is always one girl who attracts the attention of everybody.

And she isn't always the most beautiful woman there, either. But her hair is so exquisite—so full of life and radiance that it makes her seem different from all the rest.

And because she knows her hair is perfect—she really is different from all the rest.

No matter if your hair is dull, lifeless, hard to do up—or even full of dandruff—you can use this secret.

*The hairdresser's secret*

You will be surprised to see how quickly you begin to get results—how light and silky and full of life

your hair becomes—how easy it will be to arrange it.

These few simple directions will soon make a real change in your whole appearance.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

*Send two dimes for three complete treatments*

Send in this coupon, with two dimes for enough Wildroot Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot

Coconut Oil Shampoo), to give you three complete treatments.

Wildroot Liquid Shampoo comes in two forms. If you prefer a shampoo with a tar and crude oil base, ask for Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. If you prefer one with a coconut oil base, ask for Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo.

Or you can get Wildroot products at any good drug and department store, barber or hairdresser with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded.

## WILDROOT

Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo



**WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.**  
Dept. P11, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me traveler's size bottles of the following; I enclose 10 cents for each bottle marked; (Check the ones that you want sent you):

- Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo
- Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo
- Wildroot Hair Tonic

Name.....

Address .....

Druggist's Name .....

Druggist's Address.....





*Talk about burning your bridges behind you! Phyllis Haver, once as celebrated a bathing girl as there ever was, is herewith disclosed destroying her famous bathing suits. We can hardly restrain our sobs*

"It's a great sensation and I'm glad it's a boy," said Bill, when he was called at his Hollywood home to receive the news.

Whether or not the arrival of a son and heir will bring about any reconciliation in the Hart family is not yet known.

Indications are that it will not. Mrs. Hart's attorneys declare that there is no change in her plans and Mr. Hart remains silent.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Hart and the baby are at the beach, and Mr. Hart remains at home.

**POLA NEGRI** is here and her first American production is to be "Bella Donna," the play by Robert Hichens, which Alla Nazimova performed on the stage and Pauline Frederick enacted before the camera. George Fitzmaurice directs and Conrad Nagel is the leading man.

**POOR** Eugene O'Brien, whose curly locks have been the favorite male coiffure of multitudes of women, had to wear a wig for a few days.

Seems almost a sacrilege, but when you're scalped bald, what can you do?

Mr. O'Brien was walking down Cahuenga Avenue in Hollywood one night, not long ago, when he was attacked by two bandits, or hold-up men, who, after taking what money he had, beat him up terribly.

In fact, when Mr. O'Brien arrived at the

Hollywood emergency hospital with his story, he certainly didn't look like a movie star nor a matinee idol.

In fact, he didn't look like much of anything.

The scalp wounds were so deep that it was necessary to shave his hair—so he's been forced to the ignominy of the wig.

But the doctor tells him his hair will all grow out again and that it will probably be curlier than ever.

**THEODORE KOSLOFF** and Raymond Hatton, who both play important parts in "To Have and To Hold," Betty Compson's new starring vehicle, met on the Lasky lot.

"Ah, Raymond," said Theodore, "Mr. Lasky and Mr. de Mille have seen the picture. They like it very much. They think you are great—say you give such a splendid performance. Yes, they think you are great."

"And me too."

**ONE** of the most elaborate and unusual motion picture theaters in the world was opened in Hollywood with the world's premiere showing of the eagerly awaited "Robin Hood." Sid Grauman, who owns two large Los Angeles movie houses, has just completed the Hollywood house, a marvel of architectural beauty, with a large seating capacity. It seems likely that the house will become one of the biggest "first run" houses in the country.

**TOMMIE MEIGHAN** has begun commuting again.

He has been making a picture in New York and will return again to Hollywood for his following productions.

Tommie is never so happy as when he's travelling—if it's toward New York.

**CULLEN LANDIS** in "My Wandering Boy" seems to be a fit title, if the story they tell on the young comedian is true.

Repeated rumor that Cullen and his wife, a non-professional, were separated led an enterprising young newspaper reporter to investigate.

Mrs. Landis declared they weren't. But she admitted that Cullen had sort of wandered away about a month before and she hadn't heard from him since.

He had sent her money a couple of times, but outside of that, she couldn't locate him at all.

Later, Mr. Landis was located in a Los Angeles hotel and he said they were not separated—hadn't been any trouble—he was just taking a little vacation.

So that's that.

**WHILE** the male members of the fan rooting chorus awaited with bated breath the long heralded arrival of Pola Negri from Europe, the feminine contingent was quite as breathless anticipating the coming of Ramon Navarro to New York. But Navarro disappointed them by going directly to Florida to join Rex Ingram's company there. He is the hero of "The Passion Vine," opposite Alice Terry.

Harry Morey is in the same cast.

Ingram has purchased "Scaramouche," Rafael Sabatini's novel, for future use.

**CHARLIE CHAPLIN** and Peggy Joyce. Everywhere you go in Hollywood nowadays you hear excited murmurs coupling these two famous names.

Both deny that they are engaged, but since they are inseparable companions the denial doesn't stick with the majority of film folk.

At any rate, they declare they are the "best friends in the world" and certainly Charlie is showing the century's prize vamp more attention than he has shown to anyone else since his divorce.

**SCENE**—The Hays banquet.

At the speaker's table.

The waiter offered young Jackie Coogan a cup of soup, and Jackie politely but firmly said "I don't care for any soup, thank you," then, as the waiter moved away he added, "and that's that."

After a moment's pause, "And if he'd of said anything back to me, I'd have told him to go and gargle a banana."

**ANNA Q. NILSSON** was quite seriously injured in a fire scene the other day, when the flames blew into the engine which she was driving, supposedly through a forest fire, and burned her hair and face badly.

She is still in the hospital, but the burns are healing and the doctors have informed her that they will leave no scars.

**MARY** and Doug have been both resting and swimming on their Beverly Hills estate.

Immediately after completion of "Robin Hood" "Tess" will follow.

Just between you and me, wonderful reports of "Tess" are circulating. The few who have seen it are wildly enthusiastic and declare that it is Mary's greatest screen triumph.

So Mary should worry, in spite of the fact that her mother-business manager is highly incensed over the fact that the picture cost half a million dollars.

**CHARLIE CHAPLIN** had a pre-view of his new picture—the last of his First National contract, by the way—for a few intimate friends at the studio the other evening.





Harriet Beecher Stowe

# Have You the Power That Makes Some Men and Women Great?



Shakespeare

**T**HERE is one great secret of success. Some people, naturally endowed with it, are unaware of their advantage. It is like a fine tool, given them at birth. Those who learn to use it most skillfully rise to heights that others don't attain.

Scores of men and women possess this tool—dull, perhaps, through lack of use, but needing only use to make it sharp; then the skill (which may be acquired) to carve out the career of which they are capable and about which they have dreamed, but toward which they have never yet advanced.

## The Fundamental Secret of Success

**I**T is the force that solves most of life's problems; that builds great dams, factories and universities; that produces X-rays and radio; that writes masterpieces of literature.

You no doubt use it to some extent each day. It measures your success in everything you do. Age is no bar to its exercise.

The one requirement is that you be naturally endowed with it. Some are. Others are not. And many, richly endowed but unaware of it, miss their greatest opportunity.

### Test Yourself —without cost or obligation

**I**F you wish to know about yourself, ask for the famous Palmer Test Questionnaire. It submits questions, the answers to which will almost unfaillingly reveal whether or not you have this inherent ability.

Your answers are confidential. We tell you sincerely what your test shows and give complete reasons for our opinion.

You'll find this test intensely interesting and you may discover something in you that you little thought you had.

It's worth a two-cent stamp—costs nothing more in money or in obligation. So send the coupon for the Questionnaire.

This fine instrument is *Creative Imagination*. One of the wonders

of it is that so few people who are endowed with it have learned how to use it in making their success in life more outstanding and more real.

### The Channel through which it is developed

**T**HE most fertile testing ground, where untrained people have fullest opportunity to prove creative imagination, is the moving picture industry.

Previous experience counts least in photoplay writing, so it is open to the novice who is willing to learn and develop.

Leading playwrights, novelists and short story writers have failed to write the most successful photoplays. The best have come from men and women unknown in the fiction world, but who developed creative imagination and learned the technique of photoplay construction.

We teach the writing of photodrama through an eminently successful home-study course; but hundreds of men and women students of all ages are not studying to make this kind of writing a profession.

Doctors, lawyers, educators, architects—men and women in all walks of life—are using this means of sharpening this tool—Creative Imagination, that invaluable power—to apply to other activities in which they are engaged.

The photoplay is the ideal field for proper instruction in this development, for it furnishes both the necessary objective for study and a money-making field from which graduates are reaping, and thousands more can reap, rare cash rewards if they so desire.

### We Offer \$1000 and Royalties

**T**HOSE who wish to enter this field professionally enjoy a new era of progress and improvement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, for four years the largest clearing house for the sale of photoplays to producers, now becomes also a producer, and will bring out the better stories for the screen.

Under our new plan we are making better pictures from better stories, for which a minimum of \$1000 each, together with perpetual royalties from the profits of the picture, will be paid.

In addition one hundred sixty producing companies in Los Angeles alone are searching for better plays, paying from \$500 to \$2000 for acceptable stories.

### Is It You?

**B**UT creative imagination is worth developing, if you are endowed, regardless of the use you wish to make of it. It returns immense profit in any line of work, art or profession.

Napoleon, Shakespeare, Edison, Stowe, Marconi, DeForrest—all accomplished their wonders through this tremendous power. You, too, can apply it, if naturally endowed, develop it, feel, use and profit by it, if you will.

Find out if you have this power in you. The Palmer Questionnaire will tell you. Mail the coupon now for this most interesting test—no cost or obligation—that may open to you new fields of endeavor and achievement.

**Palmer Photoplay Corporation,**  
Department of Education, Sec. 1211,  
Palmer Building,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me the Palmer Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.





Central News Photo Service

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford, caught the moment they arrived in the East after their Hollywood marriage and honeymoon. Marilyn Miller came back to rejoin "Sally" and Jack is going to do his future film work in New York

It's a knockout. It stacks right in along with "Shoulder Arms" and "The Kid." It will be called "The Pilgrim."

Some of the people laughed so much they had to be helped out—really!

BETTY COMPSON and Agnes Ayres have both bought beautiful new homes in Hollywood—and just a block apart.

Betty's is a beautiful Scotch bungalow, with a thatched roof, right on Hollywood Boulevard and Agnes has a California mansion a little way up toward the hills.

We don't know what they cost, but Betty was congratulating herself on being a good business woman because she made them "come down \$25,000 on the price."

HELEN FERGUSON, whose splendid work in "Hungry Hearts" should make her a new and permanent place in the ranks of young dramatic actresses, and Bradley King, Ince scenario writer, both entered a subscription contest held by the Los Angeles Times, and each won a handsome automobile.

The \$20,000 Wilshire Boulevard home, which was first prize, went to a traffic cop.

Even pictorial youth and beauty cannot compete with a traffic cop.

MILDRED JUNE, whose blonde beauty has enlivened Mack Sennett's comedies for some time past, is the bride of Dr. Edwards Capps, a wealthy physician of Pasadena.

Mildred is taking a honeymoon-vacation and it is not yet decided whether she will return to the comedy banner or will follow some of her sisters into dramatic fields.

BETTY REID, the newly adopted daughter of Wally and Dorothy Davenport Reid, was discussing Christmas with her new mama.

"Did you have a stocking, Betty?" her mother inquired of the small curly-headed youngster, who had been brought up by an old grandfather.

"Yeth," said Betty.

"What'd have in it?" inquired Bill Reid.

"Well," said three year old Betty, "it had nuts, and candy and ants."

"What else did you get?" said Bill severely.

"Well—I got a doll. A doll that opens and shuts its eyes and breaks."

Bill is exceedingly devoted to his new sister, and anxious to see that she is properly brought up.

"She talks too much," he said the other day, "and she can't swim. But aside from that she's not bad for a girl."

THE new Hollywood Bowl, which now boasts a very fine Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alfred Hertz, world famous conductor, is receiving the ardent support of the motion picture colony.

Two concerts a week are given by this orchestra, and the showing made by the picture people is one to be proud of. In fact, Conrad Nagel spent most of his vacation selling season tickets, and Mary Miles Minter is one of the good angels of the undertaking.

She spoke there recently at one of the concerts, outlining the purpose of the Bowl and promising the highest standard of musical entertainment this winter.

ENID BENNETT, after completing her role in "Robin Hood," with Douglas Fairbanks, has returned to the speaking stage for a season.

She is appearing in Los Angeles as the star of Thompson Buchanan's new play "The Sporting Thing To Do," which is being given its premier tryout there.

EDNA FLUGRATH, sister of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, arrived in Hollywood recently to spend some time on a visit with her family.

Miss Flugrath—and that's really the family name, you know—is a star of the English films, and has been in London for ten years, during which time she hadn't seen either of her famous sisters.

So Vi and Shirley paced the platform in much excitement, wondering if they'd know her and if she'd remember to wear her pink sweater as she had telegraphed.

She did and the reunion went off in great shape.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



Here's how some of those thrilling screen stunts are done. Ernest Torrence, villain of Allen Holubar's "Broken Chains," has just tossed Malcolm McGregor, the hero, from the bridge. The net will get him, but you won't see that on the screen. The man with the white hat is Director Holubar





A clay of such amazing powers no less than a dozen imitations have sprang into being, applied in a moment, starts its work in ten minutes, and—



"There she stood with a perfect complexion"



—In forty minutes, wiped away, the clay has forced the clarity and color of youth to any human skin on which it is applied. A new triumph of dermatology

# This Astounding Beauty Clay Makes a New Skin in 40 Minutes!

Here Is the Greatest News About Complexion Ever Brought to America. Even the Dullest Skin Yields to the Simple But Wonderful Method Used Abroad.

By MARTHA RYERSON

I AM going to tell you how a pleasure trip to Sunny Wales resulted in learning a *real* beauty secret. It is a secret of Mother Earth's; a natural, normal and gloriously swift way to end forever an unlovely complexion. I went to Wales with the worst skin a girl could have; one afternoon I left it in the hills! I exchanged it for one of soft texture and full of color. And this is how:

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself, I would never tell the story—a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this; the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lustre and color, with impurities nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder "I took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I did.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened up to greet me. Her face was covered with *mud*. I recognized the peculiar gray clay of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did not!

## I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a *perfect* complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman ever will have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring's bed she took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experi-

enced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally *pulled out*. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

*My blemishes were gone!*

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when we met in the garden of the little inn later that afternoon was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two crocks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist. Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we stayed on, he worked all day at his "mudpies," as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me, and on all my girl friends. At last, using the natural Welsh clay as a base, he produced a compound as miraculous in its effect—only ten times more smooth and pure than the clay used by the peasants abroad.

## Any One May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay had brought thousands of requests for it. Women everywhere (and men too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of any one who did not regard it as worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimpled, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody, and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. I know.

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have. It is so healthful to use, it *cannot* grow hair (in fact, its action checks that undesirable downy growth) and it keeps pores their natural size because it is laid on and *not* rubbed in.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! My father has made you a remarkable offer in the next column. Read carefully:



## New Shipments from Abroad! Free Distribution of \$5.00 Jars Extended

To the public: My first offer of full-sized jars without profit exhausted my small stock of imported clay. But we have just received more, imported direct from the British Isles.

Therefore, I resume for a time the offer of a full \$5 jar without any laboratory charge. You may have *one jar only* for the bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expense of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing and shipping in large quantity has been figured down to \$1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even this small sum of \$1.87 is not really a payment—regard it as a *deposit*, which we will return at once if you are not satisfied this miracle clay is all it is claimed to be.

Send no money, please, but pay when postman delivers. Just \$1.87 plus postage. Or, if handier to receive jar prepaid, enclose \$2; same guarantee holds good

*Wm Ryerson*  
Head Chemist

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS  
Century Bld., Chicago, Dept. 130

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full sized, regular \$5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of \$1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless you one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name .....

Address .....

P. O. .... State .....





## It had never occurred to him

HE seemed to have all of the qualifications for business success. Yet, somehow or other, he didn't advance as he should have. Something seemed to stand in his way.

The thing that held him back was in itself a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) *never* won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it is a handicap. And the pathetic part of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't mention it.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has given the smoker pleasure. Usually—and fortunately, however—halitosis yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Recognized for half a century as the safe antiseptic, Listerine possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat unpleasant breath. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is right. You *know* it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells a great deal of Listerine. For it has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For  
**HALITOSIS**  
use  
**LISTERINE**



LOWSEND

According to reliable reports, Vincent Coleman is to wed Marjorie Grant, a fair charmer of the Ed. Wynn revue, shortly. Vincent has played leads with Connie Talmadge, Constance Binney, Corinne Griffith, Madge Kennedy, Mae Murray and other feminine luminaries

## Plays and Players

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

IS \$118,500 too much for a film beauty to ask when an unexpected blast of dynamite has burned her face and prevented her from carrying on her work?

Harriet Hammond doesn't think so. She is suing the Fox Film Corporation for that amount, alleging that in the taking of a scene the dynamite was exploded close to her without warning, injuring her and making it impossible for her to earn the thousand dollars weekly which her contract calls for.

Harriet, one of the loveliest of the Sennett girls, left comedy some time ago and has played leading roles in several dramas.

MARY and Laura came all the way from Taftville, Ct., to see Pearl White.

They wanted to see Pearl for two reasons. One, because she was their favorite film star. Two, because they both played the violin and hoped they could get into the movies on the strength of this accomplishment.

They wandered down Broadway hoping to see Pearl. But they only saw a sea of unfamiliar faces. They had worked all summer to save enough money to make the trip to New

York; and when a policeman told them that their idol wasn't around, they were heart-broken. But they seemed willing enough to go back home.

EVA NOVAK, the younger of the beautiful blonde Novak sisters, is now Mrs. William Reed in private life.

Mr. Reed is a cameraman at Lasky's.

MURIEL McCORMICK is going on the screen at a fabulous salary.

Muriel McCormick is studying for grand opera.

Muriel McCormick has refused a fabulous offer to go on the screen.

After the newspapers had devoted considerable space to the young Chicago lady, sister of Mathilde, who is now in Switzerland preparing, according to report, to marry her riding master; and daughter of Harold, husband of Ganna Walska—Muriel announced her intentions of living in an expensive attic in the windy city and devoting herself exclusively to her art. She hopes to sing in opera.

It is said Miss McCormick would pursue a



stage or screen career if she could do so under an assumed name. It is also said that the chief reason for a producer wishing to star Miss McCormick on the screen is her real name. Thus the screen's loss is the opera's gain, or words to that effect.

THE answer to the questions, "What's become of Bessie Barriscale?"

Bessie is now in vaudeville in a sketch called "Picking Peaches," written by Howard Hickman. And she will soon appear on Broadway or thereabouts in a comedy called "Scrubby," written by Mr. Hickman.

You recall, of course, that Miss Barriscale is Mrs. Hickman in private life.

ONE of the most famous personages in the world, one of the highest-paid artists in the world, and now a world traveller—all before he's seven years old!

Jackie Coogan, as soon as he completes his current production, will depart for a world tour. Jackie will be in London at the time "Oliver Twist" is given its British premier. His journey will undoubtedly rival the triumphal tours of Mary and Doug and Charlie. In the meantime, Jackie is making progress in his lessons. He is about to begin the fourth reader.

THE Ballins have chosen "Vanity Fair" for their next vehicle.

After experimenting with modern stories, Hugo has decided that another costume play would not be amiss. He seems to have more success with period pictures.

Mabel and Hugo, you know, asked the public for suggestions as to the new story. And the letters they received were mostly for the Thackeray classic.

Remember Vitagraph made it, years and years ago?

MADGE KENNEDY has decided that Mary Pickford shall be "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

You may wonder what Madge has to do with Mary's future film vehicle. Well, the historical romance was to have been Miss Kennedy's next production. But she is too busy appearing in her stage play to make it. And Mary always did want to play it. The price she paid is said to be \$85,000, a profit to Miss Kennedy of \$70,000.

By the way, Doug's next production is to be Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire."

YOU'D think that, after directing temperamental actors, directing a dog would be comparatively simple. But Larry Trimble has been having his troubles just the same.

The celebrated Strongheart, star of "The Silent Call," is to be the feature of the new Larry Trimble-Jane Murfin production. Mr. Trimble and Miss Murfin came east to make this picture. But Strongheart is used to a cold climate. Manhattan weather hasn't agreed with him. So he's shedding. And you can't make pictures with a bald star. It is to be hoped that something can be done about it. The story planned for Strongheart's next vehicle is Albert Payson Terhune's "His Dog."

THE mother of Robert Vignola passed away recently at her Albany home. The director was with her, having gone home for a short vacation.

The "Adam and Eva" company, including Marion Davies, were on location in Connecticut at the time, and remained there until Mr. Vignola was able to join them.

IRENE Castle was injured recently near her Ithaca home while riding "Buckshot," one of her favorite jumpers, in training for a coming exhibition. The accident occurred as the horse attempted to clear a five-foot jump and stumbled and fell.

Mrs. Treman was at first believed to be seriously injured; but after a few weeks' rest was able to resume her theatrical activities.



"Wallie" Reid, the dashing, daredevil motorist of the movies, knows the need of bumper protection. He doesn't believe in taking chances in collisions.

"Protection with Distinction"—the Biflex slogan, sums up Mr. Reid's idea of the necessary bumper qualifications. Biflex qualifies whenever greater protection and distinctive beauty are demanded.

Biflex is the original double-bar bumper. Blocks bumpers of all heights, absorbs the shock, stops the blow. Look for the Biflex name on the clamp.

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TRADE MARK

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## Spring Bumper

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*Youthful New York Styles*

**YOUTH** finds its cleverest interpreter in Miss Manhattan—the coats, suits, and dresses which bear her label are smart, slender in line, and tailored from the most desirable fabrics.

Send for my catalogue of actual photographs of Miss Manhattan's Autumn fashions — if you do not already know where you can get them, I'll tell you.

496 Seventh Ave.,  
New York City

*Miss Manhattan*



Maybe we shall soon see Blanche Sweet in a picture directed by her husband, Marshall Neilan. Here's the way it would look, specially posed by Mickey and Blanche for PHOTOPLAY

IT'S all very well to be realistic. But how would you like to emote on a real gallows?

Dick Barthelmess' biggest scenes in "The Bond Boy" called for a gallows. Did Dick have one made at the studio? He did not. He prevailed upon a southern sheriff to let him use his. It's a charming little thing, made for a hanging in 1905, and since used on several occasions in Bath County, Virginia. Of course, Richard is rescued. Don't worry about that.

**L**EW CODY has smashed a few hearts here and there in Manhattan. He hasn't been up to his old tricks on the screen—"The Valley of Silent Men" has completely reformed him from male vamping. He's just been doing a series of personal appearances where the picture is shown; and he's the most satisfactory entertainer the audiences have seen for a long time.

**T**HE premier of "East is West" at the Ritz in Manhattan attracted the usual screen celebrities.

Constance Talmadge's new picture was enthusiastically received by the professional audience; but it's a safe bet all other audiences will like it too. Connie and Norma were there,

with Peg and Joe Schenck—it was just before they all sailed for Europe. Mae Murray and Robert Leonard, Anita Loos and John Emerson were there—the Emersons returned from abroad just in time to attend.

The Talmadges will visit Russia, where Mr. Schenck may confer with a representative of the Soviet government on future film activities over there. It is said the Russians have made an offer to finance American productions to be made in their country.

**D**OROTHY GISH is to be co-starred with Richard Barthelmess in "Fury." Later she and her sister Lillian will be starred together.

James Rennie, Dorothy's husband, has made the hit of his life in Belasco's comedy, "Shore Leave," which stars Frances Starr. He plays an ingratiating sailor.

**T**HEY are saying that the real perils of Pearl are quite as thrilling as the perils in which she has participated before the camera.

From Paris comes a story—of love and jealousy and a Duke's adulation. Of the American film queen who became an idol of the French variety stage. Of the angry Parisienne and the

## Awarding the Medal of Honor

As this issue of *Photoplay Magazine* goes to press, the vast number of votes cast in *Photoplay's Medal of Honor Ballot* are being tabulated. Owing to the great number of votes, it is impossible to announce the award in this issue. This announcement, however, can be safely promised for next month.

*Photoplay* inaugurated its *Medal of Honor Award* in 1921, *Cosmopolitan's "Humoresque"* being the first winner of this unusual honor.



viper in the powder-box. You don't believe it? Well, it's a good story anyway.

Listen. You heard of the Duke de Vallombrosa's admiration for our Pearl of pictures. How he scoured the French capital for a particular piece of jazz music so that she might dance to it. And rumor said they were betrothed and might marry.

Now Pearl is in America again, working in her new Pathe serial. But before she left France—so the story goes—there occurred three strange and mysterious things.

Fire broke out in the theater in which she appeared in Paris. She escaped unscathed. Heavy scenery fell, narrowly missing the star. And then—

While Pearl was making up one night in her dressing room, and opened her costly little powder box, she is said to have sprung back and uttered a piercing scream. For a venomous snake lay coiled there. She threw at it one of the articles of her dressing table. Again she escaped unhurt.

The reason for all these near-accidents is the jealousy of a certain French beauty, says the story. So far Pearl White has emerged unharmed—just as she has always done in her breath-taking serial escapes. Surely the chapters in her current thriller could not be any more exciting than the adventures in which she is the real-life star.

It's a good story, anyway.

**MARSHALL NEILAN** has a great cast for his current production, "The Strangers' Banquet," by Donn Byrne.

There are Hobart Bosworth, Ford Sterling, Rockcliffe Fellows—and now Mickey announces he is looking for the prettiest girl in each of six states for a big scene in the picture. Two of the girls have already been chosen. Sounds interesting

**MARY ALDEN** is to be starred. While she has always been an important member of the cast, she has never before received individual distinction. Her picture, "A Woman's Woman," will be released by United Artists; and Mary's name will be in large letters.

Right now she is in San Juan, Porto Rico, working in a new production.

**SESSUE HAYAKAWA** has left the screen. No—he hasn't retired; he is just transferring his talents to the spoken stage.

When his last film contract expired, and there was some discussion as to the terms of a new one for the same company, the Japanese star sailed for the orient, where he and his wife remained for some weeks.

The Hayakawas are coming to New York soon and Sessue will begin rehearsals in a new play.

**MR. AND MRS. HARRY BEAUMONT** have been obliged to change their plans. They were all drawn up for a bungalow—one of those small, but cozy, California affairs. Now the bungalow plans have been rejected; and those for a larger house are under way.

It's all because of an addition to the family. Mrs. Beaumont, who used to be Hazel Daly, recently became the mother of daughters. Twins.

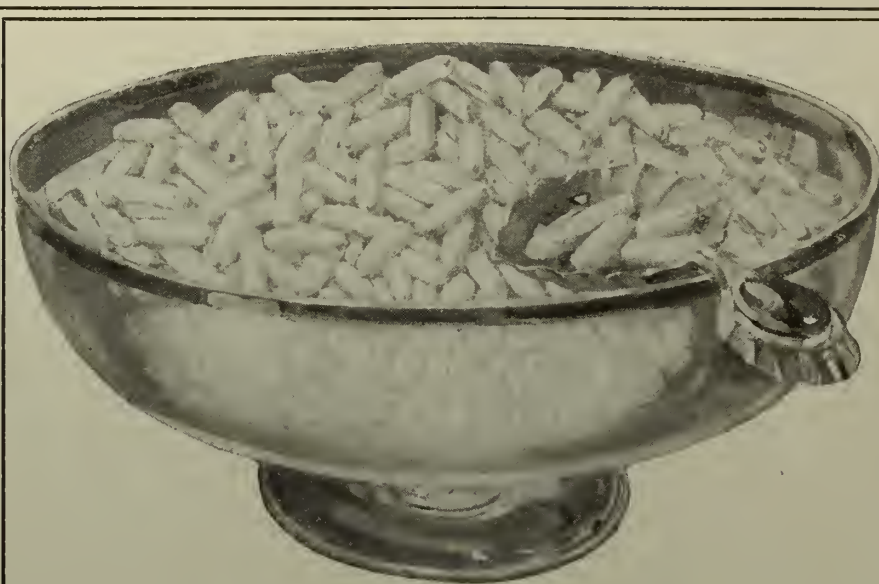
**SPEAKING** of twins, reminds us of another news event. Remember how much you missed Dorothy Kelly from Vitagraph pictures when she married Harvey H. Hevenor and retired from the screen?

We haven't heard of her for several years; but now comes the news that she has presented her husband with twins.

**JUST** to save The Answer Man a little trouble: Mrs. Sidney Drew is devoting all her time to vaudeville now.

She appears in a playlet called "Predestination."

Helen Holmes, once one of the most famous of the serial queens as the "railroad girl," is



## At 4 O'Clock

### Puffed Rice with melted butter

Children need between-meal foods. Their little stomachs are too small to hold a five-hour food supply.

Crisp Puffed Rice and douse with melted butter, to greet them after school. They will eat them like confections—these flimsy, nut-like grains.

Or serve them Puffed Wheat in milk.

## At 8 O'Clock

At breakfast, serve Puffed Rice with cream and sugar. Or mixed with fruit. It forms the finest cereal dainty children ever get.

It is whole rice puffed to bubbles—flimsy, flavory tidbits, with a taste like toasted nuts.

## At 9 O'Clock

At bedtime serve Puffed Wheat in milk. Whole wheat forms almost a complete food. In this form every food cell is fitted to digest.

Millions of homes recognize Puffed Wheat as the ideal good-night dish.



## Steam Exploded Grains

In every Puffed Grain we create over 100 million explosions. Every food cell is thus blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete.

The airy, crisp grains are as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts. So they make whole grains delightful. Children eat them morning, noon and night, in place of lesser foods.

That is what children need, and what mothers want. Children who eat whole grains in plenty are not underfed.

Keep both kinds always ready.

## Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

8 times normal size.

Puffed to bubbles.



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**DIAMONDS**  
say  
**Merry**  
**Xmas**

642 AD—18" Pearls, Diamond Clasp. \$14.50



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645AD Hexagon diamond Ring. \$55.00

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651AD—Platinum Dia. Ring, \$118.50



653AD—W. G. Cluster, Dia., \$59.50

647AD—Belcher Dia Ring \$80.00

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**NO MONEY DOWN**

Any of the startling diamond values pictured here can be yours without risking a single penny. Each item is ideally suited for Christmas and will make a charming gift. No matter what you select, you pay only a few cents a day. Your selection sent on your simple request without a single penny down. If you don't agree that it is the **biggest bargain** you have ever seen, return it at our expense. If you keep it, pay at the rate of only a few cents a day.

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You are guaranteed 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges. Also, 5% bonus privilege.

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Here is one of the last shots made of Rodolph Valentino before he quit work in the coast Paramount studios. It shows him posing as a Hindu god in a vision moment of "The Young Rajah."

co-starring with J. P. MacGowan in two-reelers produced in Florida.

Evelyn Greeley and Carlyle Blackwell have returned from Holland, where they made "Bull-dog Drummond." Marguerite Marsh and Wyndham Standing have gone to Holland where they will make "The Lion's Mouse."

**MR. WILL HAYS** has a very weighty problem to handle right now.

The postmasters of Minnesota have protested to him.

Rural postmasters as depicted on the screen are caricatures, declare the real postmasters. There are no postmasters outside of celluloid comedy who read postcards, wear whiskers, and peer over their spectacles at the city slickers.

There are, aver the Minnesota mailmen, absolutely no red-topped boots in the whole state.

And they want their former boss to see to it that postmasters, in the future, are respectfully impersonated.

Something should be done about it right away—yes indeed.

**PHYLLIS HAVER** is to receive the reward of all good little screen actresses.

She is soon to be starred in comedy-dramas by Mack Sennett. She will appear in the "Suzanna" and "Molly O" sort of thing, such as Mabel Normand makes.

Meanwhile you can see Phyllis in "The Christian," in which she has a chance to emote a little; and in Buster Keaton's newest comedy, in which she is more like the Phyllis of the good old days.

**VINCENT COLEMAN** has just done a very peculiar thing.

He has become engaged and he has done everything in his power to publish the fact. This is an extraordinary procedure on the part of a young leading man. He doesn't care what his public thinks; but he says if they knew the girl they wouldn't blame him. Her name is Marjorie Grant, and she is a dancer in musical comedy.

Coleman has left pictures temporarily to play with Doris Kenyon in her play, "Up the Ladder"

**CARMEL MYERS** is suing Isadore B. Kornblum, lawyer and song writer, for divorce.

Carmel alleges cruelty and desertion; but also intimates that it is because she wants all her husband's love or none that she is breaking up their romance.

It began some time ago when Miss Myers was appearing on the musical comedy stage in Manhattan. She is back in pictures now in California.

Art and business simply won't mix, says the dark-eyed actress.



# Woman Makes Most Amazing Beauty Discovery of the Age!

Read Here Why She Has Dared to Reveal What Other Beauty Specialists Have Concealed for Years

By Marguerite Sullivan



Marguerite Sullivan the clever young woman whose discovery has already given complexion beauty to thousands. Her story, reproduced on this page, reads like a fairy tale.

WHEN I was asked to write this story for publication, I hesitated—but only for an instant. I realized what it would mean if I made this remarkable secret known to the public, and I determined to conceal nothing. I am going to tell you the whole story, right from the beginning.

Once, when I was a very little girl, someone remarked in my presence that there was no calling in all the world more worth while than that of making women beautiful. I think that was when my ambition to become a beauty specialist was born.

As I grew older, my love of beauty became an obsession. I haunted every beauty parlor in the neighborhood. I stood hours long, fascinated and enthralled, watching women being marcelled and massaged. It delighted me to see tired, faded, old-young women, transformed in less than an hour into fresh, radiant beauty.

You can just imagine how happy I was when I took my first position in a beauty parlor. It seemed almost as though I had entered some secret realm where women were made young and beautiful again. I thrilled to the touch of powders and creams as a mother thrills to the touch of her baby's sweet skin. I mastered every beauty secret, learned all there was to learn, experimented, studied, tested, made notes, and experimented again. I soon became an expert in the art of making women beautiful.

## What Was This Magic Clay That Remade the Complexion?

During my experiences in beauty parlors, I had occasion to use a certain clay-like substance that seemed to act just like magic. I'll never forget the first time I used it. It was on a young woman whose complexion was dull and lifeless. There were many unsightly blackheads on her chin and around her nose, and the skin was coarse and blemished. I didn't know what the clay was, but I was told to use it. I applied it and allowed it to remain a half-hour on her face.

When I removed the clay I was positively startled. I could hardly believe that it was the same woman. Her skin had been transformed into exquisite softness and smoothness. Her cheeks had become as fresh and blooming as a child's. Every tired line, every blackhead and blemish had vanished. Her complexion was utterly transformed—in one short half-hour!

I was as delighted as the woman herself. I felt that the high price Madame charged was quite fair. No price would be too high for such an amazing change in one's appearance. But when I spoke to Madame about it she merely smiled, a bit shrewdly, and refused to answer my eager questions.

"It is one of the most cherished secrets of the beauty parlors," she said. "It has been in use many years." But what it was, how it was made, and what caused the amazing results she would not—or could not—tell.

## Miracles Are Performed Before My Eyes

I used the clay-like substance many times after that, and each time with increasing wonder and surprise. I remember applying it to the face of a young girl whose complexion was almost entirely ruined. The real beauty of her youthful skin was hidden beneath ugly eruptions and pimples. The result of one treatment was striking. She said her complexion had never been so pretty before.

An elderly woman came to me for treatments regularly. Although her complexion had once been lined and sallow, the remarkable clay had made it clear and smooth. Another young woman entered our shop with a blemished, unsightly skin and left with a complexion so radiantly beautiful that she scarcely knew herself! After a number of "miracles" such as these, I tried the wonderful clay myself, and I had the satisfaction of hearing my friends and acquaintances remark how pretty I had become.

It was while using this clay myself that I discovered the secret. I found that while there are many kinds of clays used in beauty parlors, all contained one remarkable element which drew the poisons and impurities from the face pores as a vacuum cleaner draws the dirt and dust from the rug. And that element was so inexpensive that anyone could remake his or her complexion at home for about ten cents. Yet beauty parlors were charging from two to ten dollars for the very same thing!

No wonder they wanted to conceal it, I told myself grimly. Well, I wouldn't! It wasn't fair. If beauty could so easily be attained, every girl and woman ought to know about it. I went to an eminent chemist with my discovery.

## An Unusual Offer Is Made to Me

The chemist was as enthusiastic as I. "If what you say is true, we can startle the whole beauty world!" he exclaimed. "We can place beauty at the finger tips of every girl and woman in the country. We can offer for ten cents what used to cost from two to ten dollars."

We worked together for a while, conducting intensive experiments and research. One day the chemist discovered exactly what we had been searching for. He found that when certain elements were combined with the element I had discovered, the result was a clay that was magnetic. We

tested it, and found that the results exceeded even our wildest dreams.

"Let us call it 'Complexion Clay,'" I said. "It's positively remarkable," the chemist exclaimed. "It remakes the complexion in 30 minutes. If you will write your story for publication, I will see that this marvelous Complexion Clay is placed before the public."

I agreed, but only under the condition that Complexion Clay be offered at a very low price so that everyone could benefit by it. And so, with famous manufacturers of beauty preparations to produce it, Complexion Clay is offered to you at a price only less surprising than the marvelous clay itself.

## The Special Offer to You

My main object in writing this story for publication was to place a jar of the wonderful new Complexion Clay in the hands of every girl, woman or man who wants an attractive, youthful complexion. That is why I insisted that it be sent to you without any money in advance.

Try it as soon as it arrives. Feel your stifled face pores open, give up their poisons, free themselves of the clogging impurities that cause eruptions. As the clay hardens on your face, each particle will form magnetic contact with the pore it covers, will draw the accumulations to the surface and gently lift them away. When the fragrant mask is removed, you will remove with it every blackhead and pimplehead, every blemish and bit of dead skin. New beauty will actually be unmasked before your eyes!

Do not send any money. Just mail the coupon below, but I advise you to do so at once. We expect the demand for Complexion Clay to be tremendous and many may have to be kept waiting. When your jar arrives, just give the postman only \$1.95 (plus the few cents postage). This is in full payment. There are two months of beauty treatments in the jar, and each treatment will cost you only from 7 to 10 cents. If, within 5 days, you are not delighted with results simply return what is left of the clay and your money will be returned at once.

Complexion Clay is absolutely harmless. I have seen to it that you take no risk whatever. Just mail this coupon, without money. Do it today. Address Marguerite Sullivan, Dept. 2611, Ninth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

----- Send No Money -----

MARGUERITE SULLIVAN  
Dept. 2611  
Ninth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a jar of Complexion Clay sufficient for 2 months of beauty treatments. I will pay the postman only \$1.95 plus postage in full payment on arrival. Although I am benefiting by the special low introductory price, I am purchasing this first jar with the absolutely guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

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Address.....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon and save postage. (Price outside U. S. \$2.10, cash with order.)





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## The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

### West of Chicago—Fox

ALL along the Mexican border—defying bandits and conventions and sudden death—Charles (alias Buck) Jones goes his rapid way. There is a great deal of riding off in a cloud of dust, of leaping on express trains, and of clearing wrongly accused men—who have pretty sisters. Not much of a picture, although there is plenty of action. Family stuff—by a slight stretch of the imagination.

### The Ghost Breaker—Paramount

EVERYONE seems to have fallen down upon what might have been a delightful film adventure. The continuity built from Paul Dickey and Charles Goddard's play is very rambling, the direction of Alfred Green is exceedingly loose and the work of Wallie Reid isn't particularly sparkling or spontaneous. And this romance of a fair Spanish senorita in distress, a brash young American and an old Spanish castle full of spooks and villains might have been a gorgeous serio-comic thriller.

### The Hound of the Baskervilles—R-C Pictures

AN English-made film built around one of Sir A. Conan Doyle's best Sherlock Holmes tales. Remember the story of the mysterious deaths and the weird dog flashing fire on the lonely moors? There is considerable suspense although the thing is inadroitly told. Dr. Watson has to write fearfully long letters to Holmes to get the plot along. The acting is passable, one bit of a sinister butler, done by Frederick Raynham, standing out.

### Don't Shoot—Universal

THE best yet for Herbert Rawlinson. Showing that a picture does depend, after all, upon something real in the way of a plot. About a burglar who breaks into a house and is suspected of being the heroine's lover—a mis-

take that results in a hurried and semi-military wedding. Of course the handsome crook falls in love with his wife . . . and thereby hangs a tale!

### Caught Bluffing—Universal

SOMEHOW Frank Mayo doesn't register as a professional gambler. He could never have stood the gaff in a Bret Harte situation. Fortunately, though this story is quite adequate, he doesn't have to! He rescues the blond Edna Murphy from two villains, winning her at poker and also buying her. And then he sends her home, nobly, and she decides that she loves him. Not for the little ones.

### The Galloping Kid—Universal

HOOT GIBSON again—in a western that is several thousand feet above the average Mix, Jones or Carey offering. There is some good riding and some good fighting, but the plot revolves around a platinum mine and a sleek villain and a flirtatiously inclined blond lady. Gibson, as *Simplex Cox* fills the difficult rôle of the lady's (Edna Murphy) personal body-guard and chaperone. For all seven of the ages.

### The Three Must-Get-Theres—Allied Artists

CLOSELY following the Fairbanks version this burlesque reaches the extreme height of comic artistry. It would make Dumas turn in his grave—and chuckle. With Max Linder in the part of *Dart-in-again* and Bull Montana as the aesthetic *Cardinal*, the interest is never allowed to lag.

Beautifully mimicing the tricks of Doug—and yet never losing his own identity—Max Linder tells the famous story of heroism and daring. His duels are riots of laughter, and some of the business employed to get effects falls little short of inspiration. Use is made of the slow motion camera—notably on the wild return trip to Paris. The episode of the



Madge Kennedy makes a new use of the mirror reflectors utilized in exterior film shooting



queen's token is rendered absurd—and yet there are times when a real thrill of excitement is felt. The sub-titles are not the work of a genius—but they're funny enough!

Everyone who has viewed "The Three Musketeers" should see this. It will be enjoyed just as much—but in a different way.

**Kindred of the Dust—  
First National**

THIS Peter B. Kyne-Cosmopolitan story has been twisted into a distorted study of the sort of characters that don't exist. The action centers around the love of a rich man's son for a girl who—through no fault of her own—has become an outcast. Miriam Cooper and Ralph Graves do good work as the lovers and Lionel Belmore is excellent as the Laird Hardly for children.

**The Prince and the Pauper—  
Mark Twain Company**

MARK TWAIN'S enchanting tale will never really be told on celluloid until Jackie Coogan plays *Edward Tudor* and *Tom Canty*. This imported production is more a series of illustrations than an imaginative film account of the quaint romance. Tibi Lubin in the title rôle has moments of charm; *Miles Hendon* is made humorously real. The titles, by Julian Johnson and Randolph Bartlett, are brilliant and authentic. But—there's nothing here to hold you. Your children will not be enthralled; they will be the first to sense the lack of soul in it. It's up to Jackie now.

**Monte Cristo—Fox**

ALEXANDER DUMAS' famous romance of revenge rampant defies the crudity or lack of imagination of any director. This Emmett Flynn version is just a bald telling of the story, with the wrong emphasis here and there. They went to a lot of work with their big sets and yet they permitted obviously painted canvas "marble." Acting not so good.

**Turn to page 94  
for complete casts  
of the current photoplays**

**Pointing a Moral**

SPEAKING of censorship, it is a fact that many states will allow almost anything providing it points a moral. This is not to say it was necessary in "Blood and Sand," but the producers of that picture certainly made it plain there was a moral in the story. Every three or four hundred feet they called attention to the fact.

Another thing aimed at the censors in "Blood and Sand" was the ever present effort to show emphatically that the hero was a victim of circumstances. It was indicated on several occasions that had his wife not been childless the unfortunate affair with Dona Sol would never have happened. All sorts of excuses were made for the toreador. At times the action and sub-titles recalled the lines of the old song, "You made me love you. I didn't want to do it. I didn't want to do it."

You can't blame Fred Niblo for that. Every time he made an effort to cut loose and give Valentino the complete characterization the story demanded some one probably whispered, "But, Fred, think of the censors."

In spite of the fear of the censors, "Blood and Sand" is a good picture. One of the best. It might have been one of the greatest.—*New York Globe*.



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*The Powder Base  
Perfection*

Fashion decrees that woman may wear  
A touch of powder to make her fair,  
To soften her color and add to the charms  
Of her face, her neck, her hands and arms.

But powder to give real beauty and grace  
Must be smoothly applied on a proper base;  
To prevent detection the base supreme  
Is our Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds Cre-mis Face Powder next you choose  
Delicate, fragrant and charming to use,  
And you have the requisites, perfect quite  
For a lovely effect by day or night.

True aids to beauty, each user finds  
The products that bear the name of Hinds.

So many patrons of our Hinds Honey and Almond Cream are now using it as a base for face powder, and with such gratifying results that we are urging you to give it a trial. 'Twill cost you only a few cents for a trial bottle and the process is extremely simple.

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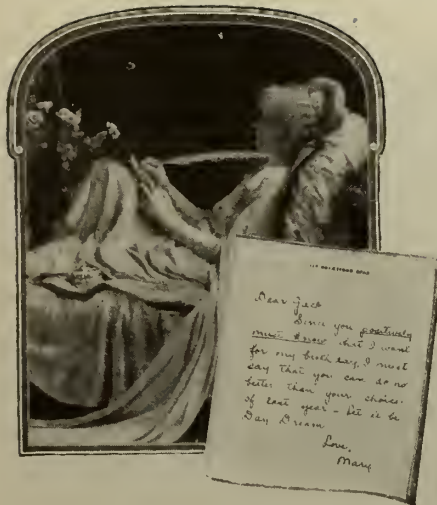
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# The Real Pola Negri

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]



## The Gift Appropriate

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Day Dream Boudoir Creations (the hauntingly fragrant Perfume, exquisite Face Powder, Cold Cream, Poudre Creme, Compacts and other essentials to the perfect toilette) are obtainable either in dainty individual packages or in beautiful gift combinations—truly a tribute to the discriminating taste of those to whom they are sent.

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I KNOW you can because I have helped over 50,000 women to gain from 10 to 35 pounds.

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**Susanna Cocroft**  
Dept. 359 1819 Broadway New York

**From pupils' letters**  
"One year ago today I weighed only 100 pounds. Now I weigh 126, and Oh! I feel so well and rested."  
"My friends tell me that I look ten years younger. My face is full and plump; my skin is smooth and firm."  
"My neck and chest have filled out nicely. I have gained 20 lbs."

She is surprisingly unlike Du Barry and Carmen, her manner subdued, more that of a gracious self-possessed queen, yet fundamentally she seems—the eternal Carmen—the reckless, Bohemian, impulsive, loved and loving gypsy, passionate, elemental, primitive. But—a Carmen cultivated by society, refined by mental accomplishments that success has inspired, and with the free, spontaneous, vital nature softened and tempered by experience in pain.

Her health is delicate and she is not one to spare herself. She lives fervently, a slender delicately modelled girl surcharged with emotion.

We are always inclined to say that a star appears more youthful off the screen than on. But with Negri the fact is startling. In pictures she is a woman, a young woman. In person she is a girl. Perhaps the screen maturity is due to her make-up. She employs no tricks to prettify. There is no blocking off of the jaws with rouge to make the face more oval, no touches of red under the chin such as many an American beauty employs to wipe out a little flesh. When she laughs it is laughter, not a two-toothed mince.

"I do not care about the—*schonheit*—the beauty. I want that the people shall feel—" her fingers clutched intensely at her breast—"to feel—to be me—"

Like most rarely lovely women Negri has doubtlessly tired of tributes to her gorgeous beauty. She knows she possesses that charm; she is interested in acquiring other qualities.

IN explaining her absence from Berlin she revealed something of that deep love she has for her people of Poland. It must be genuine else she would never have risked her fortune and position by ministering to them. I think she felt their suffering. I know she felt the acridly bitter attacks which the Berlin press made upon her. She spoke sadly of the experience.

"Yes, for that, too, I am glad to go to America. . . . They misunderstood me. They were very, very unkind. They said I make my money in Germany to give to Polish peoples,"—she hesitated with a query gesture of outstretched hands,—"*But it is my money,*"—again the hands tensely clutched her breast,—"*I earn my money—Alors,* then is it not mine to give? I do not give to the—*the militaire.* I give to the poor, the starving people of my country. I also give to German babies—to old peoples in Germany. Ah, it was very bad—so I went away."

She spoke as though she had become spiritually weary. She was also physically weary. She is still tired, her strength quickly taxed. Thus the singular stillness, the nervous knitting of the brows after a prolonged scene into which she has given her vitality with all the spontaneity and gay abandon which you see on the screen.

"I am so sorry I could not you receive in my *appartement,*" she murmured, regretfully, in explanation of her inability to keep the previous appointments. "Every night I am so tired. I go to the hotel. I have my bath. Then I go to bed."

Her English has plenty of exotic charm. Faltering only now and then, she quickly substitutes a German word, more often a French. She speaks five languages. As active demonstration of how much she wanted to go to America she learned English in less than four months. She deprecates all imperfections.

"I shall speak much better in New York," she assured.

In her new picture, directed by Lubitsch, in which America will see her shortly, she plays a Parisian *cocotte* of the period of 1860. It is a colorful drama in light and shade.

It's working title is "The Flame," but that will not be used because of an existing American play of that name.

An official of the company said that it might be called "Yvette," the name of the character played by Negri.

"Ah, *non, non, no,*" protested Pola. "Yvette" is nothing—no meaning—No, it shall be 'The Flame of Love.'"

"The Flame of Love' sounds like Negri," I ventured.

Pola laughed. "Yes, The Flame of Love—Passion—Gypsy Blood!" her hands went up as she said "Gypsy Bloo—oo-d," and her head was thrown back in laughter. "Oh—oh—Gypsy Bloo—ood," she laughed, "That is how Negri is known—always so."

But she doesn't crave to be a good girl. On the contrary she is enthusiastic over Yvette, a very bad girl.

"It is my best picture since Du Barry," she assured positively.

She regrets those of her pictures which followed "Passion" in America and wonders if the American public realizes that they were made earlier in her career. There was the consolation that all those tawdry ones would be forgotten when "The Flame of Love" burned on the screen.

With love on the horizon I recalled the gossip of Charlie Chaplin's infatuation for Pola.

"Are you going to marry Charlie Chaplin?" I asked as lightly as possible, and then nearly fell backward by the impact of her "Yes!"

She leaned forward to say it, her eyes most sincere.

"Yes," she said, then swiftly, "What?—" a smile dawning—"Marry?—marry—oh, oh, *Mon Dieu!*" and tossed her head rapturously. Recovered from the paroxysm, she said, "I thought you ask if I like Charlie Chaplin. Yes, I like him. He is a nice boy. Marry,—oh," laughter again. "No, no, marriage I care not for it now. I have plenty of time,"—very seriously—"The next five years are for my work."

Well, anyhow, Charlie is out of the way and we all have five years to go.

"The American men are va-ree nice," observed Pola. "They are so very nice to women. Here a woman is—that, she is so little. I can see that the American woman is treated much differently. Ah, and the American women are very pretty,—very pretty."

SHE admitted that she was extremely curious about her work in a New York studio. According to present schedule Fitzmaurice will direct her. She will make one picture in New York and then go to California to work during the winter.

"I am very curious," she said with an enigmatic sort of smile.

So am I. The working union of Ernst Lubitsch, director, and Pola Negri, star, has existed almost from the beginning of Pola's picture career.

"Pola is wonderful,—wonderful!" Lubitsch will tell you.

She is temperamental, high strung, even tempestuous at times. She does not appear for work before noon. There have been fiery clashes, with Negri flaming high and Lubitsch sputtering in his Dutch comedian way. But after the lightning the storm ends suddenly, usually with a kiss for Lubitsch and the warning that he is a very bad boy.

One of these tempests occurred on a hot summer day during the filming of "Passion." It was the scene where Pola kneels before the altar in the church. Lubitsch directed her to kneel and fix her eyes reverently on the crucifix and upon no account to turn around. She dutifully obeyed. She prayed fervently with uplifted eyes. Finally after ten min-



utes of motionless, perspiring prayer Pola suddenly cried out, "Lubitsch!—Lubitsch! I can stand this no longer. My knees are aching and I am dying of the heat.—Lubitsch!!"

Not a sound. She turned around. The "set" was utterly deserted and silent. What Pola said in that holy place no one will ever know. They can only surmise by what she said the next day when she faced her knee-quivering little director.

I wonder if other directors will understand Pola as Lubitsch does or whether they will expect fire to be always cool and a tiger cat as tame as one of the curly ingenue lambs.

Will Pola escape the standardization process? Or will she have to submit to being a perfect lady, always kind to directors and always diplomatic with pestiferous interviewers who ask her all sorts of absurd questions, such as whether or not she is to marry Chaplin?

There are plans for putting her in modern American stories, for ladyfying her, tricking her out in pretty clothes, sort of Talmadgizing her, I take it. I hope I'm all wrong. If not, I hope Pola will prove that she is a tiger cat, or like a gypsy, fold up her tent and pack for Poland, as she did when the Germans crowded her too far.

But Pola contemplates none of this. To her everything is beautiful across the Atlantic. She calls America her dream. She tried to tell me how she felt about America, but words did not come as quickly as she felt them, so she turned partially to German.

She spoke of the kindness and gallantry of American men toward women, of the prettiness and grace of American girls.

"Always America has been my dream from the time I was a child in Poland. You do not know how Polish children look toward America. It is like heaven to which people go for eternal happiness. The leaves of the trees are gold. Always people return rich or send money back. Everything is free, and all people friendly.

"Of course I do not have these childish illusions any more. I know that in the world there is not perfection. But America, I think, is most nearly perfect.

"Ah, yes, I have seen with my eyes the Quaker Friends going among the poor. Who came first to the deathbed of poor, suffering middle Europe? Who cared for the babies and nursed them back to health? America.

"I think most wonderful of all is to be able to forgive your enemies. America does that. She is the friend of those in pain whoever they may be.

"For me America has been the fairy godmother as wonderful, more wonderful than could have imagined as a child. How could I ever have dreamed that America would one day love me? It was wonderful—in one night almost I hear that America is praising me and wanting me. At the very time, too, when my whole career was in the balance. When the Germans had denounced me for my Polish sympathies and made it impossible for me to continue work.

"The happiest day of my life is when I see America."

So Pola steps from the Old World into the new. From the old life into the new. Let us hope that her dream of America will be realized as adequately as America's dream of her.

As for me, I say, see Pola and die!

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p 11



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in the front pages of the Magazine





## You Too Can Now Have Glorious Wavy Hair!

New Liquid Discovery Quickly  
Gives You a Wealth of Soft,  
Glistening, Curly Hair

No longer need you envy the girl with beautiful wavy hair. For beauty experts have at last found a new harmless liquid, which gives even the most stubborn hair a wonderfully natural waviness and curliness.

This new liquid makes your hair fall in soft, fluffy waves and silky curls. It adds a wonderful new charm, youthfulness and beauty to your appearance. No fuss—no bother. Simply moisten the hair with a few drops of this wonderful new liquid, called Domino Curling Fluid. One application will keep your hair wavy and in curl usually for a week or more. Why ruin your hair with hot irons, or pay big fees to hair dressers? Try this new harmless method, and see if your friends aren't amazed at the wonderful improvement in your appearance.

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The regular price of Domino Curling Fluid is \$2.50 a bottle. But on this special introductory offer we will send you a full size bottle for only \$1.45, plus a few cents postage. Send no money—just the coupon. Pay the postman on arrival. Then if not perfectly satisfied with results simply return it and your money will be instantly refunded. Mail coupon now, before this special offer is withdrawn.

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Dept. C-2611, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me one \$2.50 bottle of Domino Curling Fluid. When the postman hands it to me, I will pay him only \$1.45 plus a few cents postage (in full payment). If for any reason I am not satisfied I will return it within five days and you agree to promptly refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you wish you may send cash with coupon and save the postage.

# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**TIMOTHY'S QUEST**—AMERICAN RELEASES.—Directed by Sidney Olcott. Story by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Scenario by Katherine Stuart. Photographed by Al Liguorie and Gene French. *Timothy*, Master Joseph Depew; "*Lady Gay*," Baby Helen Rowland; *Miss Arilda Cummins*, Marie Day; *Samantha Ann Ripley*, Margaret Seddon; *Jabe Sloewin*, Bertram Marburgh; *Hilly Tarbox*, Vivia Ogden; *Miss Dara*, Gladys Leslie; *Dave Milliken*, Wm. F. Haddock.

**LOVE IS AN AWFUL THING**—SELZNICK.—Written and directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: *Anthony Churchill*, Owen Moore; *Helen Griggs*, Marjorie Daw; *Ruth Allen*, Kathryn Perry; *Harold Wright*, Arthur Hoyt; *Porter*, Douglas Carter; *Marion*, Charlotte Mineau; *Superintendent*, Snitz Edwards; *Superintendent's Wife*, Alice Howell.

**WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOW-ER**—COSMOPOLITAN.—Directed by Robert G. Vignola. Scenario by Luther Reed. The cast: *Henry VIII*, Lyn Harding; *Louis XII*, William Norris; *Charles Brandon*, Forrest Stanley; *Duke of Buckingham*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Sir Edward Caskaden*, Ernest Glendinning; *Duke Francis*, William H. Powell; *Cardinal Wolsey*, Arthur Forrest; *Due de Langueville*, Macey Harlam; *Will Sammers*, Johnny Dooley; *King's Tailor*, William Kent; *Grammont*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Sir Adam Judson*, Charles Gerrard; *An Adventurer*, George Nash; *Sir Henry Brandon*, Arthur Donaldson; *Queen Catherine*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *A French Lady-in-Waiting*, Flora Finch; *Lady Jane Balingbroke*, Ruth Shepley; *Mary Tudor*, Marion Davies.

**MANSLAUGHTER**—PARAMOUNT.—Directed by Cecil de Mille. From the novel of Alice Duer Miller. Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson. The cast: *Daniel O'Bannon*, Thomas Meighan; *Lydia Thorne*, Leatrice Joy; *Evans, her maid*, Lois Wilson; *Gov. Stephen Albee*, John Milner; *Judge Hamans*, George Fawcett; *Mrs. Drummond*, Julia Faye; *Adeline Bennett*, Edythe Chapman; *Drummond, a policeman*, Jack Mower; *Eleanor Bellingan*, Dorothy Cumming; *Bobby Darset*, Casson Ferguson; *Dicky Evans*, Mickey Moore; *Butler*, James Neill; *Prison Matron*, Sylvia Ashton; *Brown*, Raymond Hatton; "*Glaamy Gus*," "Teddy," *Prisoners*, Mabel Van Buren, Ethel Wales, Dale Fuller; *Wiley*, Edward Martindel; *Doctor*, Charles Ogle; *Musician*, Guy Oliver; *Miss Santa Claus*, Shannon Day; *Witness*, Lucien Littlefield.

**REMEMBRANCE**—GOLDWYN.—Written and directed by Rupert Hughes, with the following cast: *Pop*, Claude Gillingwater; *Mom*, Kate Lester; *Mab Grout*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Seth Smith*, Cullen Landis; *Julia*, Nell Craig; *Ethelwolf Grant*, Dana Todd; *John P. Grant, Jr.*, Richard Tucker; *Beatrice*, Esther Ralston; *Julia's boy*, Arthur Trimble; *Julia's girl*, Lucille Rickson.

**THE HANDS OF NARA**—METRO.—Presented by Harry Garson. Adapted from the novel by Richard Washburn Child. The cast: *Nara Alexieff*, Clara Kimball Young; *Baris Alexieff*, Count John Orloff; *Emlen Claveloux*, Elliott Dexter; *Connor Lee*, Edwin Stevens; *Adam Pine*, Vernon Steel; *Doctor Hailth Claveloux*, John Milner; *Emma Gammell*, Margaret Loomis; *Mrs. Miller*, Martha Maddox; *Carrie Miller*, Dulcie Cooper; *Gus Miller*, Ashley Cooper; *Vanessa Yates*, Myrtle Steadman; *Mrs. Claveloux*, Eugenie Bessemmer.

**THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN**—COSMOPOLITAN-PARAMOUNT.—By James Oliver Curwood. Scenario by John Lynch. Directed by Frank Borzage with the following cast: *Maretle Radisson*, Alma Rubens; *Corporal James Kent, of the Royal Northwest Mounted*, Lew Cody; "*Buck*" *O'Connor*, Joseph King; *Pierre Radisson*, Mario Majeroni; *Inspector Kadsty, of the Mounted*, George Nash; *Jacques Radisson*, J. W. Johnston.

**SLIM SHOULDERS**—HODKINSON.—Produced by the Tilford Cinema Studios. Directed by Alan Crosland from Charles K. Harris' story, with the following cast: *Naomi Warren*, Irene Castle; *Richard Langdon*, Rod La Roque; *John Clinton Warren*, Warren Cook; *Mrs. Warren*, Marie Burke; *Count Guido Morriani*, Mario Carillo; *Jerome Langdon*, Anders Randolph; *The crook*, Matthew Betz.

**THE YOUNG DIANA**—COSMOPOLITAN-PARAMOUNT.—By Marie Corelli. Scenario by Luther Reed. Settings by Joseph Urban. Directed by Albert Capellani and Robert G. Vignola with the following cast: *Diana May*, Marion Davies; *James P. May, her father*, Maclyn Arbuckle; *Richard Cleeve*, Forrest Stanley; *Lady Anne*, Gypsy O'Brien; *Dr. Dimitrius, a scientist*, Pedro de Cordoba.

**RICH MEN'S WIVES**—GOLDWYN.—By Frank Dazey and Agnes Christine Johnston. Scenario by Lois Zellner. Directed by Gasnier. The cast: *Jahn Masters*, House Peters; *Gay Davenport*, Claire Windsor; *Mrs. Lindley-Blair*, Rosemary Theby; *Juan Camillo*, Gaston Glass; *Mrs. Davenport*, Myrtle Steadman; *Jackie*, Baby Richard Headrick; *Estelle Davenport*, Mildred June; *Mr. Davenport*, Charles Clary; *Maid*, Carol Holloway; *Nurse*, Martha Mattox; *Reggie*, William Austin.

**BURNING SANDS**—PARAMOUNT.—Director and producer, George Melford. Author, Arthur Weigall. Scenarists, Olga Printzlau and Waldemar Young. The cast: *Muriel Blair, an English girl*, Wanda Hawley; *Daniel Lane, a philosopher*, Milton Sills; *Kate Bindane, Muriel's friend*, Louise Dresser; *Lizette, a dancer*, Jacqueline Logan; *Robert Barthampton, an English official*, Robert Cain; *Mr. Bindane*, Fenwick Oliver; *Governor*, Winter Hall; *Secretary*, Harris Gordon; *Ibrahim, an Arab*, Albert Roscoe; *Old Sheik*, Cecil Holland; *Hussain*, Joe Ray. Distributed by Paramount.

**PAID BACK**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Louis D. Lighton. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Carol Gardon*, Gladys Brockwell; *Jack Gregory*, Stuart Holmes; *David Hardy*, Mablon Hamilton; *Darothy Britton*, Lillian West; *Carol's servant*, Kate Price; *Elaunise Hardy*, Edna Murphy; *Jasan Lockhart*, Arthur Stewart Hull; *Ship Captain*, Wilfred Lucas.

**TOP O' THE MORNING**—UNIVERSAL.—From the stage play by Anne Caldwell. Directed by Edward Laemmle. The cast: "*Jerry*" *O'Dannell*, Gladys Walton; *Jahn Garland*, Harry Myers; *Dot Garland*, Doreen Turner; *Jerry's Aunt*, Florence D. Lee; *Dermott O'Donnell*, William Welsh; *Mulroaney*, Don Bailey; *Father Quinn*, Dick Cummings; *Mrs. O'Donnell*, Margaret Campbell; *Eugene O'Donnell*, Ralph McCullough; *Katherine Vincent*, Ethel Shannon; *Blakely Stone*, Harry Carter; *Thomas Wilson*, William Moran; *Katie McDougal*, Sally Russell; *Miss Murdock*, Martha Mattox.



**THE FROZEN NORTH—FIRST NATIONAL.**  
—Written and directed by Buster Keaton and Eddie Cline. Presented by Joseph Schenck with the following cast: *The Hero*, Freeman Wood; *The Girl*, Bonny Hill; *The Heavy*, Joe Roberts; *The Villain*, Buster Keaton.

**THE ELECTRICAL HOUSE—FIRST NATIONAL.**—The cast: *Correspondence School Hero*, Buster Keaton; *The Girl*, Virginia Fox; *Her Dad*, Pop Keaton; *Her Ma*, Ma Keaton; *Her Sister*, Sis Keaton.

**DUSK TO DAWN—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.**—From the novel "The Shuttle Soul" by Katherine Hill. Scenario by Frank Howard Clark. Photographed by George Barnes. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Marjorie Latham*, Florence Vidor; *Aziza*, Florence Vidor; *John Latham*, James Neill; *Mrs. Latham*, Lydia Knott; *Ralph Latham*, Truman Van Dyke; *Phillip Randall*, Jack Mulhall; *Mark Randall*, Herbert Fortier; *Babette*, Norris Johnson; *Rajah Nyhal Singh*, Peter Burke; *Marua*, Nellie Anderson; *Nadar Gungi*, Sidney Franklin.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]



## The Most Popular Girl in Hollywood

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 33]

Daniels is the most popular girl in Hollywood. Generally—with all classes—with both sexes—in business and professional and social relations—I don't believe there's a doubt about it.

The electricians and the carpenters and the grips and the cameramen all adore the ground she walks on.

The publicity department will tell you in a loud and enthusiastic chorus that there never was anybody in the world like Bebe—so accommodating, so regular, so appreciative.

Every director she has ever had swears by her. Because she's the hardest worker and the most sincerely and humbly ambitious person they know.

The designer and the head of the wardrobe department actually glow when her name is mentioned.

As for the hairdresser—any and everybody can wait when Miss Bebe needs her raven tresses coiffed.

And I have seen Oscar, the colored boot-black, spend an hour tenderly polishing the tip of one of her shoes.

Mary Pickford is undoubtedly the most loved woman in Hollywood.

Betty Compson has perhaps more close personal friends and admirers than anyone else.

But the most popular girl in Hollywood is Bebe Daniels.

By the way, I wonder who the most popular man is?

## New Faces Contest

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 63]

Thousands of years ago in Greece. But the judges, selecting carefully from so many, thought of the other just as necessary—more necessary—qualities! The judges sought the ultimate thing—the spirit—that would last. And then, with the final few brought together in a huge studio place, they put the matter up to the camera. For, in the last analysis, it was the camera who decided. The camera cast the final vote—and one that could not be overlooked or ignored!

Next month you will be told who the camera voted for.

# Magic

## Lies in pretty teeth—Remove that film

Why will any woman in these days have dingy film on teeth?

There is now a way to end it. Millions of people employ it. You can see the results in glistening teeth everywhere you look.

This is to offer a ten-day test, to show you how to beautify the teeth.

### Film is cloudy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. When left it forms the basis of tartar. Teeth look discolored more or less.

But film does more. It causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

### You leave it

Old ways of brushing leave much of that film intact. It dims the teeth and, night and day, threatens serious damage. That's why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has been seeking ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found. They mean so much that leading dentists the world over now advise them.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, correcting some old mistakes. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name is Pepsodent, and by its use millions now combat that film.

### Two other foes

It also fights two other foes of teeth. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. To digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. To neutralize mouth acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings to people new conceptions of clean teeth.

### Lives altered

Whole lives may be altered by this better tooth protection. Dentists now advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. It will mean a new dental era.

The way to know this is to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

See and feel the new effects, then read the reasons in the book we send.

If you count such things important, cut out the coupon now.

**Pepsodent**  
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We will present you with gifts ranging in value up to \$25.00 for introducing SPEARMINT TOOTH PASTE to a few of your relatives and friends. People always want to try it as soon as they see it. Mail postcard now for free copy of valuable gift book. Address Wrigley Pharmaceutical Co., 307 No. Randolph St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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# Why-Do-They-Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. P. t. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlike like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



### NEATH THE EGYPTIAN SUN

I LIKED "The Loves of Pharaoh," with its romance and its pyramids and its general Egyptian atmosphere. I was particularly intrigued by the spectacle of the hero, after his somewhat arduous swim in the river, with perfectly dry and even wavy locks a few moments after emerging from the water.

GEORGE DAWSON, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### NOW, NOW!

PAULINE FREDERICK is always interesting. In her picture called "Salvage" she shared honors with a still more interesting incongruity. It occurred when Pauline's husband-on-the-screen comes into her room and deposits his hat upon the dressing-table. Upon leaving, he picks up a hat and cane from a lounge in a corner of the room. His own hat and cane, presumably.

EVELYN BICE, Rapid City, Mich.

### SNAPPY STUFF

IN "After Midnight" with Conway Tearle, the wonders of Frisco's China Town is described, also the wonderful sunset over Golden Gate. Later we see Conway and Zeena Keefe emerge from the Metropolitan Opera House on Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

GERTRUDE KNOFF, Manhattan.

### WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED HERO WILL WEAR

"THE HALF-BREED" was a pleasant little picture and all that. And Wheeler Oakman was all that a film hero should be. I grant you that. But why, when heroine Mary Anderson is tripping about in white slippers and a filmy summer dress, should hero Wheeler wear a fur over-coat? Of course it looked nice on him; still—

MRS. W. J. CLARK, Portland, Oregon.

### ACCOMPLISHED COWMEN

IN "The Sky Pilot," the village cowboys, on Christmas eve, start erection of a church as a present to the pilot. On Christmas morning there stands the completed structure with several inches of snow on the roof. Those cowboys were fast workers.

J. BRADY, Quincy, Ill.

### ALL DRESSED UP

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, in "Lessons in Love," is writing a letter. Her arms are bare. When she goes into the hall and hands the letter to the maid, she is wearing her beautiful bracelets.

FRANCES CARR, Plainfield, N. J.

### VALIANT MISS VALLI

I ADMIRE Virginia Valli's acting in "The Storm." I especially admired her poise and self-possession when she comes in to serve supper carrying a coffee pot which she holds comfortably in both hands, one hand balancing the spout. A moment later she pours out steaming coffee.

E. A. S., Chicago, Ill.

### SHADES OF SILAS!

"SILAS MARNER" happened a long time ago. Yet, in the film version, when Godfrey Cass and his wife sit down before their fire, instead of the old-fashioned settle we see a day-bed of the present period.

R. E. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.

### BRAVE GIRL!

KATHERINE MACDONALD certainly went through a lot as the heroine of "Her Social Value." We see her trying to break a door down in an effort to escape from the office of one of those "designing" architects, and save the plans for a terminal which are valuable to her husband. She succeeds in escaping from the room, but she does not pick up the plans from the floor where she dropped them, just outside the door. However, when we see her later in a railroad station she has the same roll of plans, and she is sending them to her husband. Perhaps she went back after the plans and had to make a second thrilling escape. If so, the director spared us the scene.

M. B., Stamford, Conn.

### WELL READ, ANYWAY

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "Reckless Youth" is told by her grandmother that she must read the evening paper to grandfather, and she hands Elaine the evening paper. A close-up of Elaine shows her reading a morning paper. Her grandfather reprimands her for reading the frivolities and commands her to turn to the news of the day. Elaine turns a few pages and lo and behold, she is seen reading still another paper.

ANNA SOLOMON, New York City.

### ARCHITECTURAL OBJECTIONS

ONE would never suspect that the artistic one-story ranch house in "Little Eva Ascends" could turn out to have such a freak interior. I particularly admired the lines of this building. When I saw the interior, however, with its ceilings higher than the building could possibly be, and its spacious dining-room, the like of which no ranch house ever had or ever will have, I knew that some director was chasing the phantom of gorgeous effects and forgetting that such a thing as naturalness could appeal to the spectator.

F. M. WEBB, Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

### HE'S NOT PARTICULAR

JUST where was this mysterious place out west where Wallace MacDonald was working in "The Understudy"? He receives a letter from Grace Lorimer, addressed to Montana. He also receives a telegram from his father. This is addressed to Arizona. He gets both messages without apparent difficulty in the same place.

ESTHER BRIGGS, Tarrytown, N. Y.

### SEVERAL CAUGHT THESE ERRORS

IN "The Man Unconquerable," I saw these mistakes.

When Jack Holt as Kendall fights Nilsson his white clothes were considerably messed up. But as soon as Kendall rose after knocking out the villain they were suddenly spotless.

When Holt sinks a pearling ship with machine-gun fire, one close-up shows but two bullets remaining in the clip, yet a steady rain of fire is kept up. Another close-up of the hero, still firing, shows about fifteen bullets remaining in the clip. The vessel looked to me as if it were anchored close to shore in about ten feet of water, yet it is entirely submerged a little later. Also—the crew jump from the sinking boat bareheaded and when they reach shore many are wearing hats.

ELIZABETH FADELY, Springfield, Ohio.



# Hattie of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

early in November. The picture was to be released for a first run at one of the regular Broadway theaters, not a picture house. Without consulting her, de Brissac arranged that they should share a personal appearance on the opening night. Then he told her that he wanted her to make the journey with him. Quietly, in her new evasive manner, she insisted that Alice would have to share her compartment. The quarrel raged for several days. Finally he had to yield and hand her her own reservations for two. She locked the envelope in the bureau drawer with his presents. She didn't want Arthur handling that. It would be her first journey East. Her thoughts ran back over the year and a half as she laid the printed envelope away on the Spanish shawl next to the jewel case. She might perhaps wear some of the things in New York. If, that was, she could plan it so Alice wouldn't notice. After all, she had let him give them. He wanted to see them on her. Surely she hadn't treated him well. At least she could take them along . . . And other thoughts that brought a wistful smile to her pretty mouth . . . that queer boy-and-girl business with Willie Mazzini and even Fred Schmandt. She would have to call at the mailing room. How wonderful it would all be, returning to New York almost as a reigning princess; stopping at a great hotel, besieged by reporters, gazed at by everyone, she who had been little Hattie Johnson and was now Harriet John. New York!

**T**HIS was on a Wednesday. The reservations were for the following Tuesday. It was a temptation to do nothing about it, let the situation drift as she so often hopelessly did. But you couldn't quite let a journey drift. And so, on Thursday morning she spoke vaguely to her maid about packing for a trip to New York. The maid was a silent and intensely practical Danish woman known as Hedwig . . . This seemed to make it necessary to broach the matter to Alice. She found some difficulty in going about it. Alice hadn't seemed herself of late. But the thing had to be done.

She did it at luncheon. Arthur, fortunately, had gone to Frank's at noon with the publicity men. He was excited over the idea of a wholly new emphasis in the press matter, the picturing of Hattie as an outdoor girl. There were experts enough available to pose her properly with a tennis racquet, and, in another costume, swinging a golf club.

Hattie played listlessly with her fork.

"Why don't you eat something?" asked her sister. She had a new fullness about the face, but her eyes looked drawn. "What's the matter with you lately, anyway?"

Hattie didn't reply to this. She was trying to frame a sentence that would help her along through a situation that was much too large and difficult for her capacity.

She said, at length, this, in her light voice, casually, as if it were a matter of no particular importance—

"I've got to go to New York on Tuesday."

"New York?" Alice stared. "What on earth?"

"Personal appearance. It's pretty important. I've got to go. I know you don't feel very well, but I'm afraid you've got to come with me."

"Come with you? Oh, I couldn't do that. Arthur would never—"

The sentence died there.

"I've got to go," Hattie repeated. She couldn't have explained why she dwelt so on the necessity of it. That was how it seemed. The de Brissac complication might easily spoil the experience. And yet this desire to see the big city, to look up at her old friends, to be eted and acclaimed in that wonderful way by the public, even the desire to run away from Hollywood where she had been so continually

## Invisible Corseting

First place in the new mode of corseting is given to Warner's Wrap-around. So soft and clinging is the fit of this cleverly designed elastic and brocade corset that not a line shows through the gown. Yet it deftly flattens abdomen, hips and back into the silhouette that fashion now demands. There are no lacings in the Warner's Wrap-around, you just "wrap it and snap it" on. In models for mature figures, as well as for the youthful and slender.

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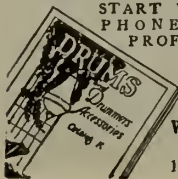
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excited and so bitterly if vaguely unhappy—all this was like an ache in her heart. Yes, she must go.

"See here, Hattie, you mean to say you don't know what's the matter with me?"

"Why, no . . . Oh!"

Alice was nodding grimly.

"Yes, I'm going to have another one. You can't always foresee these things. We didn't—well, plan any such thing, of course. Not until Arthur could get on his feet more, but—"

She let that sentence die, too. Hattie, her color rising, was studying her plate. A fear that had quieted somewhat of late was painfully alive again. And with it a new resentment . . . in a queer way it seemed as if Alice and Arthur should have consulted her. There would be no checking the expense of it—doctors, hospital, special nurses, and all.

She heard Alice's voice going on—

"If only Arthur now . . . he needs a shake-up so . . . it would be wonderful for him . . . I don't think you always realize how hard he works for us all . . . I encourage him all I can to get out and mix around. He likes people. He needs them. But he devotes himself absolutely—"

"I'll take Hedwig," said Hattie, with the decisiveness of a child.

"But Hedwig could never look out for—"

"I'm going to take her," Hattie rose from the table. It was a bold step; but she was going, and not with Arthur, never with Arthur. She couldn't see her way . . . certainly she couldn't bring herself to tell de Brissac that Alice couldn't come . . . but she was going! With Hedwig in that compartment! Back East . . . Harriet John! And she wondered if it was a Grand Canyon car. She hadn't yet seen the Grand Canyon.

—30—

THERE was no work at the studio. She went out to the garage behind the bungalow, walking and looking like a school girl in her simple blue dress and sweater and little white hat pulled down on her head. Arthur used the car a good deal. That was another small irritation. But it stood there in the garage; he had ridden to Frank's with someone else today.

She drove over to Wiltshire Boulevard and turned in behind the Ambassador; parked her car there and strolled in quietly in along the corridor where the shops are that display Chinese and Japanese things and custom automobile bodies and fancy cigarettes and pretty things to wear. Somewhere in this labyrinth of corridors stood a rack of time tables. She had seen it. She lingered by the shop windows. It was stirring to know that she could, if she chose, step in through any one of these doorways and buy almost anything she wished. They'd gladly give her credit. She heard a group of tourists whispering among themselves and then, in the glass of a show window, saw them glancing at her. It was always happening nowadays, this being pointed out as the famous Harriet John. She lingered on to indulge fully in the luxury of it.

She found the rack, and took a brightly colored folder that advertised the most popular transcontinental trains. There was a thrill in merely handling it. She folded it up and put it away in her bag; and then, very demurely, walked upstairs into the vast lounge and sat for a little while just because it was still a delight to know that she belonged here by right. Other groups recognized her. She tapped the arm of her chair with a slender finger and hummed very softly. New York! . . . Harriet John!

She put the car back in its garage and entered the bungalow without a sign of expression on her pretty face.

Arthur met her at the door. He must have been watching there. He drew her a little way along the porch in his most important manner.

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"I've taken the liberty, Hattie—" she wished he wouldn't whisper in that eager way—"of bringing a young chap along home. He was at Frank's this noon. He's just passing through. Here's the point—he writes for one of the big magazines down East, one of the swell ones—and he was asking at lunch if there was any way he could get an interview with Harriet John. Just pure luck! I was right there. Here's the point—it's a big chance. Real publicity. The kind you can't buy. He's one of the highbrows that knocks the screen. But he says that there's no other artist that holds out so much hope for better pictures. That's the line to follow, see! Better pictures! Art!"

He would have said more, but Hattie turned away. Eagerly then he followed her within.

The young man had dropped into one of the big arm chairs in the living room. His name was Mr. Dempster. He was blonde, like herself; she saw that. And when he sprang up

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and hurried to meet her her eyes rested on his slim strong shoulders and his long hands. He didn't stride like an actor; if anything he was awkward. The face was sensitive, with a nice long nose and a rather wide mouth that broke quickly into a smile. Stirred as she already was, the mere sight of him here in her own living room and the grip of his hand stirred her the more. He was a gentleman. He silenced her. After all the pseudo-gentlemen of the picture lot, with their elaborate overdressing and their extremes of manner, his pleasantly respectful look and his careless way of wearing his clothes, as if he didn't know what he had on and didn't care, was almost a delightful sort of shock.

Arthur slipped, unobserved, from the room. He had learned to do that.

She said—she tried to say it in an easy natural way, something that would sound like the way he wore his clothes—

"Won't you sit down?"

She dropped down on a window seat herself; on her foot, wondering the next moment if she shouldn't have sat up more properly.

"It's awfully good of you to see me in this informal way, Miss John. Mr. Hamlin told me you weren't busy now."

"We've just finished a picture."

"Yes, so he explained. I suppose you're tired. It must be a good deal of a strain."

"It is. I am tired." She leaned back against the window casing, very still and almost without color. But her thoughts—the reverie that filled her mind most of the time and that she could never wholly control—were beginning to fade fast, as they did at night when she couldn't sleep. If she didn't watch out she'd find herself not quite catching what he said because she was looking at him and thinking about him. He had, for a blonde, unusually long lashes that were darker in color



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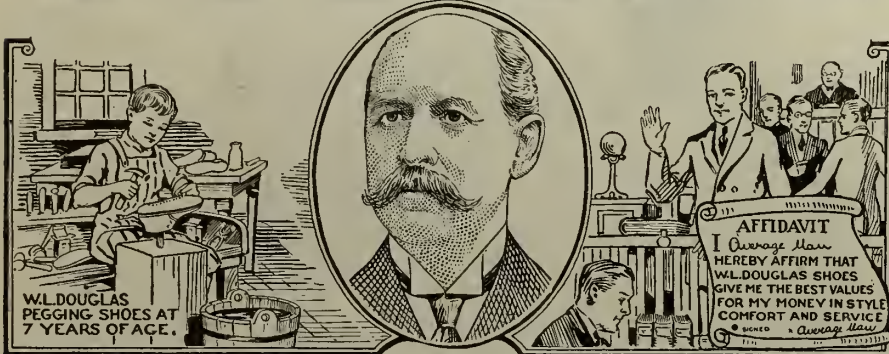
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than the brows. And his eyes were blue. There was a pause that began to grow embarrassingly long. How young he was! She'd supposed the highbrow writers were old gentlemen with spectacles . . . very puzzling . . . She looked down, and fingered the edge of a cushion. Of course she ought to say something. Her breath caught; she inhaled deeply, and then abruptly looked up. Her eyes met his full; held the gaze until she felt the blood creeping up her cheeks and temples. He was coloring, too.

He spoke, hesitatingly, with a shy little laugh, and then hurried on with it.

"I've got to write something about the pictures. Something or other. It was hard to think what, until I learned that you were here. You see, I'm not a fan. Most pictures bore me to death. Especially the big ones that cost so much. They're so tiresome, with their over-emphasis, over-elaboration, over-everything. Worst sort of vulgarity. And those mugging closeups! . . . I hope you don't mind my saying these things. Perhaps I'm too frank."

She contrived a faint smile, and moved her head in the negative.

"Of course it's perfectly dreadful of me to pop in on you and criticize your profession and—stare at you like this. You see, I can't get over your being so young; you're the realest artist on the screen today—an amazing person, really—and yet—right now you seem hardly more than a child. Of course I really ought to—"

She moistened her lips, and said, in a voice that was hardly more than a whisper—

"I'm eighteen."

"It is perfectly amazing."

"I'm not an artist."

"Oh now, really—you are!"

"It's Mr. de Brissac."

"It can't be. I've studied his work closely just to see if it could. He's a showman. Essentially just that. I grant you he has the power. I'm coming to see, out here, that it takes a strong man to drive a big picture through and get anywhere with it. But de Brissac—forgive me!—is vulgar. You—I'll simply have to ask you to forgive me again—are exquisite. I've seen 'Bagdad' four times and 'Pharaoh's Daughter' seven times. Now, honestly, nothing on earth but your artistry, your amazing instinct for truth—the true thing—could drag me seven times to one picture. Don't you see, it's because you're so different from all the familiar types of the screen. It's your delicacy and your utter simplicity."

HE caught himself, colored slightly again, and sank back in his chair. As if her blankly bewildered countenance suggest that he was pounding at her. There was another pause.

"It's only what Mr. de Brissac makes me do," she persisted, doggedly.

"Do you really mean to tell me that you get these charming effects without knowing what you're doing?"

She inclined her head. She felt stupid. The other stars, the ones she thought of as the real stars, wouldn't weaken like this. They'd pick up the cue like a shot and talk about their art, or, if they didn't know enough, they'd at least have the sense to keep still and turn on all their charm. She couldn't even do that.

"Of course that doesn't make it any the less interesting," said he, reflectively, studying her with those blue eyes. "It's pure gift—that's what it is! In time you'll learn to handle it. If they don't spoil you. That would be too awful to think about!"

He sprang up, so unexpectedly that her nerves responded with a nervous little shiver, and walked around the table to the window and then part way back. It seemed now that he could be hardly more than a few years older than herself. There was something fascinating in the way his hair grew carelessly down nearly to his temples and softly curled there . . . She hoped he'd go on talking. His



voice had an earnest ring of which he was unconscious. The handsome young men of her present acquaintance had all cultivated their voices, and used them with deliberate skill. She liked his natural way better. And she liked the words he used and the way he put them together and pronounced them.

"Tell me how you go to work to make a picture . . ." he was standing over her . . . "I mean the very first steps. Does de Brissac give you a script to study, or do you just get out on the lot and do as you're told?"

"Why—we talk it over some, and then . . . oh, I don't know . . . I just . . ."

"You just do as you're told?"

She inclined her head again.

He chuckled. "Sounds easy, doesn't it?"

SHE laughed softly with him. She couldn't take her eyes from the soft curls on his temples. And when he turned, still chuckling, and carelessly pushed a book about on the table she looked at the darker eyelashes. De Brissac mustn't even learn that she knew this man.

"It isn't really hard," she said. His alert mind seemed to clear hers, though her voice was lighter and huskier than before. Indeed it was hard to speak distinctly. "Maybe there is art in acting for the screen. I mean when you see the things that Charlie Chaplin does, and—oh, Nazimova and some of the others. Of course you have to learn how to walk and not try to do too much with your face and all—" She could talk right out to him!—"but I guess most of it is in photographing well. And that's an accident, isn't it? Oh, you learn how to make up. But the real work is in building the story, I think—writing and directing and cutting."

"In a sense . . . in a sense . . ." he was nodding thoughtfully. "Of course it's true that a dog or a baby can be just as effective on the screen as any so-called artist. Yes, that's true. But that isn't all the truth." He moved nearer; and all in that warm glow, helpless in it, she moved along on the window seat to make room for him and laughed a little again when she had to disentangle her heel from the hem of her skirt. And then when he had dropped down beside her and rested his arm on the sill nearly behind her shoulders, she sat rather stiffly erect because she wanted to lean softly back against it. She had never felt like this with Henry; and with de Brissac there had always been fear and that unhappy furtive feeling. With a start she realized that he was talking on and she wasn't hearing him . . . "No, I can't quite explain it. It's by no means so simple as you say. Conscious artistry is, after all, only a method of handling a talent. The talent is the important thing. And that you certainly have! You stir and move people. You've actually made me cry. And no matter if you do turn out to be just a little girl who is almost too modest for her own good I can't go back of that fact. Not very many people have made me cry."

Her eyes sought the floor. They were filling up. She'd be crying herself in a moment.

The silence grew and grew until it became an atmosphere in which all her senses were confusedly afloat. Her little efforts to speak amounted to nothing. She stared at the wall and then at the things on the table and then down at her foot. Once she couldn't resist stealing a troubled glance at him; he was gazing out of the window. She felt her body yielding toward his, and again, with a sense of something near horror at the thought that she could so lose her sense of propriety, drew in a quick breath and sat up stiffly.

He caught his breath, too, and sprang up. She started, then sank back against the window sill.

"I'm imposing on you dreadfully," he said. "I know you're tired."

She said, in a barely audible voice—

"I'm not tired."

"But I must see you again. Shall you be at

the hotel tonight? I'm looking forward to that. Everyone says these Thursday night dances are a great feature of Hollywood life. You'll be there, won't you? And would it be very, very presumptuous of me to ask for a few dances?"

"Yes," she said, "I'll be there."

"We really must talk a little more. I don't mind confessing that you've got me completely baffled. This article about you isn't going to be so easy to write as I supposed. It's a study. And I've only a few more days here."

"I'll be there," she said, again, more firmly.

He found a radiance in her eyes when she rose and gave him her hand. It was the look she sometimes had in her pictures, at great moments.

He stammered something; turned, tripping a little on a rug and laughing about that in a boyishly embarrassed way; and then was gone.

She stood without moving. But when she heard him running down the front steps and off along the walk she pressed the hand he had held to her lips and let the warm color come.

—31—

ARTHUR liked to dress up and go over to the Thursday night dances. He felt that it kept him in touch with the important people. For everybody went, all the stars and the ambitious little extras and the visiting British authors—everybody. Alice had said that she liked to have him get out a little, he worked so hard.

He was surprised when Hattie asked him if she might go along. He studied her quietly girlish face, but found no answer there. Never once before in the year and a half had she gone. He and Alice had supposed she didn't like dancing; they didn't know that she had been slavishly keeping her promise to de Brissac. He thought, naturally, of that young writing man, and decided to keep an eye out. Hattie mustn't marry. Not yet awhile, certainly. She was much too young. For her own good she must be sheltered from attractive young men. Queer if it should prove that he'd brought in a lot of new trouble himself, brought it right in the front door. De Brissac, of course, could hold her down. There was the whole family's sheet anchor to windward.

She was two hours in dressing for it. Hedwig brought down word that she didn't care for dinner, and then took a tray up to her. She wore, finally, a little blue frock that set off charmingly her delicate face and cornsilk hair, with blue satin slippers and blue stockings. She put on very little makeup.

Miss Wilson stopped by at seven and left a note in de Brissac's familiar hand. Hattie tossed it on the bureau, and didn't open it until she was fully dressed. Hedwig had left her alone.

"Look in at the studio about nine," it said, "and bring your railway tickets. It has been decided to open first in San Francisco Monday night. You needn't go up there if you don't want to, though it would help if you will. But I shan't be back here before Wednesday, and have changed my reservation to Thursday. That will bring us into New York on Monday, still in time for the opening there. It's important that you bring your tickets tonight so I can have them changed the first thing in the morning. Don't forget."

She read it through again, slowly; then burned it in the wash basin and then carefully scrubbed off the soot. She heard Arthur sliding back the big garage door. She stood by the bath room window listening while he started up the motor and ran the car around the house. Then she picked up her party wrap and ran lightly down there and rode with him to the hotel.

It was pleasant to drive in around the half-moon of stubby palm trees where, already, young couples strolled, and to stand on the landing step below the immensely long veranda that was crowded with shadowy



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groups and alive with the confused chatter of many voices. Gowns shimmered in the light from the windows. The orchestra was playing a fox-trot—saxophone and clarinet and trombone and strings and piano—and not in the shrilling discord called jazz, but melodiously. Through the wide screen doors she could see the couples moving rhythmically by. He would be somewhere in there. Or perhaps out here on the porch. Perhaps with a girl! Queer uprushes of jealousy came to confuse her. What if one of the great stars had captured him, one of the real beauties, who could talk up to him?

Arthur returned from parking the car and went in with her. The number hadn't stopped yet. He suggested that they dance and she swung into it with him. He expressed surprise that she did it so well. She replied that she just picked it up back in New York, she guessed it had come naturally to her; and as she spoke her eyes were looking swiftly here and there about the great hall. She couldn't find him, but directly after the music stopped he appeared and asked for the next. She thought him wonderful in his evening clothes; and the color stole again, timidly, into her cheeks. Arthur said he'd go out and have a smoke. To himself he said it was high time he thought the thing over and framed a plan.

They sat, as they had in the afternoon, almost without speaking. But she felt no embarrassment now. Apparently he didn't either. Once their eyes met and they exchanged a quiet smile that had the effect of sympathetic speech. The music began again, and moved by a common impulse they were quickly on their feet. He danced well. She felt exquisitely a part of him as they glided about. She didn't mind her color now but let it come, stirred by the music and the bright costumes and the lights, as by the movement of the dance.

AS they walked out to the porch he remarked—

"I mustn't be a pig, of course, but please don't forget that we were to have a little talk. After all, I've got that article to write."

"Let's walk a little," she replied; considering as they moved off down the steps if Arthur wouldn't be somewhere there watching her. Yes, he would, of course. But then she didn't seem to care. It was wonderful not to care.

Farther down the street he said, with that happy little chuckle of his—

"See here, you won't want to be tramping all around in those slippers!"

"I don't mind." She was looking along the line of dark automobiles at the curb. "There's my car. We might sit in it."

He opened the door for her. She slid in behind the wheel. He took the place beside her and shut the door.

"I'm trusting that you won't let me keep you out here longer than I should," said he, gently.

She didn't know how to answer that. Hadn't she brought him here?

"Since I've got to go away so soon," said he gently, "perhaps you'll allow me to say . . . I've been thinking rather wildly since this afternoon . . . things happen pretty fast sometimes, I begin to see . . . oh, I'm horribly clumsy, but you see you give me a sort of stage fright—"

"I do?" She was surprised, and turned her eyes on his shadowy face.

"Oh, sure! You know. You're, after all, a great celebrity. You scare me . . . I don't mean," he laid a hand impulsively over hers, and then she found herself clinging to a finger, "that you're anything but simple and frank and girlish, but that what you really are . . . oh, you are! No getting around it! You're a personage . . . all that keeps coming up to confuse me when I look at you and talk to you. See here! I'll start again." He broke off for a moment with a nervous, low laugh. "Here's what I mean. I never realized when I looked you up that you could turn out to



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# How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

be so damnably real. You're just natural girl all through. I'm a pretty old fashioned sort in some ways. I've got some ideals about women. And finding you so simple and sweet, really as ingenuous as a child, like a fragrant little wild rose here in all this big hothouse called Hollywood—"

She was stirring restlessly. Now she glanced behind his shoulder and saw dimly a figure, a man moving slowly toward them along the sidewalk behind a cigar. She had never felt so bold or so competent.

"Arthur!" she called.

The man quickened his step.

"I want the key, please."

He couldn't help staring, but he gave it to her; and she maneuvered the car out into the street and drove away, leaving Arthur on the curb to watch them go.

"What it boils down to is that you've done something to me. I realize that I couldn't have any place in your life. I'll never have any money. Probably some day, if I ever do marry, it'll be a friendly little woman who understands the problems of the artist and will take care of me. But—"

He drew away from her and gazed up at the dark mountain.

"When are you going East?" she asked.

"Next week—Tuesday."

"What train?"

"The ten o'clock."

Her heart seemed to stop beating. And then she managed to say:

"I'm going on that train."

"Oh!" she heard him exclaim. And then again "Oh!" followed by "How wonderful!"

"I suppose," said she, "that they wouldn't let me go if they knew it."

She waited, watching the road ahead as she drove along. Would he think her artful? She couldn't have planned that speech; not in this exalted mood. The words had just come rushing out of themselves.

"Looks almost as if Fate had taken this business in hand," said he, so low that she had to lean toward him to catch the words.

—32—

THEY rode to Beverly Hills and looked up at the lighted windows of the huge hotel on the hillside. The perfume of many flowers scented the air. He rested his arm on the back of the seat close to her shoulder, evidently stirred, as was she, by the occasional contact, yet drew no closer. She sensed that he wouldn't dare take her in his arms. How wonderful that was! She had felt, all this year, very old. But now she suddenly knew that she wasn't yet nineteen. She was, really, only a girl, with all of life before her. She was even picking up the old threads. De Brissac was drifting off among the queer unreal things of the film world. She was beginning to be happy, so happy that a sob came and had to be controlled. It was his respect for her, of course . . . his delicacy . . . she hadn't known there were such men. It wasn't just in that way that he cared for her. . . . Yes, it was the beginning. The other life was just a mistake. People did make mistakes. Some day he'd have to know. This was beautiful. It was no longer a matter of what he had called being presumptuous. It was, all at once, clear that they must share every moment possible. She drove back and they danced the evening out. She didn't care now who saw. Nothing else mattered. The hovering Arthur seemed as unreal as de Brissac.

They planned a picnic on the beach for Friday. He said he would have a luncheon put up at the hotel. Saturday they spent in Los Angeles, lunching and sitting through a picture hand in hand like children, and then dining and dancing at the Alexandria. By this time she knew that de Brissac was calling up the house in some impatience. There was a note from him on her dresser that night that she read with a faraway smile. He had to go north Sunday morning. There was the

I HAD tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a "pug" nose—and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my work was commended, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

FINALLY, late one afternoon, after another "disappointment," I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—, a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. "Look up, and over there," said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, "a profile—." "Oh, yes, yes," said Miss B—, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, the camera clicked. As Miss B— walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose—. "She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen," I said, half audibly. "Yes, but I remember," said Miss B—'s Maid, who was standing near me, "when she had a 'pug' nose, and she was only an extra girl, but look at her now. How beautiful she is."

IN a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further comment. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B— had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! "How did she accomplish it?" I asked feverishly of my friend. I was informed that M. Trilety, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B— in the privacy of her home!

I THANKED my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my progress was now open for me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Trilety for information. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once. I did. I could hardly wait to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.



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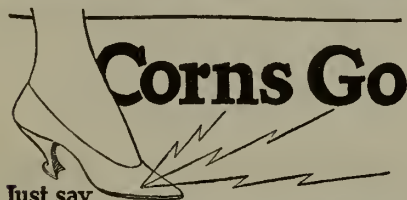
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matter of the tickets to be straightened out. And other things. She burned it, and dreamed of blonde hair that curled a little on the temples. . . . His name was Julian. Julian Dempster.

In the morning de Brissac wakened her, telephoning. He spoke rather sharply.

He—"What on earth is the matter?"

She, sleepily,—“Why, nothing.”

“But why haven't I heard from you?”

“Oh. . . there's been a lot of things to do.”

“One of them was dancing all the evening with a new man.”

So he knew that. Well. . . she hesitated. . . then replied, with a touch of the old confusion—

“He's writing an article about me.”

“I see. But you haven't even sent me the tickets.”

“Oh. . . I meant to tell you. . . I'm going to use them. I'm going Tuesday.”

“Oh, you are!”

“Yes, it's better, for a lot of reasons.”

“But see here, child, now really—”

“Please don't be cross! I can't argue.”

The conversation ended there.

Arthur had grown very silent. She knew how closely he was watching. At moments it was hard to keep from laughing in his face. The wonderful thing about this new love—she had to admit it to be that—was the buoyancy of it, the gaiety. It was a force that picked her up and carried her exultantly out of herself. She had to fight back an eager desire to tell everybody. She and Julian laughed and played like happy children.

SHE couldn't keep Arthur from going to the train with her. And she wouldn't warn Julian. Not in this exquisite relationship. And of course they had to come bang together, he and Arthur, there on the platform.

Her eyes danced. She could have laughed aloud as she studied Arthur's puzzled face. As he would put it, he didn't get her. This wasn't the meek little Hattie who did everything she was told and hadn't the spirit of an earthworm. This was a quietly smiling young star, really something of a beauty now, whatever she might have been a year back. People turned and looked after her, even women, particularly women. Many whispered the name of Harriet John. And here was the young chap named Dempster helping her with her baggage as a matter of right, with an unworldly smiling light in his eyes. Going right off across the continent together, bold as you please! More disquieting even than all this was the abrupt thought that the girl was of age, technically, and perhaps couldn't be headed. The thing might lead anywhere! How would they ever handle de Brissac. . . . That relationship, now, with a mature man, and based firmly on the rock of business, had something solid about it, but this. . . !

He drew Hedwig aside, furtively slipped a twenty-dollar bill into her hand, and whispered—

“Take good care of Miss Harriet, Hedwig.”

Something dourly the woman inclined her head.

It occurred to him then that he was twenty dollars out. Just that. Hedwig would never tell him anything. She didn't like him. And she knew well enough who was the breadwinner in this family.

The two of them were on the observation platform when the train moved out, shamelessly making themselves comfortable. This, he reflected, was the rebellious younger generation of today. Just tossed their caps over the windmill and romped off regardless of consequences. Things had come to a pretty pass! Ignoring their elders, ignoring all authority! He grew very angry about that younger generation as he walked back across the platform to Hattie's car.

De Brissac wasn't the man to take rebellion lightly. Arthur pressed the starting pedal with a savage kick, and drove off through the city. These picture people were an intense

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lot. Artists. Temperamental. Take de Brissac, now; a big strong man, very able, very determined, yet all the sensitive artist, to his finger tips the sensitive artist—what would he do when the truth burst upon him? Probably the best course would be to keep close to him and break it to him gradually, not give the man's doubtless terrible temper a chance to rise.

(End of Fifth Installment)

## Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

**WEST OF CHICAGO**—Fox.—Story by George Scarborough. Scenario by Paul Schofield. Directed by Scott Dunlap and C. R. Wallace. The cast: *Conroy Daly*, Charles Jones; *Della Moore*, Renee Adoree; *John Hampton*, Philo McCullough; *The "Rambling Kid"*, Sid Dalbrook; *Judson Malone*, Charles French; *Patricia Daly*, Marcella Daley; *Senorita Gonzales*, Kathleen Key.

**THE GHOST BREAKER**—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Scenario by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Alfred Green. The cast: *Warren Jarvis*, Wallace Reid; *Maria Theresa*, Lila Lee; *Rusty Snow*, Walter Hiers; *Duke D'Alva*, Arthur Carewe; *Sam Marcum*, J. F. MacDonald; *Aunt Mary Jarvis*, Frances Raymond; *Maurice*, Hantz Edwards.

**THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES**—R-C PICTURES.—Story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Sherlock Holmes*, Eille Norwood; *Dr. Watson*, Hubert Willis; *Sir Henry Baskerville*, Rex McDougal; *Osborne*, Frederick Raynham; *Dr. Mortimer*, Allen Jeayes; *John Stapleton*, Lewis Gilbert; *Beryl Stapleton*, Betty Campbell.

**KINDRED OF THE DUST**—FIRST NATIONAL.—By Peter B. Kyne. Scenario by J. T. O'Donohue. Directed by R. A. Walsh. The cast: *Nan of the Sawdust Pile*, Miriam Cooper; *The Laird of Tyee*, Lionel Belmore; *Donald, his son*, Ralph Graves; *Mrs. McKaye*, Eugenie Besserer; *Elizabeth McKaye*, Elizabeth Waters; *Jane McKaye*, Maryland Morne; *Mr. Daney*, W. J. Ferguson; *Mrs. Daney*, Carolyn Rankin; *"Dirty" Dan O'Leary*, Pat Rooney; *Little Donald*, Bruce Guerin.

**CAUGHT BLUFFING**—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by Lambert Hillyer. Story by Jack Bechdolt. Scenario by Charles Sarver. The cast: *John Oxford*, Frank Mayo; *Doris Henry*, Edna Murphy; *Wallace Towers*, Wallace MacDonald; *Pete Scarr*, Jack Curtis; *Ian Thomas*, Andrew Arbuckle; *College Kate*, Ruth Royce; *Sivash Sam*, "Bull" Durham; *Silk O'Malley*, Jack Walters; *Jones*, Scott Turner; *Broome*, Martin Best; *Indian Guide*, Tote Ducrow.

**THE GALLOPING KID**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William H. Hamby. Directed by Nat Ross. The cast: *"Simplex" Cox*, Ed (Hoot) Gibson; *Fred Bolston*, Leon Barry; *Helen Arnett*, Edna Murphy; *"Five-Notch" Arnett*, Lionel Belmore; *Steve Laraber*, Jack Walters; *Zek Hawkins*, Percy Challenger.

**A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM**—Fox.—Story by "Mr. X." Directed by J. Searles Dawley. Produced by Fox. The cast: *Col. Lewis*, Roger Lytton; *Betty Lewis*, Peggy Shaw; *Barbara Draper*, Florence Billings; *Frank Draper*, Ernest Hilliard; *Bob Hale*, Robert Agnew; *Mrs. Tyler*, Adelaide Prince; *Ken, her son*, Niles Welch; *Hannah*, Marie Reichardt; *Two Orphans*, Florence Haas and Jimmy Lapsley.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 108]



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The HARVEST FESTIVAL was in full swing, when there appeared at the door, a delightful vision in a gown of Pink Crepe Georgette with Silver Tissue trimmings. It was Mary. Not the old Mary but a modern Mary. Her gown was just the right tint to harmonize beautifully with her eyes, her hair and her complexion. The lines were just right to show her well proportioned figure to the best advantage.

Rest assured, Mary was a wall flower no longer. Her program was rapidly filled and a number had marked the extra occasion and her company was much sought.

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# Movies that the People Want

By Benjamin De Casseres

Courtesy New York Times

IF the moving-picture audiences of this country demanded the work of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Anatole France, Thomas Hardy or Gerhart Hauptmann on the screen the producers would give it to them. There are dozens of producers and scenario writers waiting for the people to say so. But they simply do not want the big stuff.

"What's the matter with the movies?" should then be changed to the question, "What's the matter with the public?" Motion pictures, like everything else in the business world, never rise above the source of their revenues.

"Give us better movies!" has been the howl of the critics of the American motion picture. "Give us a better public and we will give you better pictures!" might well be the answer of the great picture producers.

I have lately examined thousands of exhibitors' reports from the small towns throughout the country. Their reports are psychological mirrors of the ideals and mental needs of the people. If there are any independent producers thinking of producing "Don Quixote," Ibsen's "Brand," Anatole France's "The Revolt of the Angels," Cabell's "Jurgen," or Thomas Hardy's "The Return of the Native"—producing them, I mean, as they were conceived and written, not as they might be fixed up for public consumption—I advise them to first of all spend a month in a study of these exhibitors' reports. The public are, unconsciously, in league with the censors to keep everything down to the level below which to fall is sheer idiocy. If the censors are allowed to ride the backs of our moving-picture concerns much longer, it will result in pictures for half-wits.

As a matter of fact, if the army tests are any guide, the country is made up mostly of juvenile minds and half-wits. And it is to this

public, aided and abetted by the political jobholders called motion-picture censors, that the great picture industry must cater in order to live.

AN exhibitor in Sheboygan, Wis., reports that one of the finest pictures ever made—a picture founded on the "Peter Ibbetsen" of George du Maurier—went flat in his town because it was a costume play. The "elite" supported it the first night. After that the general opinion was that it was a "sleepy" picture—i.e., it has some beautiful dream scenes in it. Peter Ibbetsen was played by Wally Reid, but the fans of Sheboygan want Wally cast in a "happy" role. They mean by this that they want to see Wally munching caramels with a flapper sweetheart in a ballroom corner or spinning with her in a Ford to lift the mortgage off her furniture.

The inhabitants of Omaha walked out on a picture because some of the guests on a ranch wore evening clothes. To see a man in a picture walk into a Fifth Avenue mansion dressed in cowboy attire and throw a Wall Street broker in a boiled evening shirt through a window arouses the Nebraskan to a frenzy of applause. But evening dress at a ranch party—a *bas* the effete East!

Arlington is a small town situated in the State of Washington. A big super-special hit the town—a drama of a blind man. But what do you think drew the Arlingtonians into the theatre? A scene showing a crocodile pit. This scene, when it got noised abroad from pump to pump, sold more tickets than anything else in the show, according to the exhibitor. There will be standing room only in Arlington when the great aquarium drama hits that town.

Mary Miles Minter hit Augusta, Me., some



Puzzle picture. A solid cut glass copy of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be given to the bright little reader who tells which of the three is Ernest Torrence. The dummies will be used in a fall from a cliff in the new Goldwyn picture, "Broken Chains"

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time ago in "The Heart Specialist." The show nearly went under because the female patrons hotly protested against Mary wearing French heel evening slippers while living in a harem. Augusta should read Pierre Loti. That expert on female raiment tells us that not only do the ladies of the harems now wear French heel shoes, but they bob their hair. But Maine was always strong on the Orient preserving the ancient traditions.

Gloria Swanson in one of her pictures is compelled by her director to swim the Rio Grande. When she emerged on the other side of the river she still preserved her marcel wave. The women of Portland, Ore., would not stand for this. They told the cowering exhibitor in his lobby cubbyhole that it simply could not be done. But I know it can be done—for I saw her do it. As a matter of fact, I saw Ruth somebody swim from the Battery to Norton Point some years ago, and when she emerged her bangs were dry. But how long can the "movies" withstand such Sainte-Beuvery?

COLUMBIA CITY, IND., wants Bill Hart to be more tender with children. The fans in Columbia City will not have anything to do with the logic of Bill's parts. They are trying to can Bill because he looks like himself. Smile, Bill—damn you, smile!

Bridgeport, Conn., sends in the news that the picture public there is going for "society and high life." A suppressed New York complex.

San Bernardino, Cal., wires in that they do not want any more pictures for "the grand opera class."

In Hanover, N. H., an exhibitor had his people walk out on him because the picture he showed was "for intellectuals or those with a good education." This picture, by the way, was not "Dr. Caligari," but just "Peter Ibbetsen." When culture hits Hanover, we may expect the return of the dodo.

Columbus, Ga., asks for pictures based on stories like "Pigs Is Pigs," where "one can see guinea pigs or rats." That is what they call "the educational motion picture" in the South.

Texas is losing its imagination. An exhibitor writes that his audience could not imagine "a woman cowing a multitude of bad men and then killing the villain."

Waco, Texas, is also moving up a point. They don't want any more "improbable" plots down there. But what is a probable plot and what an improbable one?

In Denver, Col., the motion picture is up against the caste system. Some of the working people out there said that a certain picture was "an insult to their set" because it showed an "intermingling of the classes." I am writing these lines on the one hundred and forty-sixth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—q. v.

When "Boomerang Bill" hit Freeland, Pa., the consensus of opinion was that a cop never urged anybody to go straight. "If anything they gave a fellow a push downward." Now, this is sound motion-picture criticism—although I once knew a New York copper who used to take the boys home from "Jack's" every Sunday morning. But evidently they don't make 'em that way in Freeland.

"Give up the society stuff!" howls Greeley, Col.

Lincoln, Ill., wires that the denizens of that town would "go through fire to see Rodolph Valentino."

Dallas, Texas, doesn't want to see any pictures with a "note of sadness in them." I never knew things were as bad as that in Dallas.

Mount Vernon, Ill., just swarms with hunchbacks. It seems everybody out there has a friend or a relative who is a hunchback. Therefore, they ask, please make no pictures that have a hunchback in them. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is on the Index out there.

Gilmer, Texas, wants "society pictures, where people wear flashy costumes." Naughty, naughty Gilmer! We've got your speed!

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A-12

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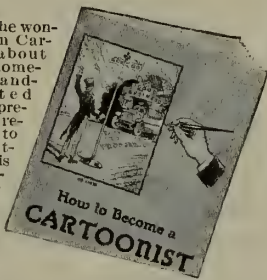
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What is the future of the movies?  
Ask the people of the small towns of America.

## Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 105]

**DON'T SHOOT**—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by Jack Conway. Story by George Bronson Howard. Scenario by George Hively. The cast: *James Harrington Court*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Boss McGinnis*, William Dyer; *John Lysaght*, Harvey Clarke; *Buck Lindsey*, Wade Boteler; *Mrs. Van Deek*, Margaret Campbell; *Velma Goy*, Edna Murphy; *Archie Craig*, George Fisher; *Jim*, Tiny Sanford; *Pete*, Duke Lee; *Mrs. Ransom*, Mrs. Bertram Grassby; *Police officer*, Fred Kelsey; *Lorry the Dip*, J. L. O'Connor.

**THE THREE MUST-GET-THERES**—ALLIED PRODUCERS AND DISTRIBUTORS.—A burlesque on Dumas' "The Three Musketeers." Story and direction by Max Linder. The cast: *Duke of Rich-Lou*, Bull Montana; *King Louis XIII*, Frank Cooke; *The Queen*, Catherine Rankin; *Connie*, Jobyna Ralston; *Walrus*, Jack Richardson; *Octopus*, Charles Metzetti; *Porpoise*, Clarence Werpz; *Bernajoux*, Fred Cavens; *Bunkumin*, Harry Mann; *Dart-in-Again*, Max Linder.

**THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER**—MARK TWAIN COMPANY. From Mark Twain's story of the same name. Directed by Alexander Kardo, with the following cast: *Edward Tudor*, *Prince of Wales*, *afterward King Edward VI*, Tibi Lubin; *Tom Canty*, *the pauper*, Tibi Lubin; *Miles Hendon*, Francis Evereth; *John Canty*, Francis Herter; *Henry VIII*, Alfred Schreiber; *Hugh Hendon*, Wilhelm Schmidt; *Lady Edith*, Ditta Ninjan; *Isabel*, *Infanta of Spain*, Lilly Lubin; *Lord Chancellor*, A. D. Weisse.

**MONTE CRISTO**—Fox.—by Alexandre Dumas. Directed by Emmett J. Flynn. Scenario by Bernard McConville. The cast: *Edmund Dantes*, *a sailor*, John Gilbert; *the Edmund Dantes*, *a sailor*, John Gilbert; *the Count of Monte Cristo*, John Gilbert; *Mercedes* (*Countess de Moreerf*), Estelle Taylor; *Caderousse*, *the inn-keeper*, William V. Mong; *de Villefort*, *King's attorney*, Robert McKim; *Ferand* (*Count de Morcerf*), Ralph Cloninger; *Elder Dantes*, *father of Edmund*, Harry Lonsdale; *Morrel*, *ship-owner*, Al Filson; *Danglars* (*Baron Danglars*), Albert Prisco; *Boroness Danglars*, Maude George; *Eugenie Danglars*, *her daughter*, Rene Adoree; *Haidee*, *an Arabian princess*, Virginia B. Faire; *Benedetto*, *son of de Villefort*, Francis MacDonald; *Governor of Chateau D'If*, Jack Cosgrove; *Luigi Vampa*, *an ex-pirate*, George Seigmann; *The Abbe Faria*, Spottiswood Aitken; *Napoleon*, Georges Campbell.

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on how to express  
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—pages 52-53 of this Magazine.



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# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

much of an outfit have you boys got?" he inquired.

"Three machines and about a hundred and fifty subjects," Blackton responded, opening his bag of films.

Rock turned to a ponderous safe and swung open the door. It was piled high with little tin boxes filled with film rolls, largely Urban and Lumiere subjects from abroad. Those little tin cans had come by way of the Eden Musee. They cost "Pop" Rock many a dinner at Mouquins in his well irrigated negotiations with Edwin S. Porter.

"And I have got two projection machines," Rock added.

"Suppose we got together?"

"Let's," Blackton responded with enthusiasm.

There in a couple of billiard hall chairs they talked it over and the famous Vitagraph was born. There was not a line of written agreement.

In less than a year the trio, Rock, Blackton and Smith, had eighty projection machines in service, furnishing the outfit, operator and films with a complete change of program each week to as many theaters.

In connection with one of the Rock shows on Broadway one of the screen's most famous characters came into the business. Alfred Harstn was the operator, and an aggressive one. He wanted to improve the realism of his presentation of the pictures of "The Black Diamond Express" dashing across country at fifty miles an hour. He ran into Gilbert M. Anderson, who at the time had nothing pressing to do. Mr. Anderson was employed, so Mr. Harstn relates, to stand behind the screen and make a noise like a locomotive. The remuneration was two dollars per day. This was the beginning of the career that took G. M. Anderson to international fame as "Broncho Billy" and won him millions in profits. He went in impersonating an engine and came out a-horseback in chaps.

Vitagraph came so prominently to the fore that the Edison legal department again got into action.

The Edison war department was under way. Edison obtained an injunction prohibiting the Vitagraph from making, selling or exhibiting any more films. But after much negotiation a peace was made with an arrangement whereby Vitagraph's product was to be included in the Edison company's output. Hence motion picture history is confused vastly by the listing of many a Vitagraph subject in the early Edison catalogues.

Mr. Porter, being quite through with carnival motion picturing, was again looking about for things to do in this time. He was employed by the Edison company at West Orange.

"Can you operate a camera?" James H. White, the manager of the kinoscope department, asked him.

"I never have but I can," replied Porter. Which was, as it proved, very true.

**I**N the same assignment in which Mr. Blackton was growing so well acquainted with Sir Thomas Lipton. Mr. Porter was starting rather obscurely to make some new technical discoveries for motion picture photography. He was entirely unhandicapped by experience or photographic knowledge.

There were some twenty press photographers aboard the referee's boat where Porter started to work. They were experts, both in the manipulation of the camera and in jockeying for proper position. They were rather sneeringly opposed to the motion picture camera and the camera man. They combined against him, contriving to get in his way as much as possible. Porter rapidly learned and

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 Tale of Two Cities  
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 The Masked Rider, The  
 The Soul for Sale  
 Our Navy  
 Flash Light, The  
 Broken Blossoms  
 Lily and the Rose, The  
 My Lady's Slipper  
 Outcast  
 Police  
 Money Changers  
 Furnace, The  
 Night Workers  
 Almighty Dollar, The  
 American Maid, The  
 Ace on the Saddle  
 Babbling Tongues  
 Band Box, The  
 The Beast, The  
 Bluff  
 Right of Way  
 Bought and Paid For  
 Brand, The  
 Brass Buttons  
 Bread  
 Old Swimmin' Hole, The  
 The Plow Girl, The  
 The Stepping Stones, The  
 The Bait, The  
 Black Beauty  
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- The person sending in the largest, nearest correct list of names of authentic titles of Moving Pictures represented by the objects or parts of objects, taken singly or collectively as shown in the picture, will win first prize; second nearest, second prize, etc. An object can be used but once to represent a title, but its parts may be used to represent a title.
- Wild's (Movie authority) 1921-1922 Year Book, containing a list of 4,000 authentic Moving Picture Titles released between Oct. 1, 1915 and Sept. 1, 1921 will be used as authority. Only titles appearing in this list will be considered by the Judges. This list of 4,000 titles and a large copy of the puzzle may be had free upon request.
- In case of ties for any prize offered, full amount of prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.
- Three Independent Judges, Elta Lenart, Book Reviewer Minneapolis Tribune; Thomas Foley, Movie Cartoonist; J. Zachman, Cashier, Rep. State Bank will decide the prize winners. The decision must be accepted as final and conclusive. Winners and list of titles winning first prize will be published at close of contest.
- All lists of titles must be mailed not later than Nov. 30, 1922, but contestants will be permitted to "Qualify" under Class A up to Dec. 15, 1922.

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soon set his camera against the rail on the stern to starboard so none might pass in front of his lens.

At a thrilling picturesque moment the racing Columbia and Shamrock I swept down between the referee's craft and the sun.

Porter ground away at his camera. A laugh rose up from the watching news photographers.

"Say dummy, don't you know you can't make a picture against the sun?" They were taking pity on the ignorant tyro.

Porter was too peevish to pay attention. He went on with his picture-making in defiance of all known laws of photography and public opinion as shouted out by the mob.

Back at West Orange the films were rushed through the laboratory and that night prints of the day's race went on the screen on Broadway. The Porter yachting pictures were a revelation of photographic beauty. He had not known that photography against the sun was impossible and had thereby discovered "back-lighting."

The pictures were filled with wondrous reflections, the gossamer shadow traceries of the sails and the jewelled highlights of the rippling water. It was a new photographic realism. Some of the news photographers saw the films that night. Porter got along better on the referee's boat the next day. He had acquired a sudden professional standing. And the news camera men for the papers and magazines were tentatively trying a few shots against the sun. The child motion picture was teaching its ancestor, the still camera, how to make pictures. The process has continued ever since.

To the motion picture industry there was an important effect in that this experience gave Edwin S. Porter a considerable stiffening of courage back of his revolutionary ideas. He was soon to be heard from again.

The American Mutoscope & Biograph was standing out as a commanding picture institution of the period, threatening the supremacy of Edison. There were exchanges of challenges across the Hudson and a legal war was brewing. W. K. L. Dickson had gone to the Lathams and Latham came out with a picture machine. Dickson had gone on and joined Marvin, Casler and Koopman in the K. M. C. D. Syndicate and then Biograph was born. It looked very simple to the Edison side of the situation. Edison's organization looked upon Biograph as a crafty infringer and nothing else. Biograph was busy sawing wood and keeping its secrets. No one was admitted to the Biograph plant without due precaution and no Biograph machine was ever permitted out of the company's possession or the custody of a trusted employe.

IN this period of Biograph's ascendancy, Thomas Armat down in Washington was preparing to be heard from again. He was not a little disappointed at the fate of the Vitascop, which had been discontinued at the Edison manufacturing plant with the downfall of the Raff & Gammon projects, only to be at once supplanted in the market by Edison's Projection Kinetoscope.

Armat brought suit for infringement of his patents against everybody in sight who was using a projecting machine, including notably Edison and Biograph. There were ten of these suits, all based on Armat's patent No. 586,953, the Vitascop.

This was the opening of the succession of great legal controversies that raged in the courts for years and cost the motion picture

industry millions in expenses, probably hundreds of millions through arrested development. Not for ten years thereafter could any one engage in the motion picture business with entire safety and assurance. Any day in that decade it was possible for a court decision to destroy an enterprise.

In this same period of production Biograph gave up the early policy of leaving the choice of subjects to the cameraman and put a stage director in charge of production. Wallace McCutcheon, Sr., was employed to select and direct the making of Biograph's pictures. McCutcheon's connections led to the photographing of many skits and bits from the stage, including of course a large number of the variety or vaudeville acts of the time.

The Mutoscope peep show phase of Biograph's business was still of considerable importance, and it gained strength from the fact that the Edison concern was paying little heed to orders for peep show kinetoscopes, from a sheer lack of interest in that part of the business. Practically all of Biograph's pictures were made for the twin purpose of peep show presentation and screen projection in the theaters using Biograph service. The records of a long forgotten directors' meeting of the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company brings to light an incident that helps to illuminate motion picture policies of much later days.

A STAID and solemn downtown financier a member of the board made a remark to the effect he thought some of the peep show pictures were getting a little snappy.

"It's what the public wants," was the response.

Records on a battery of peep show machine in a Fourteenth street parlor for a period of a week were brought forth. They ran thus:

U. S. Battleship at Sea, \$0.22; Joseph Jefferson in Rip's Sleep, \$0.43; Ballet Dancer, \$1.07; Girl Climbing Apple Tree, \$3.68.

The objecting director looked far over the heads of the group and regarded the ceiling carefully.

"Then I think we'd better have more of the 'Girl Climbing the Tree' kind," he remarked.

One must not hasten to an unfair conclusion, however, about Biograph on the basis of this incident. In a period when motion pictures included many subjects that capitalized in decency Biograph was notably restrained.

And when the time arrived that Biograph gained a control over the products of other film makers H. N. Marvin of that concern imposed the first internal censorship in the history of the industry.

A most careful examination of the subject entitled "Girl Climbing Apple Tree" reveals nothing that would not pass the combined censorboards of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kansas.

The motion pictures were following a similar development in both Europe and the United States. In Europe, however, there was, due to Edison's failure to patent his picture inventions abroad at an expense of a hundred and fifty dollars, no hampering influence of patents and patent litigation, like that which came to delay free development in the United States.

But remarkably enough, through and in spite of these struggles, the motion picture in the United States, as we shall see, rose to greater heights and bolder attainments than abroad.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

"BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS" will be found, this issue, on page 8.

Miss Van Wyck's "FRIENDLY ADVICE" appears on page 12



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## The Man Uncomfortable

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 31]

which toured the Alaskan prospectors' camps; and that from there he went to Oregon and tried ranching. Anyway, he finally landed in California, where they were making funny celluloid strips they called motion pictures. Holt began his film career as an extra. He knew how to ride and rope. And even then directors must have recognized the superiority of his bored expression over the animation of their other puppets. However it was, he rose to small parts and then to leads. Paramount made him a member of its western stock company, and he played in "The Squaw Man," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "The Lost Romance," and other films, with success.

Stardom now. In "The Call of the North," "North of the Rio Grande," "Bought and Paid for," "While Satan Sleeps." Whether you like his vehicles or not you're almost certain to like Jack Holt. There's so little bunk about him. He seems to participate in his close-ups under protest. He wears his dress suit as if it really belonged to him. In spite of the fact that he really likes horses and rides as well as any actor on the screen you never have, and never will, see him in one of those scenes in which he kisses his steed upon the forehead and mutters, "Ole pal, we come a long way together, you an' me. You're the best friend a man ever had"—and more like that.

It's a mystery to me how he ever managed to play villains. He is so ingratiating that no matter how crooked his character you can't help liking him. He lets you in on his secret. He winks at you and says, "I'm not as bad as I seem—really. I'm going to reform. You'll see." It was that way in "While Satan Sleeps." You knew he wasn't really bad at heart.

A few days later, I saw a huge crowd assembled at Plaza Square. People were calling to other people to come and see. Busses and motors and street cars stopped. Traffic policemen had their hands full. The whole world was rushing in one direction.

I went over. There were camera trucks and cameras and equipment. There were directors and assistants. There was the crowd, enjoying itself hugely.

And in the center of it was Mr. Holt. He was acting. When the camera stopped grinding he looked around him at the sea of faces. He only looked a little bored. But I knew what that crowd never suspected. That those nearest the scene of action narrowly escaped receiving one of those celebrated punches for which Jack Holt is, every week, remunerated so handsomely.

## Keeping Up with the Fifth Greatest Infancy

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 35]

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2,183 church bells rang to tell the little golden haired virgin that all's well with the world.

843 ocean liner whistles sounded as the hero raced for the docks.

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1,207 flivvers exploded in film farces.  
652 bottles of home brew blew up in ditto.  
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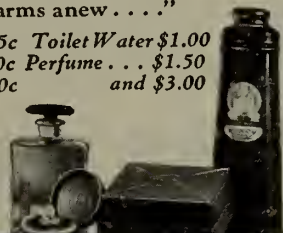
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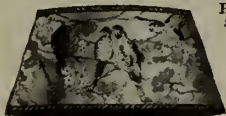
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## When Knighthood Was in Flower

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

"If—you give her Brandon's life."  
"But—the scandal!"  
Wolsey shrugged his shoulders.  
"That were the French king's affair, sire—not yours," he said. "Try her—make the offer."

Shuddering she consented—for Brandon's signed death warrant was put before her. Yet, even so, she named a condition.

"Promise me, Henry," she said, "that if I wed again my choice shall be my own—as free as this is forced!"

He laughed and gave his promise, lightly.

## When Knighthood Was in Flower

A Cosmopolitan Production starring Marion Davies.

### Cast

Princess Mary Tudor . . . Marion Davies  
Charles Brandon . . . . . Forrest Stanley  
King Henry VIII . . . . . Lyn Harding  
Queen Catherine

Theresa Maxwell Conover  
Duke of Buckingham. Pedro de Cordoba  
Lady Jane Bolingbroke . . . Ruth Shepley  
Sir Edwin Caskoden Ernest Glendenning  
Wolsey . . . . . Arthur Forrest  
Will Sommers . . . . . Johnny Dooley  
Sir Adam Judson . . . . . Charles Gerrard  
Louis XII . . . . . William Norris  
Duc de Longueville . . . . Macey Harlam  
Francis II. . . . . William H. Powell

Directed by Robert G. Vignola.  
Scenario by Luther Reed from Charles Major's story.

But Wolsey nodded wisely, once or twice. Priest though he was he knew much of women and their minds.

So it was ruled. From the Tower came Charles Brandon, to retire, at the royal command, to his barren, ancestral acres in Suffolk. And Mary, white amid the splendor of her robes, was wedded to the grinning, feeble old French king—wedded with her hair about her, reaching below her knees, for a veil, as was the custom when a maiden, in those days, was wed.

They bore her off to the febrile gayety of the French court. Disdainful, cold, she held herself aloof. Her husband was an imbecile, in his second childhood. Francis, the Dauphin, made open love to her; laughed at her indignation.

"Yes—you are safe now, so long as the king lives," he admitted. "But—never forget that when he dies I shall be king! You may play with him as you please—have your way. But I—I shall be master as well as king!"

Terror ruled Mary then. The death of Louis, that had seemed a deliverance and an opening to life, loomed as an event to be dreaded.

It was Jane, at last, who thought of sending word to Brandon and Caskoden.

So it was that when, three months after the wedding, the age-long cry—"The King is dead—Long live the King!" rang out in the palace, Brandon and Caskoden had just come. They were in time; no more. For Francis, with his small, beady eyes, had made his plans. He dared not affront the King of England's sister—openly. Yet, a fact accomplished—a wedding, no matter under what duress.

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Would Henry be too careful in examining such points?

Would he not, perhaps, be glad, in the end, that the king's death left his sister still Queen of France?

Louis, twelfth of the name, lay dead. Candles burned about his bier; priests chanted their prayers for the repose of his soul. In her chamber Mary, white-faced, heard Jane's frightened report; the doors were locked; guards stood outside. Then Francis came; came, now, as King of France, the most powerful monarch in Europe, absolute ruler of his dominions, with the power of life and death—even over Mary Tudor, Queen Dowager of France.

He bowed low.

"We have no need of pretenses," he said. "The king is dead—the new king offers you all that his predecessor could never give—love and youth and—"

Mary looked at him.

"I have no love for you," she said. "I think you know it well. It is my wish to return to my own country and my brother's court, for rest and contemplation during the period of my mourning."

The new king's lip curled, satirically.

"Yet I have other plans," he said. "Ah, Mary—"

Suddenly all restraint left him. His passion overcame his pose of cynical indifference; he went to her; took her hand; drew her to him. Mary shrank back; Jane screamed. Then Francis had Mary in his arms; she was struggling with him, fighting, scratching, biting. His breath was hot upon her cheek; his hands tore at her gown, hurt her shoulders as he forced her back.

Until—a man shot through a window, hurled himself upon them.

Francis, taken utterly by surprise, reeled back; Brandon flung himself upon him once more.

"Go!" he cried. "Edward is waiting! I will follow!"

FRANCIS struggled but feebly. He must have known that his chance was gone with that interruption. He had enemies, after all; sober second thought restrained him, once the flight had begun. No attempt was made to bar the way of Mary Tudor to her native land. So, within a week of the day she was a widow, she was at Windsor, kissing her brother's hand.

"But hold!" he said. "Sister, you have but wasted a journey! You are to go back to France to wed the new king."

Her eyes flashed.

"I was to choose my second husband!" she cried.

Henry shrugged.

"But what a choice you have to make!" he said. "Francis is young—handsome—the greatest monarch in Europe—"

"Save Henry of England!" she said.

"That is for time to tell," he said, modestly. "but, surely, you can not hesitate!"

"I must," she said. Her dimples showed.

"How shall I marry Francis? My husband would not allow it—"

"Your husband!" Henry's face grew black.

"Charles Brandon!" said Jane Bolingbroke, as she had been—Jane Caselden as she was now. She knew her sovereign's weakness. "To whom, within the week, she was wedded—with her hair down."

"Her hair—down—" Henry repeated the words. Understanding came to him slowly. He began to quake with laughter. "The jade! Her hair down! Eh, sirs—small comfort did Louis have of his bride, I'll wager! Where's Brandon, the wastrel?"

Diffident, Brandon appeared.

"Kneel down, sirrah!" said Henry. He took his sword; struck Brandon's shoulder lightly. "Rise, sir Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk! And see to it that you keep your wife in order—a task that has ever been too great for your king!"



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## The Third Act

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

livered tonight. Thought you might like to drive out with us and spend the night."

"I'm awfully sorry, but I have an engagement," Bruce was beginning; when the maid knocked and called: "Cue, Mr. Bruce."

Rene's eyes followed Bruce with a look of questioning; in Mack Karber's glance there was something more—something almost menacing, Rene thought. But it was there for only an instant. When he turned to her, it had been replaced by a sort of pathetic eagerness, a depth of feeling that he, in his very bigness, had no words to express.

"I hope you like the car. I wanted you to have the best, Rene—the very best."

"Thank you, Mack," she answered absently.

He looked at her for a long minute, bit deep into his cigar, and moved toward the make-up shelf. On the doll pin-cushion the opal was scintillating many colored lights. The hurt expression faded from Karber's face as he drank in its marvellous hues. The beauty, the almost dazzling fire and flare of it, seemed to thrill him. And, watching it, his mind followed a direct train of thought. . . .

"I remember," he said musingly, "the first time I met you. Perhaps you remember, too. You quoted—Wilde, I think it was: 'Simplicity is the last resort of the complex.' To me, Rene, simplicity means innate sincerity and honesty of word and action—of the things one doesn't say as well as of those one does."

Rene moved a little uneasily in the shadows. She did remember; and somehow, she felt guilty, without quite knowing why.

"I've always remembered, Rene; I've used it almost as a code since." A smile played about his lips; a tight little smile of self-consciousness. "And—I never was terribly rotten, Rene."

She was uncomfortable, constrained, as she waited for him to finish. When he did not go on, the instinctive jealousy of woman for her man asserted itself. She wondered if he had been about to tell her something—perhaps about another woman. If there were anything, it was right that he *should* tell her, of course. Then she realized the injustice of her thought. If he had something to tell her, then it was no more than fair that she should, in turn, give him her confidence. And she was not prepared to do this. She started up awkwardly.

"It must be nearly time for me to go on," she said. Something within her made her drop from her shoulders the cape Landon Bruce had so solicitously put around her.

KARBER watched her as she moved forward, into the trying light that gave her the same effect as the footlights on her make-up. She was very lovely in the short accordion pleated skirt, with bodice of vari-colored chiffons and overskirt of the same material. The carefully whitened neck and shoulders, the slender, silver-shod feet, the hair with all the warmth of deep red and all the sheen of gold—she looked scarcely more than a very young and alluring girl.

"Innate sincerity and honesty in the things one doesn't say and do, as well as in the things one does," Karber repeated slowly.

Before his clear, level gaze, Rene's eyes wavered and fell.

"When we were married—and even two years before, when you were a leading woman in stock, and I was only a director—I realized that you were a thoroughbred."

"And now?" she asked, in a voice that she controlled only because of her long stage experience.

He looked at her—straight into her eyes.

"And now, Rene?"

She came directly to him in answer.

"I haven't been quite honest, Mack. I've been doing and saying things—thinking and not speaking—and seeing people—" She did

not mean "people;" she meant one person. No muscle in Karber's face moved; but one hand clenched into a huge fist, and then, by conscious, apparent effort, unclenched again. He gestured toward the stage.

"Yes," said Rene. She noticed that he did not seem surprised. "You—you—" She stopped abruptly. She had been on the point of asking him if he had suspected the truth, but she did not finish the question.

"Frank, the doorman, spoke to me," Karber explained. "He said he wasn't sure whether to tell you or me—we both knew how gossip went on behind the curtain, and of course I knew that Mr. Bruce came to your dressing room—but people might talk."

"Oh!" said Rene.

"I thought that if he felt he had to say something, things must be pretty bad," Karber told her soberly. "Frank believes we're just about perfect, you and I. He'd been out of work for months—not always enough to eat, probably—before he came here, and he's devoted to us both. He's the kindest soul that ever lived, and he'd do anything he could to spare either of us the least bit of—of annoyance. Don't you see, Rene—if he thought it necessary to speak to me, it must be pretty serious?"

"Yes," said Rene tonelessly.

He turned away from her, toward the make-up shelf, lifted the doll pin-cushion in his hands and turned it around and around. There was a long, tense silence. At last:

"I'M ready to do anything, Rene," Karber said gravely. "More than anything else in the world, I want you to be happy. No need for me to tell you that I—care for you. You and your happiness come first. I've had five years of the finest kind of happiness with you. Perhaps that's as much as one ought to hope for. More, maybe. If you want—" His voice wavered, his thoughts running ahead of his words. "Yes," he went on presently, as if, instead of thinking, he had been speaking, "that's it: the fault must be mine. Somewhere, I've failed. Tell me where, Rene; why?"

She shivered.

"Please, let's not talk about it."

"I want to know," he insisted with quiet dignity. "I've got to know."

"I'd rather not talk about it." There was an edge to her tone as she bent toward the make-up shelf, and gave herself several unnecessarily hard pats with the powder puff.

He seized her by the shoulders and swung her around to face him.

"I want you to tell me!"

An angry light leaped into her eyes.

"Very well, I will tell you then! You don't inspire me to do bigger things! You're content to have me stay as I am. You never stimulate me, never are stimulated by me! You never share with me—you always give—give as you would to a spoiled child! It's the same with me as it is with that opal there"—she pointed a shaking finger. "You like to look at it; you like its fire and flare. It's a possession. That's your role—possession! I suppose you love me, in your own way—"

"I think I've shown you that, for the last five years," he interrupted, a little thickly.

"In your own way, I said! I'm just a toy to you, a pretty amusing, brainless doll! And I'm not a doll!" she blazed, with sudden fierceness. "I'm not a toy! I want stimulation—to be inspired and helped to do better, bigger things. I want"—a half sob shook her—"I want—every woman wants to feel that she is needed. You don't need me at all—not a bit. You're sufficient unto yourself. You never ask my advice; you'd laugh at me if I offered it. What I think, any opinion I might have, wouldn't matter to you. It doesn't ever occur to you that I have





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opinions worth holding! If you wanted to produce Shakespeare, or burlesque even, I shouldn't know a thing about it until I saw it in the papers. I—Oh, what's the use?" She spread her hands in a wide, helpless gesture.

"Words are so futile—so meaningless. I can't possibly make you understand. I can't tell you—"

"You have made me understand," he interrupted quietly. "And I wish you had told me before. But—are you sure, Rene? There's no doubt at all in your mind, no question that you may be mistaken?"

"Mistaken?"

"In Landon Bruce, Rene. You're sure?" She lifted one white shoulder in a tired little shrug.

"Can one ever be sure of anything? One can only believe and hope and—and—"

All at once she struck her hands together, half in distress, half in childish appeal.

"Oh, Mack—I'm not sure. I—I don't know what to say, what to do— Won't you help me, Mack?"

"Yes, certainly; if I can. How?"

"You—you told me once about a test you had for people when they came to you for engagements. Couldn't you—somehow—"

He was frowning in perplexed hesitation.

"Well—one has to make the test meet the situation, of course. Usually, I have the press agent or Miss Cregan, my secretary, suggest a purely hypothetical case; and then I get a reaction, one way or the other. If I could think of something—"

Rene's troubled eyes were on the opal. Within it, there seemed to grow a spark of green fire that gave it a strange eerie light; glittering, sinister. She had almost to drag her gaze away from it. She crossed the room and looked out of the window, leaning for a moment on the sill. The fresh night breeze seemed to cool the heated confusion of her brain, to clarify her thoughts. She turned to her husband:

"Suppose you tell—Landon that you have a new play with a splendid part in it for him." Her voice was low, controlled. "Tell him that you wish I could really act, but that all I can do is ingenues; you're going to have some other woman play the lead."

"Well?"

"If he is the—if he is a gentleman, he won't repeat it to me. If he abuses your confidence to—to further his own cause— You see what I mean, Mack?" Underneath her make-up, Rene's cheeks carried two spots of high crimson; her eyes were feverishly bright; her hands felt hot.

"I think I do," Mack said slowly, "but—" The maid rapped on the door before coming in to announce:

"Time for you to go on, Madame."

"Thank you, Celeste. . . . You—you will tell him, Mack?"

For just an instant, Mack Karber hesitated. Then he nodded, brusquely, decisively.

"I'll tell him," he said, and opened the door for her to pass out.

LANDON BRUCE came off stage for a few moments during the third act. When he made his exit, he found Karber waiting for him in the wings. The manager beckoned.

"I particularly wanted you to go out with us tonight so that I could talk to you about a part in this new play, Bruce," he began. "But you said something about an engagement, didn't you?"

Bruce nodded.

"Yes; I'm sorry. If it were something I could put off, but unfortunately—" His fine brows drew a little together. "I've seven minutes here," he suggested.

"There isn't much I can tell you about it until you've read the part. It's a good one—a mighty good one, though. And I'm going to have a whale of a cast." Karber moved a little closer, lowering his voice to a cautious undertone. "Selma Jaeger will play the lead. This is confidential, of course. I'd like Rene

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to have it, but—" he shrugged expressively—"Well, you know her limit as well as I do. She could never play a decent part—nothing with any guts in it. She does fine for these guileless young damsel roles that don't need any acting; but when it comes to the real thing—" He shrugged again, smiled, and waved his big hand. "Rene's the kind," he said. "that you buy a big limousine for; and you don't expect much of her, except looks. So Selma Jaeger it is; and the rest to match." He was watching Bruce keenly; but the actor's face was quite impassive; there was not the slightest change of expression to betray his thoughts. "Interested, are you?"

"Very much," Bruce assured him—"I'll be more than glad to read the part when you want me to see it."

"Fine! Well, that's settled then. Guess I'll go back to Rene's dressing room, where I can smoke." Karber drew out a cigar and bit the end off; but he did not light it, even after he had closed the door of the dressing room behind him. There was a chair over near the window. He turned it around, so that its back was toward the light and sat down, heavily. There were deep furrows in his forehead, and his eyes looked strained and very tired.

Rene. . . . A new Rene. A strange and rather bewildering Rene. . . .

Curious how little a man knew about a woman, even after five years of marriage! He had been so sure of what Rene wanted! He had worked early and late that she might always have everything; he had kept all worries to himself, shielded her, petted her—remained a mute worshipper at the altar he had erected in his mind to her? He had been so sure that he knew what Rene wanted, and that he was giving it to her! And, all the time, what Rene had really wanted, was partnership! He had not satisfied her. She wanted to share, not to take all. He wondered miserably how long her resentment had been smoldering. Landon Bruce—how much had he fanned the flame? Or would it have blazed up, even had there been no Landon Bruce? Rene and Bruce, together. . . . together. . . .

A sharp sigh escaped Karber's lips. He got to his feet and moved uneasily about the room, picking up an object here, moving a chair there. He lifted Rene's traveling clock and held it to his ear to make sure that it was going. He drew the window open as far as it would go, and stood twisting the shade cord around and around with unsteady fingers. He lighted his cigar. Then he walked over to the door and opened it a crack, listening to find out how far the act had progressed. He could see Rene's maid standing with a wrap, ready to throw around Rene's shoulders when she came off.

Tense, rigid, he heard the curtain rung down, then up again. The applause carried in over the footlights and then was shut out as the curtain descended for the last time. The weight at the bottom struck the floor with a final thud; and the sound of the orchestra in the pit playing the exit march came as if from afar off.

Rene. . . . Rene and Bruce. . . .

**K**ARBER closed the door and went back to Rene's chair. His eyes traveled slowly over the shelf with the cans and jars of cold cream and rouges, the sticks of grease paint, the pencils—all the litter of make-up. He picked up the powder puff, then the rabbit's foot, almost reverently. Holding them in his hands, he dropped elbows to knees, and waited, hunched forward in the chair. . . .

The wind stirred the gowns that hung on the cretonne-covered walls. A thread in the strap that supported one of the gowns snapped; it fell to the floor with the swishing whisper of silk. A photograph floated eddyingly from the shelf and settled face down on the cloth, Karber pulled mechanically at his cigar, long since gone out.

In a second that was quiet, the ticking of the almost silent clock seemed to fill the

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room. Then there came the sound of heavy scenery being shifted, the voices of stage hands calling to the men in the flies overhead.

Karber relighted his cigar, but the hand that held the match trembled. The maid came in and began to lay out Rene's street clothes. Karber rose, his back to her, and walked to the open window. The knuckles of his left hand showed white from the powder that had been squeezed between the clenched fingers.

Quick, light footsteps outside the door; heavier footsteps. Karber drew a deep breath that was half sigh, half prayer.

Rene. . . .

She stood in the doorway, her head flung back, a little scornful smile on her lips. Over her shoulder, her eyes beckoned her husband. In an instant, Karber was at her side. His hand closed over hers in a grip that made her wince; but she did not draw away.

"He told you." It was a statement, not a question.

Landon Bruce's narrowed eyes went from Rene to Karber, and back again.

"Is this some sort of a game—?" he began.

Karber cut him short.

"Not now, Bruce. You had the winning card, but you played instead of holding it. You threw the game away. It's over as far as you're concerned. Good night."

Bruce bowed formally.

"Good night," he said, very low; and with bent head moved across stage.

All at once, there came a cry from the maid.

"Oh, Madame! The opal! . . . Look! The wind blow the pincushion—so!" Celeste held out the ruffled doll at arm's length. "When I

pick it up, there is no jewel—no opal! It is gone!" Terrified, she thrust the pincushion into Karber's hand, and then dropped to her knees, searching frantically about the floor, looking, feeling for it with her hand.

Karber moved over to the make-up shelf, and turned the cushion over in the way it had fallen. He was frowning as he straightened it again. The pin with its oval of pearls was there; the opal had vanished. But in a line with the place where the pin had fallen, was a little pile of whitish-gray dust.

"There's the opal," he said; "what's left of it."

Rene bent to look.

"Dust—dust." Her breath caught in a little sob.

"They do that sometimes, Rene: just die and go to dust."

She nodded, staring at the drab little pile that such a short time before had been so full of warmth and fire.

"I—I know. Lan— Someone once told me." Her voice sounded tired; there was a pathetic droop to her lips.

"Shall we go somewhere for a bite to eat?" Karber suggested, self-consciously. "I'd like to talk to you about—about being an active partner, Rene."

Slowly she turned to him, both hands outstretched. There were tears in her eyes.

"No. Please—let's go straight home. I—I want you to hold me—hold me tight, Mack; and then I want to get you something to eat with my own hands."

On the make-up shelf, the wind scattered the little heap of dust that once had been a fire opal.

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## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

**JASMIN.**—I am very sorry you are dissatisfied with Wally Reid's leading ladies. You don't like the way he makes love to them, you say. I never heard him criticized for lack of sincerity in his clutch scenes before. Maybe Mr. Reid is happy at home. Lila Lee in "The Charm School." Shannon Day with Jack Pickford in "The Man Who Had Everything." Louise Lovely in "The Butterfly Man."

**B. L., MANHATTAN.**—I blush to be handed so many bouquets. I am not at all accustomed to it. Brick-bats are usually my portion, so pray pardon me if I appear flustered. No, Eugene O'Brien is single; and yes, Tom Moore is still married to Renee Adoree. You see you've embarrassed me so I'm forgetting my grammar. My memory was never-very elastic along these lines anyway, so don't feel badly about it. Write again; but spare me. (Of course I don't mean that).

**NAUGHTY MARIE.**—You're not naughty at all, you know—or you wouldn't say so much about it. In fact, you seem, from your letter, which is couched in the most tender and benign terms, a veritable Pollyanna. I like Alice Calhoun, too. She's in California for Vitagraph. Elsie Ferguson's birthday is the nineteenth of August. You'll have to wait another year to send her a card. Patsy Ruth Miller is just seventeen. Why the "just" I'm sure I don't know. It must sound a little younger or something.

**EDNA R. E.**—Don't blame you at all for rooting for Tommy Meighan. He's worth getting excited about. The Meighans have no children. His latest is Cecil deMille's "Manslaughter," in which he wears, in an allegorical episode, a costume which is new to him but which you will doubtless vote extremely becoming. He belongs to the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Meighan was a well known actor on the stage. He's a member of the Players

Council at the Lasky Studios. So are Lois Wilson and Theodore Roberts. The latter is married to a non-professional.

**FAN FROM PIEDMONT.**—If everyone who has enjoyed motion pictures felt as do you about them, we'd all be a lot better off. I agree with you that there has never been an art which has given pleasure to so many, and that the least the people can do is to be just a little patient. Tolerance never did any harm. I've told some one else about Pauline Garon. She seems to be coming right along.

**SPORT AND PEGGY.**—Sorry to tell you your little favorite, Bobby Connelly, is dead. He was one of the most beloved children on the screen. Remember his "Sonny" series for Vitagraph? Boys and girls between ages of thirteen to sixteen, acting in pictures now, include Johnny Jones, Lucille Ricksen, Madge Evans, Wesley Barry.

**MISS MAC.**—Your tragedy is that you want to look like Elsie Ferguson and can't! You have high ambitions, anyhow. I have never seen anyone who did look like Miss Ferguson, so don't let it blight your life. She's a lovely and gracious lady. She's five feet six inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Her new stage play in "The Wheel."

**MRS. SUE, NORWOOD, OHIO.**—You don't see how it's possible for a man to be as handsome as the Valentino cover on PHOTOPLAY? I don't either, but he must be, because it's a good likeness, according to those who have seen the original. Well, I noticed that the men in the audiences were not quite as enthusiastic about Rodolph as their wives and sweethearts and daughters; but I noticed also that the men who saw "Blood and Sand" the same time I did applauded as vociferously as their feminine companions. Perhaps the bull fight inspired admiration which the love scenes never could.





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ST. REGGIS FALLS FAN.—You’re right. It was Mahlon Hamilton, not Milton Sills, in “Earthbound.” Here’s the cast of that splendid picture: *Nicholas Desborough*—Wyndham Standing; *Caroline Desborough*—Naomi Childers; *Connie Desborough*—Billie Cotton; *Jim Rittenshaw*—Mahlon Hamilton; *Daisy Rittenshaw*—Flora Revalles; *Dr. Roger Galloway*—Alec B. Francis; *Harvey Breck*—W. Lawson Butt; *Miss Dewindt*—Kate Lester.

C. C. D., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Why, George Ade’s stories have been filmed. Tom Meighan made “Our Leading Citizen.” Essanay did “The Slim Princess” and Goldwyn made it late with Mabel Normand. Essanay also did a series of Fables. Ade lives at Brooke, your state. He and Meighan are great friends. Booth Tarkington’s “The Flirt” is being released now by Universal, who made an earlier version of the same story. This time Eileen Percy has the role which Marie Walcamp formerly played. Helen Jerome Eddy is a member of the cast.

B. M., NEW YORK CITY.—All you ask is a complete account of Bert Lytell, his family tree, living relatives, list of all his pictures, and a picture of him right away. Your demands are so modest I am afraid I can’t comply with them. All I can tell you about Bert is that he was born in New York on February 24, 1885; that he was on the stage at an early age and stayed there until he made “The Lone Wolf” for Brenon. Then he became a Metro star and now he’s with Paramount as a featured player. Bert is five feet ten and weighs 155. His eyes are hazel and his hair is brown. Mrs. Lytell is Evelyn Vaughn.

GINGERSNAP, CHICAGO.—You are the flapper *ne plus ultra*, if a flapper can be *ne plus ultra*. You would make Mencken faint with your murder of the American language—and you made me shiver. I like bobbed hair on some girls, but I resent the bobbed heads invading the sacred precincts of my favorite barber shop. I can’t get a barber to trim my beard any more. They won’t pay any attention to mere males. The only question you deign to ask me refers flippantly to Eugene O’Brien’s hair. And I refuse to be drawn into any more discussion concerning coiffures.

LOUISE.—The portrait of the beautiful woman ascending the staircase—not the futuristic but the romantic one—is of Queen Louise of Prussia. She’s the plucky sovereign who rode to battle against Napoleon, accompanied only by a half dozen adherents. She’s always been one of my favorite historical characters. I suppose now you’ll go right out and have your portrait taken ascending a staircase. Don’t forget the veil. Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Harrison Ford, Tom Moore, Betty Compson and Walter Hiers may all be reached at the Lasky Hollywood studios. Hiers, by the way, is to be married soon to a wealthy St. Louis girl.

E. W., CANADA.—So the Valentino craze has extended to the Dominion. Now I am in for it! Of course I like the screen cowboys. Harry Carey is my idea of an actual westerner; I always like him. Also Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson. Write to Theodore Kosloff and ask him for a picture taken in his *Rodriguez* costume and he’ll probably oblige you. He seems to have made a hit with the ladies in “Fool’s Paradise.” Sorry to have to tell you that he is married and I believe has two children.

AGNES S., SAN FRANCISCO.—I am sorry and I wish I could help you. Why don’t you write to our Miss Carolyn Van Wyck? She’s a most understanding person and you would like her. All I can offer is my deep sympathy but I am afraid that is not very satisfactory when what you want is practical advice and help. Address Miss Wyck’s department of “Friendly Advice,” this Magazine.



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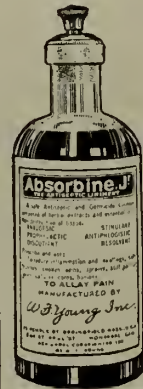
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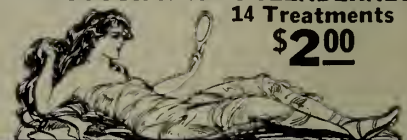
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**THEODORE.**—There are so many interesting things in pictures. For instance, the great gulping scene. Don't you just love the great gulping scene? It usually occurs in westerns. Either between the hero and his horse or the hero and his heroine. He gulps and she gulps; then they both gulp. It's just before the subtitle which almost always reads, "And so, with the vision of a better life before them, they ride into the sunset." My favorite scene, I vow. Elaine Hammerstein was supported by Niles Welch in "The Way of a Maid."

**LOIS C., LOS ANGELES.**—Of course, I believe women should have careers. But I think they should learn how to cook first. At that, the most beautiful and brainy women I have known have been good cooks. I appreciate a good soufflé far more than a sonnet. Most men do, but not many of them dare to admit it. Blanche Bates made a picture called "The Border Legion" in 1918. Of late she has been on the stage in "The Famous Mrs. Fair."

**MARY OF TORONTO.**—Your scenario sounds good to me, but I don't know if the producers will like it. For one thing, there is no sheik in it; there is no sub-title about the flames of hate and passion; and you let your city slicker behave like a regular fellow! This is contrary to all tradition. I like it; but then my tastes are peculiar. Milton Sills was born in Chicago about thirty-eight years ago. His wife's name is Gladys Wynne; they have a daughter. He is now with Lasky. Sills is six feet tall, weighs 180, has light grey eyes and light brown hair. And, as I have remarked before, he was once a college professor. But he's been such a good actor for so long that I feel we should not hold this against him.

**JOY OF RIVERSIDE.**—So! I am but a dupe, am I? You like me so well that you want me to give you the address of Achmed-Ali-Berez, who wrote a note to the Why Do They Do It? Department in the August issue, do you? You're the twentieth girl to ask me that. We haven't his address. I see if I wish to hold my public I must learn Arabic and smoke only Turkish tobacco. This desert thing has hit you flappers pretty hard. To think that

Wallace Reid and I once gratified your love of romance! Oh, well—you flappers are passe now, yourselves. Hair and skirts will be worn long; and you can't flap in long skirts.

**MARION, KANSAS CITY.**—Is Marion Davies as beautiful as you think she is? Well, I don't know in just what degree of pulchritude you place Marion, but if you mean is she very, very pretty, I can truthfully say yes. Her coloring is lovely: peaches-and-cream complexion, golden hair, and blue eyes, all natural. (I can always write advertisements for the cosmetic companies, anyway.) Marion isn't married. She's twenty-two; weighs 123 pounds, and is five feet four and a half inches tall. Her latest picture is "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

**PIGGY, DENVER.**—Your solicitude touches me. I begin to wonder, myself, how I can possibly work so hard. You have made me think. This may seem strange to you, but it is true. Perhaps I *should* get away from it all. But just between you and me, I couldn't bear to leave my friends in the lurch like that. I must not think of myself; I must think of them—all these dear unknown friends out there in the audiences, their blank faces upturned to me in awe and consternation—I mean admiration—you know how 'tis, as Virginia Valli says so coyly in "The Storm." Mary Pickford's real name was Gladys Smith; the family legally changed its name to Pickford. Marilynn Miller Pickford was Mrs. Frank Carter. Her husband, an actor, was killed in a motor accident. You're a nice child, Piggy; call again.

**J. K., MIAMI, ARIZONA.**—I knew of Florida's Miami, but I didn't know Arizona had one, too. I shall instruct my stenographer to put a pin in the map and then do it myself. I am still firing her. I have been firing her for weeks. I have hinted and hinted, and she's still here. I *could* write her a note but I wouldn't for the world hurt her feelings. Girls with red hair are so sensitive. Gale Henry is a member of the "Quincy Adams Sawyer" cast for Metro. Others in this picture are Blanche Sweet and Louise Fazenda.



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JUNE G.—You'll have to ask me more momentous questions than my opinion of Wanda Hawley's bobbed hair and didn't I think Constance Binney sweet in "Such a Little Queen" if you wish a long answer. I like Wanda's hair and even if I didn't I would be too polite to say so. And I always like La Binney who, by the way, has just returned from England where she made "A Bill of Divorcement." Faire, her sister, is seen in "Flapper Love," a new film.

MARGARET, MADISON.—Valentino's newest picture is breaking records but this can be no novelty to the young man who has smashed so many hearts. William Lawrence, who is now with Lasky, is the same Lawrence who used to be in Griffith pictures.

SOMEONE'S DREAM GIRL.—I don't like to be critical but don't you think your nom de plume would be more appropriate in a popular song than in this sedate department? I'll let it go this time; by the next time you write you may have found the person who's been dreaming about you. Louise Glaum hasn't appeared on the screen since "I Am Guilty." I think illness has kept her from the studios. The serial called "The Yellow Arm" was the last picture in which Juanita Hansen played.

NITA.—The toreador in "Fascination," who seems to have captured your childish fancy, was Robert Frazer. He played in stock for several years before making his silent debut. He studied mechanical engineering and medicine before the stage claimed him. Frazer is twenty eight, five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 156 pounds. He has played with Clara Kimball Young in "The Feast of Life," with Alice Brady and Holbrook Blinn in "The Boss" and with Mabel Taliaferro in "The Light of Love," all old pictures. Address him care Metro company.

GERALDINE, NORTHAMPTON.—It will be bad enough for you to learn that your beloved John Bowers was married once. But the fact that he was married twice, and is married still to Rita Heller will undoubtedly induce hysterics. Address Mr. Bowers care Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. He's in "Voices of the City." I was much surprised to learn, after seeing this picture, that it had been held up for some time by the censors, who said it was immoral. Maybe my viewpoint is warped but I couldn't see an immorality in it. And I went again to make sure.

BETTY, MONROE, Wis.—And still you come—you Bettys. Not that I dislike the name; on the contrary, Betty has always been one of my favorites. But I always visualized a Betty as a sweet rather sedate person; and here you various Bettys range from merry matrons to giggling high-school girls. We are never too old to imbibe knowledge. Wallace Reid has one son, William Wallace, Jr. He and Dorothy Davenport Reid made pictures together in the old days; but Mrs. Reid has not done much screen work since her marriage. I remember only two pictures of comparatively recent date, one for Lasky with Lou Tellegen, called "The Unknown"; and a western opposite Lester Cuneo, in which Bill Reid also appeared. Wally plays the title role in the film "Clarence." He is the "good young man" in "Nice People."

HELEN R., LOUISVILLE.—Do I think Marion is a good name for a picture actress? Why not? It seems to agree with Marion Davies. Miss Davies' latest is "When Knighthood was in Flower." She lives on Riverside Drive, New York City, and works at the International Studios. She isn't married. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, April 1, 1900. Mary isn't married either. "My Old Kentucky Home" was filmed down south, mostly in Georgia. Lucy Fox, Monte Blue and Sigfrid Holmquist were the principal members of the cast.

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MISS N. Y.—What makes you think I look like Lewis Stone? I hasten to assure Mr. Stone that he needn't be upset about this. There isn't the slightest resemblance. Stone in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Address him 212 South Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California. He is married.

C. C., TAMPICO.—The Talmadges are not English and never appeared on the British stage. Norma was born in Niagara Falls and Constance and Natalie were both born in Brooklyn. Which would seem to make them one hundred per cent American.

CATHERINE, VERMONT.—I don't know what's become of Miss Du Pont. I wish I could induce Universal to star me as Mr. Vanderbilt. Miss Du Pont, who is really Margaret Armstrong, is five feet seven inches tall. Richard Dix isn't married; he is twenty eight.

N. M. M., RUTLAND, VT.—I am seldom seized with these violent prejudices so can't sympathize with you, who boasts a new antipathy or crush every other week. Right now Dorothy Dalton seems to be your idol. Dorothy is five feet three, weighs 127 pounds, and is twenty eight years old. She has been married to Lew Cody. I think she's a darn good actress. I liked her on the stage as "Aphrodite" and have always wondered why she failed to follow up her success in that with another spoken appearance. The Talmadges, United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Valentino weighs 154 pounds.

MISS KENT.—You want to see more fairy-tales on the screen. Baby Peggy is making "Hansel and Gretel" right now. Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk" was Francis Carpenter. Fox made spectacular productions of various popular children's stories.

S. V., GENEVA.—Fox has a habit of starring and de-starring actors. Maurice Flynn, Barbara Bedford, Vivian Rich, and Harold Goodwin were all stars for that concern for a short time. Now both Flynn and Bedford are playing leading roles for other companies. Goodwin played *James Gordon Oliver* in "Puppy Love." Glenn Hunter seems to be the foremost juvenile of the screen right now. He's to make "Merton of the Movies." Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt in "Bought and Paid For." Miss Ayres has been married but obtained a divorce. Jack Holt is married and the father of three.

MAGGIE.—Bebe Daniels is very well liked in Hollywood by her fellow stars. She is of Spanish descent. Bebe isn't married and lives with her mother in a Hollywood bungalow. Address her at the Lasky studios. Her latest picture is "Pink Gods," adapted from the book by Cynthia Stockley, "Pink Gods and Blue Demons." You'll like her in "Nice People," in which she plays the part Francine Larimore created.

A. J., NEW ORLEANS.—So you see Marguerite Clark often. I know several who envy you; one of them is me. I have always admired Marguerite. Yes, the "wives" titles seem to have died a natural death, being followed by "sheiks" and "sheik's wives." That possessive is a little mixed; but then we're speaking of sheiks. Anna Nilsson's middle name is Querentia. She is Swedish.

DICK'S MOST ADMIRING ADMIRER.—Can you prove it? You have aroused a storm of protests which will descend on me. But you care for nothing but your Barthelmess pictures, I can see that plainly. I agree that young Mr. Barthelmess is one of our very best actors and that "Tol'able David" was one of the best pictures ever made. Now are you satisfied? Richard Dix, Goldwyn; Gareth Hughes, Metro; Casson Ferguson, Lasky; Rod La Roque, Green Room Club, New York City.



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GEORGE F., THOMPSON, CONN.—The Ballins are a co-starring combination, consisting of Hugo, director-producer, and Mabel, star. Mr. and Mrs. Ballin have made “Jane Eyre,” “Married People” and other pictures. Hugo Ballin was an artist of note before he took an interest in the films, beginning as art director for the Goldwyn company. Mrs. Ballin was formerly Mabel Croft and played small parts on the stage and screen under that name.

SUZANNA.—Alice Terry's real name, before it was Ingram, was Taaf. She has a sister who has also appeared in pictures, I think. Alice is not the heroine of “Black Orchids.” The girl in that is Barbara La Marr, who was also the vamp in “The Prisoner of Zenda.”

M. L. M.—You haven't made me angry. I never get angry. It isn't worth while. Nobody ever pays any attention to me. Anita Stewart isn't making any pictures at all at present, but is resting at her country home at Bayshore, L. I. She has completed her First National contract and will not make more films until she can get stories to suit her. One of the most attractive personalities on the screen, poor stories have not spoiled her but have not helped her any. Phyllis Haver in “The Christian” for Goldwyn—the same Phyllis who also graces the Mack Sennett comedies. Marie Prevost is not with Universal now but with Warner Brothers.

V. F. S., SEATTLE.—There is no film company in your city that I have a record of. Most of the studios are in California because of the favorable climate. Manhattan has comparatively few film factories. Douglas Fairbanks works at the Fairbanks-Pickford plant on the coast—one of the choicest studios out there. Mary Fairbanks has a dressing room that's really a house. There's a drawing room and dressing rooms and kitchen.

CHRISTOPHER, BOSTON, MASS.—So you like the serials, do you? Ruth Roland's current continued offering is “The Timber Queen.” Pearl White is making a new one, also for Pathe, called “Plunder.” George Seitz is directing it. I confess I do not care much for serials; just as I'm getting interested they turn up the lights and throw on the “Continued” slide; and then I don't sleep for a week. I visualize the hapless heroine hanging over the cliff with the villain leering at her and the hero a hundred miles away and it breaks up my rest. Miss White returned from France refusing to commit herself on her rumored engagement to a French duke. She has been married twice: once to Victor Sutherland and the second time to Wallace McCutcheon.

CONNIE.—Constance Talmadge never played Fay Bainter's “East is West” part on the stage, just in pictures. The picture is completed but will not be released for a month or so. Natalie played with Norma in “The Isle of Conquest,” “Yes or No,” “The Passion Flower;” and with Constance in “The Love Expert.” You will probably see “East is West” in Newark sometime during the winter. Constance is divorced from John Pialoglo, who is living in New York City. She has no intentions of marrying again, she says; at least, not for a long time.

DOLLY D.—Is Dolly your real name? I never believed anyone was really called Dolly. I thought it was a nick-name. Now I shall probably receive indignant letters from 1,897 girls named Dolly. Antonio Moreno is now with Goldwyn. He, House Peters and Pauline Starke appear in “Captain Blackbird.” This has been retitled “Passions of the Sea” so you'll have no excuse for confusing it with “Captain Applejack” which Fred Niblo is making for Metro. I could give you Elsie Ferguson's personal address but I won't because I believe she is entitled to a little privacy. Which may make me more popular with Miss Ferguson, but surely not with you.



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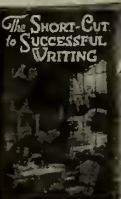


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E. J. L.—Marjorie Daw and Johnny Harron are not married or even engaged, according to these two young persons themselves. I wouldn't be surprised to hear they had changed their minds; but then I am never surprised at anything. I don't know what brand of brilliantine Valentino uses. If you just must know you had better ask him; but don't expect an answer.

MURIEL.—You'll soon see Bert Lytell in "something snappy." He will have good parts from now on. He is playing with Betty Compson in the new George Fitzmaurice pictures made in Hollywood, the first being "To Have and To Hold." A version of the popular novel by Mary Johnson was made several years ago with Mae Murray and Wallace Reid in the leads. Bert visited PHOTOPLAY's offices and met everybody, including the office boy and even me. He gave us some pictures and everybody liked him.

DOT.—I'm going to take a rest soon—Did I say a rest? Well, that, and all the rest. I don't care for vacations and never take them in the summer time. I can't like anything in warm weather, and don't believe in spending my vacation cursing. Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles. She isn't married. Ralph Graves is. He isn't a star; but a featured player.

PUNCH.—You'd like to see Chic Sale again on the screen. I've heard he is to make more pictures but nothing seems to have been done about it. "His Nibs" was released by Robertson-Cole, which has now changed its name to the Film Booking Offices of America. Its new stars are Ethel Clayton, Harry Carey and Helen Jerome Eddy. Pauline Frederick is on the stage now.

J. W. T., NEW LONDON, CONN.—You are very welcome, and if I haven't the old welcome sign out for you to fall over it's simply because it's being done over in another shade, to match my office. I got so tired of the old color scheme I had it changed. Some people are so sensitive that way. Viola Dana is a darling—you say. I'd say so too if I thought Viola wouldn't mind. I have met her and she is just as charming as she looks. She's still with Metro, working in California. So you think she makes the best personal appearance of any star. That will please Viola. Her real name is Flugrath and she's Shirley Mason's sister. Annette Kellerman's latest picture was "What Every Woman Loves." Mary Thurman isn't married.

HENRY S., COLUMBUS, OHIO.—I should say there were more Irish-Americans in pictures than representatives of any other nationality. The Gishes, Pickfords, Mabel Norman and many others are Irish. Valentino is Italian; Moreno, Spanish. Katherine MacDonald, Bessie Love, Ruth Roland, and Ralph Graves are all American-born.

J. T. S., NEWARK.—Why don't I write jokes for the stage? Oh, I wouldn't sacrifice my art for mere money. It's against all my better principles. I might add it is also against all the principles of the theatrical producers. Harrison Ford is thirty. He was married to Beatrice Prentiss and is still, I believe. He's on the coast now with the Talmadge organization. Yes, he seems to be very popular. See him with Constance Talmadge in "The Primitive Lover." I did, and received several snickers. I hasten to add it's supposed to be funny; and Connie and Harry—how personal we're becoming!—do justice to a good story.

RACHAEL, GREAT BEND, IND.—"Enter Madame" has been purchased for the film use of Clara Kimball Young. It will be the best story she's had in years. Gilda Varesi played it on the stage. Gloria Swanson weighs 112 pounds.



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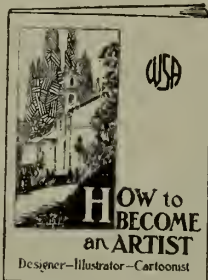
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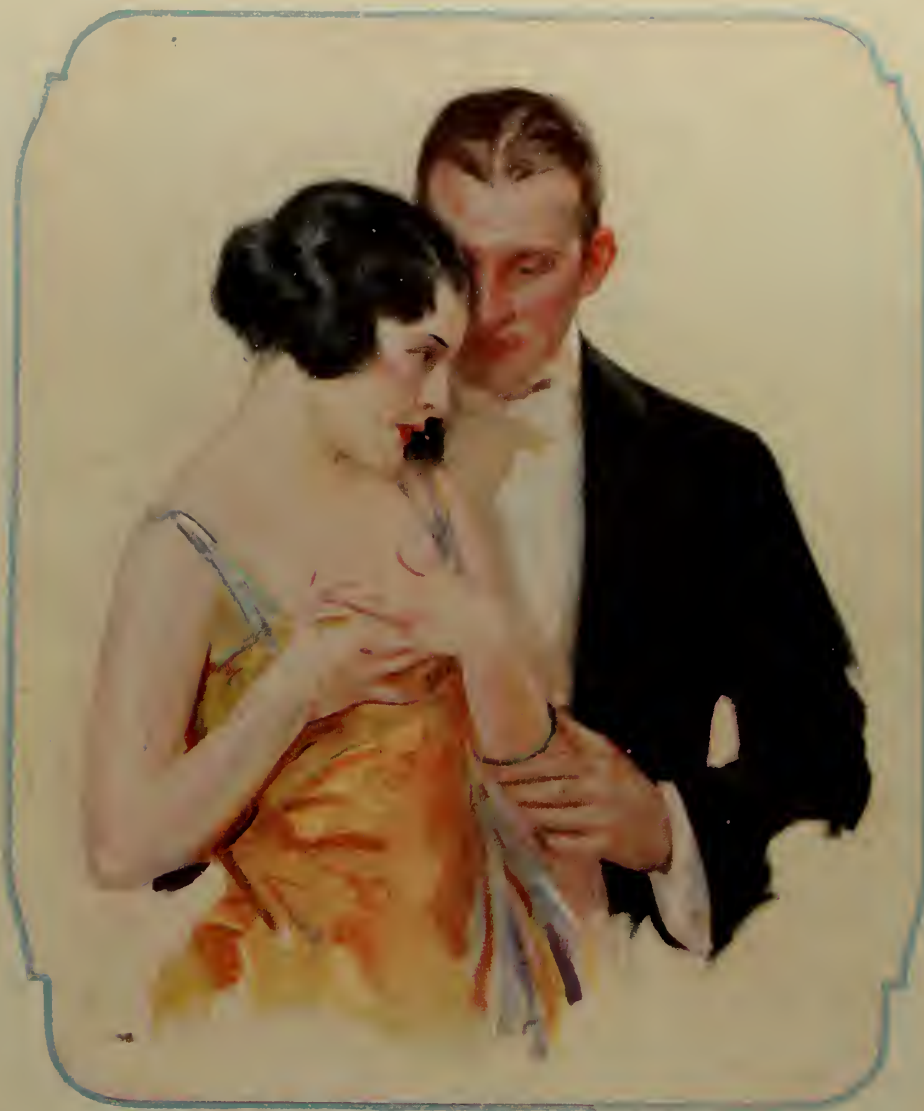
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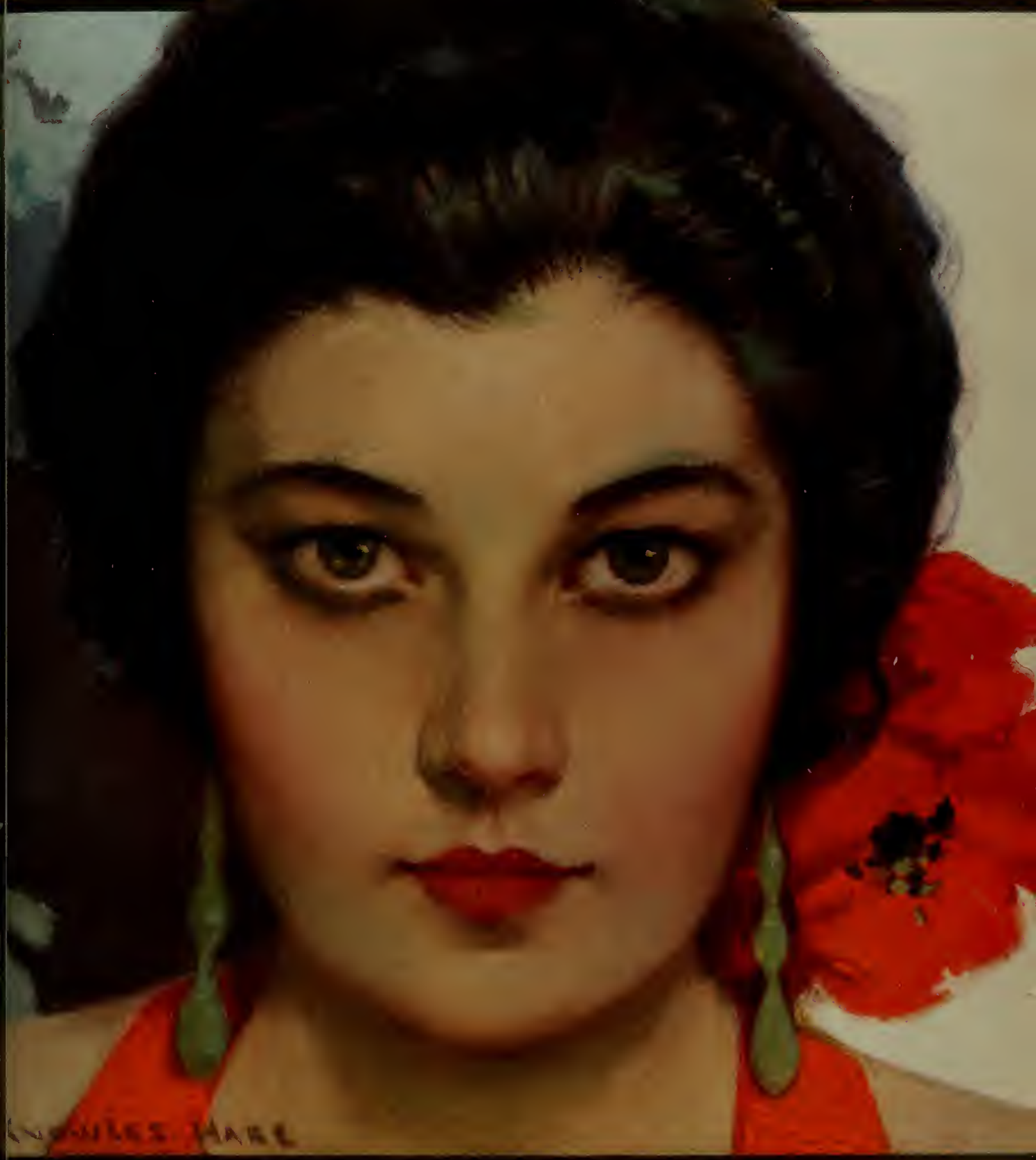
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PHOTOPLAY

December 25c



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THE STORY OF MRS. VALENTINO





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No. 1

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## Complete Announcement

*of the*

# New Faces Contest Winner

*will be  
found on*

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—

*The award  
was made as this  
issue of  
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# It's a Crime to Be Fat When It's So Easy to Be Slender

It's a crime to look 10 years older than you are — when it's so easy to look younger

You can quickly regain normal weight and youthful lines through amazing new discovery. You also obtain a wonderful condition of health and strength. No discomforts, starving, drugs, exercise or painful self-denials.



Mrs. Denny before she used the new method. Weight, 240 pounds.

Mrs. Denny after she used the new method. Weight now 166 pounds and she is still reducing.

### Loses 74 Pounds— Feels Like a New Woman

"I weighed 240 pounds when I sent for your course. The first week I lost 10 pounds. My weight is now 166 pounds and I am still reducing. I never felt better in my life than I do now. There is no sign of my former indigestion. And I have a fine complexion now, whereas before I was always bothered with pimples. Formerly I could not walk upstairs without feeling faint. Now I can RUN up. I reduced my bust 7½ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear shoes a size smaller. Formerly they were sixes, now they are fives."

(Signed) Mrs. Mary J. Denny,  
82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J.



Mr. Griswold before using new discovery. Weight, 266 pounds.

Mr. Griswold after using new discovery. Weight, 162 pounds.

### Loses 104 Pounds— Reduces Waist Line 17 Inches

"When I sent for your method I weighed 266 pounds. I reduced at the rate of about 5 pounds a week until I reached 162 pounds. I reduced my waist line 17 inches. Today I am in good health and am now free from all avoiderpois ailments. I find that all one needs is your course in order to become the person of his dreams."

(Signed) John Griswold, Anthony, Kan.



Mrs. Geo. Guiterman the day she started reducing the new way.

Mrs. Geo. Guiterman 8 days later. Note the wonderful improvement.

### Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I've lost 13 pounds since last Monday. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could get to sleep. But now I go to sleep as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from 8 to 9 hours. I feel better than I have for months."

(Signed) Mrs. George Guiterman,  
420 E. 66th St., New York City.

YOUR method is the greatest thing I ever heard of. In six weeks I lost 37 pounds (almost a pound a day). I am feeling the best I have in five years. My friends all ask me what I am doing, and I tell them what a wonderful thing your method is doing for me. My waist measured 37 inches when I started to reduce. Now it is only 28 inches. I am 61 years old. I thank you for the help you have given me."

(Signed) Mrs. Eugene Woodhull,  
448 Lafayette St. Utica, N. Y.

Mrs. Woodhull is just one of the 300,000 men and women who have taken advantage of the wonderful new way to reduce. Taking off excess weight by this method is the easiest and quickest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless and really fascinating. Almost like magic it brings slender, graceful, supple figures, and also the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they are positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffaceable!

A delighted Pennsylvania woman writes: "I feel 20 years younger since I lost those 54 pounds, and my family say I look it!"

### How Your Fat Goes Forever

Eugene Christian, internationally known food specialist, is the discoverer of this new way to take off flesh. He found that there is no need for the old fashioned, painful starving process—that there are certain ways in which ordinary everyday foods can be combined which will cause them to correct your fatty tendencies. Eat these dishes in the combinations he shows you and they will cause your present fat to leave—often at the rate of a pound a day or more—until you have reached your normal weight. Then you need not gain or lose another pound. And the beauty of this wonderful new system is that it permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may be denying yourself now—and yet you lose weight steadily.

Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into a course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." Lessons one and two show you how to reduce slowly; the others show how

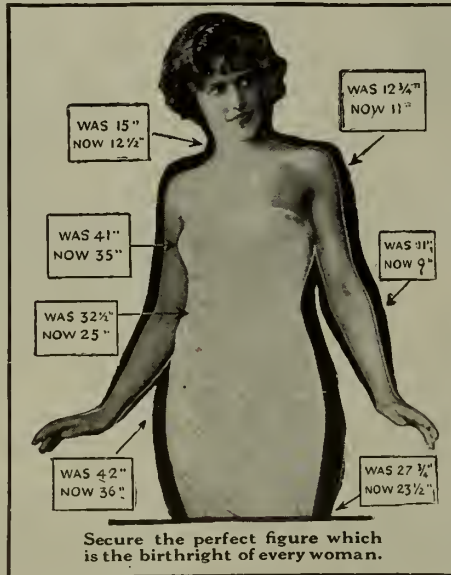
to reduce more rapidly. To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course on free trial to any one sending in the coupon.

### 10 Days' Trial—Send No Money

If you act quickly you can take advantage of a special reduced price offer that is being made for a short time only. All you need do is to mail the coupon—or write a letter or postcard if you prefer—without sending a penny and the course will be sent you at once, IN PLAIN WRAPPER.

When it arrives pay the postman the special price of only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) and the course is yours. The regular price of the course is \$3.50, but \$1.97 is all you have to pay while this special offer is in existence. There are no further payments. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method, or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.



Secure the perfect figure which is the birthright of every woman.

turn the course and your money is refunded without question.

**Complete Cost for All Only \$1.97**

Plus Few Cents Postage  
Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. Mail this coupon NOW. Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-20812, 47 W. 16th St., New York City.

Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W20812  
47 West 16th St., New York City

Without money in advance you may send me, in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's \$3.50 Course on "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." When it is in my hands I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus the few cents postage) in full payment, and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....  
(Please write plainly)  
Street.....  
City..... State.....  
Price Outside U. S. \$2.15. Cash with Order.



# Brickbats and Bouquets

## LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

### "Rendering Unto Caesar"— Villa Ridge, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I am not answering "Patiently waiting Billy Girl's" query with school-girl enthusiasms such as "Oh, he is so handsome" or "What mesmerizing eyes!" but with the utmost seriousness. Surely "Billy Girl" cannot be a true lover of the silent art and challenge the praise which has been given this actor.

He is sincere in his portrayals to such an extent that many mistake the actor for the man. Several of his rôles have called for arrogance, and he has acted them truly. Some have said, "He thinks so much of himself." The humor of it! His very art has given people the wrong impression of him. He is "the screen's greatest lover" to my mind. He acts his love scenes with all the intensity of a powerfully emotional nature. To those who are capable of deep feeling he cannot help but reach. Probably those who are "earthy" are immune. If so, my deepest sympathy!

A. E. C.

### More About "Foolish Wives"

Portsmouth, Va.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I do not hail from Missouri, nevertheless I am a firm believer in demonstration. Will someone please tell me what the object of "Foolish Wives" really was? I admit my stupidity. If some noble thought or teaching was struggling for expression could it not have been expressed minus the probability of an "insult" to any nation? An American may be broad-minded and still object to the presentation on the screen of immorality, especially when it would seem to have no motive. It is the bright, wholesome and uplifting picture that we need.

J. J. C.

### Too Many Quivers and Shivers and Thrills?

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I would like to shake hands with the person who criticized Gloria Swanson and Elinor Glyn. The latter has been publicly condemning the young boys and girls of America. I would like to ask "Madame Glyn" if she imagined "Beyond the Rocks" and some of her other pictures assisted any in lifting the ideals of the younger generation.

In my opinion, if the motion picture industry could produce only pictures of the type of "Smilin' Through," "Turn to the Right," or any of those made by the Talmadges, Thomas Meighan, Mary and Doug and Griffith, it would be wonderful; and think of the change it would produce in the tastes and desires of our film-going population! As it is, I am

positive that the class who prefer Swanson, Negri, and Nazimova—who has gone too far in the temperament line—is very much in the minority.

On with Colleen Moore, Dick Barthelmess, Bebe Daniels, the Gish girls, Cullen Landis, Norma and Constance, George Fawcett, Leatrice Joy and Theodore Roberts—those deliciously human folks who give us real enjoyment instead of shivers and quivers and thrills!

JEAN E. MILLER.

### From a Red Cross Nurse

Winnipeg, Canada.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Those narrow-minded ones who condemn actors of foreign birth surely have never traveled far. I defend the "foreigner" not only because of Valentino; but because of hundreds of little crosses in Flanders Fields, where "foreigners" sleep.

I myself am an American. I saw three years' service nursing in France; and it was there that I discovered the stuff "foreigners" are made of. I am proud to have met them. Good luck to Valentino! He can count on me to be with him all the time.

JOYCE DARLING.

### Romance Is Not Dead!

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Doubtless other letters are better than mine; but I ask you to give mine a place just because it is in defense of a person who is very much maligned.

In Rodolph Valentino, a girl sees a different lover; one who understands her; one who is different in every way from the average American man. And to us—girls who earn our bread and butter in the offices of New York, where there is nothing of romance, nothing of beauty, nothing of art—it is thrilling when in the evening we go to see a picture which is full of these; and when we see this man, this extraordinary Italian, we forget about the escort at our side, who is, beside Valentino, so commonplace. For then we know that romance is not really dead.

ANNA K. SHERER.

### A Protest Against deMilleism

Lima, Ohio.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

For a long time I have wished to protest against the frightful superficiality of Cecil deMille's productions.

It seems to me that his photoplays are a real menace to the artistic growth of the silent drama. How any one can accept his unusual standards, his false conceptions of life, is beyond me.

I do not object to the vulgarity one so often sees in the comedies. I adore Chaplin, always enjoy Ben Turpin and the other comedians. Their vulgarity is the honest vulgarity of Rabelais. They do not pretend to depict life; they burlesque it.

But whenever there is a Cecil deMille drama in our neighborhood theater, I see to it that my children do not go. They would be taught more wrong ideas cloaked in luxury and beautiful sets than they could possibly learn from a wild-west picture. I became interested in deMille when I saw his "Joan the Woman" and "The Whispering Chorus" and have made it my business to see his later films. That is, until I saw "Saturday Night." Now I stay away, and save my pennies for the Chaplin, Griffith and Ingram pictures.

MRS. F. R. K.

### Aunt Robert Frazier

Kansas City, Mo.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I would like to tell you what I think about Robert Frazier. He is just wonderful. He is ten times better than Valentino, but not quite as good as Thomas Meighan. Robert Frazier sure is a wonderful player. He should be a star.

GLYN HUFF.

### Adoration—At a Distance

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I am of flapper age, but not a flapper—so I guess I am as well qualified as anyone to answer "Billie Girl." She certainly doesn't know much about young people if she can't answer her own question.

I am one of the numerous followers of Signor Valentino. For his good looks? No! For his superb acting. The reason the girls are all "crazy about" Rodolph is because the frank American flapper always will be very fond of a hot-blooded European at a distance, as differing from American boys. Note I said, "at a distance." The American girl does not like these same men close-up. Proof: girls I know who have met Valentino personally have been without exception a little disappointed in him. European lovers are splendid to worship—from afar. American girls prefer American men in the long run, just as European girls prefer their own countrymen.

DOROTHEA HAIGHT.

### Vive le Shadow Stage

Lonesome Ranch, Scotland, Ga.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

We motored sixty miles to see "A Stage Romance" and it was worth it too. But, then, we were sure of that before we saw it—knowing the cast and PHOTOPLAY's recommendation!

MRS. JAS. M. BROWN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]



# Now—a Snow White Clay

## to Draw Poisons from the Skin —in Only 10 Minutes

White Clay  
The New Way  
10 Minutes

**10 Minutes**

Marvelous new radium-treated clay not only opens the pores and removes all the impurities, but completes its work by whitening the skin—then closing the pores—all in ten minutes. No mussiness—no bother—no lotions. A complete treatment in itself.

EVERYONE is talking about complexion clay. On all sides people are hearing of the seeming "miracles" performed by this great new beauty discovery. For through it, thousands of women are acquiring entirely new complexions—complexions wonderfully clear, fresh and beautiful.

And now Science announces another great advance!

A new kind of clay has been discovered, which not only possesses even greater beautifying properties than ordinary complexion clay, but which, in addition, eliminates every one of its disadvantages. For instance—

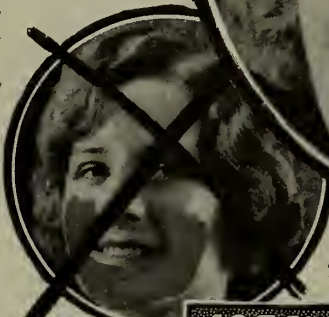
### A New Complexion in Ten Minutes!

Up to now, all complexion clays have been of a disagreeable dark mud-like color, and have required 30 to 40 minutes to accomplish their work. Naturally the woman of daintiness and refinement has revolted at the idea of allowing this unsightly mud to come in contact with her skin, even though it meant new beauty.

But this new kind of clay is pure white—just as white as snow. That is why it is called Snow White Clay. Applying it is just like bathing the face with a delightful cream. There is no mussiness whatever; for this new kind of clay—triple-sifted through the finest silk—is clean. Furthermore a complete treatment takes only 10 minutes! You can actually acquire new beauty while you are doing up your hair!

### No Lotions Needed

Up to this time, a complete complexion clay treatment called for the use of an after lotion. This was to close the pores, which the clay had opened in drawing out impurities. But this astringent lotion is no longer necessary. For Snow White Clay after it has drawn out the face poisons, actually closes the pores, thus saving any additional trouble and expense.



Muddy Clay  
The Old Way  
40 Minutes

**40 Minutes**

these tiny pores to life. In only 10 minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the powerful yet absolutely harmless clay draws out every skin impurity. Remove the clay, and with it comes every harmful impurity, every blemish. Then notice your complexion. See how clear, fresh and youthful it has suddenly become. You will be actually amazed at the improvement the very first treatment brings.

### Stimulates and Whitens the Skin

Snow White Complexion Clay has still another great advantage. It possesses a marvelous radio activity to stimulate the skin and in addition gives the skin a wonderful new whiteness and transparency. No other clay possesses this wonderful power to give the skin new life and health and to make it soft, smooth and white.

Snow White Complexion Clay is a distinct advance over all other complexion clays. No other clay is like it—no other can be like it. Already thousands of women have turned to it for new beauty, and the results are more than gratifying.

### How It Works

The skin contains millions of tiny pores, with which to expel impurities. But when dust bores deeply into these pores, they become clogged, and the impurities remain in the skin. Soon pimples, blackheads and other embarrassing blemishes appear.

Snow White Complexion Clay stirs every one of

### Nothing Else Like It

Snow White Complexion Clay is actually delightful in its purity and whiteness. No other clay is anything like it. Clean as it is when taken from its bed in the white clay deposits of England, it is made even purer and whiter by being sifted three distinct times through the finest Chinese silk! Compare Arctic snow with mud and you will have the difference between Snow White Clay and ordinary complexion clays. Try it once—and you will never return to old-fashioned clay treatments.

### Evidence

"Snow White Clay is certainly a great improvement over the dark clay. I noticed the difference just as soon as I put it on my face. When I removed it my skin was soft, smooth and fairly glowed."

*Ida Heiman.*  
"Since I have used Snow White Complexion Clay all the blackheads and blemishes have disappeared and my skin is clear and smooth."

*Lillian Block.*  
"Snow White Clay is the best product of the kind I have ever used. One application removed many of the blackheads, and left my skin beautifully white, soft and smooth."

*K. Lewts.*  
"In only 15 minutes Snow White Clay had whitened my skin and made it very smooth."  
*May De Pater.*

### Send No Money

So that everyone may test this wonderful new preparation, we are making a very special free-examination offer. If you send in your application now a jar of Snow White Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once. Although it is a \$5.00 product, you may pay the postman only \$1.75 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. In addition, you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once, if you are not more than delighted with the results.

**\$5.00 Value Only \$1.75** SEND NO MONEY

Don't fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory offer. No matter what the condition of your complexion may be, Snow White Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty—for it is a natural preparation and works *always*. You won't have to wait for results either—they are evident in only 10 minutes.

Send no money—merely the coupon. See for yourself how this new discovery lifts away blemishes and reveals a charming, new complexion—without the least mussiness. Don't delay—mail the coupon at once.

Marguerite Sullivan, Dept. 2612-S, Ninth and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

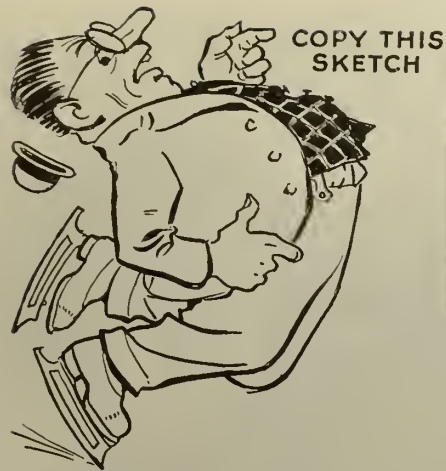
### SEND NO MONEY

MARGUERITE SULLIVAN, Dept. 2612-S  
Ninth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a jar of Snow White Complexion Clay, sufficient for two months of beauty treatments. I will pay the postman only \$1.75 plus a few cents postage, in full payment on arrival—this in spite of the fact that the regular price is \$5.00. I retain the privilege of returning the jar within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not more than pleased with the results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....  
(If you wish, you may send money with coupon and save the postage.)  
(Price outside U. S. \$1.90 cash with order)





## Become a CARTOONIST This New Easy Way!

Have you ever watched a cartoonist draw? A few straight lines—one or two curves—a splash of shading here and there—a few finishing touches—and almost like magic you see a splendid completed cartoon. It looks so easy. And it *is* easy, once you know how. Cartooning is the *easiest, pleasanter* and *best paid* business in the world!

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How would you like to earn \$100 a week for work that is real fun? Cartooning is wonderful sport—yet successful cartoonists earn \$75, \$100, \$200 and even over \$300 a week. The demand right now for all kinds of cartoons is tremendous. Newspapers are being filled with them—comic strips, sport cartoons, political and humorous cartoons. Animateds for movies is a splendid high-paying field in itself. And the demand for cartoons of every description increases every day!

### Learn at Home in Spare Time

You don't need any special talent. No matter how poorly you draw now, you can quickly learn to make all kinds of cartoons through this wonderful home study method, perfected by one of America's most successful cartoonists. Hundreds of our students never touched a drawing pencil before starting, yet today earn splendid salaries—many earn big money even while taking the course.

### Send for FREE BOOK

Learn more about this attractive, big paying business and this new method that makes it easy for you to learn cartooning right at home in your spare time. Send coupon for Free Book, which tells all about the wonderful opportunities in cartooning, and describes this remarkable, easy home study method and what it has actually done for our students. No obligation. Mail coupon for Free Book and details of free offer. Mail it *today!*

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING  
1093 Marden Bldg. Washington, D. C.

Washington School of Cartooning, 1093 Marden Bldg., Washington D. C.

Kindly send me, without obligation, your Free Book, "How to Become a Cartoonist," and details of your special Free Offer.

Please Write Plainly

Name .....

Address .....

If under 16, state age .....



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FOR  
**PIMPLES**

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body—Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. CLEAR-TONE has been Tried, Tested and Proven its merits in over 100,000 test cases.

**FREE** WRITE TODAY for my Free Booklet—"A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted five teen years.

E. S. GIVENS, 139 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

### An Appeal to Gloria Swanson

Columbus, Ohio.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I have been wondering if any of the movie people read the criticisms, favorable and otherwise, about themselves. If I thought such were true, I would offer a constructive criticism for Gloria Swanson. I will anyway!

"Gloria, dear, please be your own sweet self like the charming personality I saw in 'Don't Change Your Husband.' From then on I found myself following your every appearance. I adored that weird newness you introduced under Cecil deMille's tutelage; but, alas, since Elinor Glyn has seemed to hypnotize your artistry, my interest has waned. Please stop trying to translate the Glyn ideas onto the screen—you do it so well that you even look like her. Take my advice, if you prefer bouquets to brickbats, and concentrate on more pleasing parts."

MRS. LETHA BAILEY.

It was one photoplay to which the whole family, children included, could safely be taken.

RUTH WYNDER.

### Gilded Heroines

New York.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY.

Dear Sir:

I am tired, oh, so tired, of pictures of the type of "Her Gilded Cage"—so utterly unlife-like, so hopelessly unreal.

Why such illogical plots as that of Gloria's film? If Miss Swanson is given a few more plays like this one, I fear she will lose her high place in the film firmament. For the public is, after all, not so very stupid. It *has* feelings! It knows such situations as those in "Her Gilded Cage" cannot happen. Such things do not exist. And although it may not stop to analyze its emotions after witnessing this picture, it does not blame the producer or the scenario writer or the director. It blames the star. Because I like Gloria I should like to see her insist upon better stories.

ANNA B.

### For Tom Meighan

Ottawa, Canada.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Editor:

While in New York this summer I walked along Broadway one evening and was very much excited to see a huge crowd standing for a block near a theater. I was informed that it was the first night of the wonderful picture, "Blood and Sand," with Rodolph Valentino. Judging from the applause Rodolph seems to be the idol of the New York film-goers. I failed to see anything out of the ordinary in the picture and certainly cannot acknowledge Rodolph as an accomplished actor. He is not, in my opinion, in the same class with Thomas Meighan, Conrad Nagel, Conway Tearle, or Jack Holt. He can make love—I admit that. But so can Tom. My ideal screen lover is Meighan. Here's a long life and good luck to him.

OTTAWA FAN.

### Animated Clothes-Horses

Schenectady, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sirs:

Can't something be done about these so-called actresses who do nothing but walk around the set all dressed up? Any pretty girl, given the benefit of the best modistes, could do what these stars do.

It takes a good actress, like Lillian Gish or Mary Pickford, for instance, to give a good performance in rags, or shabby clothes. In fact, these two girls have never had a chance to wear pretty dresses and hats at all. Where would some of the stars be if they had to discard their fine raiment and appear as poor characters? More power to Lillian and Mary. I'd like to see Lillian more often. We are lucky if we see her once a year.

GERALDINE TABER.

### Let's Have More Make-Believe!

Columbus, Ohio.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Producers and directors lately seem to think the day of "make-believe" is past, and that nothing but realities are accepted. Now, that is all wrong. I, for one, would like to see a little less realism and a great deal more sentiment.

For instance, in the blood-and-thunder films. Every time I see my favorite actor risking his life doing stunts, I lose my interest in the picture. Why can't we have sane, sensible stories, with people behaving like human beings, instead of going through those breath-taking adventures and barely escaping deaths scores of times?

I have a warm spot in my heart for the films and the players; they have done me so much good; have kept me healthy and happy. And I want to see more of the old make-believe, and less of the life-and-death sort of thing.

A. I. H.

### Norma—That's All!

Baltimore, Md.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Editor:

I wish to agree with T. M. in regard to Norma Talmadge.

As far back as I can remember, filantically speaking, she has been an *actress*. Personally, I like Norma. But she is not only beautiful; not only smart and charming. She *acts*. In every picture she is an entirely different person. And she seemingly always tries to get good stories. Her "Smilin' Through" was a gem.

### Wild, But Not Honey

San Francisco.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I was never more disappointed in a picture than I was when I went trustingly into the Granada Theater of this city and saw Priscilla Dean in "Wild Honey."

The story had absolutely nothing in common with the book. The atmosphere of the veldt was entirely missing—even the incidental happenings were different.

The hero in the picture was no more fitted for the part than Ben Turpin would have been.

Priscilla Dean is an ideal Stockley heroine and, if produced as the book was written, the picture should have been wonderful. It must have been a revelation to the author.

DOROTHY OYER.

### Some More Rocks

Coronado, California.

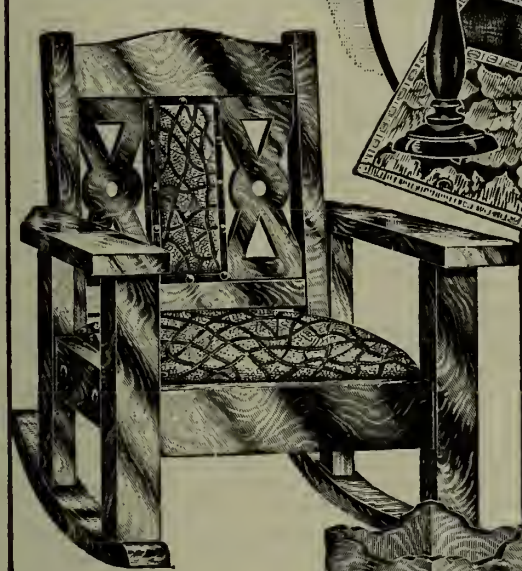
EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

This week I witnessed "Beyond the Rocks" by Elinor Glyn starring Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino in the support, and I must say, to express it in slang, "Where do they get that stuff?" Such a mediocre picture to come from the Famous-Players Lasky Corporation! There is simply no plot whatever to the story. Does Mrs. Glyn think her name is sufficient to put a picture like that over these days? I should say not! I waited all during the picture thinking a plot would develop soon but all I saw was scene after scene with plenty of sub-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]





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**Brings This Richly Upholstered 8-Piece Suite**

Quarter-Sawed and Solid Oak Throughout  
Chairs Have Spring Seats  
Send only \$1 for this complete suite of eight splendid pieces. Use it 30 days, then if not satisfied, ship it back and we will return your \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep it, take

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on our easy terms. Table scarf and candlesticks are FREE. The suite, consisting of large table, 36-inch x 23-inch top, 2 rockers, 2 chairs, waste basket, tabourette and book blocks, is made of selected quarter-sawed and solid oak. Very solidly built. Fumed oak finish. Chairs and rockers upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather and have padded, spring seats and cut-out panels in back. All roomy, full size pieces. Shipped (fully boxed, "knocked down" to decrease freight charges) from factory in Indiana or Chicago warehouse.

Order by No. 112DDMA9. Price \$39.95. Send \$1.00 now. Balance \$3.00 monthly. Table Scarf and Candlesticks are FREE.

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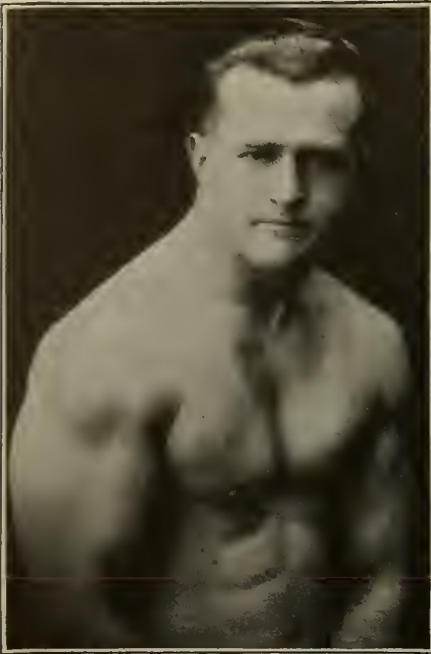
Enclosed find \$1.00 as first payment. Send the 8-piece Living Room Suite No. 112DDMA9 and with it, absolutely FREE, the beautiful Table Scarf and Candlesticks, all as described. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If not satisfied, will ship all back and you will return my \$1.00 and pay freight both ways. If I keep it, I will pay \$3.00 monthly on the suite alone until the full price, \$39.95, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

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Earle E. Liederman as he is today

## How Strong Are You Can You Do These Things?

Lift 200 lbs. or more overhead with one arm;  
Bend and break a horse shoe;  
Tear two decks of playing cards;  
Bend spikes;  
Chin yourself with one hand.

Can you do any of them? If you and many of my pupils can. It is remarkable the things a man really can do if he will make up his mind to be strong. **Any man.** It is natural for the human body to be strong. "It is criminal to be weak." I have taken men who were ridiculed because of their frail make-up and developed them into the strongest men of their locality.

### I WANT YOU FOR 90 DAYS

These days call for speed. It once took four weeks to cross the ocean—now it takes less than one. In olden days it took years to develop a strong, healthy body. I can completely transform you in 90 days. Yes, make a complete change in your entire physical make-up. In 30 days I guarantee to increase your biceps one full inch. I also guarantee to increase your chest two full inches. But I don't quit there, I don't stop till you're a finished athlete—a real strong man. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, strengthen your neck. I will give you the arms and legs of a Hercules. I will put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body. But with it comes the strong, powerful lungs which enrich the blood, putting new life into your entire being. You will have the spring to your step and the flash to your eyes. You will be bubbling over with strength, pep and vitality.

#### A Doctor Who Takes His Own Medicine

I was a frail weakling myself in search of health and strength. I spent years in study and research, analyzing my own defects to find what I needed. After many tests and experiments, I discovered the secret of progressive exercising. I increased my own arm over 6½ inches, my neck 3 inches and other parts of my body in proportion. I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. Physicians and the highest authorities on physical culture have tested my system and pronounced it to be the surest means of acquiring perfect manhood. Do you crave a strong, well-proportioned body and the abundance of health which go with it? Are you true to yourself? If so spend a pleasant half hour in learning how to attain it. The knowledge is yours for the asking.

#### Send for My Book

**"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"**  
It is FREE

It is chock full of photographs both of myself and my numerous pupils. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an **impetus**—an **inspiration** to every **red-blooded** man. I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is his—**absolutely free**. All I ask is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember, this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. **So it's yours** to keep. Now don't delay one minute. This may be the turning point in your life. Tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

#### EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 112, 305 Broadway, New York City

#### EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 112, 305 Broadway, New York City

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

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....



# FRIENDLY ADVICE

From  
*Carolyn Van Wyck*

"BABE," NEWARK, N. J.

Of course fifteen is far too young for marriage. But since you did marry, against the wishes of your family, and since you have a lovely little baby, I think that you should not lightly think of divorcing your husband. Especially since he is not at fault. You, yourself, admit that he loves you devotedly and that he has done everything to make you happy. You should not have entered marriage so lightly that your love could soon pass away.

If your husband has given you no cause for a divorce I think that you should try to love him and—if that is impossible—at least try to be a good wife to him. Frankly, I feel—from the tone of your letter—that some outsider has been interfering and putting divorce ideas into your head.

ANITA O., BALTIMORE, MD.

Don't henna your lovely brown hair. Hennaed hair seldom looks natural, and often makes the face assume a hard expression. A henna rinse will give your hair a pretty glint, however, and is not harmful.

Because you have brown hair and eyes and an olive complexion you should use brunette rouge, and powder in the shade rachel. Any of the creams advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE are reliable.

E. R. M., DEWEY, OKLA.

Yes, you should weigh more than you do. The correct weight for five feet, nine inches is about one hundred and fifty pounds. Your weight—one hundred and sixteen pounds—is quite inadequate. If you can drink milk I should advise three quarts a day. And some cream, too. See my answer to Evelyn S., West Virginia.

ESSY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

I like the clear way in which you write out your questions, and number them. I will answer them in order:

If a girl has reached a proper age there is nothing wrong in the fact that she leaves her parents' home to live in another city—especially since it will further her career. Of course doing so may make the parents unhappy—but that is a matter that must be settled in the family circle. I am looking, as

you asked me to, at the matter from an outsider's point of view. And I can see no reason for any adverse criticism, even though the girl lives alone, so long as she is true to the best ideals of womanhood.

Walter Camp's Daily Dozen is splendid exercise for an office worker. And swimming, in a good pool for girls, is also beneficial.

It is not wrong for a girl to go alone to the opera, especially if she loves music and really wants to absorb some of the beauty of it. But why not go with another girl—if no masculine escort is available?

A. S., NEW YORK CITY.

Bathe your eyes with boracic acid three times a day. And massage the swollen places gently, every night, with white vaseline. Perhaps it would be good to also get the opinion of another oculist. Even specialists sometimes make mistakes.

L. S., CONNECTICUT.

I do not know of any exercises that will do much toward straightening bow legs. There are certain operations that can be performed, but they should only be attempted by a specialist. I'm sorry that I can give you so little help on this subject.

WANDA H. O., DARLINGTON, IND.

As you are dark—for your black bobbed hair and your olive complexion counteract the green eyes—I think that your evening frock should be of some warm color: Flame, or tangerine, or rose with a bit of silver trimming; although you would be charming in jade, or in old gold! Low heels are still going to be smart—for sports wear and on the street. And baby Louis heels will still be worn for evening. But the high French heel and the Spanish heel are coming back.

When a man tells you he's "glad to have met you" it will be quite proper for you to say: "It was so nice to meet you, too." Or, "Then I hope that we will meet again." Any slight, charming remark will do.

RUTH W., MORRIS, OKLA.

Massage will develop your neck and shoulders. Especially electric massage. And the use of a good tissue building cream will also help.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante  
She will also be your friend

*CAROLYN VAN WYCK* is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor



# An Architect, A Painter and A Sculptress Joined in Designing This Exquisite Lamp

The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the **Decorative Arts League** committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmonious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty rather than the long experience of the "salesman - designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores. Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured, "Aurora" as it has been named by an artist, because of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

## A Labor of Love

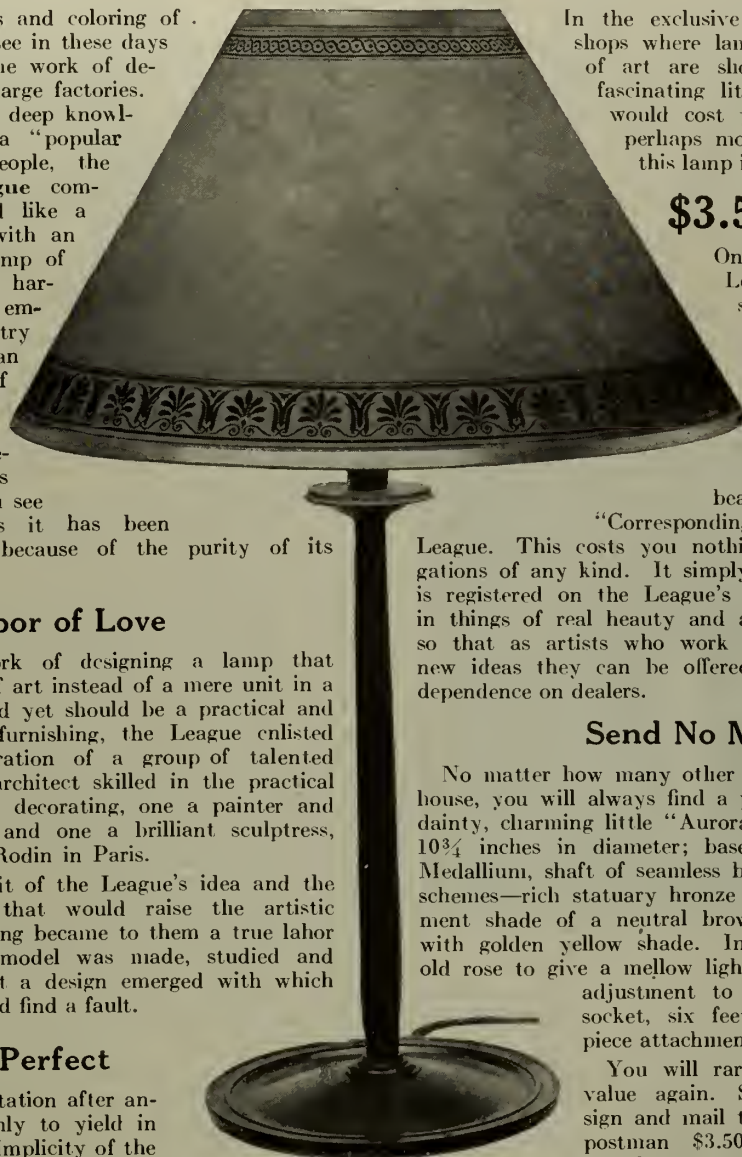
For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic cooperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.

## Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials. The shape, the exact size, and the soft coloring of the shade were the product of many experiments.

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. And yet with all the attention to artistic effect the practical knowledge of an experienced interior decorator has kept "Aurora" in perfect harmony with the actual requirements of the home. It blends with any style of furnishing, it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living-room. And wherever you place it "Aurora" will add taste and refinement besides furnishing, with its tiltable shade, a thoroughly practical and mellow light wherever required.



"AURORA"  
\$3.50

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora," if found, would cost you from \$15 to \$20—perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

**\$3.50—Think of it!**

Only the **Decorative Arts League** could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. But with each purchase of this beautiful little lamp goes a "Corresponding Membership" in the League. This costs you nothing and entails no obligations of any kind. It simply means that your name is registered on the League's books as one interested in things of real beauty and art for home decoration, so that as artists who work with the League create new ideas they can be offered to you direct without dependence on dealers.

## Send No Money

No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora" 16 inches high, shade 10¾ inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, choice of two color schemes—rich statuary bronze with brass-bound parchment shade of a neutral brown tone, or ivory white with golden yellow shade. Inside of shades is tinted old rose to give a mellow light. Shade holder permits adjustment to any angle; push-button socket, six feet of lamp cord and 2-piece attachment plug.

You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again. Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman \$3.50 plus the amount of parcel-post stamps on the package. Shipping weight only 5 lbs., so postage even to the furthest point is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it, or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to

**Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.**

**Decorative Arts League** (175 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.)

You may send me, at the member's special price, ah "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman \$3.50 plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the **Decorative Arts League**, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration.

Check finish desired—Statuary Bronze  or Ivory White  (B. Z.)

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



# Thousands of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Dream They Can!

By ELINOR GLYN

Famous Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," and many other world-known stories and photoplays

THOUSANDS of people can make money writing stories and photoplays and don't know it. This may seem to be a startling assertion, but it is absolutely true. Most anyone can tell a story. Why can't most anyone write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

Yesterday I didn't dream I could write successful stories. To-day millions of copies of my stories are read in Europe and America. When I first started to write, I didn't dream that my "brain children" would be snapped up eagerly by famous editors. To-day my stories, novels, and articles appear in the foremost European and American magazines. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world. For the greatest motion picture producers in the world I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that I know what I am talking about.

The time will come when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of scenario, magazine, and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them. And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

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

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

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing could be further from the truth. Many of the greatest

writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "If Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?



Elinor Glyn

Listen! I have made special arrangements with my publishers, The Authors' Press, of Auburn, N. Y., to send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called "The Short-Cut To Successful Writing." This amazing book was written to help all ambitious people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. It shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement, that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless gold mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of failure. How to win!

This surprising book is ABSOLUTELY FREE. No charge. No obligation. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it NOW. GET IT. IT'S YOURS. Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—story and play writing. The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular occupation. Who says you can't make money with your brain! Who says you can't turn your thoughts into cash! Who says you can't make your dreams come true! Nobody knows—BUT THE BOOK WILL TELL YOU.

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## Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

V. V. D., PORTLAND, ME.

Rubber reducing bands will make your arms slimmer, if you will wear them for a certain number of hours each day. But I think that one of Walter Camp's exercises will do you more good than anything else. It is very simple. Stand erect, with your heels together, and hold your arms out, straight from your body. Stretch them as though you were trying to touch something on either side of you. And then slowly, stretching them all of the time, revolve them in a circle. Do not move the body. Do this twelve times with each arm, and twelve times with both arms, together. Twice a day, at least. It will tire you, at first, but you'll soon grow used to it.

HELEN MCG., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Read answers to E. R. M. and Margie. And don't put on too much weight!

S. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It is so sweet of you to want to help little children. Write for information about day nurseries to the child welfare society, Charities Building, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second street, N. Y. City. Also to Dr. John Henry at "The Church of All Nations," nine Second Avenue, New York City. Settlement work is fascinating, and the efficient worker accomplishes a great good in this world.

MARJORIE, N. C., SURREY, ENGLAND.

Brown is the most important color of the autumn. And with your light brown hair and hazel eyes it will be very becoming! Have your semi-evening frock made of bronze lace and georgette, with dull gold trimming. Wear with it bronze slippers and stockings of chiffon in the café-rose shade.

I agree with you that all young women should take good care of their hands and nails. A hand is sometimes more revealing of personality than a face! I have given advice on face creams to other of my correspondents in this issue; perhaps my answers to them will help you.

P. C. M., CUBA.

A girl who is five feet, four inches tall should weigh in the neighborhood of one hundred and thirty pounds. You will see, in regard to colors, that I have answered your question several times on this page. Especially you will look well in shades of brown and blue—but I should like to see you in a dress of coral color, with silver trimming.

M. M., PITTSBURGH, PA.

It is always more pleasant and satisfactory to meet people in the conventional way—through an introduction. It seems to me that your teachers in art school could make it easy for you to become acquainted with the boys that you would like to know. Of course it would be silly not to speak to the ones you are working with—but do not carry the chance acquaintances too far.

HELEN R., SCRANTON, PA.

Girls with dark brown hair and blue eyes always look their best in blue, brown and green. Although I think that mauve and orchid would be charming on you.

Why not wear the bobbed hair straight? It's being done this year—the straight bob. Perhaps, if your face insists on curly hair, a permanent wave would help.

MISS A. C., DETROIT, MICH.

Strengthen your nails by rubbing white vaseline, nightly, around the cuticle and under the nail itself. Never cut them with a scissor—file them carefully, and do not make them too short. Use a polish that is not too brilliant. And clean, under the nail, with powdered pumice on an orange stick.





# Has This Ever Happened to You?

THE music has ceased. Your partner has left you standing in the centre of the floor. Your friends are at the other end of the room. Would you walk directly to them? Would you saunter slowly through the room until you reach them? Would you take the seat nearest where you are standing until the music begins again? Which is correct?

Or perhaps you are the young man. What is the correct thing for you to do when the music ceases? Should you escort the young lady back to her friends, and leave her? Should you merely escort her to the nearest seat? Should you remain with her until the music for the next dance begins?

Many embarrassing blunders can be made in the ballroom. Many humiliating errors can be made at the dinner table, on the street, at the theatre. It is only by knowing exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions that one can hope to be always well-poised and at ease.

## Etiquette at the Dance

The ballroom should always be a centre of culture and grace. But alas! how many blunders are made by people who really believe that they are following the conventions of society to the highest letter of its law! What blunders do you make in the ballroom? These questions may help you to discover them.

Does etiquette allow a woman to ask for a dance? May she refuse to dance without reason?

According to etiquette's laws is it necessary for a gentleman to dispose of his partner to someone else before he asks another lady for a dance? How shall he ask a lady to dance; which are the correct forms and which the incorrect? What is the right dancing position for the gentleman? For the lady? What style of dress is correct to wear at a dance?

There is perhaps no better place to display the culture and fineness of your breeding than the ballroom, resplendent with the gay gowns of women and enchanting with the ease and gracefulness of dancing couples. Here the gallantry of true gentlemen and the grace and delicacy of cultured women assert themselves. Here you can distinguish yourself either as a person of culture or a person of boorishness.

## What Do You Know About Introductions?

To establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make the conversation flow smoothly and pleasantly, to create an agreeable, harmonious atmosphere—that is the purpose of the *introduction*. A correct, courteous, conversation-making introduction is an art in itself, and reflects refinement and culture on the person who is the medium.

How do YOU introduce two people? Do your introductions create a pleasant, easy atmosphere, or one that is uncomfortably strained?

Try this simple test and see what you really know about the art of introduction:

Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith have met at your home for the first time. Would you say, *Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith, or Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown?* Would you say, *Miss Smith, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Brown?*

If Mr. Blank happened to drop in for a little chat, how would you present him to the ladies; to both at once, or to each one individually? And how would you present Bobby, who comes running in from school: *Bobby, this is Mr. Blank, or, Mr. Blank, this is Bobby,* or would you use the *I want you to meet method?* Do you ever say *I take pleasure in introducing?* Is it right or wrong?

How do you present a girl friend to your mother? A boy friend? How do you introduce a sweetheart to your relatives for the first time? How do you introduce her, or him, to your friends?

On the other hand, if you are being introduced, how do you acknowledge it? Do you use any of these expressions: *"Pleased to know you," "Delighted," "How do you do?"* Does a gentleman rise upon being introduced to a lady? Does the lady rise? Is it correct for the lady and gentleman to shake hands?

## When Wedding Bells Ring—

etiquette again comes to the fore. What is the right dress for the bride to wear? How shall the invitation be worded? When shall the groom give his farewell bachelor dinner? How shall congratulations be extended? Breakfast must be arranged and perhaps a honeymoon trip must be planned. Suffice to say that the bride and bridegroom will find invaluable aid in the "Book of Etiquette."

## The Book of Etiquette In Two Comprehensive Volumes

In the most minute details of daily life, in the hours of prosperity and adversity alike, at all times, there is the omnipresent need of holding one's self in hand, of impressing by one's culture and breeding, of *doing the right thing*. Culture is, after all, one of the fine arts. To excel in music or painting the price is vigilance, study and incessant effort; to be cultured, polished, the price is conscientious effort and study.

"Clothes may make the man," but whether you are clothed in rags or silks your culture cannot be hidden. For he who is polite, refined and well-bred wears a gorgeous robe endowed with the fine embroidery of honor and respect. Not even rags can cover it.

The world is a harsh judge, but it is just. It will not tolerate the man who persistently makes blunders at the dinner table. It will not tolerate the woman who breaks the conventions of society at the dance. It will not tolerate the illiterate in the Art of Etiquette.

The "Book of Etiquette" is excellent in quality, comprehensive in proportions, rich in illustrations. It comes to you as a guide, a revelation toward better etiquette. It dispels lingering doubts, corrects blunders, teaches you the *right thing to do*. It is a book that will last. You will preserve it, to refer again and again to its invaluable aid toward culture and refinement.

## Send No Money

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You owe it to yourself and to the children in your home to have a set of the "Book of Etiquette" in your library. This opportunity may never come again. Send for the set today and surprise your friends with your knowledge of the correct thing to do, say, write and wear at all times. Just mail the coupon—don't send any money. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 7712, Garden City, New York.

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## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

titles thrown in for good measure. Is Mrs. Glyn trying to educate the American public in regard to English society? If so, then let her give us something to think about and not merely a few interesting scenes to gaze upon.  
C. P. L.

### On Foreign Films

Boston, Mass.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Why all this clamor about foreign films? I cannot understand it. When we have such fine dramas as "Humoresque" and "Way Down East," such wholesome comedies as Harold Lloyd's, such rich American humor as "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," why go to see the morbid tragedies Europe sends over? To my mind, Lillian Gish is a greater actress than Asta Neilsen; Mary Pickford than Mary Johnson, Pauline Frederick than Pola Negri. See American films first!

P. D.

### Miscasting—A Misdemeanor

Goteborg, Sweden.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

There has been a great deal written, of late, about the cause of the present depression in the moving picture business. We can tell you what in our opinion is at the root of the trouble. *Miscasting of rôles.*

In present day films, often the majority of the cast is of Jewish extraction. We all enjoy seeing Jewish actors in plays representative of Jewish life, such as east side dramas, and Potash and Perlmutter comedies. But it is impossible for an intelligent public to ignore such glaring inconsistencies as we saw in Jackie Coogan's "Peck's Bad Boy" There in a typical American family, a Jewess is cast as the mother, while in the church scene, the minister (a most repulsive type, and an insult to the clergy) preaches to a congregation made up for the most part of Jewish extras. And, speaking of ministers, we most emphatically believe that the directors are overstepping the bounds of good taste, when, as so frequently happens, they cast Jews in these rôles, or hold up the country parson to ridicule. On the other hand, you never see a Jewish rabbi made fun of in the movies. We thoroughly approve of the campaign for new faces but—*please select typical American faces!*

H. E. M.

### From An American Mother

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

WITH all the fuss about foreign films, I think it's about time for someone to express an opinion that is unprejudiced.

Now, I am a mother. My two sons went to war. I worked continually during the war for the various war-relief organizations. I am an American. I think America is the greatest country in the world: the cleanest, the safest, the best. But I am also convinced that America has a few little things to learn artistically: When "Passion," or "Du Barry" was advertised, I went to see it, knowing it was made in Germany. I thought it was one of the finest films I had ever witnessed—and I have seen many. I saw "Deception," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and Asta Neilsen's "Hamlet." And I believe that they are the greatest films we will have for a long time. I think it is natural that Europe, with its traditions and its training, should produce more interesting and artistic pictures than America.

MRS. W. K. L.

# \$1,500 for a plot

## Can YOU Write a Scenario?

Just a few years ago an author was glad to get \$15 for a motion picture scenario.

Today the average price paid for a plot synopsis is \$1500.

Producers are begging for stories. Leaders in the film industry are encouraging new screen writers. The handful of photodramatists writing today cannot fill the demand. Without stories, the photoplay industry cannot exist. The producers *cannot get* enough good scenarios.

## Not Skilled Writers—Just Ordinary Men and Women

The successful novelist or short story writer has definitely failed in the motion picture field. Newly trained photodramatists have written and conceived the plots that have been developed into the most successful feature photoplays. For the most part the men and women who are supplying the stories were, just a few years ago, farmers, teachers, clerks, housewives, office employees.

You do not need literary ability. The producers do not want fine writing. They want plots—strong, dramatic plots, written in simple synopsis form.

But this does not mean that anyone can sit down and dash off a scenario. Scenarios must contain sound dramatic material, they must be developed along the principles of photoplay construction, and they must be written in the language of the studios. This is merely technical matter. Anyone can master it.

## The Fox Plan Will Show You How

The Fox Photoplay Institute is devoted exclusively to training photodramatists. Its method is unique and original.

We cannot tell you now whether you possess the ability to create photoplay plots. But Fox instructors watch you as you develop and direct your ability along the right channels of photoplay creation.

## Send for Free Book

In a beautifully illustrated, 32-page book, the Fox Plan is completely outlined for you. It tells all about your opportunities as a scenario writer. It tells about the great Fox Photoplay Institute backed by motion picture leaders. It shows you what kind of ideas the producers want and how to prepare them for screen use. This book is FREE if you are interested in photoplay writing. Send the coupon today.



**Fox Photoplay Institute**  
30 North Michigan Ave., Dept. 1259, Chicago

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386-L, Ackerman Building Binghamton, N. Y.





*The friends who greet you in your own drawing-room receive an impression of you that you will never know*

## All around you people are judging you silently

**Y**OU cannot escape it—that frank, unspoken comment that is born in the mind of every person you meet.

The friends who greet you in your own drawing-room—the strangers who pass you in the street—each one of them is storing up impressions of you that you will never know.

Don't let little evidences of neglect—carelessness about your appearance—create an unfavorable impression.

If you have an unattractive complexion, begin now to overcome this defect. Any girl can have a smooth, clear complexion. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By the right treatment you can make this new skin what you will.

Read the two treatments given on this page. One of them tells how you can correct an oily skin and give it the smooth, velvety texture it should have. The other tells you what to do for a pale, sallow skin—how to rouse it to color and life. These are only two of the famous Woodbury skin

treatments given in the booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment suited to your skin.

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### *Use this treatment for a skin that is too oily*

First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

*From the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"*

### *A pale, sallow skin should be given this special treatment*

Just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

*From the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"*







Donald Biddle Keyes

**L**EATRICE JOY is Gloria's successor as Cecil de Mille's luxurious leading lady. Like most of the de Mille de luxe maids, she was once a film comedy girl. That was but four short years ago. Slapstick seems to be the ideal dramatic seminary





Evans

**O**NE of our potential younger emotional players is Pauline Stark. She can emote with fine effect. Yet one of her best liked roles was the comedy heroine of "A Connecticut Yankee." Once Miss Stark planned a musical comedy career





Evans

**C**AWKER CITY, KANSAS, was Claire Windsor's birthplace. Little did Cawker City think that Claire, in pigtails and freckles, would become one of screenland's prettiest players. Lois Weber really discovered Miss Windsor





Evans

**C**ONRAD NAGEL is one of the exemplary young men of the Hollywood colony. Some years ago he ran away from Keokuk, Iowa, and joined a stock company. After that came years on the stage, and wartime service in the navy





Donald Biddle Keyes

**T**HOMAS MEIGHAN stands for a certain substantial Americanism on our screen. Fans recognize this—and have made Meighan one of the silver-sheet's most popular men. He had an excellent dramatic training prior to pictures





Edwin Bower Hesser

**T**HINK of May McAvoy and you think of her *Grizel* in "Sentimental Tommy." The two are inseparable. J. Stuart Blackton discovered May, *Grizel* made her famous and now it is up to Famous Players to properly use her elusive personality





Edwin Bower Hesser

**A** FEW years ago Nita Naldi was a chorus girl on the Century theater roof. It wasn't long before her bizarre Italian beauty lifted her to small speaking roles and then to the screen. But it was not until "Blood and Sand" that she scored



Made 10 years ago — washed with Ivory Soap and Ivory Flakes more than 600 times.

The baby's delicate, handmade frock pictured here, of batiste and valenciennes lace, has been worn by three children of the same family. What made it last so long? "Care and Ivory," says the mother's letter. (Garment with owner's letter on file in Procter & Gamble office.)



Fresh, unfaded — the miracle of Ivory Flakes

This daintiest of negligees — pink crepe de chine and sheestest georgette, after laundering with Ivory Flakes, is "as fresh as when new," says its owner. (Garment with owner's letter on file in Procter & Gamble office.)

## Georgette ?

Careful! First consider this test for laundering safety

Here is a test you should apply to any soap in any form before deciding whether or not it is safe for your most precious silk, lace — or even wool — garments:

*Would you be willing to use that soap on your face?*

Apply this thought to the soap, whatever its form, which you are now using for your fine fabrics.

If that soap is Ivory Flakes, your confidence is at once redoubled.

For Ivory Flakes is just a different form of the same Ivory Soap which has protected the faces of millions of women during two generations—pure, mild, gentle, safe!

blue-and-white box as if touched by a magician's wand—ready for instant suds, and the luxury of washbowl laundering without worry.

While Ivory Flakes has a real margin of safety for the finest things in your wardrobe, it is inexpensive enough even for ordinary laundry work.

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Ivory Flakes flows from its dainty

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Makes dainty clothes last longer

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This package and booklet

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# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XXIII

December, 1922

No. 1

## INSINCERITY

**I**F there is one single thing for which PHOTOPLAY indicts the motion picture producers, it is insincerity. PHOTOPLAY does not want to be continually fault finding but it realizes that the public must focus upon an evil in order to eliminate it.

With which we turn to our indictment. We charge that motion picture producers are insincere in their dealings with one another. We charge that there is an utter lack of ethics in their business transactions. They "double cross" each other even under the banners of their "allied" associations. We charge that there is practically no instance of a gentleman's agreement in filmdom. Even many written contracts become mere scraps of paper.

PHOTOPLAY charges that the present over-exploitation of pictures is a deliberate misrepresentation to the exhibitor and to the public.

PHOTOPLAY charges that the present attempt to build up fake New York "runs" is gross insincerity. Pictures are often kept for weeks on Broadway at a great loss to the maker in an attempt to fool the exhibitor and the public.

PHOTOPLAY charges that the forcing of phony stars is as deliberate misrepresentation as the attempt to sell a paste jewel for a real one.

PHOTOPLAY gives credit to producers for bringing in every available artist—

of pen, brush and camera—that can be secured. But PHOTOPLAY charges insincerity here, too, because these workers are then shackled hand and foot. The mental calibre of the producer, if nothing else, nullifies the ability of these newcomers. As PHOTOPLAY has said before, no production can be bigger than its producer.

In a sentence, PHOTOPLAY charges that the films have all the diseases of every other business, plus their own individual ills. This is curiously possible because the motion picture business is the only one in which every product is a new product. No other business permits of so much insincerity because of the nature of the business itself.

PHOTOPLAY sees a reaction against this broadcast insincerity in the public's present apathy to motion pictures—and in the attitude of banking interests to film promotion.

PHOTOPLAY realizes that there can be no immediate cure. But it realizes that the remedy lies with the public. If a producer fools you once, blacklist him in your mental notebook. And talk to your friends and your exhibitor about it. If he gives you a good production, make a mental note of that, too. Give credit when it should be given.

Remember that the boxoffice is the producer's solar plexus.



# The Film Wizard of Europe

First View of  
Ernst Lubitsch  
in Action

By  
Herbert Howe

Illustrated by  
Wynn

*Wynn caught Pola Negri during the making of "The Flame of Love," which she completed just before coming to America. Here she played a Parisian demi-mondaine who falls in love after a life of amorous adventure*



**T**HE man who gave fame to Pola Negri, to Louis XIV of France and to Henry VIII of England—

The German film wizard, master of tragedy, and the man who makes history live—

"The Griffith of Europe," sometimes called, because of the genius with which he made "Passion," "Deception," and "The Loves of Pharaoh"—

Ernst Lubitsch, star-maker and king-maker, sat opposite me in the lunch room of his Berlin studio, his face beaming like a harvest moon over a platter of *kalbschnitzel*.

The broad smile broadened—

"My hobbies—hobbies," he lingered over the unfamiliar English word, "Ya, my hobbies is d' piano, d' cello and d' shimie.

"Good dancer," he blinked, his little black eyes crinkling out of sight. "Every night I dance in New York.

"Pretty girls in America. Ya, Ziegfeld Follies. Um!"—many ecstatic blinks—"Ya, I vill like to work in America."

He was beaming from every pore. His secretary, a German boy whose English still has the flavor of German idiom, suddenly asked me if I had any chewing gum for Mr. Lubitsch.

"He is a great friend of the chewing gum," said the secretary.

Lubitsch demanded to know what was being said and then endorsed with, "Ya—California Fruit." Emphatic nods and blinks.

"It is very difficult getting him this California Fruit,"

sighed the secretary. "It is not much in Berlin. Sometimes I must go all over town looking. And it is all my fault. It is not allowed to smoke on the 'set,' and Mr. Lubitsch did not know what to do without his cigar. So I say, 'You must chew.' He say, 'Ya, but what I chew?' I say, 'chewing gum.' And now I spend all my time looking down this California Fruit."

Such is the master of tragedy. "The man who never stops smiling" is what they call him around the studio. A plump, alert, restless little fellow of thirty with a broad humorous mouth, a hooked Semitic nose, crinkling bead eyes and a lock of ink hair sprawling Napoleonically over a high forehead.

As he wheels restlessly to and fro on the "set," one arm behind him, his head cocked on the side, his eyes on the floor, he looks like a Dutch comedian doing a burlesque of Napoleon. Over a neat business suit he wears a loose linen duster, the sort his carpenters wear. He seems to have no particular place or significance on the stage. He has no puttees, no megaphone, no director's chair with his name emblazoned across the back. In fact, he might be called a director without a country.

No sooner do you get him focused in the crowd of players and workmen than—poof!—he has vanished like a genie. Ah, there he is!—popping up like a jumping jack beside Pola Negri. He whispers a suggestion. You wonder how she could have caught it, he is gone again so quickly.

The extras have crowded around to see the great Negri do



**ERNST LUBITSCH**, says Mr. Howe, is a Napoleonic little gnome, a Dutch comedian who has made the whole world weep, a little man with a big smiling heart. His hobbies are the piano, the cello and, honestly, the shimmie. And he loves American chewing gum.

He thinks Chaplin is the great American artist, greatly admires Harold Lloyd and thinks Lillian Gish well nigh supreme. But Pola Negri! Lubitsch calls her a "wonderful, wonderful woman—no one is like Pola—no one!"

Ernst Lubitsch will arrive in America before Thanksgiving. He wants to do modern stories of American life but his plans are still vague. Before leaving Berlin he is completing a photoplay built around Johann Strauss, the waltz king



her scene. From somewhere Lubitsch has let out a terrific bellow,—“*Drehen!*” meaning “Camera!” The players are in action. Extras and workmen crowd closer to watch. Pretty soon you notice a little man darting around like a terrier on the outskirts of the crowd trying to get a peek. He

can't see a thing on account of the extras, so he jumps upon a chair and looks over their heads. It's the director, the great Lubitsch. In a second he's off the chair and diving between the legs of the camera. He lets out another horrifying whoop. Something is wrong. He contorts his brows at fearful angles, making a diabolical face which is funnier than the smiling one of the minute before. Then he grins—as though amused by his fearful count-

enance, which has had no effect upon anyone but himself. He bounds among the players to act a “bit” for a little girl playing a *coquette*. He is a very funny coquette, but he knows the business, every glance, every wink, every instinctive gesture of the flirt. . . . Then off again on a feverish pace as if he had lost all interest in the affair.

I pinioned him behind the piano upon one of these excursions—he always has music with his scenes. Seeing me, he plopped down on the stool and commenced playing very sour snatches from “The Music Box.”

“You know the Moosic Box sonks?” he asked, grinning. “Und ‘Sally’”—more soggy notes, with Lubitsch beaming over them as if to coax them into melody by the sunshine of his smile.

We talked of American films. I asked him which of our stars he considered best.

“The best of all—the greatest actor in the world—*le plus grand*,” he emphasized in three languages, “is—Ch’pln. Great tragedy actor—Ch’pln.”

“Chaplin a great tragedy actor?”

“Ya,—Ch’pln greatest actor of everything.”

If Chaplin is the great tragedian, Lubitsch, the tragedy-maker, is the great comedian.

But he is entirely serious in his appraisal of our films and players.

“Harold Lloyd—,” he blinked his pleasure. “I saw him in New York—good—good—very good!”

Of the women—

“Ah, Pickford,” he nodded.

“And Miss Lillian Gish, Mr. Lubitsch,” interposed the secretary.

“Ah—Lillian Gish—‘Orphans of the Storm’—Lillian Gish—ah, ah, ah,” he teetered on his heels and went into a veritable paroxysm of blinks.

His enthusiasm was so intense that I was moved to ask if Lillian were not the greatest actress [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

Albert E. Kaufmann, general manager of Paramount's foreign productions, a job requiring a combination of financial genius and grand opera managerial skill





The  
New  
and the  
Old  
Jackie



Abbe

*Photoplay regrets to report certain changes in the eminent Coogan physiognomy. It will be plainly noted in Jackie's forthcoming production of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" that the youthful star is growing*

*Compare the two photographs on this page—and see for yourself. One is the Jackie of yesterday and the other the Jackie of 1922. Jackie is just approaching seven, but think of what may happen when he turns nine—or ten!*





# The Photoplay Has Its Heroes



**T**HE two pink plaster bungalows faced each other across the tiny strip of flowered court.

On one infinitesimal porch, the plump, dark woman kissed her husband goodby and waved him a cheery, prosaic hand as he ambled toward the street car.

On the other, a slim, pretty young thing with a baby in her arms stood silent, motionless, watching the little coupe until it disappeared within the green arch of pepper trees.

Then the girl mother went to the window and stood looking down the street—looking—and through the pale chiffon of her waist you could see the terrified beating of her heart.

The plump woman's husband ambled home, hungry.

A tear trickled down the girl's cheek. Darkness gathered, shutting her in.

And when a big, dirty studio car swung up the little street and a strange man got out—she trembled so that she could hardly open the door.

On a white roadbed, glaring in the afternoon sunshine, spangled blackly with shadows from the big trees, a flashy roadster stood still just beyond a curve, a gorgeously gowned woman at the wheel.

A young man, rather stocky, good-looking except for a battered nose, was testing a motorcycle. His face was calm, but his eyes held a light of intense concentration.

To the man beside him he said, "I'll hit it going forty-five, because I've got to get speed enough for it to throw me its full length and the width of the car, so I'll fall clear. It's going to be an easy one—unless I get tangled. I won't, of course. But if—I should, Mr. deMille, would you sort of keep an eye on the wife and kid?"

The impressive man in puttees said briefly, "I'll take care of them as long as they live. So don't worry about that."

By *Adela Rogers St. Johns*

The giant motorcycle hummed. The quiet of the countryside was shattered by that horrible shock of tearing metal, of crashing steel.

A body vaulted into the air, flung as a child flings a rag doll, and lay very still on the other side of the car.

Leo Noomis had finished his day's work.

You will see ten or twenty feet of it in "Manslaughter."

And an hour later, the man at the door of the little pink plaster bungalow was saying reassuringly, "He's all right, Mrs. Noomis. Went great. Gosh, he was right. We wanted him to take it fifteen miles an hour, and he'd abeen killed sure. Had to get more speed. Only got a broken collar bone. He's having it set."

That is the life of a stunt man's wife, behind the silversheet.

For two weeks later little Mrs. Noomis would sit rocking her baby again while Leo drove a touring car across the track

in front of a train going 35 miles an hour—and missed it only seven inches.

While he skilled a closed limousine over a 100-foot cliff.

While he leaped from a burning building into a net so far away that as he jumped it looked no bigger than a pocket handkerchief. Or fell backwards off a great wall, in armour.

Or swung from the wing of one aeroplane to another, 1000 feet above ground.

Or worked himself beneath a moving freight train.

"Oh, well," she said, with that little smile, "we're fatalists. Leo has always done it. You get into a thing, there's good money—it's hard to change. Leo says—when his time comes, he'd get it just the same if he was riding a street car back and forth to a gas office. Sometimes—since baby came—it's only that a boy does need his daddy, doesn't he?"



*The stunt man, Leo Noomis, his wife and his baby boy, Leo, Jr.*



# The Penalties of Being a Star



One of the things Miss Ferguson has to do—and particularly dislikes when it is overdone—is the charity bazaar. But people love to buy from a star



Motion pictures mean an endless procession of new frocks. Which in turn means that a star must spend all her spare time trying on new clothes—and wondering if her followers will like her choice



Physical training is another essential. One's lines must be svelte and lithe or—cinema oblivion. The price of beauty is ceaseless effort. Elsie Ferguson finds that one of the best aids to good lines is fencing

And the fan letters! They are the barometer of celluloid popularity, but they take time, patience—and postage stamps. Many of the letters require personal answers. At least so Miss Ferguson thinks. She likes to look over her fan mail herself and personally answer the interesting letters

Film stardom doesn't entirely consist of electric signs and silversheet closeups. There are trials and tribulations going hand in hand with the glamour. At least so Elsie Ferguson thinks and she ought to know





# Yale to Hollywood

MALCOLM MCGREGOR

*Sailed around the Horn to seek his film fortune in California*



*By  
Mary  
Winship*

**M**ALCOLM MCGREGOR has the makings of popularity. McGregor hails from Scotland, New Jersey, and Yale. "Well," say folk in the know, "young Malcolm McGregor is the distinct American type—and they're going to be crazy about him."

He is, in the language of the late lamented flapper, horribly good-looking. Dark, swift-moving, unaffected, with that suggestion of hidden force and manliness that we have always liked in our men.

He has his little story to tell. "Humility was one of my first lessons. Because when I am introduced to any of my four-year-old daughter's friends as Mr. McGregor and I have to admit that I am not the Mr. McGregor who was acquainted with Peter Rabbit, I am immediately a social error."

As for his history—oh, it's one of those "once upon a time" histories, really it is. Part of it I dragged from him, part of it was told me here and there, bit by bit. And it's quite exciting and altogether as it should be.

Once upon a time there was a handsome young man with an artistic temperament and an athletic physique who was the son of a millionaire in New Jersey. The millionaire made hammers or tractors or breakfast foods or something useful like that.

Anyway, he sent his handsome [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



# Henry King, Virginian

The Director  
of the  
PHOTOPLAY  
Gold Medal  
Picture

By  
*Delight Evans*

Apeda Photo



*Meet Henry King, the newest great  
man of the film art*

**B**EFORE I met Henry King I was chiefly impressed by the fact that he had directed one of the greatest pictures ever made, "Tol'able David."

After I met Henry King I was chiefly impressed by the fact that he has very blue eyes and was born in Virginia.

Which is, to me at least, the answer to the question, "Why is Henry King?"

Because that is something you are often asked these days, if you are concerned with pictures at all. Henry King made "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave," which was rated one of the best photoplays of its year, and which made stars of Douglas MacLean and Doris May. For a while one didn't hear so much about Henry King. And then came Dick Barthelmess' first stellar story, "Tol'able David." You know the rest; but I'll tell you anyway. Such a critic as Heywood Broun forgot himself so far as to make a pun like "Long Live the King" when he'd seen "David" and the director's later Barthelmess films.

You go to meet the newest great man of the film industry. You wait a while and then the door opens and a young man, very much tanned, bursts in. He looks like those young men of the African veldt that Cynthia Stockley is always raving about. Those tanned young men with brilliant blue eyes, who follow adventure into "the great open spaces." Henry King had just been arguing with a taxi driver and that was why he was late. But he looked romantic anyway.

**I** NEVER saw a man who liked to talk about taxi-cabs as much as Henry King. I thought he would never get tired of talking about taxi-cabs. Was he a motor maniac, I wondered; or was he imbibing atmosphere for a film which would star the splendidly suave Mr. Barthelmess as a Broadway bandit? Then I caught on. Henry King was so afraid that I was going to interview him that he would have done anything to escape the ordeal.

From the first moment I saw him I had no intention of interviewing him. You couldn't. He isn't one of those directors. He's an entirely new kind of director. Sometimes I suspect he isn't a director at all. A director could never have got such a fight on the screen as that which occurred in "David." A director—

But Mr. King doesn't think of himself as a director anyway. He began as an actor and he continues as an actor. He would rather act than direct. Except when there's a fight scene. He just loves fights.

I didn't ask him how he got those quietly tragic or tense scenes that have hit audiences and everybody between the eyes the past six months. I didn't have the nerve. It would have been like asking Anatole France how on earth he ever managed to think up all those beautiful words.

Besides, it's all so simple, he says. Doesn't see what he's done to make people sit up, anyway. Why, he just tells a story, that's all. Just picks out a good story and goes ahead and tells it.

"Not," he accidentally explained when he thought I wasn't listening, "not the story of Harry Splivens and Mary Whoosis and Jake Blitz and a lot of other people. Just the straight, simple story of Harry Splivens, and what happens to him, and what he does, and what he thinks about. You've got to tell a story if you want to make a good picture. If you haven't a corking story, you can sometimes evolve a pretty good picture out of an ordinary yarn. If you let it work itself out and let the characters behave as they want to.

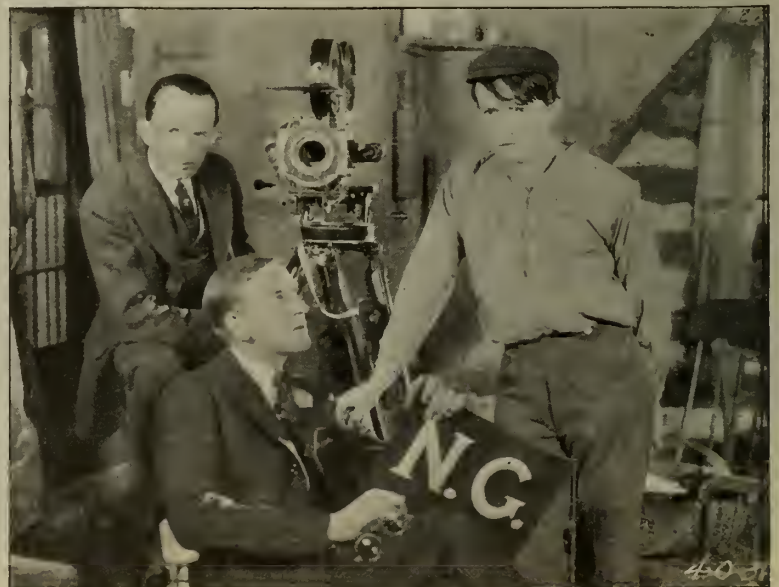
"You've got to think in terms of pictures. We didn't make a literal translation of the stage play, 'Sonny.' We used the theme of the stage play on which to build our little drama. Films demand different treatment. I don't use a continuity. Not a regular, cut-

and-dried continuity, though of course I make notes. A continuity holds you down. It makes your picture a product like flivvers or soup. Machine-made stuff doesn't go. Not any more."

He didn't volunteer any opinion as to what is wrong with the picture business. I think he thinks it's a pretty good old game after all, and he seems to get a lot of fun out of it.

He's been an actor ever since he was seventeen. Stock, Repertoire. Pictures. When he was nineteen he played "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Both rôles. Now he wouldn't do it for a million dollars; he says he knows better. But just the same he is going to sneak back to acting some day, if he happens on a story to suit him. He doesn't believe a director can act too. Though he made a good [CONT'D ON PAGE 112]

*Henry King directing Richard  
Barthelmess in a scene of  
"The Bond Boy"*





# Youth and Moonlight and— Paris

*An impression  
of Mabel Normand's  
new clothes*

*A quaint gown of silver cloth, made with a tight basque and the new full skirt—which is slightly longer on the left side than on the right. The lace is very dark brown, and of a cobweb mesh. And the girdle is made of brown and silver ribbon. With this costume Miss Normand wears silver slippers and stockings*



*Miss Normand's favorite hat—a tightly wound turban, also of (heavy) silver cloth. She wears this in the evening, and she has several others made after the same fashion. Of gold tissue, and orange satin, and gorgeous old Paisley*

**T**HERE'S a sparkle about Mabel Normand. There's a gleam and a glitter and a flash. Humming bird wings, and orchids, and moonlight on new fallen snow. Joyous youth and the *Rue de la Paix!* Laughter and star shine and April.

And the clothes of Mabel Normand. They reflect, as the clear water of a forest spring would reflect, the gladness of her personality. They, too, gleam and glitter and sparkle. They scintillate. Silver brocades, gold embroideries, steel beads, and rhinestones like dewdrops upon a background of lustrous silk. And all of them are new, and designed especially for the dainty star by the greatest modistes of the world. For Mabel Normand has just returned from a vacation in Paris, and the clothes upon the following pages came back with her.



The blouse of this afternoon gown (below) is made of a curious all-over metallic embroidery. Done in antique and green gold, on a foundation of chiffon. The skirt is metallic satin in a dark mixture of gold, silver and steel. With this gown Miss Normand wears a black hat trimmed with aigrettes and diamond pins, and a gorgeous scarf of silver fox



An evening cape of silver cloth (below) brocaded in great mauve flowers. There is a straight panel at the back, and the sleeves are in the loose mode of the moment. The cape is lined with mauve chiffon banded in silver, and the collar is of ostrich, shaded from the palest orchid to a deep rich purple



Of a simplicity that is a clever mixture of sophistication and extreme girlishness, this street costume (above) is very dear to Mabel Normand's heart. It is made of an extremely heavy crepe-back satin, in a golden cocoa shade. The sleeves are skillfully draped, and the long tassels are of chenille. The hat, deserving of special mention, is described on the next page





Miss Normand was so enchanted with this wrap (right), that she bought two of them! Of a soft and heavy Canton crepe in dead white, with three rows of silk fringe, each row a foot deep. The collar is made of monkey fur. With this wrap she wears a sleeveless crepe dance frock, embroidered in iridescent pearls and tiny rhinestones. The skirt is scalloped, and the girdle is an embroidered one



A pearl grey afternoon coat (below) that follows the Russian line. The bloused upper part is embroidered in steel nail heads, and the unique sleeves are looped up with great steel buckles. The long skirt is very plain, and the material is Canton crepe. The wee toque, worn with this coat, is demurely trimmed with a design in grey silk



A hat almost audacious in its youth and coloring. Of a ruddy brown velvet that reminds one of autumn leaves that have died and gone to Heaven. The scarf, tied in a loose bow on the right side, is of real lace in a golden cocoa color



# SCREEN SCOUNDRELS

## You Know

Drawings By  
Eldon R. Kelley



*Carramba! Here is the Mexican Half Breed! You all know him with his walnut stain and sombrero. He slinks around trying to get the best of Our Nell until the U. S. Cavalry gallops along the horizon after him*



*The Nefarious Laboratory Villain always uses a microscope as first aid. He is usually a bit daffy and has a penchant for performing little experiments upon his fellow humans, particularly the cutie with the curls*



*The Chinese are said to be a patient people but Po Bah is seldom patient in the movies. Long distance spying, select long killings and ingenuic abductions are his specialties. What matters it to this scoundrel if the interior decorations are usually Japanese?*



*The City Slicker is wise to the ways of women—in the subtitles but never in the plots themselves. He lures the blond flapper to his apartment—a snug little place the size of the Grand Central Terminal—and there tries to ru-u-in her with a kiss*





# Stunting Into Stardom

By Adela Rogers  
St. Johns

WINNIE BROWN, nameless and unknown, has doubled  
for all the stars, but now she's to be a star herself

**W**INNIE BROWN!  
Maybe you never  
heard tell o' Winnie  
Brown.

Maybe that name doesn't  
come inside your recollection  
at all.

But I want you to know  
about Winnie Brown. For the  
days of the old west, the pic-  
turesque old west that held  
more color and more fascina-  
tion than any part of this coun-  
try has ever held, is disappear-  
ing. And Winnie Brown is one  
of the last of its real inhabi-  
tants.

Winnie Brown, the greatest  
living cowgirl. The best stunt  
rider and broncho buster and  
horse wrangler that ever put  
on chaps. The idol of the real  
cowboys. The winner of ro-  
deos and exhibitions from  
Cheyenne to Oklahoma.

Winnie Brown, to whom the  
motion picture fans owe so  
many thrills and whose face  
has never been seen before a  
camera. Who has done some  
of the most daring and difficul-  
t scenes the silversheet has ever  
recorded but whose name has  
never appeared on the screen.

But who at last is to come  
into her own and play not



only the "stunt scenes" but  
the whole star part of a real  
cowgirl in a real western story.

You remember, maybe,  
times when you've seen the  
serial star race her horse along-  
side a train going 40 miles an  
hour and then leap from her  
saddle to the rear rail of the  
observation car—or maybe  
jump her pony down a 100-foot  
cliff.

Ten chances to one, that was  
Winnie Brown.

Perhaps you have sat in  
your comfortable theater seat  
and seen the persecuted in-  
genue jump from the ninth  
story of a burning building—  
actually jump right out into  
space where no net was visible.

Winnie Brown!

And the lovely star who  
rode, perhaps, a whirling,  
threatening jam of logs down  
the dark and dangerous rapids  
of a great river—

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 89 ]

*Frances Marion, who discovered  
Winnie Brown, is shown at the  
right, discussing stardom with the  
stunt girl. Miss Marion is now  
making the first Winnie Brown  
picture*





*The next day Hattie and Dempster passed richly in wandering about the brink of the Canyon; and all day Dempster was thoughtful and quiet and she was wistful and watchful*

THE CONCLUSION OF

# Hattie of Hollywood

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

## The Story to Date

LIKE a fairy tale is the rise of Hattie Johnson, factory girl, to Harriet John, occupant of a star dressing-room in a Hollywood studio. But Hattie herself is more confused than happy at director de Brissac's newest discovery. Her family of an invalid grandmother, sister, small niece and fawning brother-in-law make countless demands upon her. Her romance with Henry O'Malley, a cameraman whom she half promises to marry when Henry's ship comes in, complicates her attitude toward de Brissac, whom she admires and fears. She is not an actress so much as a responsive instrument in the director's hands—as she learns when, frightened by his advances, she leaves his company to make a picture under another's direction. The release of her first picture establishes her as a remarkable new star; and her famous teacher, who now has his own company, wants her back at a salary of fifty-two thousand a year. Hattie, who has fought blindly against de Brissac's influence, surrenders to the inevitable after Henry cold-bloodedly counsels her to accept. Her engagement broken, a new life begins for the girl. Although gradually she grows accustomed to the long hard hours at the studio, the secret meetings with the director, the rewards of her success—interviews, a new bungalow, a car—Hattie clings to the semblance of respectability, and refuses to wear the costly gifts with which de Brissac showers her. She remains innately the old Hattie until, in the guise of an eastern magazine writer, love enters her life. Julian Dempster, a gentleman of a type she has never before encountered, comes to interview the new screen sensation—and stays to fall in love with the real Hattie—tremulous

all-girl, just nineteen. When de Brissac instructs her to hold herself in readiness for a trip to New York with him, to make a personal appearance with their newest picture, Hattie finds the courage to put him off; and when she boards the east-bound train it is with Julian and her maid, not the director. Hattie, at last, has found herself. She has temporarily evaded de Brissac; she is to have at least a few days of clean, sane companionship with the man she loves. She is happy for the first time in her life.

## The Story Proceeds

THE train was climbing the grade out of San Bernadino to the Mojave Desert. Hattie and Dempster found a table for two in the dining car. He was in confessional mood, eager to spread his life before her.

"Mother and I have a little apartment down in Twelfth Street. She's wonderful. And she'll love you. No bigger than you. Slim and little. White hair with a young face. Keeps her figure. And dances like a breeze. She's taught in a girl's school for sixteen years. Earns a little regular salary that way. And we just pitch camp together. . . . I've never felt before that I wanted to make money. I pick up a sort of living, of course, writing articles and reviews and such. My novel was a critical success and brought in a little over nine hundred dollars. The essays and the poems are luxuries. I've got three plays—one of 'em is being read by the Theater Guild now. . . . It's a



Fame, Success and the Golden Favor of the world—or love in a cottage? Hattie—with her one glimpse of paradise—makes a decision both human and surprising

topsy-turvy world. I suppose you get infinitely more than I."

"I don't think money means much to me," said she, gently. "I don't like the pictures very well."

"I don't quite see how you can help it, when you think of the money and the terrific publicity and all. Enough to turn anybody's head."

"It's never seemed real to me, though. It's a big machine that picks you up and rushes you along. You can't think. A year and a half ago I was folding magazines in Pratt and MacIntyre's bindery, over in West Twenty-second Street. I have to pinch myself to realize all that's happened since. They pay me twelve hundred and fifty a week now."

She saw, and felt, across the table, that this announcement had an unhappy effect. After a silence he remarked, gloomily—

"I took in about twenty-six hundred last year, altogether."

"But it's all perfectly crazy," she said, quickly. "And what's the good of money if you're unhappy?"

"I wonder." In sober mood he leaned back in his chair and gazed out at the stark mountains. "Of course, what I want to do—right now—is to ask you to marry me. That's what I'm wild to do really. But nowadays you have to have a little sense. Look at us . . . or look at me! My income wouldn't much more than rent a little apartment in New York. And then I've got Mother to think of. She can't go on earning much longer. Not a great deal longer. I'll confess I've allowed myself to think a little about writing for the pictures. Just these last few days. Some of these people seem to pick up a surprising amount of money."

"Why don't you do that?" she asked.

He moved a listless hand. "I couldn't, Harriet. Never in the world."

"I don't see why."

"You may not like my reasons. It's been interesting, this little glimpse of the picture people at work . . . and curious."

"Why curious?"

"Oh . . . well, look here . . . they do some beautiful



*Hattie took from its white box the long string of pearls, weighed it deliberately in her hand and then drew it about her neck and clasped it*

things. Particularly in photography. And now and then for a moment in direction. There are some good pictures . . . now and then a very good picture, especially among the comedies. At invention, tricks, all that, these people are ingenious and interesting. But the thing isn't an art."

She was studying his slender fingers as they twisted a spoon around and around. She didn't quite know what he meant, but she felt the clarity and freshness of his thinking.

"It's hardly more of an art than the packing business of Armour and Swift. Hollywood is a group of big factories. Quantity production, all the drive and efficiency of a first class automobile plant. Factory men running it and hiring showmen to give it a flavor. The most ingenious devices for finding out



happily in a cottage. But they can't do it. . . . Just imagine the fix of the man—me, if you like—who takes you out of it and then can't offer you a thing but poverty. I tell you poverty isn't pretty. It isn't romantic. Love, the emotion, can't feed on nothing but itself. In a way, I suppose, it passes."

"If I loved a man—" she had to raise her voice to make him hear—"I'd want to give everything up, I think." In a whisper she added, "Everything."

Back in her compartment, after luncheon, the talk went on. Hedwig slipped away unobserved. Disturbing as she found this searching analysis, of his, she couldn't let him stop. She'd never heard the remark of the shrewd Frenchman to the effect that talking love is making love. She only knew that she couldn't let him stop. She knew no other man like him. Henry had seemed a way out, she knew now, because she had so helplessly wanted him to seem that. But this man was real. In his mind, animating every thought and every word, she felt an honesty that was to her a vaguely heart-breaking sort of beauty. . . . she must find a way to give him honesty for honesty. Somehow. She couldn't go to him with a lie on her face—even if he shouldn't want her then. . . . And all this he was saying couldn't be true. That about the force of her career. She couldn't face it. She'd show him. She'd cook for him. She'd live in two rooms. If only she could make him see it! If only she could master her thoughts and find a voice for this painful, wonderful stirring and swelling in her breast! She must find a way out of her inarticulate self. Everything kept on going so fast. . . . And it was so queer. There were dozens of men in Hollywood she knew by their first names; but she hadn't once yet spoken his aloud. Julian! She wondered if she ever could speak it. . . .

Queerly, too, the De Brissac influence had become remote. She could also, at moments, forget it. She thought again of those separate compartments in her life. De Brissac had come as a shock. "But," she reflected, "it wasn't me. It never was me." . . . Somehow she must speak out. She must make him feel the truth as she felt it. He must know, from her own lips, that he was her man.

She realized that he was talking on in that troubled way. Talking with that detachment of his, fairly outside of himself, looking on. He seemed strangely a child. She wanted to take his head in her arms and mother him. Even if her experience should come to him as a shock. . . . She must listen.

"What I come down to is the question whether what we think of as our personal happiness is ever of any particular importance. Every job takes us out of the personal. And living is just a job, I suppose. What we do counts, of course. And what we are, or become, is a result of what we do. But I doubt whether our feelings are important. You've got to go on, whatever you may think at the moment. I couldn't take you out of all that just to live for me. That would be monstrous. Don't you see, Harriet? And God knows I'm no money maker. I'm just one of these unaccountable artist

persons, just a gypsy. I have to wait on my work . . . wait and brood, let the cream rise as it will . . . and then maybe nobody'll want it. I can't drive it or force it. I'm no industry. God, if I only were!"

A shadow fell across the compartment. In the doorway stood the conductor, with his, "Tickets please!"—and behind him the Pullman man.

Hattie had to rummage through her shopping bag for her tickets. While she hunted her thoughts raced. Somehow these men were an opportunity. It almost seemed that she could speak through them to Julian. . . . It was coming true. She *could* speak.



*De Brissac took Hattie's arm and hurried her out to the limousine. "We are going to give you a share in the profits," he said. "That'll be yours personally in any event. And I want you to marry me"*

"Is there—" she was gazing up at them, her face now the sweetly blank mask of the famous picture star—"is there any room in the Grand Canyon car?"

The train conductor turned to the Pullman man.

"Why, yes, Miss John," said that official, eager to please—oh, he knew her!—"There's a couple that want to change to a through car. But I'd have to put you and your maid in a section. There's no compartment."

"That'll be all right," said she, "if you have a berth for Mr. Dempster too."

She could feel Julian's startled gaze, but didn't look. This was her competent everyday side. A year and a half of the picture business had developed that side. It was a relief to fall back into it for a moment. And it was amusing to know that Julian couldn't protest. He had to go away with the Pullman man after his things quite as matter-of-fact as she. She found she could even smile at him then, and secretly—playfully, even—catch his hand and give it a little squeeze. . . . This would be the first step on the way out of her problem. The effort

with Henry had been ill-judged, but this was right. She felt it, as the stony-faced Hedwig and the porter carried her things back through the train, exultantly. And the discovery that Julian was evading her brought a brooding faint smile. He had accepted the situation. She could see his suitcase resting on a seat a little way along the aisle. But she knew that he couldn't trust himself with her here in the open car. Not now. She had read it in his eyes when he went away with the Pullman man and in the fingers that for a moment had clung to hers.

35.

AT last, in the evening, they had the observation platform to themselves. All afternoon they had tacitly kept off this topic of the Canyon trip, even while rushing to it. For while outwardly everything was as before,—they were simply to be on the train, with Hedwig, one more day—their hearts, with that impulsive decision of hers, broke bounds. They were closer; no doubt about that. . . . He said, finally, out here, tucked with her in a corner, on a little camp stool—

"This business does sort of crash in on us—this Canyon business. I was trying to think (CONTINUED ON PAGE 100)



# She Wants to Be Wicked

But screen blondes aren't permitted indiscretions and ALICE TERRY must go on being good

By *Delight Evans*

LILLIAN GISH as *Cleopatra*.  
Mary Pickford as *Camille*.  
Or Alice Terry as *Du Barry*.  
Don't worry. *You're* all right.  
It's just that such things cannot be.

Consider Alice Terry. This is not what you'd call a hardship. She is, without a doubt, one of the sweetest girls in pictures. She's blonde; starry-eyed; lovely. She can weep at will; bring to your eye a tear, to your heart a throb (see press sheet). A noble character, she suffers,



*Alice Terry may never forgive us for publishing this shot of her as an extra in an old Triangle Olive Thomas picture. She is second from the left*

*Alice Terry isn't really a blonde. Only on the screen when she dons a golden wig. In private life her hair is a dark auburn. But the wig is a bar to the kind of rôles she wants to play, for it is an unwritten celluloid law that blondes must always be noble*

sacrificing herself for a cause. You feel so sorry for her. You remember she gave up *Julio* and *Rudolph Rassendyll*. On different occasions, of course. And what girl could do more?

Now, here she was. Sweet Alice. Same starry eyes. Same sweet, sad smile.

Her lovely lips parted. Her sapphire eyes widened. Did a tear tremble on that long curly lash?

"I want," she said, "oh, I do so want—"

Was she going to cry?

"I want to be bad."

Then, "Why," she wailed—she didn't really; her voice is soft and she couldn't wail if she wanted to—"why must I always be so noble? They tell me blondes must be that way. I have known of blondes who had it all over brunettes when it came to fire and fascination. But there seems to be a law against blondes being themselves on the screen. They've got to be good. It's in their contracts."

The poor girl has always had to be sweet and noble. That horrid husband of hers simply puts his foot down. Except for her one little indiscretion as *Marguerite* in "The Four Horsemen," she's been good. And she has been atoning for that [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]





Abbe

"PEG O' MY HEART" has finally fought her way through the courts to the screen. Her creator, Miss Laurette Taylor, makes her silent debut in the Metro production directed by King Vidor. The celebrated actress, in private life the wife of J. Hartley Manners, "Peg's" papa, will soon be seen on the stage in "Humoresque," in the mother rôle performed, in pictures, by Vera Gordon



# To Have and To Hold

By  
*Mary Johnston*

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*Jocelyn Leigh  
was the fairest  
of all the ladies  
in waiting at  
the court of  
James the First*

*Fictionized by*  
William Almon Wolff

*The King's BEAUTIFUL WARD offered herself to be sold on the marriage block of old Virginia colony—and found love in a wilderness hut*

JAMES THE FIRST, called from his bleak rule of Scotland to be king of England, as well, when Elizabeth died childless, sat, blinking, chuckling, as Lord Carnal danced. Carnal wore the paint and the feathers of an Indian chief; he had persuaded the Princess Pocahontas, whom James Rolfe had brought home from Virginia as his bride, to tell him how he should be clad. And now he danced, before the inner circle of the court, as a new sop to the jaded appetite of the king whose favorite, for the moment, he was.

Licentious, abandoned, he danced with a sneer and a curl of his lips. The queen, half bored, half angry, looked on; she had not cared to make a new issue by absenting herself from this performance. Near her was Jocelyn Leigh, fairest of her ladies in waiting; close to Jocelyn, again, her friend, Jane Carr; by Jane's side Jocelyn's brother, Robert Leigh, sighing his love. "Beast—oh, beast!" The exclamation was torn from Jocelyn; only Jane heard it.

"Dearest—I know—"

"Jane—he wants to marry me—that satyr—and the king—"

"But—surely the queen—?"

"You know how things stand!" Jocelyn laughed bitterly. "She has no influence now! Carnal is on the crest of the wave. It will dash him down—just as it has thrown him up. And me with it!"

"But—if you say—"

"I? What am I? A ward of the king—to be given in marriage to any profligate who pleases him and seeks my fortune! My fortune—my misfortune! If they would take the money and let me go free! Ah—"

She sat, brooding, watching the dancer. Once he caught her eye and smiled, and she shuddered. For she knew that it was not only her money that Carnal sought; knew that she had touched some deeply hidden spring in his strange nature, awakened desires long dormant.

Jocelyn's young brother stirred, uneasily; his hand crept toward Jane's and touched it. The queen's eyes were upon him; presently, with an imperious nod, she beckoned to him, and he went to her, feigning eagerness. Here was a pretty comedy enough—in the queen's eyes, if not in those of Jane Carr, grown sombre, suddenly, as she watched.





*Through the long days of endless sea and sky, he stood on deck with the lady Jocelyn, watching the horizon line*

The king was indifferent to the queen; absorbed in his dull pleasures, fascinated by Carnal and the amusements he furnished. And the queen, piqued, angered, too, by the waning of her influence, was playing an age old game. She had chosen young Robert Leigh, almost at random; marked him by her favors; done all she could to arouse the king's jealousy. Tonight she went farther than ever before; in the face of the whole court she rose, and bidding Robert follow her, went to her own apartments.

Jane's hand went to her heart; Jocelyn was swift in comfort. "Dearest!" she said. "Don't fear—he has eyes only for you! This wretched jest will not endure—"

But the king, too, had seen. He was dark with anger; abruptly, now, he halted the dance; called Carnal to his side. Carnal stood, bending down, smiling, sneering. Once he nodded his head.

"I'm afraid!" said Jane. "Jocelyn—they are planning something terrible—"

Jocelyn, too, was afraid. But she hid her fears; she carried her head high as, at the king's sudden movement, all rose.

"There is nothing to fear—" she said.

But there was. And morning brought the dreadful confirma-

tion of Jane's fears. A rumor ran about the court; spread like a fire in dry grass. There had been a quarrel; a duel. And young Robert Leigh was dead; slain by Carnal, famous—or notorious!—as the first swordsman of Europe.

Stark horror silenced even Jocelyn's tears. The king was brutal, open, in his delight. The queen had dared to slight him; the instrument of her spite had paid the penalty of his complacency. Carnal, high in favor before, was exalted to the clouds. The king bade him ask what reward he would; shook his head, though, even so, when his favorite named his boon.

"Man—man—there's strong meat for any taste! To wed the sister of the man you slew!" Carnal shrugged.

"I will engage to make her forget that trifle, sire!" he said. "It has been said I have a way with women."

"Eh—no doubt, no doubt!" The king chuckled. "Have your way, man. My word is passed—I'll not go back upon it."

And so to Jocelyn, stark in her grief, the dreadful news of her betrothal was brought. She had no friend to whom she dared appeal. Jane Carr lay stricken. The queen—Jocelyn's cheeks flamed at the thought of the woman who, to further her own ends, had sacrificed a boy of stainless honor and repute. But to be wed to Carnal! Horrible before, the thought was dreadful now beyond all words or thought.

Staring, as she sat alone, she thought of taking her own life. But there was victory for Carnal! No—her youth, her hope, burned high within her. It might come to that—but not until the end was hard upon her!

Alone, in her rooms, she walked up and down, seeking some means of flight. And suddenly she came upon her maid, who was packing her belongings.

"Eh, Patience—are you going, indeed?" she asked. "You are brave—to sail with the cargo of brides Sir Edwin Sandys is sending to Virginia! To mate with some rough man whom you have never seen—who may beat you—maltreat you—"

Patience lifted her brown eyes.

"But, my lady, I think that he will love me," she said.

"Minx—I've no doubt of it!" Jocelyn laughed for the first time in days. But in a moment she was sombre again. "Is it worse than my

fate, though? To wed a stranger—would not even that be better than to wed—Carnal?"

On the instant her plan was formed.

"Patience!" she cried. "Would you serve me—save me from worse than death?"

"You know I would, my lady—"

"Then—let me sail tomorrow in your stead! Give me your clothes—your passport! Let me be Patience Worth! Let Jocelyn Leigh vanish!"

She was not to be gainsaid. Patience, accustomed to obey her, was beaten down; frightened, appalled, she consented, at last; dressed her mistress in her own garb; told her all that she must do.

"We were—you are—to be landed at Jamestown. The settlers there are prospering, they say—they need wives to make them homes. And each who chooses a bride from the ship must pay for her passage a hundred and fifty pounds of the best tobacco."

"Have you—have I—no choice?"

"Aye—if two or three should seek the one maid she may declare her choice among them."

"But she must wed if any seek her?"

"Such is the letter of the compact that I signed—"



For a moment more Jocelyn hesitated.

"So be it!" she cried, then.

Three thousand miles away a settler stood before his cabin on the James. The forest was all about him; his cleared land, that, in the past, he had seen the Indians harry more than once, while he directed the defence of the fort at Jamestown, a dozen miles away, lay, rich and fertile, by the river's banks. And to Captain Ralph Percy, who, next to Rolfe himself, stood highest in the new colony of Virginia, his servant, Sparrow, addressed himself.

"Aye, master, and why not?" he whined. "Here they be coming, the bonny lasses! Why should ye not pick a wife among them—to cook, and keep the cabin clean, and do such women's work?"

"And save you the work I feed your worthless carcass for doing, I suppose?" said Captain Percy, with a laugh. "If ever I wed 'twill be in a different fashion—so much I promise you!"

Sparrow grumbled at that; was persistent. To silence him Percy exclaimed at last.

"Eh—come, then—I'll take you to the town, and you shall seek a wife for yourself, if not for me! 'Twill be a sight to see them land, at least!"

ON the wharf at Jamestown excitement reigned. The ship was in the harbor; beating up. And ashore the wooers waited. They were clad in their rough best. Rude jests were flung about. But order there was; the governor sat in one great chair; the commander of the fort in another. A minister, in robes and surplice, waited; tobacco, to be rendered in payment, had been brought, piled up in great bales beside the scales.

At last the ship was warped close in; a plank was run down; a guard was formed. The captain came ashore and paid his respects to the governor. And the rail was lined with the brides!

Young and not so young, pretty and plain, they were there. Some were all aglow with blushes; some were brazen, ready to exchange coarse pleasantries with the men who stared at them.

"Eh, Tom!" cried one. "That buxom blonde is mine—see her?" "Yours—it's me she'll pick!" cried his companion.

There came an end to waiting. One by one the maids tripped down the plank. With cries and laughs they were greeted. In a moment the first couple stood before the minister to be wed. Percy looked on smiling, chuckling, wondering. What manner of traffic was this? And yet—might it not be worse? What stories lay behind the coming of these women—but, what mattered stories of the past? Here was a new world—a new life—a new beginning!

And then, suddenly, he was startled into attention. Last of all the maids he saw one come, shrinking from the rude stares that greeted her, drawing back from prying hands that plucked at her gown. Even as he looked one rough fellow seized upon her; drew her into his embrace. She screamed and struggled; laughter came from those who saw. This was no moment for maids to be squeamish! But in a stride Percy was there; plucked the bully away; thrust him, grumbling, but afraid to resist, away.

"I—I thank you, sir—" she gasped.

He started. This was no wench's voice.

"How come you here, mistress?" he asked. "Who are you?"

"My—" She caught her breath. "My name is Patience—Worth. I was maid to a lady of the court."

He considered her, gravely. Others were hovering about.

"Where is the governor?" she cried.

Percy pointed. And she went straight to His Excellency. He heard her plea; courteously, but firmly, answered it.

"Nay, mistress—you must wed, or be sent back whence you came," he said.

She turned away, shrinking, in a horrid indecision. And upon an impulse Percy, who had listened, went to her.

"If you will honor me, mistress, you may stay as my wife," he said.

She gave him a long look; a look that searched his heart. And with a sigh she took the arm he offered her. So was the Lady Jocelyn Leigh, ward of the throne, betrothed of Lord Carnal, wedded to Captain Ralph Percy. Sparrow flung up his hat. But Percy, sober as she, handed her into his boat, and rowed her to her new home in the forest's heart.

Barè and gloomy, indeed, did that home look in her first twilight sight of it. As if for the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

*"We sink or swim together now," Percy said, curtly, to Carnal. "Back me up and we've a chance—when first we meet an English ship"*





# How They Keep in Trim

**M**OTION picture stars have to keep fit. They can't allow themselves to go stale, for it will mean, not only a loss of health, but a loss of acting vigor and appeal. Healthy exercise counts for as much as a regular amount of sleep and a well balanced diet.

Ordinary persons, engaged in any sort of work—routine or otherwise—may learn something from the folk pictured upon these pages. They may learn that swimming, tennis, walking—all simple means of exercise—are exceedingly worth while.

*Look at Owen Moore!  
The good old game of  
golf is his favorite way  
of keeping in trim*

Photo by Stagg



*William deMille,  
doing a Tilden.  
And doing it very  
well. Tennis exer-  
cises every muscle  
violently, and frees  
even a busy director  
from a weight of ner-  
vous strain*

*Mary Pickford  
rides to work  
every day—on a  
bicycle. A sport  
that everybody  
can afford, as  
well as enjoy*







*Jack Holt is a member of one of the west's finest polo teams; he shines at rodeo and round-up, and he rides daily, using an English saddle. Riding keeps down the waist-line, and builds up pep—see Holt in one of his screen battles, if you want proof!*



*Shooting marbles isn't the most violent exercise—but it satisfies. Ask Jackie Coogan, champion of all Hollywood!*



*Malcolm McGregor says that swimming—and, in especial, diving—is the sport of kings. This versatile young man, before making good in "The Prisoner of Zenda," was one of the swimming champions of Yale. He still wears the coveted Y on his jersey*





THOMAS MEIGHAN

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Pen and Pencil  
Impression

of

THOMAS MEIGHAN

By

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG  
AND MARGARET SANGSTER

***D**EEP, kindly eyes set in a broad browed face,  
A mouth that smiles with tolerance and mirth;  
A joy of life that nothing can erase,  
A friendliness toward all the warm brown earth.  
A boyishness, and yet a latent power  
That speaks from every keenly graven line—  
An eagerness to meet the trying hour,  
A sense of humor broad and deep and fine.*

*One does not wonder of the soul that lives,  
Behind the utter candor of your glance,  
Here is a certainty—something that gives  
Reality to story and romance.  
Willing to laugh, two-fisted in a fight,  
And yet, to those in need, a modern knight!*



# Favorite Recipes

EVERY one of the following recipes, favorites of famous screen stars, has been thoroughly tested.

Directions and ingredients are accurate to the smallest degree.

A PHOTOPLAY representative assisted each star in making her favorite dish and later tried the recipe in her own kitchen, so that you are perfectly safe in preparing any one of these for your own lunch or dinner today.

Many of these recipes are new, never having been published anywhere before; but a number of them are old family treasures, handed down through the generations.



*Mae Busch*

## *Steak a la Cliff House—Mae Busch*

Heat an iron skillet very hot and grease slightly with suet. Place in this one good thick steak—a New York cut, tenderloin or porterhouse, is the best. It should be two or three inches thick. The instant it is done to your taste, slash across the top with a sharp knife, making eight or ten shallow cuts. Rub in three tablespoons of butter, a teaspoon of mustard, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce and a few of A1 sauce. Salt, pepper and cayenne to taste. Rub in with a tablespoon until the steak has absorbed it all. Garnish with chopped parsley and serve.

## *Beaten Biscuit—Florence Vidor*

One pint flour;  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of lard; 1 teaspoon of salt; milk and water.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Work in the lard with your fingers. Add half milk and half water, to make a stiff dough. Toss on a floured board, roll, and beat with a rolling pin for thirty minutes. The dough should be pounded until flat, then turned, folded three times, and beaten again. Cut fairly thick, prick with a fork, place in buttered tins and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.



*Florence Vidor*





Agnes Ayres



Enid Bennett



Dorothy Phillips

### Nut-Raisin Devil's Food Cake—Agnes Ayres

Two cups of sugar;  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup butter;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sour milk; 1 teaspoon soda; 2 eggs; 2 squares melted chocolate;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped raisins;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts.

Cream the butter and sugar. Sweeten the milk with soda and add it to the mixture. Beat the eggs well and add with the melted chocolate. Sift the flour in and beat thoroughly. Add raisins and walnuts. Bake in layers in a moderate oven. Cover with a simple white frosting.

### Italian Spaghetti—Enid Bennett

Take one pound of long unbroken spaghetti and place it gently, so as not to break, in a saucepan holding about one gallon of boiling water which has been well salted, boiling it slowly for about twenty-five minutes, or until tender. Then drain water off in a colander, pour a cup or two of cold water through to keep the strands separate, then return to saucepan to keep hot.

*The Sauce*—Take a can of tomatoes (I use Campbell's tomato soup) and two small cans of antipasto or Italian tomato paste and mix them in a saucepan. Add two cloves of garlic cut fine, four bay leaves, a few pepper corns, salt to taste,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of olive oil, two large tablespoons of imported grated Parmesan cheese. Cook all together until thoroughly seasoned. Drain and pour over the spaghetti. Before putting sauce on the spaghetti take a good sized piece of butter and melt with more garlic cut fine. Drain it and pour on the spaghetti, then the tomato sauce, and sprinkle a little more cheese.

### Pineapple and Cucumber Salad—Dorothy Phillips

Soak one tablespoon of Knox gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of cold water. When dissolved, pour in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of boiling water,  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Put this in the ice box until it begins to harden. Then add one cup of chopped cucumbers and one cup of chopped pineapple. Mould in individual cups. Oil the cups before pouring in the mixture so it will come out whole. Don't chop the fruit but cut with a knife. Serve with mayonnaise or a boiled dressing.





*May McAvoy*

*Boiled Dressing Recipe*—Beat two eggs in the top of a double boiler. Add two teaspoons of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, a pinch of mustard, and a tablespoon of flour—which have been moistened to a paste with water. Two tablespoons of vinegar should be added last of all. Place over boiling water and cook until thick, stirring constantly, and beat in a little over a half pint of whipped cream.

### *Shrimp Gumbo*—May McAvoy

One-half pound of ham; 1½ pounds of veal; 2 pounds of fresh okra; 1 small onion; 1 hot green chile pepper; 1 tablespoon of flour; 1 can tomatoes; 2 or 3 bay leaves; thyme; parsley, salt; pepper, cayenne; 2 pounds fresh picked shrimps; rice.

Put the veal in a kettle with about two quarts of water, and cook until tender. Take a large iron skillet and braise (using lard or shortening) the veal meat, which has been diced very small with a knife. Braise the ham, also diced, and the okra. Be sure to braise the okra until all the slimy liquid has cooked away. Add the onion, sliced fine, and the chile. When this is all well browned, thicken with flour. Add the tomatoes and the stock from the veal, two or three bay leaves, a pinch of thyme, salt, pepper, a palmful of chopped parsley, and cayenne. Cover, and cook until all the liquid is cooked away. About fifteen minutes before removing from the fire, add the shrimps. Serve with freshly boiled rice.

### *Pineapple Froth*—Betty Compson

One-half pound of marshmallows; small can of pineapple; ½ teaspoon of vanilla; ½ pint of whipping cream; Maraschino cherries; Canton ginger.

Dice the marshmallows and the pineapple quite small. Pour the juice from the pineapples over the marshmallows and soak in the icebox until soft, probably about half or three-quarters of an hour. Be sure that the marshmallows are fresh. Whip the cream, flavor, add the pineapple and marshmallows, and serve in glasses garnished with a cherry and a piece of Canton ginger. This is a last minute dessert and should be served just as soon as completed.



*Betty Compson*



Blonde Betty—or Betty of the dark, reddish brown, curly hair? In the circle you see Miss Compson as she really looks. Below, Betty in the blonde wig she has worn in three pictures

# Presto!

Coiffures, more what a difference



Dorothy Dalton bobbed her dark brown hair to be "Moran of the Lady Letty"



Until it grows long again she has to resort to the blonde wig you see at the left, for her films



In "Foolish Wives," Mae Busch wore the stately blonde wig you see above. But in "The Devil's Passkey," she was seen in her own wild, raven bobbed curls. The two Maes might be slightly related, but only slightly



# Making Blondes of Brunettes

than clothes, make the lady. And, oh! blonde tresses make to our best brunettes!

*Bobbed and blonde and curly is Wanda Hawley's own coiffure. But she often has to appear in rôles which demand a more dignified hairdress, so she wears this long, wavy blonde wig which you see below*



*Julia Faye—to the left—as she appears in Cecil deMille's productions, wearing blonde wig. Above, as she really looks with her own coal black hair and eyes*

*Anita Stewart's personality varies with her wigs. The blonde Anita is stately and a bit haughty. The Anita of the wavy brown tresses is soft and sweet. Miss Stewart likes herself as a blonde*





Photo  
Maurice  
Goldberg

*Natacha  
Rambova  
Valentino  
is described  
as white satin  
embroidered in  
gold, a copy of Swin-  
burne in bound scarlet*

# Wedded and Parted

or, in other words, the story of

## Natacha Rambova Valentino

By Ruth Waterbury

*"IT wasn't love at first sight. I think it was good comradeship more than anything else."*

*"All women love the man who appeals to their maternity. Rudy does that instinctively and it is devastating in its effects on feminine resistance."*

*"When we discovered we were in love, we had it all planned that we would wait a year until Rudy's divorce was final. But I knew nothing about divorces and neither did he. They are so different everywhere. We thought he was divorced and that he had received his decree or whatever it was, and thought it was only some state law that kept us from marrying."*

*"If Rudy hadn't been Rudy they wouldn't have jumped on us. Fame is like a giant X-Ray. Once you are exposed beneath it, the very beatings of your heart are shown to a gaping world."*

She is very subtle, is Natacha Rambova. She is white satin embroidered in gold, she is absinthe in a crystal glass, she is a copy of Swinburne bound in scarlet. She is beauty drugged with sophistication.

And she will hate me for saying all that.

For she doesn't mean to be any of it. She is, she believes, too natural. People are always misunderstanding, she says, her frankness and becoming angry with her outspoken opinions and she hasn't any idea what her name is.

"Whether to call myself Winifred Hudnut or Natacha Rambova or Mrs. Rodolph Valentino, I don't know," she explains. "Natacha Rambova seems to belong most to me, the individual I think I am, but of course, I wasn't born that way. When I went into the Russian Ballet, though, I had to have a Russian name. That was just after my course at art school in Paris and I was seventeen, and I have been using that name ever since. I speak Russian and all that is Russian appeals to me and moreover that is what Rudy calls me."

Her eyes soften when she speaks of him and yet she refuses to be romantic about it.

"It wasn't love at first sight," she says. "I think it was good comradeship more than anything else. We were both very lonely but we had known each other more than six months before we became at all interested in each other. I was working for Nazimova and Rudy was working on 'The Four Horsemen.' I saw him occasionally and felt a bit sorry for him because he seemed always to be apart by himself. You don't know Rudy when he



*"Rudy's personality on the screen is entirely different from the Rudy I know," says Mrs. Valentino. "Basically he is just a little boy"*





Above and below, two examples of Mrs. Valentino's bizarre costume designs



After taking a course of art in Paris, Natacha Rambova Valentino, then seventeen, ran away and joined the Russian Ballet. Then it was she took her odd name. "Natacha Rambova seems to belong most to me," she says, "the individuality I think I am"

works. He sees nothing and thinks nothing and does nothing but live the character he is portraying. As the first of his work in the 'Four Horsemen' was finished and the officials saw it, his name began to mean something. They began to talk about him and tell weird stories about his fascination for women and perhaps that was what piqued my interest. What I couldn't figure out was, how any one could be the villainous person he was reputed to be and yet be home in a tiny room every night by about nine o'clock and on the lot each morning all ready for work before anyone else had even arrived. Still, I never really talked to him until we began to work on 'Camille.' Then his work began to interest me. There is really nothing sophisticated or seductive about Rudy, whatsoever. It's like my drawings. I am perfectly willing to admit that they are morbid, yet I am the most prosaic of human beings."

She looked very prosaic. It was eleven o'clock in the morning and she was wearing a dress of black velvet, softly bloused, with a skirt slashed to reveal pleatings of copper colored chiffon. Her hair was smoothly parted above her broad forehead, around which was tightly banded a ribbon of black. On her feet were slippers of scarlet. She wore a wrist watch about an inch broad, that inch being made of solid diamonds, and on her fingers were three rings of platinum and diamonds. She will never be termed pretty, but she will often be called beautiful. Yes, she looked very prosaic.

"Now Rudy has a personality that comes out on the screen

which is entirely different from the Rudy I know. Yet I believe it is part of him as the exotic quality in my sketches is part of me. But basically he is just a little boy. Things hurt him as they would hurt a child and he is quite as emotional. Also he is just as spontaneous and trustful. Yet with all that there is a remarkable matter-of-factness about him and sincerity. He is the most sincere person I have ever known."

Natacha was trying very hard to be coldly analytical about this young lover of hers, but she wasn't succeeding very well. Every time she spoke of him the color rose in her white cheeks delightfully.

"When we did discover we were in love," she confessed, "we had it all planned that we would wait a year until Rudy's divorce was final. But I knew nothing about divorces and neither did he. They are so different everywhere and we really thought he was divorced and that he had received his decree or whatever it was, and thought it was only some state law that kept us from marrying. So on May 14, 1922, we went down to Palm Springs on a party. It was fearfully respectable. Everyone we knew was there and we had no thought of being married at that time. But someone, I don't remember who, suggested that we go over to Mexico and be married. Several couples we knew had done the same thing before under similar circumstances but we had to be the ones [CONT'D ON PAGE 117]



# "Tol'able David" Wins



# Photoplay's Medal of Honor

PHOTOPLAY'S second Medal of Honor, for the year of 1921, has been awarded to the Inspiration Pictures, Inc., production, "Tol'able David." The award was made by the readers of PHOTOPLAY, thousands of votes having been cast to decide the question. "Tol'able David" led in the avalanche of votes by a safe margin.

It will be remembered that PHOTOPLAY awarded its first Medal of Honor, for the best production of 1920, to the Cosmopolitan production of "Humoresque." In first announcing its plan to award an annual medal of honor, PHOTOPLAY defined its qualifications of a great picture as a combination of theme, story, direction, acting, continuity, setting and photography.

PHOTOPLAY believes that its readers displayed keen judgment and fine discrimination in selecting "Tol'able David" as the best picture of 1921, weighed in the scales herein named. PHOTOPLAY believes "Tol'able David" to be a splendid example of the co-ordination of all the elements which go towards making a film masterpiece. Moreover, "Tol'able David" is superbly American in spirit and background. It is redolent of the forces that went to make our land. Its theme is the spiritual development of boyhood into manhood. The fight the Virginia backwoods boy, David, to establish himself as a man and a Kine-man, was a thing to appeal to every real American.

"Tol'able David" was based upon a short story by Joseph Hergesheimer. Praise for its production seems to be pretty evenly distributed. Its star, Richard Barthelmess, deserves credit for first seeing its screen value. With his director, Henry King, and his continuity writer, Edmund Goulding, he worked for months with Mr. Hergesheimer perfecting a bullet proof script. Much of the excellence of the detail and atmosphere later revealed by the finished film was due to this thorough preliminary work.

A great deal of credit goes to Director King, who so successfully caught the spirit and feeling of the Virginia backwoods. "Tol'able David" was vibrant with carefully created atmosphere. Indeed, "Tol-

*Facsimile of the Photoplay Medal of Honor awarded by popular vote to the producer of "Tol'able David" as the best picture of 1921*

'able David" lifted Mr. King to the forefront of our most promising directors.

Naturally, a large share of credit goes to the producers, Inspiration Pictures, who had the courage and farsightedness to make "Tol'able David." And additional praise must be given Mr. Barthelmess, who, as David, did the best work of his career—with possibly one histrionic exception. His David takes second

place only to his poetic and delicately attuned Yellow Man of "Broken Blossoms." The camera work, too, was of the best, for which Henry Cronjager must be given credit.

Of particular interest was the fact that "Tol'able David" marked the entrance of a new producing organization, headed by Charles H. Duell, Jr., into the film field, as well as the first appearance of Barthelmess as a star in his own name. This organization has since taken over the screen destinies of two other Griffith stars, Lillian and Dorothy Gish. Mr. Duell, by the way, is a cousin of Elihu Root and a son of the late Judge Charles H. Duell.

PHOTOPLAY devised its idea of awarding a yearly Medal of Honor to further aid the development of the motion picture

play. It felt that such an award, selected by the film fans themselves, would be a worthy and distinguished compliment to the men who gave their best towards bettering the photoplay. The first Medal of Honor, for the year 1920, was voted by the readers of PHOTOPLAY to "Humoresque." At the time, comment was made upon the splendid thought behind the story of "Humoresque": mother-love. It is interesting to note that PHOTOPLAY'S readers selected another vital force of life in making it their second selection, for the elements going into the metamorphosis of a youth into manhood constitute the story of "Tol'able David."

When the first Medal of Honor was awarded to "Humoresque" it was expressly stated that, had "The Miracle Man" not been a 1919 release, that production might have stood an excellent chance of receiving the initial award. This year it is interesting to note that the readers of PHOTOPLAY gave "Over



*Richard Barthelmess and Ernest Torrence in the thrilling climax of "Tol'able David," where the mountain boy wins his right to carry the government mail*





Top, Richard Barthelmess, the star, Joseph Hergesheimer, the author, and Henry King, the director, of the Medal of Honor production, "Tol'able David." Photographed during the making of the picture. Center, Edmund Goulding, author of the continuity. Lower right, Mr. Barthelmess as the Virginia boy hero of "Tol'able David"



the Hill" second place in their votes and Rex Ingram's "Four Horsemen" third place.

It is worthy of note that, in PHOTOPLAY for last August, in writing a review of the film season, Frederick James Smith selected "Tol'able David" as the best picture of the screen year ending July 1st, 1922. Thus, for once at least, fans and critics are in thorough accord.

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor is a thing of distinct beauty. It is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. It was executed, as was the Medal of Honor of 1920, by Tiffany and Company of New York. The inscription on the obverse side reads: *The Photoplay Magazine Medal. On the reverse: Presented to Inspiration Pictures, by Photoplay Magazine, for the production Tol'able David, the best photoplay of the year 1921.*

Attention of PHOTOPLAY readers is called to the awarding of the next Medal of Honor, for this year. This new contest will not be open until six months after the close of 1922. Thus all pictures released during the year will have time to reach all parts of the world, affording every production an equal opportunity.

Announcements of the vote upon the third PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor will be made in this magazine in plenty of time for every reader to take advantage of it.







**The Bond Boy—First National**

"THE BOND BOY" is a drab, stark and determinedly drear tale—but it is singularly good. And, if it doesn't possess Richard Barthelmess' best screen performance thus far, count us out as reliable screen commentators.

If you have read *PHOTOPLAY* you know the story. All about a simple country boy who is bound out to a cruel farmer, for whose murder he is later tried. The boy is unjustly found guilty, watches the building of his own scaffold, escapes, is pursued by bloodhounds—and is saved by a nick-o-time confession.

All this is told very directly and simply by Henry King. We take exception only to the over long shots of the maddened boy in jail, watching the shadow of the swinging hangman's rope. Barthelmess' performance is superb in its shading and, just a little behind, is Mary Alden's playing of his worn and broken mother.



**Skin Deep—First National**

PLASTIC surgery and battle—also bottle—scarred veterans! They're always good for a round of applause. Especially when they're linked together with a couple of near murders, an escape by aeroplane, an unfaithful wife, and a gangster framed and sent to prison for another's crime.

Hokum, certainly. But so well constructed, so well directed, that almost any audience will applaud at the proper times. There are moments of suspense that bring out the perspiration—and what melodrama can do more?

Milton Sills, as *Bud Doyle*, makes himself unbelievably ugly for about two-thirds of the picture. And, incidentally, does some good work as a man who isn't allowed to reform. With the recovery of his usual profile he loses a trifle of the convincing earnestness that made his part worth while. Marcia Manon gives color to the rôle of his ambitious wife, and Florence Vidor—as a sympathetic little nurse—is sweet enough to make any man reform.

## THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

# THE SHADOW STAGE

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

### A Review of the New Pictures



**Omar, the Tentmaker—First National**

A SERIES of murals, done in the manner of Maxfield Parrish, come true. The rare brilliance of the orient blended with the more sombre shadings of real life. Pathos, unadulterated romance, and a story that will grip and hold any audience.

This would sound like over extravagant praise. But in reality there is much that could be said of Richard Walton Tully's second picture. Guy Bates Post is the star of the production, but—though as the old *Omar* his interpretation touches the high places—Virginia Browne Faire carries off the real acting honors. Her *Shireen* is sweet and tender and yet fiery. She is gentle springtime in a rose garden—patient old age in a stone-flagged kitchen. Her emotions are as varied, and as beautiful, as the changing colors of a prism.

The plot is, in a truly historical sense, a chronicle of the life of Omar Khayyam—poet and astrologer. It tells of his trials and disappointments and of his final triumph over despair. Almost a tragedy, it is. But there are wee touches of finely drawn humor—for people were human, even in the Persia of a thousand years ago.

The cast, to the smallest detail, is quite worthy of an unusual play. It includes Patsy Ruth Miller as *the little Shireen*, Maurice Flynn (the erstwhile "Lefty" of Yale football fame) as *the Christian*, Noah Beery as the *Shah of Shaks*, and such fine actors as Walter Long, Nigel de Bruiliere, and Boris Karloff in minor parts.

Due credit should be given to the camera man, or whoever it is that takes credit for the use of soft focus in the early garden scenes. There is a misty loveliness about them that would make the picture worth while, even if the rest of it were not so utterly satisfactory. It's for everybody.



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

OMAR THE TENTMAKER  
THE BOND BOY  
THE OLD HOMESTEAD  
SKIN DEEP.  
TRIFLING WOMEN  
BROADWAY ROSE

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 94



The Old Homestead—Paramount

THE most famous of the bucolic classics, made into a picture that gets at least a little under the skin of the blasé audience, and makes the unsophisticated one feel for its hankie. Acted neatly by a well chosen group of players, and so real in setting and detail that James Cruze, the director, deserves a vote of thanks.

Simply told, but with a pathos that cannot be laughed away, the story of unselfishness and clean philosophy and virtue rewarded is thrown upon the silver sheet. There are big moments, when a near-hurricane works havoc with the country-side. But the real thrills come with the little bits of business employed by those two remarkable actors, Theodore Roberts, who makes real the part of *Uncle Josh*, despite curious whiskers, and George Fawcett as the "fair man," *Eph Holbrook*, who holds the mortgage on the old homestead. Just a slight movement of the head, a tightening hand, an expression of the eye. Nothing spectacular or stagy about their methods! And yet they bring life—everyday, throbbing life—to the screen.

A word must be said of Fritzi Ridgeway, who as *Anne*, the orphan, does the finest bit of her career. A girl feeling love for the first time, a gentle heart crushed by sorrow—her face mirrors the anguish that comes, at some time, into every woman's life. Her heroine is not a pretty doll in a sunbonnet. Her gestures are poignantly those of a girl raised upon a farm.

T. Roy Barnes as *Happy Jack*, the tramp, is good, too. "The Old Homestead" is a thing of the most elemental theatric hokum—and yet we guarantee you will like it.

"Way Down East" had its graphic snow storm but "The Old Homestead" has its wind storm—and a highly conscientious and hard working hurricane it is. You'll love the way it plays with trees and roofs and village store fronts.



Trifling Women—Metro

THIS is the sort of thing a director seems to love. Indeed, "Trifling Women" is a directorial orgy. A tale within a tale, it shows an old man telling a story to his flirtative daughter. The tale is designed to cure her—and it should, for it is gory enough to satisfy the theatric longings of any director. Of a super-vampire who cruelly leads an old roue, his son and another chap to death and who herself ends mad and a prisoner in the dungeon of a deserted tower. All this is a little too preposterous for belief. Actually it borders on sheer absurdity at times. Rex Ingram shows traces of Poe's "Murders of the Rue Morgue." Richard Mansfield's "A Parisian Romance," "A Fool There Was" and "Dr. Caligari." Ingram did this years ago as "Black Orchids." He might better have left it in peace, for this version is both long and unnecessary. Barbara Le Marr slumps in our estimation as a silken vamp.



Broadway Rose—Metro

ANOTHER variation of the usual Mae Murray theme—the highly virtuous dancer from the simple country, the wicked city slicker and the moral and upright lad from the home town. This time the guileless *Rose* marries the boy of wealth only to discover him to be a weakling. With which she turns to the country chap who has loved her all along. There are many shots of *Rose* dancing here, there and everywhere. The opus is related in Miss Murray's most affected manner. And Mae is affectation plus. We concede that many film fans consider these aforementioned affectations in the light of adored cute-isms. To others they are as hayfever, earthquakes, bolsheveki and kindred problems of nature which *must* be endured. Yet these folk must be in the minority, for Mae is undeniably popular. So we offer "Broadway Rose" to those as care for it. It is garish and tinselly and far, far from life, but—ah—those intriguing Murray knees!





**Under Two Flags—Universal**

"OUIDA'S immortal novel"—business of quoting—done again. Overdone, in fact. Scarcely a moment of realism, perhaps due to the fact that the novel belongs to another generation. Some really fine battle scenes, and some splendid exhibitions of cavalry riding. Priscilla Dean, as *Cigarette*, seems awkward at moments. She tries to mimic her old buoyant self.



**Pink Gods—Paramount**

ACYNTHIA STOCKLEY story that loses much of its curiously exotic flavor, despite the good acting of a well-chosen cast. The Kimberly diamond mines seem real, for a moment, and then one forgets that the background is Africa. Bebe Daniels, Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood are a splendid trio, and Raymond Hatton deserves a word of praise. A Penrhyn Stanlaws production for adults.



**A Woman's Woman—Allied Producers**

MARY ALDEN demonstrates again that the woman's place is the home. She does it convincingly, too, and makes the old hokum seem both new and easy to swallow. From the Saturday Evening Post story by Nalbro Bartley, about the family life of a woman who enters the political arena. Holmes E. Herbert, as the husband, has his inspired moments. The cast is not distinguished.

ASCREEN month hardly measuring very high cinematographically. Yet, as we write, "Robin Hood," "Tess" and D. W. Griffith's newest film are on the immediate horizon.

"Omar the Tentmaker" wins a place in PHOTOPLAY'S chosen six because of its beauty and delicacy of handling. To lovers of "Omar Khayyam" and of screen photography when it is sheer poetry, we recommend this.

That hardy perennial of rural melodrama, "The Old Homestead," makes sure fire film material of the same literary calibre as "Way Down East." It has the same hokum—of life told in terms of rural mortgages and the light kept burning in the window—but it has no character with the emotional pull of *Anna Moore*, as D. W. Griffith transferred her to the screen.

"The Bond Boy" is intrinsically better stuff but it is grey and unrelieved by comedy. The Pollyanna fan may be depressed by it, we fear. But, with the discriminating, it is doubtless the best cinema thing of the month—and it has the best acting, between Dick Barthelmess' superb country boy and Mary Alden's drab mother.

Rex Ingram's latest film excursion, "Trifling Women," would never get a place on PHOTOPLAY'S best six in any



**The Snow Shoe Trail—R. C. Pictures**

JANE NOVAK'S wistful prettiness against a background of hard working actors and a series of snow storms. A story of the great Northwest without even one mounted policeman. There is a real plot that, at times, gets tangled up—a plot of treachery through two generations, and a lost mine, and a woman's love. And there's a little chubby Chinaman who does some fine comedy work.



**June Madness—Metro**

ANOTHER Viola Dana vehicle with little to distinguish it from any of the pictures that she has recently starred in. Good entertainment for the family, and all that—but nothing upon which to build a rainy night attendance at the local theater. Bryant Washburn is an acceptable hero, and Snitz Edwards contributes a well acted bit. And Viola is always worth looking at, so it might be worse.





**Missing Millions—Paramount**

**A**LICE BRADY looks thin and tired and in need of a vacation. But her work is, as always, that of a conscientious and finished young actress. She and David Powell, as two good-hearted crooks, score a personal triumph in a mediocre picture and become so noble, by the last reel, that one expects the orchestra to play "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." Family stuff.



**On the High Seas—Paramount**

**D**OROTHY DALTON and Jack Holt in a sure-fire shipwreck story. To say nothing of Mitchell Lewis, whose fine acting dominates a good portion of the picture. Irvin Willat is responsible for the artistry of the settings, and the use of soft focus is very pleasing—especially in the fog scenes. This story has a new twist, but a weak and illogical ending does much to spoil it. For adults.

but a dull silversheet month. It is the curious hectic fabric that directors love to weave when they get a chance but we doubt its general appeal. Its pictorial qualities alone get it into the best six.

On the other hand, Mae Murray's "Broadway Rose" really doesn't deserve a place, either. But this, we suspect, will be popular in most localities. It is far from reality; it abounds in Miss Murray's sugar-coated affectations and cuticle revelations. For those who care for such goings-on. Here again the city is shown as the center of wickedness and the country as the habitat of the honest and simple. If fans ever begin to doubt this gem of celluloid philosophy, where will our photoplay be? "Skin Deep," too, just manages to make the best six. This study of criminology and plastic surgery—of how a new face permits an ugly man to go aright—is oddly interesting, at least in places.

The six best performances: Dick Barthelmess and Mary Alden in "The Bond Boy"; Theodore Roberts as *Uncle Josh* in "The Old Homestead"; Fritz Ridgeway as *Anne* in the same production; Mitchell Lewis as *Polack* in "On the High Seas"; and Lionel Barrymore as *Blackie Dawson* in "The Face in the Fog."



**The Man Who Played God—United**

**P**ERHAPS you read Gouverneur Morris' short story of the deaf musician, who, career ruined, devoted his days to playing samaritan from afar, via field glasses and a knowledge of lip reading. George Arliss is here seen as the long distance samaritan and his performance is workmanlike. Ann Forrest's playing lacks sincerity. The direction, too falls down every now and then.



**Lorna Doone—First National**

**A**LTHOUGH pictorially it is a very lovely thing, Maurice Tourneur's latest opus is uninspired. There are some of the most hauntingly beautiful scenes ever screened—and some of the dullest drama. Even the delicate charm of Madge Bellamy and the stalwart presence of Frank Keenan fail to bring the breath of life to the old story. A series of exquisite pictures.



**Rags to Riches—Warner Brothers**

**D**ON'T let the title disturb you. It's really a good picture; not what you'd call a mental or emotional strain, but entertaining just the same. Wesley Barry proves he is a real actor by appearing in the first reels without his freckles. Russell Simpson contributes one of his matchless characterizations. But Barry runs away with most of the scenes. The children will love it. [CONT'D ON PAGE 89]



# Patterns from Alice Terry's Gowns

"BEING well dressed has little to do with dollars and cents," declares Alice Terry, the lovely heroine of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

"Much more important is the ability to choose from the prevailing fashions, adapting them to one's individuality; to select the lines that give the figure the most grace, the colors that blend with eyes and hair.

"If a girl has the power to know the best and adapt it for her own use and has even the most rudimentary knowledge of sewing, she can make her own clothes and be far better dressed than the woman who spends thousands of dollars on a gown and yet never succeeds in looking well.

EVERY lover of beauty and good taste admires Alice Terry. Always dainty and womanly, always reaching toward an ideal, always finished in matters of dress and grooming, she might be called the perfect type of American loveliness. She is quiet in her charm—moonlight upon snow, pale, fragrant clematis, fine lace, and lavender scented linen; they are typical of her restrained and gracious personality! And, wonder of wonders, to all her other qualifications Alice Terry has added the most unusual of all. She is utterly, divinely sensible. In a few words she will tell her ideas upon the clothes question—and everybody will be able to understand what she means, and why she means it!

*Carolyn Van Wyck*



Design 30

This bewitching dinner dress of silvery blue Mirrorkrepe brings out with startling effect the wonderful delicacy of Miss Terry's complexion, and the unusual beauty of her large blue eyes. The one-sided surpliced blouse has an insert of a deeper tone developed from one of the new crepe brocades—which also shows in the facing of the long arm holes. The attractive skirt has three circular pointed panels, over an underlay of the brocade reaching to hip depth. Cost of materials used, as follows:

6 yds. Mirrorkrepe (40 inches) @ \$5.50. \$33.00  
 ½ yd. brocaded crepe (40 inches) @ \$15.00 7.50  
 Extras about..... 2.00

\$42.50



"One of the prettiest dresses I ever had was made by my mother and myself from a few yards of black satin. That was some years ago, but I liked that dress so much with its simply draped skirt and tight bodice that I had it copied in more elaborate materials to wear in 'The Four Horsemen.'

"To me picturesque clothes are the most charming of all, both for the screen and for everyday life. There is nothing like the fragrant old world charm of a slim bodiced frock with full flaring skirt. They are always in style and consequently the film in which they are worn never looks old fashioned. In fact the greater part of the letters I receive from fans have spoken of the simple gingham dresses.

"Speaking of skirts, I am so glad to see that the long ones are back again, though I have always worn them long myself—all through the past craze for the knee-length type. Long skirts are far more graceful.

"To wear clothes successfully is largely a matter of poise, and it is for this reason that the woman who strives to look well should always wear a skirt of graceful length. Above all I believe that clothes must be chosen to fit the occasion."



Design 31

The beauty of individuality is expressed in this street dress of dark blue Corticelli Crepe "Tremaine." It is built on the conservative lines approved by Miss Terry, and features one of her favorite colors. The long blouse is slightly wrinkled around waist and finished with a deep stitched band of crepe, which is slashed to admit straps of blue velvet ribbon. Bands of similar ribbon hang loosely over skirt and turn under in loop effect at the lower part. Tailored collar of velvet with revers of crepe. This model takes:

4½ yds. Crepe "Tremaine" (40 inches) @ \$5.00.....\$21.25  
 3 yds. ribbon velvet (1½ inches) @ 75c. 2.25  
 ¼ yd. velvet (36 inches) @ \$4.00..... 1.00  
 Extras would amount to about..... 1.00

\$25.50

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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For enclosed coupon and twelve cents in stamps or coins for postage and handling charges, please send me Le Bon Ton pattern of design number.....in size.....

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# For Christmas Gifts look at these manicure sets

*Each in a beautiful silver  
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**A more luxurious gift**  
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Larger, beautiful, convenient.  
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Complete with smaller  
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**WHEN** you see the Cutex manicure sets in their new wrapper this year, you will instantly welcome them as the perfect holiday gift for any of your friends.

Whether you want a simple remembrance or a beautiful and distinctive gift—you have just the right set at exactly the price that your pocket-book can conveniently meet.

The new Christmas wrapper is like a beautiful miniature painting done in the time of Louis Quatorze. It will stand out as unique among a whole collection of other presents.

Even the smallest set at 60c contains every essential for a perfect manicure:—the file, the orangestick,

the emery board in little separate compartments; Cutex for the cuticle, used also as a nail bleach; the polishes, the nail white—all in smart containers.

Around your own corner there is sure to be a drug or department store where the clerk will hand you any of these Cutex sets.

The De Luxe Set which is not shown is sumptuously fitted in a satin-lined case. It, too, has its special Christmas wrapper. The price is \$5.00.

On sale at all toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada and at chemists' shops in England. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.





# Plays & Players

If you keep up with these columns you will know more about film folks than they know themselves

By Cal York



*Pity the hard-working actors. Tommy Meighan and Leatrice Joy, hero et heroine of "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow," had to go to Catalina on location and are here plotting against an unfeeling director, who has only allowed them an hour off between scenes*

On the same evening, Laurette Taylor was guest of honor at a supper party, at her table being King and Florence Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nible (Enid Bennett), and Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford also entertained for Miss Taylor and her husband, Hartley Manners. The dinner party was very small, with only Miss Taylor and Mr. Manners, King and Florence Vidor and Charlie Chaplin as guests. Afterwards, Miss Pickford ran "Tess" for them, its first official preview.

REPORTS that Irving Berlin is contemplating matrimony have been drifting about Broadway. The song writer has, it is said, purchased a house and taken out a large life insurance policy. Which leads one to wonder if Constance Talmadge may, after all, become Mrs. Berlin some day.

Speaking of Connie—she went abroad on a Greek passport, because she is legally Mrs. Pialoglo until her divorce is final. If Con-

YOU would be quite surprised at the social entertaining that is done by the coast picture people.

Everybody is so busy, but just the same the past month has seen some charming little dinner and supper parties—and all of the kind Mr. Hays might attend himself.

Bebe Daniels entertained recently with a cat box party to see Mary Newcomb in "Nice People." In the boxes were Betty Compson, stunning in green spangles and a shirred cape of orchid taffeta, Anna O. Nilsson, in green shadow lace over green satin, Wanda Hawley in ivory, Kathleen Clifford, Marie Mosquini, Ouida Bergere and several non-professional women.

Afterwards, one of Bebe's numerous admirers gave her a supper dance at the Ambassador and after picking up Mary Newcomb at the theater the girls were joined in the Coconut Grove by Edward Everett Horton, Gaston Glass, Jack Gilbert, Walter Morosco, Eddie Sutherland, Tom McNamara and a few husbands. (You know, the ones that belonged to the party.)



*Gloria Swanson has been a star for some time. But now her stellar position is secure and indisputable. Reasons: a Russian wolfhound and a new home in Beverly Hills*





*Protect your skin against wind and cold by applying the right cream before you go out*

# TO PREVENT CHAPPING —this protective cream

The cold winds of winter cannot harm your skin if you give it the proper protection.

But they whip the moisture out of an unprotected skin and leave it rough and dry. A chapped skin is the painful and distressing result.

To guard against chapping you need a cream that keeps your skin soft and holds the natural moisture in.

A protective cream for daytime use must be one that your skin absorbs instantly—Pond's *Vanishing Cream*. Based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect, this fragrant cream is absorbed the moment you smooth it on your face. It acts as an invisible shield against wind and cold and holds the natural moisture in the skin.

The enormous use of this cream in countries and states that have severely cold climates—

where women simply must protect their skin before venturing out into the cold and wind—proves how effective a protection it is. No matter where you live, do not go out in winter until you have protected your skin with Pond's *Vanishing Cream*.

### *The glare of the sun on the snow also hurts your skin*

It is light, not heat, that really burns the skin and the glare of the sun on the snow is as great a danger as any summer sun. Pond's *Vanishing Cream* protects your skin against this danger, too.

For cleansing your skin thoroughly, you need an entirely different cream—Pond's *Cold Cream*—made with just the right amount of oil to cleanse without overloading the pores. Start using these two creams today. Each is too delicate in texture to clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S  
*Cold Cream* for cleansing  
*Vanishing Cream*  
to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,  
126 Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c.) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....





*Dorothy and Dick—together again. After their three-year screen separation the younger Gish and the equally youthful Mr. Barthelmess join hands in "Fury"*

stance comes home to find the Greek immigration quota filled, and she is detained on Ellis Island—well, we'd like to have a close-up, that's all.

"TRIFLING WOMEN" had the usual Broadway premier. Rex Ingram and Alice Terry were still in the West Indies and the members of the cast were also absent; but the film world were well represented and the customary cheers were heard.

Ingram's latest was voted more or less program stuff. But the presence in the first-night audience of Rodolph Valentino was excitement enough.

Rodolph came to see his director-friend's latest and received more applause than the picture.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN is to return to the screen as the hero of "The Covered Wagon," the immense historical spectacle picture to be produced by Paramount.

It seems sort of natural to see Jack dashing up in front of the studio with the old make-up on again, and the film colony is receiving him back with open arms.

Lois Wilson is again to play opposite him—do you remember the good old days when we first saw Lois as Kerrigan's leading woman?

NEW YORK is looking like a little corner of Hollywood these days.

George Melford is making "Java Head" in Paramount's Long Island City studio; and in Salem, Mass. His company includes Leatrice Joy as the Manchu girl, Albert Roscoe opposite her, and Jacqueline Logan, George Fawcett and Raymond Hatton. The make-up of Leatrice as the Hergesheimer heroine is a masterpiece. Lucien Littlefield, make-up expert of the Lasky lot, told her how to look oriental without using the usual tape for pulling back the eyes. Joseph Hergesheimer is on location in Salem with the company. He confers with the director on every scene,

though unofficially; and has defied literary tradition by declaring himself well satisfied with the adaptation and the cast.

Tommy Meighan is making George Ade's "Back Home and Broke." Tom tore himself away from his beloved Manhattan long enough to go to Sag Harbor, L. I., for exteriors. He took a yacht back and forth from his location to Shelter Island, where Mrs. Meighan lived. Lila Lee is Tom's leading woman.

Elsie Ferguson, whose new play, "The Wheel of Life," will have an early premier, has finished "Outcast." Alice Brady is back in vaudeville again after making "Anna Ascends" for Famous Players. Dorothy Dalton, after a three-months' vacation, is working in "Black Fury."

THE American Legion fights continue to absorb the Friday evenings of most of the men and a fair number of women in the western film industry and on a recent Friday night they witnessed a thrilling event, to which they responded in a manner that does the industry the greatest possible credit.

The rescue crew which broke through the great sheets of rock in an attempt to rescue the forty-seven miners imprisoned in the Argonaut gold mine, silently entered the ring wearing their dirty mine work clothes, their caps with lamps attached, and asked for contributions for the destitute families of their 47 brother workmen.

Frank Keenan jumped into the ring, and as the silver and bills began to pelt onto the hot canvas square, asked the men of the film industry to give a hundred dollars apiece wherever they could. \$1700 was raised in a few moments by this method and although no names were given—the men merely raising their hands—I saw Harold Lloyd, Bill Farnum, Tom Forman and Theodore Roberts respond instantly to the call.

THIS little dialogue took place when a PHOTOPLAY interviewer was introduced by Rodolph Valentino's lawyer to the great lover of the films.

The lawyer: "Rudy, this young lady wants to know how you make love, why you under-taifd women, how  
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

*Would you recognize Leatrice Joy as this picturesque Chinese lady? Leatrice is the oriental heroine of Hergesheimer's "Java Head" which George Melford is directing*





# Why fade at 30?



The Palmolive Co.  
I am delighted  
to have painted  
for you the first  
advertising sub-  
ject I have done  
in oil, which is, to  
me, a new and de-  
lightful medium.

Cordelia  
Thayer de Meis

**Y**OUTHFUL maturity may exert a charm which youth alone can't rival. And certainly no woman should allow her youthful freshness to fade just when the joy of living should be at its height.

Keep your schoolgirl complexion and you can forget the passing years. The woman with a fresh, radiant skin will always seem young.

How to keep it—this is simple, as Cleopatra could tell you. The secret lies in daily intelligent care which will make beauty life-long.

## How Cleopatra kept young

Girlhood days had long passed when the beautiful Egyptian reached the height of her fame and loveliness. Her charm grew greater with the years.

She knew how to care for and keep the smooth, flawless complexion which makes the possessor seem ever young.

Her method—thorough cleansing with the soothing oils discovered in ancient Egypt. Whatever cosmetics this queen of

beauty used, the foundation was a skin free from all injurious accumulations.

## Why your face needs washing

Because the accumulation of dirt, oil and perspiration must be removed or they will ruin your skin. To let them collect in the pores is to invite complexion troubles.

Inevitably such deposits soon cause enlarged pores and coarse texture results. The dirt forms blackheads and carries infections which cause blotches.

The more powder you use to conceal this condition the worse it grows, for this only increases the clogging. Lotions and cold creams won't help—you must remove the cause.

Gentle cleansing with Palmolive will soon improve the condition, and don't be afraid to be thorough.

Massage the cosmetic lather into the skin so that it may remove every trace of injurious soil. If your skin is dry, apply cold cream after cleansing. Oily skins won't require such applications.

## Throat, neck, shoulders

Need the same beautifying cleansing, for complexion beauty doesn't stop with the face. Bathe with Palmolive and keep your skin smooth and white. It is a luxury all can afford.

For with all its fineness, its mild, soothing qualities, its gentle, cosmetic action, Palmolive isn't an expensive soap. Popularity keeps the price low.

## 10 cents a cake

This modest sum is possible through gigantic production which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, and the importation of the bland, mild oils in reducing volume.

Thus the finest facial soap, which if made in small quantities would cost at least 25 cents, is offered at the price of ordinary soap.

Palm and Olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

# 10c



THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.  
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, Toronto, Canada  
Also makers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

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## To make you lovelier

ALL through the ages women's beauty has swayed the hearts of men; and every woman longs for her full share of this power.

However attractive you may be, it is possible to make yourself lovelier if you use the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. This is a vanishing cream that when worked well in is a protection for the skin against wind, sun, and dust—a delicate foundation to which powder adheres evenly, and from which it will not easily rub off.

Then, apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of a delightful perfume.

Now a bit of Pompeian BLOOM for a softly glowing color. And do you know that you should always experiment in the placing of rouge? Study the contour of your face. Perhaps you will look better with more color on the cheek-bones. Perhaps it is the center of the cheek where a deeper shade looks well.

Lastly, dust over again with the powder in order to subdue the BLOOM. And instantly the face is radiant with added youth and beauty.

Before retiring, cleanse the face thoroughly with Pompeian NIGHT Cream (a cold cream). In the morning you will find the lines of fatigue have faded and your skin will be soft and velvety.

Pompeian FRAGRANCE, a talcum powder, smooth and refreshingly perfumed, brings you charm.

Pompeian Beauty Powder, Day Cream, Bloom, 60c each; Night Cream, 50c; Fragrance, 30c. At all toilet counters.

### Get New Mary Pickford Panel (and five Pompeian samples)

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The rare beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this Pompeian panel. Size 28 x 7½.

We will send you for only 10c this beautiful portrait of Mary Pickford and samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, DAY Cream (vanishing), BLOOM (a rouge that won't crumble), NIGHT Cream (the cold cream for beauty) and FRAGRANCE (a Talcum). You can make many interesting beauty experiments with these samples. Please use coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY  
2131 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.  
Also Made in Canada



# Pompeian Beauty Products

TEAR OFF NOW AND MAIL  
Or put in purse as shopping-reminder

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY  
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford. Also please send me five samples named in offer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

## CHAPTER IX

THE excitements of the Spanish-American war had subsided when the mad rush for Alaskan gold fields began. Many men who had been shaken free of the routines of life by the war swept on into the new thrill of gold hunting.

The first gold strike in Alaska had been made back in '96 but communication and social infection was slower than now. The motion picture, the great visual medium of news, was, as we have seen, just coming into being.

But along into Alaska, close on the trail of the miners, went the motion picture camera in 1899. And it was no mere shadowy errand of amusement that the motion picture was sent. The first pictures of the golden wildness of the north were for plain commercial purposes. It was in the fall of 1898 that Tom Crahan, a broadhatted westerner from Montana and points westerly and northerly, appeared as a customer at the Edison establishment. In behalf of the Northwest Transportation Company, with a line of boats between Puget Sound and Alaska, he wanted motion pictures of the country made for general promotional purposes. Most especially they were to be shown at the Paris Exposition in 1900. And he wanted a wide film.

Crahan contracted to take eight thousand feet of motion pictures of Alaska at a price of five dollars a foot for the negative. Over at the Edison plant the motion picture camera was redesigned and a new machine built to make film two and a half inches wide, about two and a half times the width of the standard film that Edison precedent had imposed on all the motion picture world save Biograph. One Robert Bonine was employed as the cameraman of the expedition and he set off into the north with the big camera and some miles of the wide film. Pictures of the ports and trails and tent towns of the gold hunters were made and brought back to West Orange for development.

Meanwhile a projection machine for the presentation of the big Alaskan pictures had not been built. There were excellent physical reasons why such a machine would have been most difficult to design properly. Back in the first efforts of Armat and Jenkins we made note of the noise and trouble that resulted from the employment of a large gear in intermittent motion. But having the big negative the problem was to get the pictures on the screen. A printing machine operating by optical reduction of the image was made to permit making standard sized prints from the big negative.

Harry and Herbert Miles, the Cincinnati photographer-adventurers, had by 1900 enough of the Caribbean and Cuba and they, too, caught the Alaskan fever. They hurried away to the northwest. In Seattle they found two picture shows in operation, Tom Crahan's Alaskan films, and a strange circus-like theater conducted by Jack McConaughy, the same McConaughy of Richmond, Va., who started at Norfolk with Leroy Latham's eidoscope picture show in '95. So in 1900 McConaughy was the oldest exhibitor in the business, a veteran. His circus clown days had their influence on his motion picture career in terms of a vast array of painted banners, depicting strange things to be seen on the screen. He

By Terry Ramsaye

had a medley assortment of the current films, which included everything from peep show pictures down to the latest of Melies magic films.

The Miles Brothers, equipped with motion picture and still camera, went up the coast to Alaska. A vast interest was aroused in "Nome City" when their big painted sign went up:

Miles Brothers

PHOTYGRAFTERS & MUG ARTISTS

Cabinets \$27 a Dozen

Cash, Dust or Nuggets

The photographers did a tremendous business. The price was moderate by Fifth Avenue standards and modest in the extreme in a country where oranges cost two dollars each and imported raspberries from the States could be had at twenty-five cents each.

Miles Brothers made motion pictures of the affairs at Nome and sent them to New York to Biograph for distribution.

There were many notable-to-be on the beach at Nome that year of the rainbow quest. Rex Beach and Jack London were there, mining more ore of literature than gold. And in the

crowd that gathered to watch a parade in honor of the birth of Nome's first white baby there was a very quiet young man standing at London's elbow of whom, in time, we shall have much to tell in this history of the motion picture. He was the Jesse Lasky, the adventuring young son of Isaac Lasky, a merchant of San Jose. Young Lasky had grown impatient of the languors of Hawaii and the distinction of being the only white man in the Royal Hawaiian band at Honolulu.

In Alaska, Lasky was one of the many who found gold but not enough. Leaving the diggings he went to Dutch Harbor and, with a rented row-boat, ferried passen-

gers from ships at anchor. Then with a hundred dollar push cart he went into the baggage business at twenty dollars a load. Presently between freighting and panning gold he found he had enough to book passage home. Ten years of experimenting with the destiny had to pass before Lasky was to join the industry of the "life motion pictures" that Miles Brothers were introducing in Nome. The next season the Miles Brothers opened at the Opera House in Juneau (on Friday, July 26th, 1901), with a "family show" of motion pictures and a handful of dance acts. When one gave a show in Alaska deemed fit for the whole family he had to advertise it as a "family show."

The age-stained program of that show reads:

### THE GREAT AMERICAN BIOGRAPH

Showing Life Motion Pictures of the Scenes and Incidents that have engaged the Attention of the entire World, selected from 10,000 feet of film, which includes: (CONTINUED ON PAGE 90)

## Historic Firsts Told Here

*The motion picture camera goes to the American frontier—Alaska.*

*Jesse Lasky becomes interested in the motion pictures in Nome, at the time of the great gold rush.*

*First war pictures are made—with an army of Bowery drifters transported to New Jersey. The Boer war, no less.*

*The first film merger is planned—and the first film trust fails.*

*The motion picture enters politics by way of Tammany Hall.*

*For the first time projection machines are made in a large quantity, on receipt of an order for one hundred.*

*The first actors' strike causes motion pictures to enter the legitimate theaters.*



# Making Your Hair *Improve* Your Looks



## How To Have Beautiful Hair—and Make Yourself More Attractive.

**E**VERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance. It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soap soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

### A Simple, Easy Method

**F**IRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little

warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

### Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

**T**HIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water, followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

### Dress Your Hair To Emphasize Your Best Lines Only

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not stuff your hair out too much at the sides, if your face is very thin and long, then you should stuff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hair-dress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

### What a Child's Hair Needs

**C**HILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

**MULSIFIED**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
**COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**







## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

EDELWEISS, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.—I am delighted to hear from you. So you find reading PHOTOPLAY your greatest pleasure. And you call me the Harold Lloyd of Answer Men! Well, really, I must protest. This is too much. I feel certain that, when you think it over, you will agree with me that it is too much. You say you never see Valentino or Swanson films in Geneva. Speak to the theater manager about it or write to Paramount here. Texas Guinan was born in Waco, Texas. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 136 pounds and has light hair and blue eyes. "Grit" was one of her recent films. Write to me on purple paper with purple ink; write to me on pink paper; but write to me.

J. S. B., NEW YORK CITY.—You can buy the music which was played during the progress of "The Four Horsemen" at any music store. At least, two of the most popular pieces, "I have a Rendezvous With You" and "Julio of the Argentine." Alice Terry is really a brunette. She isn't at all spoiled. Just the same sweet kid she was when her name was Taafé and she played extras.

MISS NEW JERSEY.—William and Dustin are brothers—you're right so far. But Franklyn is not a Farnum. Wearily I reiterate: Franklyn's real name is Smith. You can't seem to get this in your heads. Why shouldn't Franklyn's real name be Smith? Think of all the famous Smiths: John, Mary, Frederick James. And Franklyn, to my mind, doesn't in the least resemble the Farnum family.

MISS PEACHES, BROOKLYN.—In "Enter Madame" on the stage, Gilda Varesi was the temperamental prima donna and Norman Trevor her long-suffering husband. On the screen, Clara Kimball Young will have the Varesi rôle and Elliott Dexter will play opposite. Clara isn't just my choice for the part; but then my wishes were not consulted in the matter. Miss Young is not married. She was divorced from James Young. So was Clara Whipple. Dix is Dick's real name.

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

MARCUS B., JERSEY CITY.—I have no assistance in answering my letters. I only wish I had. But no, I don't either. Because someone else might do a better job of it than I can; and then where would I be? The answer, alas, is obvious. I enjoyed your letter more than I can say; and sincerely hope you will come often. I agree with you that Mae Murray is too good an actress to overdo the undressed rôles. She is quite as charming in the newest Parisian street costumes, which are, to say the least, dignified.

FANNIE.—What do I think about the arguments whether Gloria Swanson is a real actress or merely a mannequin? I'd hate to tell you. What difference does it make? Gloria is pretty, popular, and entertaining. She earns her salary. That's all I care about. Ramon Navarro is not married. Malcolm McGregor is. Mrs. McGregor is a chum of Mrs. Rex Ingram's—Alice Terry.

IRENE, MICHIGAN.—Following is the cast of Frances Marion's "Just Around the Corner." This was a Fannie Hurst story. *Ma Birdsong*, Margaret Sedden; *Jimmy*, Lewis Sargent; *Essie*, Sigrid Holmquist; *Joe Ullman*, Edward Phillips; *the real man*, Fred C. Thomson; *Lulu*

*Pope*, Peggy Parr; *Mrs. Finshreiber*, Rose Rosanova; *Mr. Blatsky*, William Nally. Not an effort at all, Irene.

ECHO.—And I answer. I always do. It's my job. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt was on the stage with William Faversham in "The Squaw Man" and on the screen with Norma Talmadge in "The Wonderful Thing." The villain in "Way Down East" was Lowell Sherman. Mary Hay was *Kate Brewster* in the Griffith production. Theodore Kosloff is in his early thirties. Ramon Navarro is twenty-three. Thomas Meighan has no children.

RUTH R., SCHENECTADY.—Your favorite is Bull Montana. I admit he's a relief from some of the matinee idols. Bull recently returned to Italy for a visit and his home town turned out to do him honor. He is making comedies for the Hunt Stromberg Productions, Hollywood, California. Bull is unmarried.

MARJORIE, NEWPORT.—"The Sheik" was written by E. M. Hull, an Englishwoman of about forty. It was directed by George Melford. Here is the cast: *Diana Mayo*, Agnes Ayres; *Sheik Ahmed Benn Hassan*, Rodolph Valentino; *Raoul de St. Hubert*, Adolphe Menjou; *Omair*, Walter Long; *Gaston*, Lucien Littlefield; *Tuousses*, George Waggoner; *Slave Girl*, Ruth Miller; *Sir Aubrey Mayo*, R. R. Butler.

MRS. P. T. J.—Many thanks. Yes—that was Gloria Swanson in "Station Content"—made in 1915, before Gloria was ever the silken heroine of the deMille dramas. Lee Hill played opposite her. I don't know what's become of Mr. Hill. Mr. Hill—Mr. Hill—calling Mr. Hill!

CORA.—Yes—that was Olive Thomas as *Fritzi Carlyle* in "Broadway, Arizona." George Chesboro was *John Keyes*. Miss Thomas was Mrs. Jack Pickford. She died in Paris. Selznick was the last company to engage her screen services. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]





*Jean Haskell,  
Seattle Society Girl,  
Wins the  
Photoplay-Goldwyn  
New Faces Contest*



Photo  
Witzel



## The Winner

**J**EAN HASKELL is abandoning a career in the most fashionable society circles of the west when she enters moving pictures.

When notified that she had won the Photoplay-Goldwyn New Faces contest, she left the big opening ball of the season at Del Monte, where she was dancing with young Spencer Morgan, Jr., and dashed fifty miles an hour to catch the train for Culver City.

Jean Haskell was born nineteen years ago in Chicago.

When she was four years old, her parents moved to Seattle where she was raised. For the past five years she has been a pupil at the fashionable Santa Barbara School for Girls at Santa Barbara, California. She was graduated from that institution last year.

Her father, J. Austin Haskell, is president of Carston and Earl's, investment bankers, of Seattle.

Jean is a talented musician, speaks French fluently, and has spent a great deal of time studying classic dancing.

She rides well and has shown her father's horses, at several western horse shows.

Marshall Neilan saw her walking across the lot a day or two after her first test had been made. "There's the prettiest girl I've seen on this lot in many a day," said the famous director.

She played the leading rôle in the school plays for several years, but had never had any professional experience before the fortunate date, May 8th, on which she entered her picture in the Screen Opportunity Contest.

She is five feet five and a half, has hazel-brown eyes under very long, deep lashes, short curly brown hair and a slim, girlish figure. Typically American, she promises to delight American audiences by displaying to them all the fresh, feminine charm of the best type of American girlhood.

The fact that a selection was very difficult to make and that decision was delayed to the last possible hour is responsible for the brevity of this announcement.



# He Sold Two Stories

## The First Year

THIS sentence from J. Leo Meehan's letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story:

*"Within one year I have been able to abandon a routine life that provided me with a meal ticket and a few other incidentals for the infinitely more fascinating creative work of the photoplaywright."*

But it would not be fair to you to end the story there. It is interesting to know that this young man in an underpaid job was able to sell two photoplays and attach himself to a big producer's studio in one year; that a short time ago he was retained by Gene Stratton Porter to dramatize her novels for the screen. But if you have ever said, or felt like saying, as you left the theatre, "Why, I could write a better story than that," you want to know just how Mr. Meehan proceeded to become a successful photoplaywright in one short year.

### He Tested Himself

DOUBTFUL, but "willing to be shown," as he expressed it, Mr. Meehan proved conclusively to himself and to us that he had undeveloped talent. The rest was a simple matter of training. The Palmer Course and Service merely taught him how to use, for screen purposes, the natural storytelling ability which we discovered in him.

### We Offer \$1,000 and Royalties

THOUGH we are daily discovering among men and women in every walk of life, new screen writers, like Mr. Meehan, we continue this nation-wide search, because, regardless of the rich rewards that are being offered in this field, the demands for good screen stories are far from being filled.

We are now offering \$1,000 and royalties to new and unknown writers

for acceptable screen stories to be produced by this corporation. This is the first time that new writers and photoplaywrights have had the oppor-



J. Leo Meehan

tunity to share in the success of screen stories of their own creation.

One hundred and sixty companies in Los Angeles alone are searching for better screen stories, offering from \$500 to \$2000 for each one that is acceptable. Yet their demands are not filled. Our Sales Department, the biggest single outlet for film plays, cannot begin to supply the needs of producers.

### One Way to Know About Yourself

H. H. VAN LOAN, the well-known scenarist, in collaboration with Malcolm McLean, formerly instructor in short story writing at Northwestern University, developed the Palmer Test Questionnaire, which has proved its usefulness in discovering in men and women the ability to write screen stories.

Among those whom we have recently discovered, developed, and whose stories have been accepted are people in all walks of life; a California school teacher, a New York society matron, a Pennsylvania newspaper

man, an underpaid office man in Utah, and others.

Still others, men and women of all ages, are enrolled, not because they want to become professional screen writers, but because they realize that Creative Imagination, properly developed, is the power which lifts those who have it to lofty heights in any field of endeavor and they appreciate the opportunities for training presented through this new channel.

You may have this same ability. It is for you to decide whether these opportunities are attractive enough to make you want to test yourself, free. It costs nothing and involves no obligation.

All you do is to send the coupon for the Palmer Test Questionnaire, answer the questions asked and return it to us. We will tell you frankly and sincerely what your answers show. We hold your answers confidential, of course. If you prove that you are endowed with creative imagination, we will send you further information relative to the Palmer Course and Service. If not, we will tell you so courteously.

### The Chance is Yours You Must Decide

KNOWING as you do the rich rewards, can you afford to pass this opportunity to test yourself? It costs nothing—no obligation.

And if you are endowed with creative imagination a simple matter of training will prepare you for photoplay writing, for many other highly paid positions in the film producing field which now await properly trained men and women, or for higher places in other lines of endeavor.

Send the coupon. Make this intensely interesting test of yourself. Know whether or not you are endowed with the ability to grasp the opportunity for rich rewards which are now going begging.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation,  
Department of Education, Sec. 1212,

Palmer Building,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me the Palmer Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.





*Catalina once supplied sufficient tropical atmosphere for the directors. Now, when the locale is the South Seas, they pack up and go there. Raoul Walsh went to Tahiti to film "Passions of the Sea." Tony Moreno and Carl Marshall, interpreter, went along*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

your hair gets that way and why you don't make your eyes behave"

R. V. "Oh, Lord, do you?"

Valentino has lost his case against Paramount and has been restrained by the courts from appearing in any production other than those made by Famous Players-Lasky. He is still in Manhattan. And he visited the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE offices the other day; and the office force voted him more human and handsome than he is on the screen—if, they add, that is possible.

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES," that delicious satire on motion pictures by Harry Leon Wilson, has become a play. Glenn Hunter has deserted his studios to play *Merton* with Florence Nash opposite. Mary and Doug went 'way over to Brooklyn for the opening.

By the way, the film stars have accepted this story, which kids them unmercifully, with surprising amiability. It is recorded that a motion picture interviewer went up to see Lillian Gish the other day. Miss Gish, learning his errand, inquired: "You haven't read 'Merton of the Movies,' have you?"

"Why, yes," said the trusting scribe.

Lillian opened her bland blue eyes very wide. "And you're still writing interviews?"

ONE of the most picturesque personages around New York right now is Irene Castle Treman. I saw her in a theater the other evening—she was in black satin and white lace, and her injured arm was most attractively bandaged. In fact, it looked more like a decoration than a dislocation.

You know Irene temporarily halted her dancing and screen career by falling from her horse near her Ithaca home. She has a new apartment in Manhattan and is going to the newest photo-plays and letting her famous bob grow again.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is spending most of his time strolling over the green countryside of Beverly Hills these days, accompanied by a regiment of carpenters, architects, bricklayers, etc. Charlie is starting work on his new home, which will adjoin "Pickfair," where Mary and Doug live.

Charlie has a number of acres on a beautiful hillside, and he is planning a home that will not only be very gorgeous but that will be exactly what the comedian wants to live in the rest of his life. There is to be a small theater for running films, a music room, and, of course, a swimming pool.

ANITA LOOS, having completed a scenario, a play, and a short story, felt she deserved a rest. She didn't count her European trip a vacation. So she demitasse brunette went to Bar Harbor. When she returns she and John Emerson will pack up and go to California to spend the winter there. The Emersons will write comedies for Connie Talmadge again.

SOMEONE should write an ode on the passing of the Claridge. It would bring the tears.

That once magnificent hostelry which housed, at one time or another, almost every theatrical and screen celebrity, has joined the limbo of forgotten things.

It still stands, reminder of a day that is dead; but it's called something else now; it's no longer the Claridge. The famous high-ceilinged green and gold dining room where you were almost certain to see more personages than you could count, is closed. Allan Dwan stops at the Algonquin. The gorgeous electric sign immortalizing the chewing gum industry that you used to be able to observe from the Claridge windows still twinkles, but not as brightly. Broadway and 44th Street will never seem the same. And it isn't.

"LAWFUL LARCENY," a stage success which employed the talents of Margaret Lawrence, Lowell Sherman, and Gail Kane, has been purchased for Hope Hampton. But Hope will not star in it. She's merely to be a member of the cast.

AL ROSCOE and Barbara Bedford were married somewhere, sometime, before leaving California for the east.

Nobody seems to know much about it, for the affair was kept a dark secret, but when they departed for the east together, the news leaked out.

It was a swift romance apparently, and the pair are reported as having spent their vacation honeymoon at Catalina. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]



*Maes first and second. Miss Marsh and her little daughter snapped on their way to England where Mae is making "Paddy the Next Best Thing" for a British film company*





# How I Took 10 Years Off My Face with a remarkable beauty clay

What do you think of the declaration by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL that "the healthy woman who looks her age is either stupid or lazy?"

One woman read that statement, and her first feeling was one of resentment. But it caused her to think, and to act, with benefits which left her deeply grateful. Rarely does a woman write such a letter as that which follows over her signature.

By Mrs. MURIEL DALTON, 1006 Michigan Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

I HAVE been on the point of writing you many times, and at last have decided it is only right I should tell what you have done for me.

Magazines these days offer sure ways of becoming beautiful, on almost every page. I must admit until recently I took the things published about your beauty clay with a grain of salt. I don't suppose I would have tried it yet except for a statement of the Ladies' Home Journal. It said: "The healthy woman who looks her age is either stupid or lazy." I was angry as I read it. Since a girl, I had had a dull and sallow complexion, and lines in my face that told my age as plainly as if the figures were written there. But I didn't care to be called stupid on top of it. I had read up on the subject to the skin and was well informed on its care. No one who knew the things I had tried to improve my complexion could call me lazy.

But what my trusted magazine had said made me wonder if my efforts had really been intelligent. Also, if it might not be a little laziness that had prevented trying your clay. I had never done so, though it only required mailing my name and address. So I did hunt up one of your advertisements. I remembered the remarkable story—

how women in a far-off English province made their skins so beautiful by weekly use of a native clay. How an American girl discovered it, used it with marvelous results, and how her father brought the clay to America. There was the same generous offer by which I could try a full supply of the clay without risking a dollar, and I sent the coupon.

When our postman brought the clay you cannot blame me if I was still a bit skeptical. The directions seemed so simple to expect the results I had read about. I had done wonderful things for my figure by rightful exercise and diet. I had an enviable head of hair because of the care given it. But these things had taken time and patience. Here was something to be accomplished in forty minutes! It seemed too good to be true. However, it did do everything and more than claimed. I received a genuine shock when I wiped away the clay and looked in the mirror.

I had taken ten years off my face in forty minutes! There was no doubt about it. It wasn't alone the new color in my cheeks—I have had other preparations bring a temporary flush of color. But those tell-tale lines around my eyes and from my nose to the corners of my mouth had

gone. As for the pores of my skin, they simply were not to be seen. I felt ten years younger; I certainly looked it.

My next thought was "How long will it last?" But I went out that night, and was conscious throughout the evening that I was looking my best. I received compliments, and I continued to get them next day, and the next. Every word about the lasting improvement proved true. For quite a while I used the clay three and four times a week, then twice a week and sometimes only once. But I never went a week without one application. I haven't seen the sign of a blackhead or any other impurities that used to be on my face in regular clusters. Nor is my skin sallow as it used to be, not even if I go the day without powdering.

A lot of women will wonder why I grant permission to print this letter. But I would be ungrateful if I did not. This clay has done what specialists, charging big fees, failed to do—give me a skin clear and soft as a baby's. I have told every one of my acquaintance about this perfectly wonderful beauty clay. I can't help thinking how many there must be who like myself have been on the very point of trying it, but have set it down as just another domestic preparation and let their doubts keep them from a perfectly gorgeous complexion. If everyone knew what I have learned about Ryerson's Forty - Minute Beauty Clay you would soon have to stop your offer to send five-dollar jars for trial without charging for the time and care of putting them up, because there couldn't possibly be enough to go around.

(Mrs.) Muriel Dalton,  
1006 Michigan Ave.,  
Wilmette, Ill.

**New Shipments from Abroad!**

**Free Distribution of \$5.00 Jars Extended**

To the public: My first offer of full-sized jars without profit exhausted my small stock of imported clay. But we have just received more, imported direct from the British Isles.

Therefore, I resume for a time the offer of a full \$5 jar without any laboratory charge. You may have one jar only for the bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expenses of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing and shipping in large quantity has been figured down to \$1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even this small sum of \$1.87 is not really a payment—regard it as a deposit, which we will return at once if you are not satisfied this miracle clay is all claimed.

Send no money, please, but pay when postman delivers. Just \$1.87 plus postage. Or, if handier to receive jar prepaid, enclose \$2; same guarantee holds good.

*Wm Ryerson*  
Head Chemist.

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS  
Dept. 178,  
Century Building,  
Chicago.

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-sized, regular \$5.00 jar of Forty-Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of \$1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name .....  
Address .....





Isham Jones and His Orchestra, nationally known through their Brunswick records, use and endorse Conn instruments.

#### HERE'S YOUR CHANCE FOR EXTRA MONEY

There's a bigger demand than ever for players of saxophone, trumpet, trombone or tuba in dance and theatre orchestras everywhere.

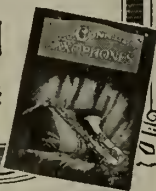
You can qualify for a well paying engagement, either whole or part time, through a short period of pleasurable practice with a Conn.

Easiest playing instruments made. Exclusive features and improvements. Used and endorsed by symphony players as well as leading jazz orchestras.

Free Trial; Easy Payments. Send postcard for Free Book and details; mention instrument.

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**CONN**  
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS



The South Seas seem to have everything their own way this season. Here is Betty Compson as White Flower, a radiant belle of the tropics. Not many will miss Betty's next picture

## Here's a Prescription for Coughs

For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.

**PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds**

## "SALLY"



Sally was a pretty girl, but in spite of this she was a wall-flower at parties. When asked why they didn't choose her, the boys just said, "Sally don't dress like other girls. When I am with her I feel like apologizing for her clothes." Then, one day, a married sister told her of this.

Ten weeks later, at a house party, Sally was so prettily dressed and so attractive that she was the most popular girl there.

When asked what she had done, Sally astonished all by saying, "Why, I made that gown myself. Otherwise, I could not afford to have it. I took up the Franklin Institute system and after ten weeks' fascinating spare time work, I can now design and make my own gowns, waists, skirts and suits."

Over 13,000 women and girls, like Sally, have learned Dress Designing and Making at home. You can do it. Sign and mail the following coupon—at once.

Franklin Institute,

Dept. K. 648. Rochester, N. Y.

Send me free sample lessons and full information about your Dress Designing, Dressmaking Course.

Name.....

Address.....

## Plays and Players

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

LILLIAN GISH is going to Italy to make "The White Sister," for Inspiration.

Now the company which sponsored Dick Barthelmess has three of the greatest D. W. Griffith players in its employ. Besides Lillian and Dick—Dorothy Gish. Perhaps all three will star together. Barthelmess wanted to play opposite Miss Gish in her initial picture but he's a star himself and they won't let him.

Henry King will direct Lillian; and the young director of "Tol'able David" has never been given a more interesting assignment.

The rôle which Viola Allen played for four years should be an ideal one for Lillian Gish. At last the fragile blonde is to have a hand in the selection of stories, cast, and so forth. She will be able to go anywhere in the world to film her scenes.

And at last the question, "Will Lillian Gish be a great actress without Griffith's direction?" is to be answered.

TONY MORENO has returned from the South Seas and is playing opposite Gloria Swanson.

"How did you like the South Seas?" asked a gushing young lady, "Aren't they wonderful and romantic!"

"All I shall say," answered Tony, "is that if you do not drown to death in the rain you starve to death on the food—and the men that wrote those books should be shot."

ASSEMBLING several stars for a single production is no novelty. But Selznick really has an all-star cast for "Rupert of Hentzau"—all star because it employs all the company's luminaries. Elaine Hammerstein, Owen Moore, Eugene O'Brien and Conway Tearle.

THE Talmadge family—and when we say this we mean Norma, Constance, Ma, Peg and Joseph Schenck—are abroad. They have visited Germany, where Schenck conferred with Russian film men anent the probability of making American pictures in the land of soviets and samovars; and England, where several stage successes were purchased for the popular sisters and where, according to report, they will be presented to the King and Queen. And Italy, where Constance almost froze to death; and Paris, where everybody made a big fuss over Norma.

Somehow always had an idea that Constance would prefer soap and sanitation to Italian scenery.



# “How I Did It”

*A Vivid Message to Screen Writers*

by

## H. H. VAN LOAN

**W**HEREVER photoplay productions are known--- wherever screen stories are sold--- wherever scenarios are written, the name of H. H. Van Loan stirs the fire of admiration. He is recognized as the most successful screen author of the day.

You remember the triumphant “Vive La France,” Dorothy Dalton’s spectacular masterpiece; you recall “The New Moon,” the tensely dramatic cinema classic that brought to the surface the piercing emotions of Norma Talmadge; you were thrilled by the breathless action in “The Virgin of Stamboul” with Priscilla Dean; perhaps you have wept or laughed as the greatest stars have unfolded the action of other notable stories of the screen.

Those and scores of other cinema triumphs came from the magic pen of H. H. Van Loan. They brought him success---showered him with wealth and spread his fame throughout the world.

“How did you do it?” asked thousands when he sold his first scenario. Van Loan withheld his answer. He continued to write. Closer and closer he got to his goal. He sold another scenario, then another---and still more. With each success came a greater flood of letters, anxiously driving the questions---“How did you do it?”---“Where did you sell your stories?”---“Where did you get the ideas that brought great wealth and world-wide fame?”

But Van Loan had no time to tell his story. He wrote and wrote until he found and completely mastered that elusive little “twist of something” that spells success in the business of writing for the movies.

Now, at the zenith of his fame---when more fortune awaits each new stroke of his pen---when editors, interviewers and thousands of people from all walks of life are still asking, “How did you do it?”---“Why do producers want your stories?”---“Why do they pay you thousands of dollars for a single photoplay?”

*Van Loan has told his story. He has told it as no one thought he would---as only he COULD tell it.*

**Among MR. VAN LOAN’S Screen Successes are:**

VIVE LA FRANCE.....	Dorothy Dalton
*THE NEW MOON.....	Norma Talmadge
VIRGIN OF STAMBOUL.....	Priscilla Dean
THREE GOLD COINS.....	Tom Mix
THE GREAT REDEEMER.....	House Peters
THE WONDERFUL CHANCE.....	Eugene O'Brien
THE SPEED MANIAC.....	Tom Mix
FIGHTIN' MAD.....	William Desmond
BRING HIM IN.....	Earle Williams
THE THIRD EYE.....	Pathe Serial
THE HIGHEST TRUMP.....	Earle Williams
THE BREAKING POINT.....	Bessie Barriscale
A ROGUE'S ROMANCE.....	Earle Williams
WINNING WITH WITS.....	Barbara Bedford
BLUE STREAK McCOY.....	Harry Carey
WHEN A MAN LOVES.....	Earle Williams
THE SAGE BUSH TRAIL.....	Roy Stewart
STORM SWEEP.....	All Star
THUNDERING SILENCE.....	All Star
THE SIREN OF SEVILLE.....	All Star
THE DRIVIN' FOOL.....	

\*Reissued 1922.



H. H. VAN LOAN

Van Loan’s fascinating volume, “How I Did It,” is just off the press. It’s his answer to where he got his ideas---how he built the stories that won him wealth and fame---how and where he sold them. He unfolds everything that helped or impeded his success. He speaks exclusively from the platform of experience. His story is told in the minutest detail. He plunges in and out of every nook and crevice of the new profession of scenario writing. He tells “how” and “why” and the reason for every stumbling block and every upward boost. Then he takes you in and out again---racing through the “how” and “why” of his own success, his fame and his fortune---driving you deeper into the photoplay industry than you have ever gone before. “How I Did It,” is not intended as a text book or a course in scenario writing. It is considered a remarkable “stabilizer” even for those photoplaywrights who have “arrived.” It is a practical, straight-from-the-shoulder; interestingly written guide for men and women who would like to taste the fruits of fame and fortune as screen writers.

“How I Did It” is issued only in a limited and reserved de luxe edition. Advance reservations for copies must be made immediately. Your copy will be mailed direct from the printer for \$3.50. Fill out the coupon below and mail today. If not satisfied, we will refund your money if the book is returned in three days.

II. H. VAN LOAN, INC.,  
SECURITY BLDG.,  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Enclosed is \$3.50 (Check or M. O.), for which please send me, prepaid, one copy of H. H. Van Loan’s book, “How I Did It.” It is understood that if I am not satisfied, the book may be returned in three days and my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....





LETHA DERBY, 1100 VINE ST., QUINCY, ILL.

## How I Lost 103 lbs.

*This Amazing Reduction Proves That Overweight These Days is a Woman's Own Fault*



A few months ago, if you had asked what I would give to get thin I should have replied without a second thought, "Everything I possess." I had tried so many times to reduce, and tried so hard! Fortunately, something made me try the music method—and life is once more worth living!

The first Wallace reducing record played off twenty pounds for me; the complete course reduced me more than a hundred in four months. Not only that, but my state of health was so improved I can never express my gratitude. No woman who had been relieved of a mountain of fat like I carried so long would wonder why I permit this to be printed."

### Wallace Tells How Much He Can Reduce You

Cases of 100 lbs. overweight are unusual. But Wallace has letters from many who lost 50 lbs; and from hundreds reduced 30 and 40 lbs. If you are but 10, 12 or 20 lbs. too heavy for style or comfort, reducing to normal is easily and quickly accomplished. Anyone using Wallace's records can attain these weights:

Height Inches	Age 20 to 29	Age 30 to 39	Age 40 to 49	Age 60 and Over
	Years Lbs.	Years Lbs.	Years Lbs.	Years Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	144	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	145	156	163

### You Can Get Thin to Music

All you need to do to convince yourself that you can get thin to music is to ask Wallace for a reducing record to prove it. This first lesson is free; with it come complete instructions for its use.

Accepting this offer does not obligate you. There is no payment to be sent now, and nothing to pay on delivery. Results of this trial will make you eager for the rest of the course—but the only decision to be made now is to *try it*. Use this handy coupon:



WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send record for first reducing lesson, free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial. [91]

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg



*Alas, poor Hamlet! The well-known Dane will be anything but melancholy when Buster Keaton has burlisqued him in his forthcoming comedy*

JAMES KIRKWOOD will, by the time you read this, have made his return to the stage after many years of silence.

He is the hero of Channing Pollock's play, "The Fool," a Broadway release of early winter.

He is not scheduled for any pictures while he's in the play.

Visiting Broadway theaters usually makes screen stars want to act. Leatrice Joy, who hasn't spoken in public since her stock company days on the coast, longs to be behind footlights again.

Jacqueline Logan would like to return too—but not, she says, to the Follies. Have you noticed that former Follies girls as a rule disdain musical comedy, making high emotionalism their goal?

CORINNE GRIFFITH has gone to California—and male Manhattan is still shaken with sobs.

The lovely Corinne, accompanied by her private husband, Webster Campbell, departed for Hollywood—not because Corinne cares about Hollywood, being devoted to her Manhattan home; but because Vitagraph still has her under contract and sent her out there to make her newest picture.

It is believed to be her last one for this company.

And then she can accept one of those several offers, and make good pictures.

By the way, you may remember we told you about her marmoset. She wearied a little of

its chatterings and decided to send it to the Bronx Zoo. It's a very special kind of marmoset and the Zoo said it would be delighted to have it.

But just as Corinne was about to turn it over, she changed her mind. She just couldn't part with it. Still, we have it on good authority that she didn't take it west with her.

JACK PICKFORD has been dividing his time between New York and Philadelphia; in other words, between Mary and Douglas and Ma Pickford, and Marilynn. The former Miss Miller is Sallying in the Quaker City now.

Can't help wondering when Jack gets time to make pictures.

CONSIDERING the tremendous success of such plays of horror as "The Bat" and "The Cat and the Canary," it is strange no screen producer should have taken advantage of the persistent craze for murder mystery before this.

Griffith is the last director you would think of in connection with a thriller called "One Exciting Night." That's the name of his newest; and there are clutching hands in it and shadows and things like that. First it was called "At the Haunted Grange." Carol Dempster heroines again; Henry Hull from the stage, is opposite her; Porter Strong plays a negro rôle and Morgan Wallace is another member of the cast.



# Let DIAMONDS say Merry Xmas

642AD—18" indestructible quality Pearls of unusual sheen and lustre with White Gold clasp, \$14.50 set with genuine Perfect cut diamond.



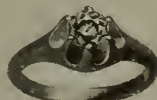
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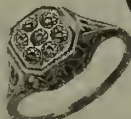
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652AD—Popular 14kt. White Gold rectangular Wrist Watch, very much in demand, 15-jewel guaranteed imported nickel movement. Special Price \$33.65



651AD—Solid Platinum Trueheart Ring with exquisite Blue-white Perfect cut Diamonds. \$118.50



653AD—18 kt. White Gold Hexagon Ring, 7 Blue-white diamonds set in Platinum. \$59.50



649AD—Cluster Ring, 7 Blue-white Diamonds set in Platinum. \$73.50



650AD—Green Gold Gypsy Cluster, 7 Blue-white Diamonds. \$87.50



654AD—Gent's Ring, finest quality Blue-white Perfect cut Diamond. \$110.00



655AD—White Gold Gent's Ring, Blue-white Perfect cut Diamond. \$116.50



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**For a few cents a day**

Think of it! You can own any of these bargains—the greatest in America—for a few cents a day. Your simple request brings your choice for free examination. Do not send a single penny.

## NO MONEY DOWN

Any of the startling diamond values pictured here can be yours without risking a single penny. Each item is ideally suited for Christmas and will make a charming gift. No matter what you select, you pay **only a few cents a day**. Your selection sent on your simple request without a single penny down. If you don't agree that it is the **biggest bargain** you have ever seen, return it at our expense. If you keep it, pay at the rate of **only a few cents a day**.

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New York, N. Y.

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"I'm tired working for a small salary. I know I have just as good a head on me as Fred Moore and Bob Roberts, for we used to work side by side. But they've gone far ahead of me.

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As interesting as a cinema heroine is Helen Joan Lowell, who spent sixteen years of her young life on a ship which sailed the South Seas. Helen is a secretary at the Goldwyn studios

DUCK season opened on October 1st in California and Hollywood was a deserted village for the day before and after.

Everyone was dashing about borrowing shotguns, or having theirs oiled, and the day after returning with their cars laden with birds.

Wally Reid went to his cabin at Little Bear for a week of shooting.

Harold Lloyd and a large party travelled up to Lake Elsinore and came back with the limit.

Eddie Sutherland engineered a party down to a duck blind near Balboa, and after waiting in the cold and wet for several hours the first ray of dawn revealed to them a large flight of ducks and also a sign which said, "\$5000 fine for shooting on these premises."

Lewis S. Stone and Sam Wood, who directs Gloria Swanson, had a splendid day and Jack Holt's family is still eating duck, we understand.

THE Metro organization gave a very elaborate dinner party at a Los Angeles cafe the other evening to welcome back to California Mae Murray and her husband, Bob Leonard.

Lots of new faces are being seen in Hollywood these days—and a number are being missed.

Tommy Meighan and Leatrice Joy and Lila Lee and Jim Kirkwood are gone—all to New York—and the old place doesn't seem quite the same without them.

But the advent of Pola Negri, Mae Murray, Pauline Garon, Laurette Taylor, and such stars helps a little.

WELL, well. Mary and Doug are here! If Mary and Doug had never been here before we could get all worked up over it. As it is—well, well.

The Fairbankses are installed at the Ritz, as usual. They have been frightfully busy, as usual. Preparing for the premier of "Robin Hood" this time. Seeing the press, and all that.

And yes—if they didn't dine with Lord and

Lady Mountbatten, England's noble newly weds who came all the way to America to see Niagara Falls on their honeymoon!

Edward Knobloch came from England to join the Pickford-Fairbanks company again. He'll scenarioize Mary's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Booth Tarkington and Doug will confer on the script of "Monsieur Beaucaire." And Lady Diana Manners may—just may—be prevailed upon to come over to Hollywood to play the heroine.

ON the lovely hands of Leatrice Joy there are several little scars.

The vivacious brunette is having sun-ray treatments and pretty soon, she is promised, the scars will disappear. They are relics of burns which she received during the making of "Manslaughter." And the camera never caught the scenes which proved so painful to Leatrice.

You remember the heroine is forced to do menial tasks while in prison. Among them, although not included in the final picture, were scenes of her learning to cook. Leatrice had to fry bacon—and the hot grease spattered over her slim wrists. But it was worth it to see her name in electric on Broadway—by the way, she had to fight her way in to see herself on the New York screen.

THE most important event of the month was of course the advent in Hollywood of Pola Negri.

Everyone remotely connected with the film colony has been waiting for weeks on tiptoe to see the great European screen star. And the little station at Pasadena where she alighted was actually mobbed with people eager to see her.

The American screen stars, too, have been awaiting her coming with something of nervous tension.

Well—it seems only fair to say that in my eyes, Pola Negri is the most entirely satisfactory celebrity I have ever seen. She more than fulfills the promises made for her on the screen and by report.



# Amazing New Invention Takes Off Flesh Just Where You Want to Lose It!



A protruding abdomen can now be easily brought down to normal size.



Superfluous flesh on the back and shoulders impairs the lines of what may otherwise be a splendid form.



The Vaco Cup is designed for those who want a beautiful bust, free from flabbiness and unsightly excess flesh.



Unnecessary flesh upon the shoulders, back and sides can now be easily reduced.



The lines of shapely, well formed legs and graceful ankles need no longer be marred by disfiguring fat.

Astonishing results obtained by women everywhere in from two to five days! No strenuous exercises. No pills. No tedious "rolling" or gymnastics. New invention is harmless, natural and pleasant. Send no money. Five days' trial.

**A** MARVELOUS new invention has been discovered for taking off superfluous flesh just where you want to lose it—by direct external application in a pleasant, natural way.

And the beauty of it is, this remarkable device takes only a few minutes night and morning—and almost before you realize it, each fleshy part begins to go down to normal, just as if it had been merely a swelling. Women everywhere are delighted with this amazingly effective weight reducer. One woman reduced two pounds in two days. She lost fifteen pounds in a few short weeks. How would you like to reduce so much? It's easy! Another woman lost four pounds in six days!—yet she didn't indulge in tiresome exercises, hot baths, or other discomfitures.

### Reduce Where You Want To

Losing 5, 10, 20 pounds by means of this invention is not at all extraordinary. Read the actual remarkable results told on this page by the delighted users themselves, and remember, you, too, can take off as much or as little weight as you please—wherever you please! You may not be stout about the abdomen, you may merely want to reduce the superfluous flesh on your thighs or your ankles. No matter what part of your body you wish to reduce, here is your great opportunity to do it in an easy, pleasant way—without discomfort or self-denials.

By means of this remarkable new invention, called the Vaco Cup, thousands of women are now quickly acquiring the slender, graceful figures they have always desired. You, too, can easily reach your ideal weight and assure yourself of grace and beauty.

The amazing new Vaco Reducing Cup does what Nature fails to do when fat has accumulated in a certain part of the body. Fat remains with us because the blood circulation is not active enough to carry it off. And the formation of the excess fat finally makes it impossible for the blood to course through it.

### Amazingly Rapid Results

The Vaco Reducing Cup, through a gentle suction, creates natural circulation in the fatty part. The congestion is loosened and the fat vanishes like magic. The wonderful Vaco Reducing Cup is based on the scientific principle of suction-massage. It goes directly to the part affected. It removes only the fat you want to lose. The suction of the Cup holds the flesh in a gentle grasp and the vacuum created circulates a flow of fresh, active blood to the spot—the fatty spot. Then, with a gentle rotating motion, the spot is massaged for only three minutes and the blood is urged through the congested fat, which is quickly dissolved and carried away.

### Try the Vaco Cup for Five Days. No Money in Advance

No matter where the flesh has accumulated—at the arms, legs, thighs, hips, bust, neck—this wonderful new scientific device quickly takes off that flesh and leaves the part firm, slender, beautiful! Think of it

—the very flesh you want to lose—the very part you want to reduce! And without one bit of self-denial or privation of any kind.

Let us send you the Vaco Reducing Cup so that you can use it in your own home for five days and actually see for yourself how you can lose your superfluous flesh in this new, easy, natural way. The test need not cost you a cent if you are not absolutely delighted.

### Astonishing Results Obtained by Thousands

#### "Loses 26 Pounds"

"Before using the Vaco Cup I weighed 167 pounds. The first five days I lost 2 pounds. Today I weigh 141 pounds. I am very much pleased to see a reduction of 26 pounds in only a few weeks." Miss F. H.

#### "Would Not Part With Vaco Cup for Any Money"

"I am more than pleased with my reducing cup, and am reducing rapidly and feeling much better. I would not part with my cup for any money, if I could not obtain another." Mrs. C. H. B.

#### "Loses 4 Pounds in 6 Days"

"I have lost 4 pounds in the last 6 days. I feel much healthier and can stand long marches and perform other duties without the least exertion." Mr. T. H. C.

#### "Loses Inch from Thighs in Few Days"

"Using the cup three minutes in the morning and evening on each thigh, by the tape measure I have lost one inch in only a few days' time." Customer No. 1008.

*Note: In deference to the men and women whose statements are reproduced above, we have omitted their names and addresses. However, their letters, together with hundreds of others, are in our files and names and addresses will be furnished on request.*

### Special Reduced Price

The Vaco Reducing Cup is of soft, pliable rubber, made with the wonderful pressure-regulator. It is packed in a plain unmarked container. It will be sent to you at once upon receipt of the coupon below.

Thousands have sold at the regular price of \$6.00 and \$8.00. But when it is in your hands simply pay the postman the special price of only \$3.85 in full payment—and the Cup is yours. After the five days' test you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the Cup if you are not absolutely delighted, and your money will be immediately refunded.

### Free Introductory Offer

For a limited time only, we will include with your Vaco Reducing Cup a splendid set of books on "How to Reduce"—six interesting, illustrated books which you will find of permanent value to you. There are valuable hints in these books which tell you how to preserve youthful shapeliness in the whole body.

### Send No Money

Don't send us a cent in advance. Simply fill in and mail coupon below. That will bring you the remarkable Vaco Reducing Cup, together with the six interesting books on "How to Reduce." We want to prove to you that the Vaco Reducing Cup quickly takes off flesh just where you want to lose it.

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Have been sold for \$6 and \$8  
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A Necklace of Deltah Pearls is the gift *par excellence*. Such is the verdict of Paris—the home of the finest pearls—where the lustrous beauty of Deltahs has made them the choice of Pearl buyers from every land.

From the world's fashion centre travelers brought the demand for Deltahs to America. The House of Heller responded—and today leading jewelers everywhere display Deltahs in their dignified cases of Royal Purple.

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## PEARLS



Rupert Hughes has certainly taken up movie direction seriously. Here he is rehearsing Helene Chadwick and Gaston Glass in a scene of "Gimme," written by himself and Mrs. Hughes

She has that delightful poise and charm of the Continental, she is more beautiful than on the screen—and her English isn't at all bad.

The day after her arrival, a luncheon was given for her by Jesse L. Lasky, at which she was introduced to the press.

She wore a wonderful tricorne hat of black velvet, a graceful black velvet cape and a black lace dress, which covered her bare white arms and neck.

The thing that we noticed most during the luncheon was her naturalness, her lack of pose, and her instantaneous emotional responses to everything that was said and done. One instant she was near tears, when someone spoke of all that she had done to re-create good feeling between America and Europe; at another she actually bubbled with laughter at some slight joke.

She wandered about the studio the next day, with a string of men that reached from one end to the other, following her footsteps. And she hasn't yet started to work because "she doesn't just feel like it."

THE throne chair which is one of the house decorations at the Criterion Theater, where "When Knighthood was in Flower" is running, is more than just a prop.

In it have been seated King Henry the Eighth—in private life William Norris; and Charles Schwab, Lillian Gish, Marilyn Miller, Jack Pickford, Mabel Normand and others.

These celebrities saw the photoplay from the throne because plebeian people had got there first and bought all the seats in the theater.

By the way, did you hear that Pola Negri pronounced Marion Davies her ideal blond American beauty, and a fine actress as well? Pola saw Marion's best picture when she was in Manhattan and was sincere and hearty in her applause.

THAT an interesting engagement will be announced as soon as Mrs. Flo Hart Harlan gets her final decree of divorce seems to be fairly certain.

Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost both fail to deny that they will have some news to tell as soon as it is "permissible."

Anyway, they are always together and Miss

Prevost is devoting time to his work as well as her own, inspiring him, he declares, to more serious effort than he has previously shown.

JAMES RENNIE is doubling in "Brass," following the example of Alice Brady, Elsie Ferguson, and other stage-and-screen stars.

Dorothy's handsome husband—and by the way, the littlest Gish and her "Jamie" are happier today than they ever were, and that's a record, isn't it?—is playing the lead in the First National picture which Edwin Carewe is making at the Biograph studios; and he also is continuing his very popular rôle in "Shore Leave," the Belasco play opposite Frances Starr.

IF you think New Yorkers, particularly those New Yorkers who spend most of their time in Times Square, are thrill-proof, you're mistaken. Why, when Owen Moore and his wife, pretty Kathryn Perry, bought tickets for the Rialto Theater, the crowds stood still and watched them until they'd passed the portals.

THERE are various singular and exciting haunts in theatrical Manhattan. But none more interesting than the funny, bare, haphazard portrait studio of James Abbe.

It's in a dingy building on a side-street—up a flight of steep stairs, across a precarious board walk and down some more stairs. Into a high, stone room, papered with lovely sepias of countless celebrities, crowded with kittens and chickens and—oh, the kittens are the furry kind; but the chickens are not feathered. They are, usually, the sprightly belle of the current Greenwich Village Follies; a great, though diminutive, screen star; occasionally a golden-voiced warbler from the Metropolitan, submitting with surprising humility to Jimmy Abbe's eccentricities.

He makes beautiful pictures; but you don't see how he does it. For one thing, he makes an appointment to photograph you for an hour. You come; and you stay three hours. While you're being ordered to turn this way and that, to re-arrange your coiffure that Manhattan's best hair-dresser did for you with price-less pains, to go change your French frock because the neck's not right—Mr. Abbe, lord of this shadowy domain, dashes to and fro,



answering telephones, making excuses for not being on time for other appointments, and keeping, probably, some immortal like Ethel Barrymore waiting.

There are none of the expensive appurtenances of other photographic ateliers. No gilt mirrors and deep divans; no soft lights and hangings. Just a bare place; just a mad scramble of jagged mirrors used for reflectors; and one or two lights; and hundreds of plates; and the perfect likenesses of the world's greatest smiling down. The dressing room that has perhaps sheltered more celebrities than any other in the world, is littered with some star's costume and some other star's cosmetics; and more pictures. But there's something about the place that makes you understand why they all go there to be shot; and why they submit to spending their holidays posing for stills.

**T**HE trials of being the baby of famous parents are already known to Buster Keaton, Junior.

In his luxurious rooms at the Hotel Ambassador, Manhattan, Joseph Buster solemnly surveys, every day, bebies of newspaper women—and men—come to do him honor. To look at him and poke at him. To wonder about him—whether he looks like Mother Natalie, Papa, Aunt Constance or Aunt Norma. So far he has stood it—stoically. He has never cried. But an expression of withering contempt on his small face makes one surmise that sooner or later he is going to break down—and howl.

"I won't have my baby spoiled," says his small mother. And then Buster Keaton brings in a new flock of people to view the son and heir.

But even the doting pater rebelled when, crossing the continent, in the dead of night a delegation of photographers of some middle-western city wished to wake Joseph Jr. and flashlight him.

"I told them," remarked Buster Sr., "that the baby wasn't with us. And right away they got suspicious. If the baby wasn't with his mother and father where, they wanted to know, was he. We're not so popular in that town."

Incidentally, although PHOTOPLAY has stationed a spying reporter in the Keaton apartments to watch Joseph Buster, the child has never yet been seen to smile.

We will inform a waiting world as soon as he does.

**E**VELYN GREELEY hurried back from Holland, where she was making a picture.

Not that she didn't like Holland. But she received a certain cable which caused her to catch an early boat. It was from John Smiley, a "steel man"; and he asked Evelyn to be Mrs. Smiley and she liked the idea. And then they'll turn right around and go back to Europe on their honeymoon.

**B**USTER KEATON is talking over with First National executives the idea of making three and five reel comedies in the future. Buster will not "get serious," he says. But he wants to have more of a story to work with in the future.

While they were waiting for Norma and Constance to come home from Europe, the Keatons skipped over to Atlantic City for several weeks' vacation. They're calling Joseph Buster Junior "Jim" now. Why, nobody seems to know.

**C**ARTER DE HAVEN is responsible for this one.

His head property man came out on location one day carrying an iron. Carter wondered where an iron came in; so far as he knew the script didn't call for one. It wasn't a curling iron; it was an iron you press clothes with.

"Why," explained props, pointing to scene 32 in the script he carried. "See, don't it say here that 'Carter meets Floria on the lawn and presses his suit'?"

# Biflex Spring Bumper

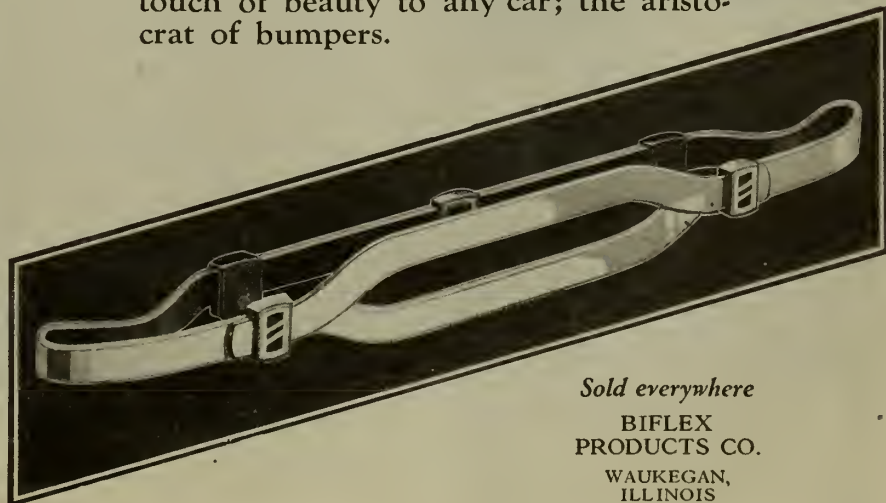


"What's all the fuss about?"

That was Marie Prevost's query after bumping into Kenneth Harlan's car.

In Miss Prevost's question was the confidence that is felt by all drivers of Biflex-equipped cars—confidence in the knowledge that the broad, flat Biflex buffing surface protects the other car, too, in the event of a collision. Biflex has no angular buffing surface to inflict dents or scratches.

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# Day Dream

The Girl You Can't Forget




### California Bungalow Books

"Home Kraft" and "Draughtsman" each contain Bungalows and Two Stories. "Plan Kraft" Two Stories. "Kozy Homes" Bungalows. \$1.00 each—all four for \$3.00. De Luxe Flats \$1.00.

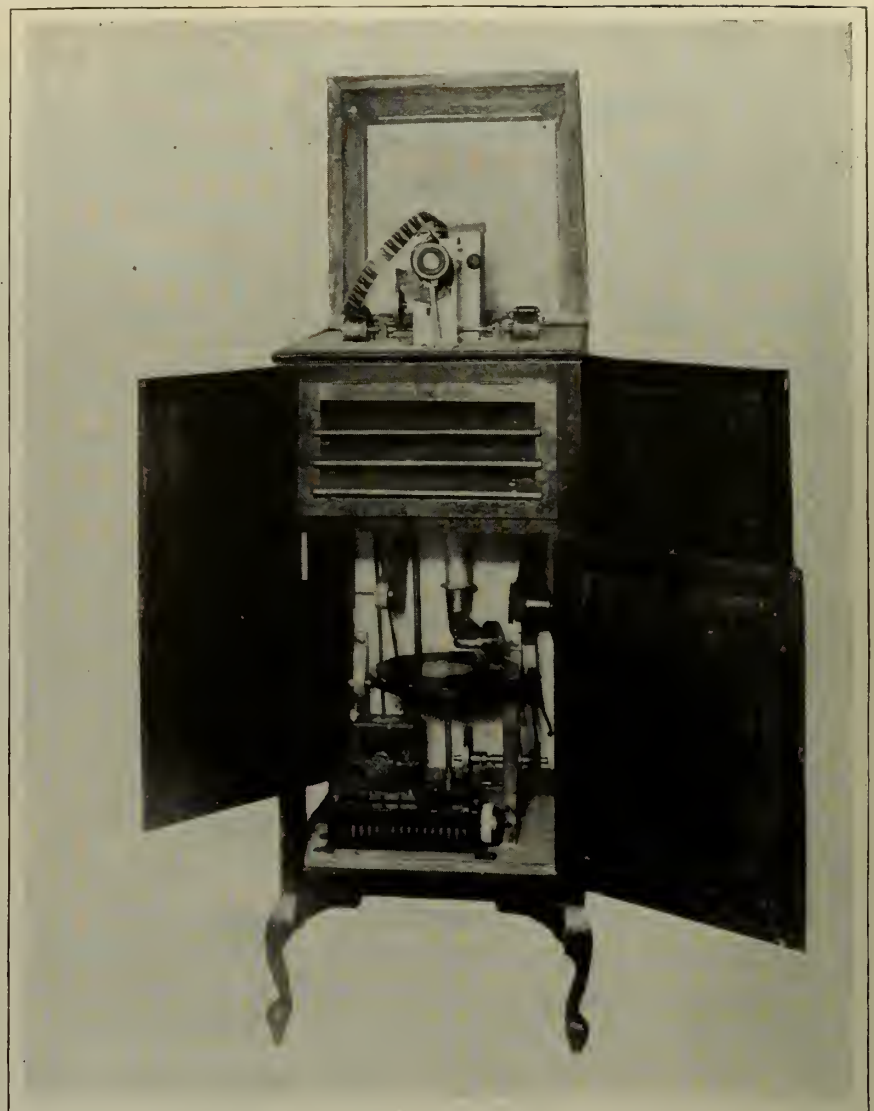
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Here's the latest device—the cinephone, a combination projection machine and phonograph. A miniature screen provides a medium for displaying the picture, the music being broadcasted in the usual manner. It's popular in England

MAE MARSH is again in England, making "Paddy the Next Best Thing" at the Islington studios of a British company.

When Mae completes it, she will come back to play in Griffith's next picture, a story of the old south. Carol Dempster will also be in the cast.

IT begins to look as if "If Winter Comes" wouldn't be finished before next summer.

Harry Millarde is still directing it at the Fox studios in Manhattan. The company went to England to make the Hutchinson story over there; but the weather was so bad only the most necessary exteriors were taken. But all the best scenes from the book will be in it;

and Percy Marmont and Ann Forrest both say they have never had such satisfactory rôles as *Mark Sabre* and *Lady Tybar*.

EAST and west have been dividing honors lately. If Tom Meighan and Leatrice Joy and Lila Lee come to New York, then Mabel and Hugo Ballin and Corinne Griffith and Jane Murfin go to Hollywood, just to even things up.

Miss Murfin was preceded to the coast by Larry Trimble, who directs the stories she writes.

The Murfin-Trimble combination completed their second Strongheart picture and will make the third in California.

EVERY issue of *Photoplay Magazine* contains complete casts of all current pictures reviewed. These casts will be found this month on page 94.



## Stunting Into Stardom

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 39]

That, too, was Winnie Brown.

The most daring, reckless, skillful double the movie game has ever known, that's what Winnie Brown has been.

There's hardly a great star in the game today for whom Winnie Brown hasn't doubled. There's hardly a piece of wild and death-defying business that Winnie hasn't performed.

Yet to her audiences she has been nameless, faceless, unknown.

When she has gone to see herself upon the screen it has been in the clothes and under the name and mask of some other woman. The credit for her work has gone elsewhere.

"That don't matter none," said Winnie Brown, turning her fine, dark eyes on me, "I got the mazuma. An' don't say too much about the doublin' part. Most o' these here stars don't like for folks to know they use a double. An' o' course it ain't their fault most o' the time they do—it's the company makes 'em. If I bust a coupla o' ribs or a laig or two, it don't make no difference. I got a swell doctor and he fixes me up cheap. But if one o' them fancy stars gits mashed up or her face scratched, it costs the company a whole wad o' spondolicks.

"Most o' the girls I've doubled for would have been willin' to tackle it themselves all right, only the company wouldn't hear to it, and besides, those skirts ain't got the trainin'."

Winnie has donned the grease-paint and become a western leading lady.

Winnie is going to play the leading rôle in a real western picture, written specially for her. You are going to see a real cowgirl in action. And there are more real stunts in this picture than were ever written into one script before.

"Reckon she'll have to have a double herself, fore she gits through," said Soupstrainer gravely.

Frances Marion is the discoverer of Winnie Brown. Miss Marion, for a number of years scenario writer and director for Mary Pickford, and now scenarioist for Norma and Constance Talmadge, discovered Winnie when she went to look at some horses. And she decided to give her a chance on the screen.

So Winnie Brown has become a motion picture actress.

"Do you like it?" I asked, when I had climbed to a seat beside her on the rail fence.

"Reckon I do. Course I'm scared plumb to death. Long's I can stay by a hoss, I'll git by all right. I've always wanted to take a chance on actin'."

## The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

### The Girl Who Ran Wild— Universal

BRET HARTE'S "M'liss" made over into a dress for a little girl. There are places where the fine fabric of the original story shows through, but in most spots one is conscious only that Gladys Walton—in the title rôle—is acting very cute indeed, and that the two character men are pulling hefty wise cracks. Some of the school room scenes are pleasant, with Vernon Steele as the school-master.

### The Face in the Fog— Cosmopolitan-Paramount

THE screen has not yet had its masterpiece of mystery. This promised to approach the heights of murderous melodrama; but it missed. Lionel Barrymore's *Boston Blackie* is vaguely outlined. Seena Owen seems lost as a grand duchess and Lowell Sherman caricatures a count. Mary MaClaren, Louis



## Night Joys

Think what this dish means at bedtime

Puffed Wheat makes whole wheat a confection.

It makes each grain a tidbit, thin, airy, crisp and nut-like—enticing to the taste.

It makes whole wheat wholly digestible. Every food cell is blasted. Every granule is fitted to feed.

### Two foods most essential

Most children need more whole grains and more milk.

Whole wheat supplies 16 needed elements. It is rich in minerals which growing children need. It is practically a complete food. Milk is rich in vitamins.

Puffed Wheat makes the milk dish tempting.

It supplies a night food easy to digest.

### Things to remember

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not mere delights. They were invented by Prof. Anderson.

They are the only whole-grain food with every food cell broken.

They are foods to serve at any hour, easy to digest.

And they make every element in the whole grain available as food.

Children who get such foods in plenty are in no way underfed.

## Puffed Wheat

Whole grains steam exploded

## Puffed Rice

Puffed to 8 times normal size

### In the morning

Puffed Rice is the finest breakfast dainty that children ever get. But serve at other times as well.

Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. It is better than sweet-meats or pastry.



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Are you as attractive as you might be?  
All of which means, are you taking  
advantage of your natural gifts?  
Are you covering your shortcomings  
and enhancing your good points?

### National Bob

Keep your lovely hair. Do not cut it neatly underneath a NATIONAL BOB and wear your hair bobbed without cutting. And to you who want to let your bobbed hair grow back, the NATIONAL BOB will let you do it secretly and comfortably. Cool, light. Always neat, always ready. Any shade.  
Price \$10.

### National Switch

You will be amazed when you see the wonderful effect this creates on ladies with bobbed hair who are anxious to grow it back to its natural length. Made of imported French human hair, gives all the grace and beauty that only a natural head of long, thick wavy hair can give. Price \$10 with folder showing how to properly wear it.

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Free Booklet of new hair-dressing creations and accessories sent on request.



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Dress her up by putting a cute little bob over her hair. She'll look as sweet as sister. Just send strand of hair (for color) and size of dolly's head and \$1.00 and bob will be sent postpaid. Full dolly wigs with curls \$2.50.

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### No. 4711 Bath Salts

The water becomes very soft, the odor of it delicate and refreshing!

No. 4711 is available in seven perfumes, at any counter where toilet requisites of quality are dispensed.

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Wilheim and Gustav von Seyffertitz perform splendidly, but the remarkable fog effect is the real star of the show.

### Confidence—Universal

**THOUGH** a trifle more kittenish than usual Herbert Rawlinson manages to get by with his latest. Probably because the picture is far above his average. It tells of a shy young salesman who finds a bag full of money and—at the acquisition of sudden wealth—gains confidence. Some good gags, foremost among them being a constable's Ford that carries a harpoon with which to stop speeders. Chuckles for everybody.

### Home Made Movies—First National

**A** BEN TURPIN classic with some good titles and some wonderful bits of slap stick. Turpin in a double part—as a young son and a grey whiskered old father—will convulse any audience that takes its laughter straight. A bear cub, almost submerged in an aquarium and oblivious to everything but the fish, shares honors with the star. Neither of them ever looks at the camera—but for different reasons.

### Do and Dare—Fox

**TOM** MIX, more red-blooded than ever, leaps blithely from the days of Daniel Boone to the middle of a nineteen twenty-two model South American revolution. He wears a monocle and faces a firing squad with equal nonchalance and ends, as he always does, by outwitting the villain, getting the money and marrying the girl. In this case the girl is Claire Adams. Both entertaining and exciting.

## The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

President McKinley's Triumphal Western Tour; The Galveston Disaster; Beaumont, Texas, Oil Fields; Paris and Pan American Expositions; Chinese, Philippine and Boer Wars; Carrie Nation, the Kansas Saloon Smasher.

First night in Juneau took admissions at seventy-five cents, but when the show moved into the gold camps the price was two dollars a seat. It was fourteen years before Broadway saw motion pictures at that price.

The Miles Expedition did the round of the gold diggings and in 1902 they made one of the earliest industrial picture contracts, taking three thousand feet of films and five hundred stills for the syndicate which projected the building of the Valdez and Copper River railway, all for the round price of ten thousand dollars. The pictures went out through Biograph.

Back in New York important developments were coming. The motion picture was on the verge of a rebirth and a greater function than as the black tent novelty of the provinces and the chaser of the vaudeville show.

The synthetic process of making news pictures as begun by Blackton and Smith in their destruction of Cervera's fleet and by Amet with the same subject and his "Execution of Six Boxers" was growing bolder. The Edison company went naively out to reproduce the Boer-British war, which was occupying a large and sympathetic attention in the United States. James H. White, of the kinoscope department, was the general in charge of military operations. The war was conducted with several handsome stovepipe cannons mounted on carriage wheels and a pair of

### 365 Days—Pathe

**A** HILARIOUS Snub Pollard comedy, in which the high cost of living is solved by means of a balloon bungalow. There are many amusing situations, and some not so amusing. People who like this actor will enjoy the picture and, as Harry Lauder would say, *vice versa*. Marie Mosquini is decidedly decorative as the young wife.

### Mixed Faces—Fox

**WILLIAM RUSSELL** in another portrayal of the virile young American. The sort of a man that country girls dream about. And Rene Adoree as the girl of his heart, looking older than she did a year ago—and curiously careworn. A commonplace story of the rice pudding variety, with a quickened moment or two and long lapses in interest.

### The Long Chance—Universal

**TOO** many death bed scenes, by far. And too many close-ups of flower strewn graves. And a few spots where the watcher is left in suspense—which is never lessened because the continuity writer is a forgetful chap. But Henry B. Walthall, as an old gambler, creates a splendid character, while Ralph Graves and Marjorie Daw typify young love. A mining town drama, etc. Just passable, as to plot.

### The Lone Hand—Universal

**EDWARD** (no longer Hoot, he's graduated!) Gibson in one of his regular westerns. With Marjorie Daw to make it something above the average. A story of a mine owner and a plot against him, and a bunch of assorted villains, and a villainess in riding clothes. One good scene in a flooded mine makes the picture worth while for grown-ups. The young folks will enjoy all of it.

armies of Bowery drifters arrayed in costumes from the Eaves establishment.

In very similar fashion Vitagraph conducted a war of its own across the veldt of Long Island. In this year of 1900 Vitagraph blossomed out from a verbal partnership into a corporation capitalized at \$6,000, still owned, however, entirely by Blackton, Smith and Rock. The concern signalized this step by moving its offices, always a popular pastime with motion picture concerns. Established in the Morton building at 116 Nassau Street, they erected a stage on the roof and entered more seriously into fabricated production.

Picture making on the Morton building roof was considerably complicated by the clouds of exhaust steam from the engine room in the basement. In a shifting wind the stage was often entirely obscured. Caught in a gust of steam, the director would cry, "Hold." Whereat the cast on stage would freeze motionless in the posture of the moment, often tragically ridiculous. When the steam passed the camera started again. The studio pictures of this period were largely comedies of a violently extravagant type.

Some excerpts from an old Biograph catalogue, a considerable volume of about two hundred pages, representing the pinnacle of motion picture attainment for the time, are of interest to the student of the motion picture: 45—"Rip's Toast"—Buzzards' Bay—Joseph Jefferson, the great actor, in an outdoor performance of Rip Van Winkle.

134—"The Pretty Stenographer; or Caught in the Act"—New York Studio—26 feet—An elderly but very gay broker is seated at his desk dictating to his pretty typewriter. He stops in the progress of his letter and bestows



a kiss on the not unwilling girl. As he does, however, his wife enters. She is amazed and enraged. Taking her husband by the ear she compels him to get on his knees. The pretty typewriter is alarmed and bursts into tears.

269—"The Bad Boy and Poor Grandpa"—New York Studio—Grandpa is peacefully reading his newspaper and the bad little boy creeps up behind and sets it on fire.

539—"How Bridget Served the Salad Undressed"—New York Studio—22 feet—This is an old and always popular story told by motion photograph. Bridget of course, mistakes the order and brings in the salad in a state of dishabille hardly allowable in polite society.

12—Sandow—19 feet—Showing the great athlete in full length figure occupying the entire size of the film, in a display of his enormous muscular development.

141—Little Egypt—New York Studio—A well known character in a dance which created considerable excitement when first introduced in America.

1863—Anna Held—59 feet—A stunning picture of the well known actress in the drinking song which made such a hit in "Papa's Wife."

2161—Eva Tanguay—48 feet—New York—The eccentric comedienne from the New York Theatre in the popular and amusing "Sambo Dance" from "The Chaperones."

5377—"Zip"—The Paris Studio—27 feet—a famous "What is it?" of the Barnum and Bailey circus.

5374—"Jo-Jo the Dog Faced Boy"—Paris Studio—27 feet—a familiar freak from the Barnum and Bailey circus.

1845—Demolishing and building up the Star Theater, New York City—67 feet—This film shows the demolition of the historic Star Theater building, formerly Wallacks, at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth street. To secure this unique picture a Biograph camera was kept constantly at work by specially devised electric apparatus, four weeks, during which time exposures were made every four minutes, eight hours a day. Before the contractors began their work of tearing down and after the last vestige of the building had been removed, 15 seconds of exposure at normal speed were made. Thus in the finished positive one views at first the old Star Theater standing as it had for years looking down with serenity on the bustle of Broadway traffic then as if struck by a tornado of supernatural strength, the building begins to crumble.

A hitherto unrevealed secret of the industry came near to changing the entire course of motion picture history. A far sighted plan was forming in the mind of L. N. Marvin of the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company. It should be recalled here that Armat had gone out of the business. Woodville Latham had disappeared and his patents were, along with all the rest involved, in endless legal controversy. Thomas Armat, still casually acted in the legal controversies, was not for the time a factor. Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig, Spoor and the others, a scattering few, were either on uncertain legal ground or in minor positions. Marvin set out to consolidate the powers and potentialities that lay divided between his concern and Edison's.

NOW Marvin, through his dealings with the Edison concern back in the days of the Marvin electric drill before motion pictures were born, knew William E. Gilmore, the general manager of the Edison enterprise. He knew the Gilmore temper and temperament. He knew Gilmore's probable decision in advance. Marvin went to Edison, privately and secretly. They talked motion pictures and the future. Edison was not enthusiastic. In the end Marvin came away on April 12, 1900 with an option to purchase the entire motion picture interests of the Edison concern for what amounted to a half million.

In detail the agreement was for the payment



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In winter when the blood in your face is whipped by the wind and cold, you are deceived into thinking your circulation is improved. This is only temporary. That same wind that brings the color momentarily to the surface is driving dirt into the pores; is causing chaps, making your skin harsh and sensitive. When you come in out of the wind, rub Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream liberally on your face, applying it with a piece of clean cotton. Leave it on until the sting has disappeared and you will find your skin unharmed by exposure.

The dirt that has worked its way into the skin during the day should be removed each night with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. This regular beautifying period should be part of every woman's daily regime. If you remove the dirt from your skin you will remove the cause of practically all skin trouble.

Dip a piece of cotton, wrung out in tepid or cold water, into your jar of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. Cover your face with a liberal application and let it stay on until your face feels perfectly relaxed. Wipe the cream off with a clean soft towel. This stimulates the tissues and closes the pores again. This simple treatment is all that any normal skin should need.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is sold everywhere at Pre-War Prices. In Tubes, 10c, 25c and 50c. In Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.

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of \$300,000 cash down, \$5,000 a year for twelve years, \$30,000 for the stock of machines and films on hand, and in the event that Patent No. 580,168 was sustained the sum of \$8,000, and in the event this basic patent were not attached in the next five years yet another \$20,000.

Marvin paid down two thousand five hundred dollars on the option and arranged a bank loan to meet the terms of the agreement when the payment should fall due.

It was a master stroke, struck at the right time. The consummation of this scheme would have given Biograph control of the screen in America. At the same time the capable E. B. Koopman of Biograph was building up his formidable series of strongly financed subsidiary organizations all over Europe. A plan of world domination of the screen by a single force was on the high road to success.

Then, a few months later, with melodramatic fatality, as the day for payment of the \$300,000 to Edison neared, the bank failed. There was neither time nor opportunity to get a loan elsewhere, and the psychology of the situation at the Edison establishment had changed. There was no extension of that option.

EIGHT years were to pass before Marvin's merger idea was to bear fruit. In time it came, but never with the opportunity of as complete a success as 1900 promised.

Edison's legal department had been busy with a running fire of twenty-three court actions of various kinds against all the competing picture makers of the day. When the purchase option project fell through Edison and Biograph clinched in a desperate legal battle, the celebrated case of Thomas A. Edison vs. The American Mutoscope & Biograph Company, in the United States Court for the Southern District of New York, No. 8289. Frank N. Dyer, then Edison's personal counsel and in later days a motion picture executive, was of prominence in this case.

Biograph was fighting for its life. It set up a defense that was in effect an interpretive review of the history of the motion picture from its earliest beginnings, bringing in the work of Muybridge, Marey, LePrince, and countless others who had nearly made a motion picture before Edison.

A highly dramatic event figured among the endless technicalities of the case, when Herman Casler, the Biograph mechanical genius, produced in court a model built on the LePrince patent specifications conceived back in the days of 1886 before film was made. Casler's LePrince machine worked. He had done with the LePrince idea that which LePrince had been unable to do.

The event passed unnoticed from then until today. There in Judge Wheeler's court room came this demonstration justifying the hopes of the old inventor, the victim of a missing mystery in France in 1890. The story has the flavor of the thrilling posthumous vindication of Professor Langley, when Glenn Curtis, installing a modern engine in "Langley's Folly" aeroplane, flew it over the Potomac.

While Edison was busy repairing his patent fortifications Armat, by an interesting agreement with the defendant Biograph Company, gained a permanent injunction against their infringement of his projecting machine. The injunction was granted October 21, 1902 by Judge Hazel. The fact which never came to light was that H. N. Marvin of Biograph in furtherance of the world wide plans of dominance of Biograph, decided that it would be best not to make a successful defense against Armat. He argued with Armat that Biograph could break down the Vitascopes patents, just as it had broken the Edison patents.

"But," observed Marvin, "the future and the strength of this business is centered in the control that may be exercised through the patents, which we must maintain."

So it came that Biograph agreed to allow the

Armat injunction to issue without further opposition and to take a limited license to operate under the Armat patents. This became to all intents a combination of the Armat and Biograph patent interests. As these chapters unfold this will be seen to have been the nucleus of a revolutionary development.

Armat's action against Edison and Lubin, similar to that against Biograph, was lost through a confusion growing out of his early association with O. Francis Jenkins and Mr. Jenkins' alleged sale of certain rights.

Meanwhile Edison was ready for war again and November 6 he opened another action against Biograph, on his reissued patents. This suit was to drag through the courts for years. Vitagraph, Selig and Lubin were also under fire, but they were minor foes. Biograph was the real challenger.

A whole line of Edison suits were awaiting the decision in this test case against Biograph. July 15, 1901 Judge Wheeler decided in favor of Edison. Biograph was able to continue in business only under bond to deposit with a trustee its entire proceeds, week by week, pending appeal. The Wheeler decision was reversed in the United States Court of Appeals March 10, 1902, on the ground that Edison's claims in Patent No. 580,168 were too broad.

Edison at once moved to strengthen his impaired position. The original patent was then reissued September 30, 1902 in two reissues, No. 12,037 covering the camera or kinetograph, and 12,038 covering negative and positive motion picture films.

Edison's legal war against Siegmund Lubin of Philadelphia was filled with all the comedy and humor of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. "Pop" Lubin was an unsinkable rubber duck on the motion picture pond. When, as often happened, Edison won an apparently final decision against him, and while the Edison legal department was preparing a proper notice to the trade, Lubin would break out in advertising and broadsides notifying all customers "LUBIN WINS."

But while the new case against Biograph was pending the picture makers went forward, speculating on the outcome.

With considerable flourish the Tammany campaign of 1901 started. Percy Waters of Maryland had always been a steadfast Republican. He recalled the effectiveness of the picture showing in the street the year before and sought an audience at Republican headquarters in New York. He had an idea that pictures might be used to draw street crowds for the platform orators of the campaign. But Republican headquarters were distinctly formal. After trying three days Mr. Waters got so far as to get an appointment to see the campaign manager's stenographer.

THE patience of Waters was exhausted. He was peevish. He stepped through two swinging doors in Fourteenth street to get something to pour on his overheated disposition. He was just feeling enough better to talk when a Tammany acquaintance came along.

"You're playing with the wrong crowd, Percy, come along with me and see the chief."

So presently Percy Waters and his friend were closeted with Richard Croker in Tammany Hall. Croker listened attentively. It was the most critical fight of his career. Croker wanted every available aid. When the plan had been unfolded, Croker sent for Thomas Smith, Secretary of Tammany Hall.

"Tommy, make an appointment to meet Mr. Waters tomorrow morning and make a contract."

The contract they made that September morning took Waters' breath. Tammany wanted a hundred projection machines and operators to cover as many speakers' stands.

After he had gone out into the street again, Waters took stock of the situation, with minglings of excitement and alarm. There were not a hundred available projection machines in all the United States. There



were not even half a hundred and there were no operators to man them.

In hot haste Waters went to the Edison plant to see Gilmore the manager. Gilmore laughed.

"Can't be done, Percy."

"It can if you work nights." And so it was. Night and day in shifts the Edison plant turned out projecting machines for Waters' Tammany contract. Meanwhile Waters scoured the town for motion picture operators and gathered up maybe a dozen with pleas of friendship and money. Edwin S. Porter and Al Harstn were among them. As his need grew more desperate Waters took in training any man he could pick up anywhere. Much to the annoyance of Edison he impressed into service the elevator men at the Edison office building in Fifth Avenue.

WHEN the campaign started, fortunately for Waters, Tammany had been able to get locations for only eighty machines. The shows went on, drawing big crowds to the range of the spellbinders.

There were some careless operators in that emergency crew. One of them, in charge of a machine placed over a saloon down in Twenty-first street in the East side, dropped a cigar into his bag of films. The awning in front of the saloon burned. A report of this accident to Waters came. In a rumbling hack he galloped down into the gas house district and rushed up to the scene.

A husky chap in his shirt sleeves strode out. "Here's trouble," thought Waters, planning a speech of conciliation.

"I'm the picture man," he started.

The shirt-sleeved proprietor raised his hand and smiled.

"It's all right, boy, I'm Charlie Murphy."

And what had been done in the cause of Tammany was all right with Charlie Murphy, who came in his turn to be Tammany's chief.

It was a bitter political war in which the motion picture had come to play its part for the first time. William Travers Jerome, then Justice of the Court of Special Sessions, made a flaming indictment of the abuse and evils of the city. And despite the aid of the films, Tammany lost. Richard Croker abdicated the Wigwam under the term of retirement and sailed away to his castle in Ireland to spend the rest of his days away from the scenes of his power.

With the campaign over Waters had on hand the biggest single stock of motion picture projection machines in the world. The Kinetograph Company had them as a profit of the campaign since the contract had paid for them. For the first time the standard price of \$125 for an Edison projector was cut.

Waters offered his second hand machines for about \$85 each. They sold rapidly and spreading over the country became an important agency in the spread of the motion picture. A new attitude toward the motion picture was developing, too, out of the experiences of the vaudeville theater managers in 1900 when the actors, under the leadership of George Fuller Golden, organized the White Rats and struck against the newly formed managerial combine. The motion picture saved the day for a considerable number of theaters would not have been able to open otherwise. The theatrical world was beginning to see possibilities in the pictures.

In the next chapter we shall see the motion picture rapidly reach out in growth in three important directions, the distribution or exchange system is inaugurated, the screen story or photoplay is born, and the motion picture theater rises to cover the land. With these all important new phases of the picture we shall see the rise of new chieftains and the beginnings of a golden age of vast profits, shadowed yet awhile by an increasingly bitter war of litigations. In this next period, too, comes the beginning of the day of the actor and the first screen personalities, the creation of a new race.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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on the average, half as much again to buy most of the things that are necessary for keeping the country going; but the advance in telephone rates is far less than this average.

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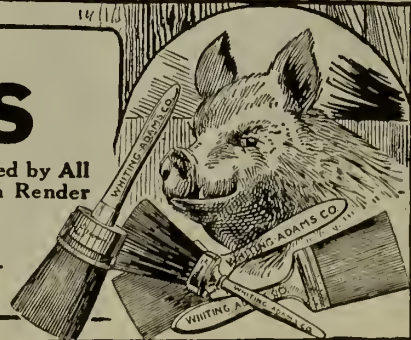
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**OMAR, THE TENTMAKER**—FIRST NATIONAL.—Screen version by Mr. Tully from his play of the same name. Directed by James Young. Photographed by George Benoit. The cast: *Omar Khayyam*, Guy Bates Post; *Shireen*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Nizam Ul Mulk*, Nigel de Bruliere; *Hassan Ben Sabbah*, Douglas Gerrard; *Shah of Shahs*, Noah Beery; *Mother of the Shah*, Rose Dione; *Little Shireen*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *The Crusader*, Maurice Flynn; *Imam Mowaffak*, Boris Karloff; *The Executioner*, Walter Long; *Omar's Father*, Edward M. Kimball; *Zarah*, Evelyn Selbie; *Mahruss*, John Gribner; *Little Mahruss*, Will Jim Hatton; *Emissaries of the Shah*, George Rigas and Gordon Mullen.

**THE BOND BOY**—INSPIRATION PICTURE—FIRST NATIONAL.—From George Washington Ogden's story. Adapted by Charles Whittaker. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Peter Newbolt*—Joe Newbolt, his son, Richard Barthelmess; *Isom Chase*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Cyrus Morgan*, Ned Sparks; *Colonel Price*, Lawrence D'Orsay; *Lawyer Hammer*, Robert Williamson; *District Attorney*, Leslie King; *Sheriff*, Jerry Sinclair; *Saul Greening*, Thomas Maguire; *Mrs. Greening*, Lucia Backus Seger; *Alice Price*, Virginia Magee; *Mrs. Newbolt*, Mary Alden; *Ollie Chase*, Mary Thurman.

**SKIN DEEP**—FIRST NATIONAL—THOS. INCE.—By Marc Edmond Jones. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. Continuity by Lambert Hillyer. Cameraman, Charles Steimer. The cast: *Bud Doyle*, Milton Sills; *Ethel Carter*, Florence Vidor; *Boss McQuarg*, Frank Campeau; *Sadie Doyle*, Marcia Manon; *Joe Culver*, Joseph Singleton; *Dr. Langdon*, Winter Hall; *Dist. Attorney James Carlson*, Charles Clary; *Baby Carlson*, Muriel Frances Dana; *Mrs. Carlson*, Gertrude Astor.

**THE OLD HOMESTEAD**—PARAMOUNT PICTURE.—Directed by James Cruze. Adapted by Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank E. Woods from the play by Denman Thompson. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Asst. Director

Vernon Keays. Supervised by Walter Woods. Art Director, Max Parker. Photographed by Karl Brown. The cast: *Uncle Joshua*, Theodore Roberts; *Eph Hoolbrook*, George Fawcett; *Happy Jack*, T. Roy Barnes; *Ann*, Fritzi Ridgeway; *Reuben*, Harrison Ford; *Lem*, James Mason; *Rose*, Kathleen O'Connor; *Aunt Matilda*, Ethel Wales; *Ike Goodsell*, Edwin J. Brady; *Si Prime*, Frank Hayes; *Seth Perkins*, X. Wall Covington; *Cabe Waters*, Charles Williams.

**TRIFLING WOMEN**—METRO PICTURE—Direction, Rex Ingram. Story and Scenario by Rex Ingram. Photographed by John F. Seitz. Production Manager, Starrett Ford. The cast: *Leon de Sacerac*, the *Novelist*, Pomeroy Cannon; *His daughter*, *Jacqueline*, Barbara La Marr; *Henri*, Ramon Navarro; *Zareda*, the *fortune teller*, Barbara La Marr; *Baron Francois de Maupin*, Edward Connelly; *His son*, *Ivan*, Ramon Navarro; *The Marquis Ferroni*, Lewis Stone; *Pere Alphonse Bidondeau*, innkeeper, Hughie Mack; *Col. Roybet*, Gene Pouyet; *Achmed*, John George; *Caspar*, Jesse Weldon; *Hassen*, Hyman Binunsky; *Hatim-Tai*, Joe Martin.

**BROADWAY ROSE**—METRO PICTURE.—Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Story and scenario by Edmund Goulding. Art setting by Charles Cadwallader. The cast: *Rosalie Lawrence*, Mae Murray; *Tom Darcy*, Monte Blue; *Hugh Thompson*, Ray Bloomer; *Reggie Whitley*, Ward Crane; *Barbara Royce*, Alma Tell; *Peter Thompson*, Charles Lane; *Mrs. Peter Thompson*, Mary Turner Gordon; *Mrs. Lawrence*, Mrs. Jennings; *Colored Maid*, Pauline Dempsey.

**UNDER TWO FLAGS**—UNIVERSAL PICTURE.—From the immortal novel by Quida. Directed by Tod Browning. Scenario by Edward T. Lowe, Jr. and Elliott Clawson. Photography, William Fieldew. The cast: *Cigarette*, Priscilla Dean; *Victor*, James Kirkwood; *Ben Ali Hamed*, John Davidson; *Marquis de Chateauroy*, Stuart Holmes; *The Colonel*, W. H. Bainbridge; *Princess d'Amague*, Ethel Grey Terry; *Corporal Louis*, Fred Cavens;



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**PINK GODS**—PARAMOUNT PROD.—A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production. Story by Cynthia Stockley. Adaptation by Sonya Leven and J. E. Nash. Scenario by Ewart Adamson. The cast: *Lorraine Temple*, Bebe Daniels; *John Quelch*, Owner of Diamond Mines, James Kirkwood; *Lady Margot Cork*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Jim Wingate*, Raymond Hatton; *Louis Barney*, A Diamond Broker, Adolphe Menjou; *Mark Escher*, Guy Oliver; *Col. Pat Temple*, *Lorraine's Husband*, George Cowl; *Dick Cork*, *Lady Margot's Son*, Arthur Trimble.

**A WOMAN'S WOMAN**—ALBION PRODUCTION COMPANY.—A Charles Giblyn Production. Adapted from Mrs. Nalbro Bartley's Saturday Evening Post story of the same title. Direction by Charles Giblyn, assisted by Don O'Brien. Photography by Jacques Bizeul. Scenario by Raymond S. Schrock. Released by Allied Producers and Distributors Corporation. The cast: *Densie Plummer*, Mary Alden; *Harriet Plummer*, Louise Lee; *Sally Plummer*, Dorothy MacKail; *John Plummer*, Holmes E. Herbert; *Kenneth Plummer*, Albert Hackett; *Dean Laddbarry*, Rob La Roque; *Sam Hippler*, Horace James; *Iris Starr*, Cleo Madison; *Rex Humberstone*, Donald Hall; *Senator James Gleason*, J. Barney Sherry.

**THE SNOWSHOE TRAIL**—ROBERTSON COLE.—Author, Edison Marshall. Director, Chester Bennett. Adapted by Marion Fairfax. Photographed by Jack Mackenzie. The cast: *Virginia Tremont*, Jane Novak; *Bill Bronson*, Roy Stewart; *Harold Lounsbury*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Kenly Lounsbury*, Herbert Prior; *Mrs. Bronson*, Kate Toncray; *Herbert Lounsbury*, Spottiswoode Aitken; *Wah Lung*, Chai Hung.

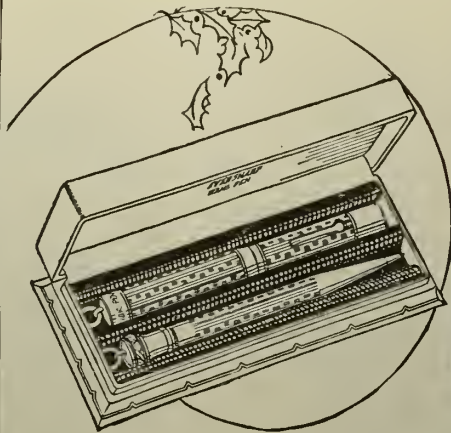
**JUNE MADNESS**—METRO PICTURE.—Adapted by Harry Beaumont from a story by Crosby George. Photographed by John Arnold. Art Director, J. J. Hughes. The cast: *Clytie Whitmore*, Viola Dana; *Ken Pauling*, Bryant Washburn; *Cadbury Todd* 2d., Gerald Pring; *Hamilton Pecko*, Leon Barry; *Mrs. Whitmore*, Eugenie Besserer; *Pennetti*, Snitz Edwards; *Mamie O'Gallagher* (Senora), Anitra Fraser.

**MISSING MILLIONS**—PARAMOUNT PROD.—Director, Joseph Henabery. Scenario, Alfred Shelby Levino. Photographer, Gilbert Warrenton. The cast: *Mary Dawson*, Alice Brady; *Boston Blackie*, David Powell; *Jim Cantrell*, Frank Losee; *John Webb*, Riley Hatch; *Handsome Harry Hawks*, John B. Cooke; *Thos. Dawson*, Wm. B. Mack; *Daniel Regan*, George LeGuere; *Mrs. Regan*, Alice May; *Sir Arthur Cumberland*, Cooper Cliff; *Donald Gordon*, Sidney Dean; *Claire Dupont*, Beverly Travers; *Frank Garber*, Sidney Herbert.

**MIXED FACES**—FOX PICTURES.—Director, Rowland V. Lee. Asst. Director, Dave Keefe. Cameraman, Dave Abels. Author, Roy Norton. Scenario by Paul Schofield. The cast: *Judge J. Woodworth Granger*—*Jimmy Gallop*, William Russell; *Miss Sayre*, alias *Mary Allen*, Rene Adoree; *Murray McGuire*, DeWitt Jennings; *Mrs. Sayre*, Elizabeth Garrison; *Mr. Sayre*, Charles French; *Mrs. Molly Crutcher*, Eileen Manning; *William Haskins*, Harvey Clarke.

**DO AND DARE**—FOX PICTURE.—Story by Marion Brooks. Direction by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Dan Clark. The cast: *Kit Carson Boone*—*Henry Boone*, Tom Mix; *Mary Lee*, Dulcie Cooper; *Juanita Sanchez*, Claire Adams; *Cordoba*, Claude Peyton; *Jose Sanchez*, Jack Rollins; *General Sanchez*, Hector Sarno; *Col. "Handy" Lee*, Wilbur Higby; *Yellow Crow*, Bob Klein; *Zita*, Gretchen Hartman.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



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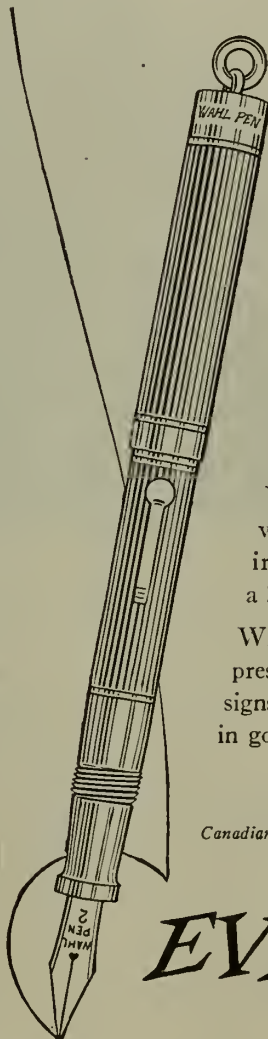
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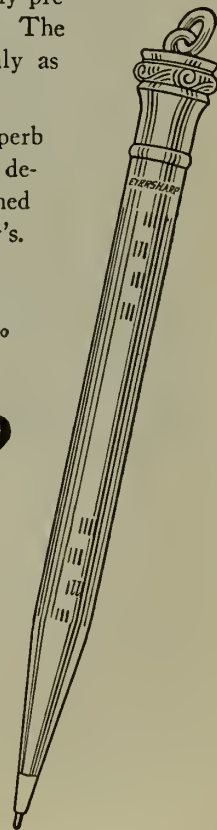
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*As a director Ernst Lubitsch is a dervish. He can whirl through more work in a day than most directors can get past in a week. He doesn't rehearse his players before starting a picture*

## The Film Wizard of Europe

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

in the world. But he would only blink rapturously, which was to say, "enough said."

He considers "Foolish Wives" a masterpiece in detail, but when he saw it on the opening night in New York, "The story, the story—it—um,"—he couldn't express his idea save with a movement—a very energetic cramming movement of the hands. With the right story he thinks Von Stroheim will do great things. He added an interesting observation on the picture. He said that he did not believe it would pass the German censors as it stood on the opening night when he saw it. The German censors, contrary to our supposition, are not licentious. But they do have ideas as to what is relevant and necessary in the depiction of life-drama—an idea which our censors have yet to grasp.

"Orphans of the Storm" is the best picture Lubitsch saw in America, and he was enthusiastic about it. He admires Griffith; believes "Broken Blossoms" one of the screen's immortal classics.

"Have a drink," he popped suddenly, offering me a tall glass of pink fluid.

"What is it?" I demanded somewhat sus-

piciously after I had taken the first sip.

"It is Mr. Lubitsch's special drink," said the secretary. "Strawberry juice and mineral water."

My illusions as to studio life in Berlin were fast blowing out. I had looked forward to the flowing bowl at lunch. What I got was a tall drink of lemonade. Everybody had the same, so there was no room for kick about discrimination against Americans. And the amber beverage which was circulating in the cafe "set" was a drink compounded of coffee.

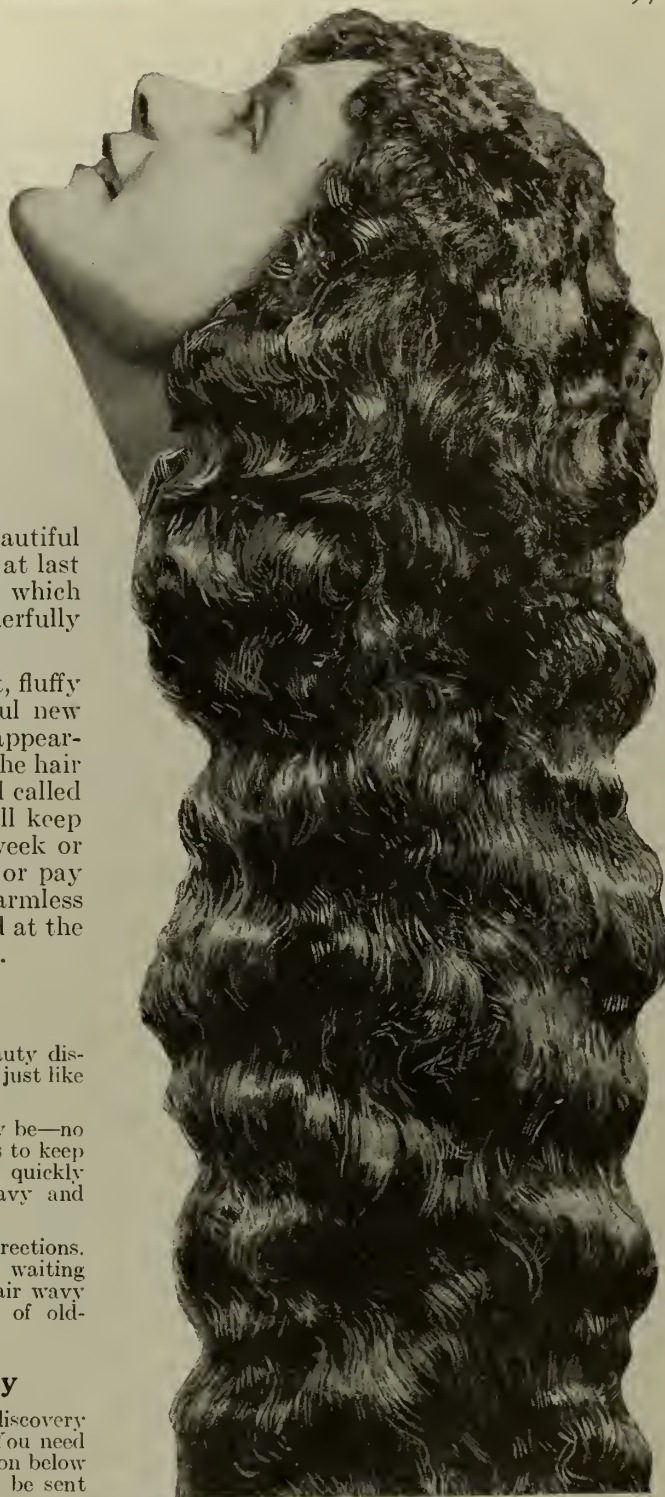
When I entered the Lubitsch studio I felt as though I had plunged suddenly from Berlin into the depths of Hollywood. There were the same treacherous cables to ensnare your brogues, the same, or almost the same, arc lights, spots and banks. The same blasé extra girls with switches that didn't match their hair. They sat about staring into space with the same vacuous contemplation of life that you see on the face of a normal holstein. Now and then they would powder themselves for want of anything else to do.

Extra girls—the same the world over—listless and bored and limp, looking as though



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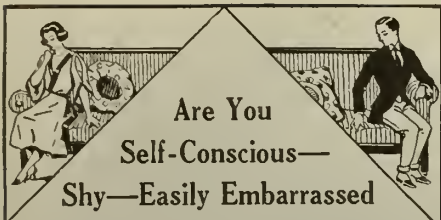
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they ought to be put to bed at once with a hot water bottle. There was a spotted actor, trying to get a little attention by sitting on the back of a chair, his feet on the level with the keys of the piano, and playing "La Marseillaise." But the national anthem of the hated French failed to ruffle the general apathy. Only one little extra girl raised a limp finger to shake weakly at the piano.

It was noon and everyone was awaiting the arrival of Pola Negri. She usually makes her entrance at about twelve o'clock. Some one came in and told Lubitsch that she was actually in her dressing room employed in making up. He celebrated the fact by taking another drink of strawberry water and bursting into song.

Things grew a little more tense in expectancy. Lights were adjusted. Players began to take their places in the "set," which was an exact reproduction of a famous Parisian cafe of 1860. A huge bar maid in *decollete* took her place behind the glasses and bottles, her shoulders looming over the bar like a range of the snow-capped Alps. The camera men began to jimmy with their instruments, as camera men always do. And then—somehow—you felt La Negri had arrived.

I couldn't see her, but the presence was conveyed, psychically and by murmurs. The secretary scurried past me whispering, "She's here—back there by the door to the cafe." I kept my position, however. It was peaceful and secure, and I'd been told that Pola was not feeling very well.

After the usual interminable wait, while lights and cameras and extras were changed all around again, Lubitsch came clambering into view. He took a place behind the cameras. Gave a quick squint and then—"Nay-gree!"

Swish, whish of silken skirts. A voice, somehow suggesting Camille, called tremulously, "Allo! Allo!" And Negri came strolling flirtatiously into view, casting mesmeric eyes to right and left, tapping an old gentleman on the ear with her pert green parasol, finally pausing at the steps to greet a gallant who rushed forward to kiss her hand. Then she rolled her great black eyes and winked—the wickedest wink a woman ever wunk.

The scene was enacted as though it were entirely impromptu. Unless you hear the camera click or observe very closely you never realize Negri is acting; her naturalness is perfection. She requires no direction.

"All she needs to know is the story," observed the secretary. "She does not need to study or think about it. It is instinct with her."

The same appears true of Lubitsch. He directs by instinct.

The part Pola was playing was that of a Parisian demi-mondaine who falls in love after a life of amorous adventure. Her lover, whom she inspires to success, is about to put her aside because she is a handicap to his position. When she realizes the insincerity of his love she throws herself from a balcony on to the pavement below and is killed.

But here comes the good old Americanizing touch.

There will be two endings, one happy and one sad.

I don't know exactly how the tragedy will be turned into a happy-ever-after comedy. Perhaps there will be a shot showing Pola falling on to the studio mattress instead of the supposed paving blocks.

THE American public—the American public with the mind of a twelve year old child, you know—it must have life as it ain't. Yet that public swept "Passion" into one of the greatest successes of film times. And "Passion" ended with the lovely Negri head beneath the blade of the guillotine—and no pardon on horseback to save her.

However, there are two endings. It's entirely up to you. Drama is supposed to be Life. Unfortunately we have no choice as to our endings in Life.

As a director Lubitsch is a dervish. He can

whirl through more work in a day than most directors can get past in a week. The most spectacular scene of "The Loves of Pharaoh" was shot in three days. He doesn't rehearse his players before starting a picture, as Griffith does. And he does not rehearse very much during actual filming.

Before he turns a camera upon the production, however, every detail of the story has been charted and all the research work has been completed by the art director. In collaboration with Lubitsch the scenarist has turned the story into continuity. I saw the bulky script lying in state on a table some distance from the "set." Lubitsch never went near it. It was like a lovely white corpse awaiting final disposition. Yet every detail of that scenario was being observed as scrupulously as the last wishes of the dead. Lubitsch does not improvise as many directors do. Chaplin, for instance, starts with a seed which gradually germinates. Lubitsch has written the story in carbon on his mind; every phase is indelible.

He has an uncanny memory. I will never forget the awe-stricken look upon the face of Frederick James Smith, PHOTOPLAY's managing editor, when Lubitsch recognized him in the crowd at the premiere of "Orphans of the Storm." The astounded Frederick swore it was the first time a director had ever recognized him. The little film wizard had met hundreds of interviewers and film people during his few weeks in America yet he could remember a face and a name in an instant. His secretary told me that he could call any extra man by name who had worked for him years ago.

IF Lubitsch is a fast stepper on the "set" he certainly is a shimmy dancer in the cutting room. You would imagine that he was mad at the film. He tears at it until you almost think you hear him growl. Now and then he holds it up to the light and gives it a blink—swish, crackle, zipp—and another five hundred feet goes a-reeling. "The Flame of Love," the Negri picture he just finished, required about three days to cut and assemble. Any other director I've ever observed would take two weeks for an ordinary program feature. "The Loves of Pharaoh," originally in ten or twelve reels, required less than a week.

This faculty for rapid cutting must be attributed to a supernatural memory, one which carries the story so perfectly that lightning decisions are possible. Some directors spend as much time on assembling a picture as upon photographing it, for it is generally conceded that this part of the production is of vital importance.

Lubitsch cannot work slowly. He must work while his enthusiasm is ablaze. Ask him which he considers his best pictures and he will always reply that it is the one he is working on. That is his real conviction; if it weren't he couldn't keep at it.

I chose a happy time to visit Ernst Lubitsch, and perhaps a little of his exuberance was due to his approaching marriage to Irni Kraus, a Berlin girl who has played small parts in several German pictures but who has yet to make her debut in a Lubitsch film.

Very few people around the studio knew of the dramatic moment approaching in the life of the little director. No one had been informed officially. I did not learn of it until the day before. Then I accounted for the puzzling scene between Negri and Lubitsch on the first day I called. I had told Lubitsch that we had heard he was married to Pola. All brimming over with glee, and afraid lest he would burst before he told her, Ernst scampered off to where his gorgeous Nay-gree was sitting. He blurted out what I had said, and chuckled as Pola tossed back her head, her hand on her breast, in a typical gesture of laughter. He also looked very pleased when she quickly leaned forward and patted him affectionately on the cheek.

"A wonderful, wonderful woman," is the expression Lubitsch uses again and again about



Negri. There is no one in the world like her—no one. He thinks "Deception" his best directorial effort—next to "The Flame of Love"—but I objected that Negri was not in it to raise it to the stellar heights.

"Of course Henny Porten is good," I added, "But—"

"Pola is better!" shot Lubitsch triumphantly. "No one like Pola—no one."

They have had their temperamental skirmishes. I wish I might have witnessed one. As a battler Lubitsch must be as funny as Chaplin, Pola as divine as Duse. These tilts always have the same ending, I'm told, Pola awarding a pat or a kiss upon the again-happy countenance of Ernst . . . Catherine the Great and her prime minister.

While Lubitsch was shy about confiding the joyful news of his marriage he was outspoken in his delight over the possibility of coming to America to work. "America by Christmas" is his banner cry. He may arrive for Thanksgiving, as Paramount is planning to grant his wish and allot him a few acres of floor in the Long Island studio. He wants to do modern stories of American life as a relief from the long series of historical dramas and as proof of his versatility. His ability doubtlessly can make the transfer, but I wonder if he will be as pre-eminent in the modern field as in the period. Still, what man wants to be without a rival?

It's a little bit mean of him, though, just when we were progressing so well in our history to drop us back into kindergarten. I never realized what a good teacher Prof. Ernst was until I visited Versailles. If it hadn't been for "Passion" I would have had no appreciation for the bedroom of Louis XV. I might have thought that the little secret door by the bed was to the closet where the king kept his Sunday crown. But having seen "Passion" I knew that it was the door through which Madame Du Barry came each evening at bedtime to shake hands with the king and wish him goodnight.

PERHAPS the fact that Mr. Lubitsch has become a staid married man also has something to do with his desire to abandon the life of kings. Kings are bad company for married men.

I inquired of the secretary if Mr. Lubitsch had ever contemplated doing the rather exciting life of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm.

"Better you should not ask him that," advised the secretary. "The Kaiser is Mr. Lubitsch's pet dislike."

Before coming to America he will do one picture based on the life of Johann Strauss, the waltz king.

No honeymoon interrupted production activities at the Lubitsch plant. Indeed, Albert E. Kaufmann, Paramount's general manager of foreign productions, was wondering whether at last Lubitsch would stop work for an entire day. The secretary was of the doleful opinion that there would be only the usual half hour for lunch, Lubitsch muttering the nuptial vows between helpings of *kalbschnitzel*.

Perhaps you remember seeing Lubitsch as the hunchback in his production of "One Arabian Night." But he made his fame as an actor by playing comedy rôles, on both stage and screen. He's a natural comedian and has that constitutional shyness and modesty for which Harold Lloyd, as well as Chaplin, is distinguished among the tribe histrionique.

His friendliness is real and eager—"Be sure you come and see me when I come to America," he urged, as though he expected to have a rather lonely time of it.

Ernst Lubitsch, a Napoleonic little gnome, a Dutch comedian who can make the whole world weep, a little man with a big smiling heart. If he isn't a genius he's what a genius ought to be.

And if you don't think he's a hundred per cent American just bring on the jazz, the chewing gum and the shimie.



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# Hattie of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]



## "Some present"

What a wonderful thing it will be for any boy whose parents make it possible for him to take his first lesson on Christmas day on his own Buescher True-Tone Saxophone. A Saxophone is a boy's instrument, to which he takes naturally and which he easily masters.

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it out, Harriet. I'm afraid we're going too fast."

He found her hand. And she hid a smile in her cape. De Brissac, she assured herself, was now no more than a dim phantasm of memory. She was through with him. For the first time the thought came, a thought that was radiantly colored with this new glowing atmosphere, that perhaps she needn't tell after all. It might only make Julian unhappy. He wasn't the sort to be crudely jealous. He had broad understanding. Why not just close the doors of memory on an experience in which she had never found happiness? It didn't matter to her now. Why should it matter to him? . . . Circumstances had driven her into it. The situation had developed far beyond her small capacity. The family had driven her, too, straight to that man—Alice, and Arthur, even Gran'ma. For the money they'd done that. And they'd keep right on driving her to him. . . . She shivered. Julian reached around and tucked her cape closely about her. . . . That was what she yearned for, his protecting hand. She was tired of the battle. . . . When he found, as he was surely going to find, how simply and honestly she would give her life to him, he'd stop worrying about her career. She had stopped. He'd see.

But she wasn't to get off so easily. Words came, surprising to herself; a nervous little uprush of speech, rather vehement, came out of one of those hidden undercurrents of mood that in natures so simple as hers are always stronger than any mere exercise of the brain.

"It's funny about all this success of mine." That troubled look was on her face. "Of course the money has been nice, having a pretty home and my car and everything. But I couldn't ever make it seem real."

"That's because it's still new." "Perhaps." His fingers tightened about hers. "But I don't think it's just that. It's something else." She was staring out at the dimly receding track, unaware that he was studying her. She liked it when he gently put an arm about her shoulders. She settled wearily back against that arm and reached her other hand up to his. "It's the unpleasant atmosphere. Everything. All day. Everywhere I go. I don't want to work with de Brissac. He . . . takes advantage of me. . . ." Was she telling? She hadn't known she was going to say that. She rushed on, or rather this surprising deeper self rushed her on. "They all keep me at it. The family. They all live off me. Alice and Arthur and Emily. . . ." "You don't mean that your brother-in-law. . . ."

She nodded nervously. "He doesn't do a thing but fuss over my business. Patters around. Gets on my nerves. And there's Gran'ma. She's in a sanatorium now. It's ninety dollars a week. And now Alice is going to" . . . . What was she saying. She clamped her lips shut on that. She must get hold of herself. What was the matter with her, anyway? It was almost as bad as the night she fainted, so long ago.

HE was still studying her, with a deepening tenderness in his eyes. This was all new to him, this nervous disturbance. It stirred his really great capacity for pity. It shook him. Could it be wonderfully, beautifully true that the child needed him? She had, he saw clearly now, been passing through a deep experience. He could guess what. In a Bohemian world where men and women are thrown carelessly together in work that is in its nature emotional, such things have always happened, and, he well knew, will always happen. He knew his Paris and New York. He was no ignorant moralist. He was, further, honest, and could ask no more of the woman he loved than of himself. But his heart

ached for her. And he tightened his grip about her little shoulders until her head sank as of right on his shoulder and her silky hair brushed his cheek. . . . And so, without knowing it, without ever knowing it; aware herself only of his exquisite sympathy, she had told him everything.

After a restful time he made her go in to bed. The next day they passed richly in wandering about the brink of the Canyon; and all day he was thoughtful and quiet, and she was wistful and watchful. After dinner they wandered out again. There remained to them a few hours of the awfu beauty of this wonderland. And when the dusk came down, feeling very small, little creeping things, two out of hundreds of millions of little creeping things on one of hundreds of millions of little planets, their hearts softened and drew close. When he took her in his arms, at last, he didn't speak, but just quietly gathered her in close to him and bent down as she drew up to give him her lips.

Then he said—"We must get back to the train." And then, solemnly, "Evidently we're in for it. Will you be my wife, Harriet?"

"Yes," she replied, and then sobbed. And still, though she was fairly out of herself, though she felt that she was to be utterly his, he but kissed her again and in that same lush of solemnity led her back along the trail. And that night, during the long wild waking hours, she worshipped him as she had never worshipped the God of her grandmother. For she knew that whatever he might know or think he would protect her even from themselves. Over and over again, as she lay there in her curtained berth longing for him, aching for him, she sobbed into her pillows in an abandon that appeared to be, strangely, the state called happiness.

36

THE Canyon car is merely dropped for a day. Each night, at Williams, on the main line, the Limited picks up the car that was left the day before.

Hattie was awake with the sun, resting on an elbow and gazing out at the desert with its mountainous rocks that were red and yellow and blue. She wondered if he, too, would be awake. And she thought about princesses. Did they have to be unhappy, always? Of course it wasn't so. She wasn't a princess. She could still give everything up. No matter what any of them said. No matter what confusion might result in the councils of de Brissac Incorporated. . . . She wanted him to wake up. A peep down the aisle showed his curtains tightly drawn. . . . What would he think when he found she was a woman? But though her nerves fluttered she hardly cared. Somehow he would understand. He could understand anything. His kiss had brought to life, out of a troubled sleep, the real princess within her that had been waiting for him.

She dressed. None of the berths were made up yet. The porter wasn't about. She stood out in the vestibule. A brakeman, she thought, looked curiously at her. . . . She scribbled a note on a card and walked back through the aisle. His curtains moved! She thrust in her hand with the card; held it there until he took it, and then walked deliberately back to the vestibule. She didn't care who might have seen. She was his. . . . Soon he joined her. As a matter of course, all soft happiness, she kissed him. She didn't know how long they stood there awaiting the breakfast call.

She was timid, not of her love but of her inadequate little self. He knew so much and she so little. She wanted him to tell her what she should eat for breakfast. She couldn't



keep her eyes from him. She hardly saw the other passengers as they came straggling into the car. They would be strangers anyway, most of them, who had come through Los Angeles on yesterday's train.

Someone spoke her name. Startled, she glanced up. It was Mr. Henderson, of the de Brissac publicity department. He was a pleasant young man with big spectacles. She felt her color rising. He was standing by the table looking, very quietly, from her to Julian and back. She introduced them. They shook hands . . . He had seen this new softness in her face, of course. But she didn't care. Soon the whole world would know all about it. Even de Brissac . . .

"We've been wiring everywhere for you," said Mr. Henderson. "The newspapers picked up a story that you had disappeared, and got after us about it."

"We changed to the Canyon car," said Hattie. "I'd never seen the Canyon."

"Oh," remarked the puzzled young man. "I see."

Hattie wondered if he knew about de Brissac. Probably. You couldn't keep secrets on a picture lot.

He went on—"They've planned a big public reception for you in Chicago for Friday. It'll have to be Saturday now. I'll wire them."

SHE sensed that he was trying to speak casually, as if her little excursion to the Canyon with a new young man had no significance. And she knew that he would be sending more than one telegram. Indeed, later in the day, at Albuquerque, she saw him hurrying into the station with a sheaf of the yellow papers in his hand. But she let this make no difference. Julian was troubled. She knew from his silence that he felt the machine reaching out for her. She must make him see how she was through with it. She said—

"I'm not going to have any reception at Chicago."

"I'm wondering just how you can help it, dear."

"I will help it. They have no right to make plans without consulting me."

"I wonder. After all, they're sending you East as a part of the exploitation of the picture. They must be going to a good deal of expense. There's a lot at stake, of course."

"I won't do it. I'll make the New York appearance, but that's all. Not one other thing."

Perhaps he felt that she was almost defensively vehement about this. And she was not to escape the discomfort of recalling, out of all the gossip of the lot in Hollywood, stories of girls who had made trouble for this or that management by falling in love. It was a world, this of the pictures, in which little outbursts of what is known as temperament were understood and in a business way discounted. Shrewd men watched over that sort of thing and handled it as all in a day's work. Something of this atmosphere she felt about the young man Mr. Henderson, and it made her uncomfortable.

"I'll tell you what," she said to Julian, in a manner not altogether convincing. "We'll just slip away in the Chicago station and change our New York tickets." Thoughtfully, he acquiesced.

But as the train drew near the Chicago yards Mr. Henderson joined them. Plainly she was not to be permitted to give him the slip. At a suburban stop a committee of local exhibitors boarded the train. Everything, it appeared, was arranged. It had been on the front page of the Chicago morning paper that she was coming. She had wanted to keep that from Julian, but knew that he had read it. They didn't speak of it.

There was no slipping away. A great crowd stormed the train gates. Hundreds of girls were struggling to get near her. And men. It was astonishing. She couldn't believe at first that it was all aimed at her little self. And it was strange to have a rather stern and silent Julian at her side, making a way for her

## The enemy of every woman's charm

Vivacity — animation — the radiant charm that comes from perfect health—

Every normal woman can possess them. Yet thousands lose them through neglecting to keep the body free from poisonous waste.

Many seek relief by using cathartics—never realizing that in time drugs actually weaken the intestinal muscles and render the body unable to function normally.

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through the crowd. Mr. Henderson was just ahead. The committee of exhibitors crowded just behind, with Hedwig. Other hundreds swarmed about them in the station. Outside policemen were driving the crowd off the sidewalk. Julian grew white as he helped her along.

They drove in a limousine to a hotel on the Lake Front. Still another crowd waited there. Reporters had followed them in taxicabs, and cameras were set up on the steps of the hotel. Photographers had even climbed to window sills and were aiming down at them.

Julian whispered that he would drop out of sight and meet her later on the New York train, but she clung to him. She didn't know what to say. Mr. Henderson made it evident that he was in the way. The exhibitors stared at him. Already the reporters were trying to find his precise relationship to the party. . . Someone remarked that the mayor was to preside at the luncheon. Other dignitaries were already waiting within the hotel. And all this in honor of Hattie Johnson who by a miracle of photography and publicity had been turned into Harriet John.

She whispered, in a sort of despair—"I'm going to tell the reporters."  
To which he replied, firmly—"No. Absolutely not. We've got to think before we act."

She was trying to say—"But I have thought—" when he disappeared in the crowd.

37.

SEVERAL of the exhibitors joined the party on the New York train. And a Mr. Rosenwald appeared; he had dashed out to Chicago to meet Hattie. He was manager of the New York theater. And now the entire party was drawn into the atmosphere of the great occasion on Monday. Mr. Henderson had written the little speech which Hattie was to deliver. Mr. Rosenwald and others of the party edited it. And now Hattie, whispering mournfully to Dempster that she knew she'd forget every word, was laboriously committing it to memory. In the morning, as they drew near the city, they saw, everywhere along the right of way, huge twenty-four-sheet posters advertising Harriet John in Armand de Brissac's masterpiece of masterpieces, "The Soul of Angel Blaine." And the morning papers—Mr. Henderson picked them all up at Albany—gave a column on the front page to the exquisite Miss John, her remarkable reception in Chicago and whispers of a greater reception in New York. And there were big advertisements. . . There was no escaping the situation. Even Dempster, as he struggled mentally with it, found it exciting. The girl, it seemed, more and more convincingly, belonged to the public, to her own amazing success, to these queer men who crowded constantly about her, not to himself. He winced at the thought of the hullabaloo awaiting them at the station. But he had to brace himself and go through it at her side. He scribbled his address and telephone number on an envelope and thrust it into her hand; then she was swept away from him. They were taking her to a picturesque little hotel in Forty-fourth Street where much of the life of the theater world and filmdom finds a convenient center.

He stood on the curb, looking on, while the limousine moved slowly through the crowd that all but stormed it. Once, before it turned the corner, he saw a little white face with bewildered eyes seeking him. He waved, and the face was gone. . . But he couldn't linger here. He must get home to that little mother of his. And his work had stopped. He had meant to write on the train. Now, not without bitterness, he asked himself if he could ever write again.

She called up before nine in the morning. She hadn't been able to sleep much, she said. Somehow she must shake off these people. It was in her mind to slip away for a visit to the mailing room, and she wanted him to

come with her. "I'll be downstairs in the lounge in half an hour," she said. "You can pick me up, and we'll walk over. I'd love to walk."

But when he entered the lounge, Mr. Henderson sat beside a crestfallen slip of a girl; and close at hand stood a patient young man with a camera. And he had seen that limousine out in front. There was nothing for it but to go as one of the party. Hattie couldn't be herself. They photographed her in the mailing room, surrounded by her old acquaintances. On the way back to the hotel Mr. Henderson explained that they might not use the pictures. He would have to talk that over, as a matter of policy, with Mr. de Brissac and Mr. Hamlin. They would be in before noon.

Hattie gave him a faltering glance. So Arthur had come along! They were hot after her.

The limousine stopped before the hotel. Mr. Henderson and the photographer stepped down. A profoundly sobered Dempster followed, and waited. But Hattie sat motionless. She couldn't meet the situation. They might already be in there—Arthur and—de Brissac. She moistened her lips.

"I'm going to do some shopping," she said then, a thought defiantly. "You come with me, Julian."

At once he stepped in beside her, and before them both took one of her little hands firmly in his.

"But Miss John"—this, quickly, from Henderson—"we have a great deal to do. And Mr. de Brissac and Mr. Rosenwald will want you to try your voice in the theater."

"I'll do that this afternoon," said Hattie. "But you'll surely be back before lunch. Mr. de Brissac will expect you."

Hattie shivered. She might faint again. She couldn't say anything more, could only nod weakly. It was relief when the car moved off into the traffic. She was clinging desperately to Julian. He said, rather sternly, to the chauffeur—"Drive up through the park." She was glad of that, and glad when he drew her head into the hollow of his shoulder. She didn't care what became of her hat. She didn't care if all Fifth Avenue saw them. And she was glad he didn't care. . . in the park, she whispered brokenly, "Do you love me, Julian?" And he kissed her. It was almost like that moment in the Canyon. Almost; not quite. It was relief to cry on his coat.

As they drew near the hotel, he said, very gently—

"I'm not going to try to see you again today, dear. You've got your hands full. And I want you to promise me you'll rest this afternoon. And try to sleep late in the morning. I won't disturb you. You can call me when you wake up."

She had to let him go. She stood for a moment on the sidewalk, where men jostled brusquely by and then turned to look at the girl who had the air of being somebody, who was quaint and little and, in a wistfully child-like way, beautiful. For a moment she pressed a hand to her breast, and as if it were a difficult thing to do moistened her lips. Then she went in.

38.

SHE sat on one of the sofas in a dim corner of the lounge. Arthur had drawn up a chair. She was reflecting, as she whitely watched him, how much he had changed in a year. His face was soft, of course, and almost without expression. You felt no force there; no character, really. But he was well dressed, and seemed brisk and business-like enough. She had paid for those clothes, as for the neat hat, and the smart gloves and the walking stick. It was always irritating to think about this, and about his pretentious little bluff of being a man of affairs. He wasn't, of course. He wasn't anything, when you came right down to it. He was like so many others in the picture business, nondescript folk, family



hangers-on, that cluster inevitably about the successful stars, particularly the inexperienced girl stars, and live off them.

But while her thoughts ranged through this uncomfortable region, Arthur, moved in a way she didn't at first understand, dropped the bluff. He spoke gently, even brokenly. He was worried.

"De Brissac has talked very freely with me, this trip, Hattie. He is a big man."

She inclined her head.

"He thinks everything in the world of you. Of course, there's no getting around the fact that he's made you."

"I know," said she, sharply for Hattie.

"He has gambled everything on this picture. What it comes down to, of course, is that he has gambled everything on you. He has pinned his whole career to his faith in you. If you were to go back on him now. . ."

"I haven't said I was going back on him!"

"No, but . . . well, naturally, when you run off like that with a good-looking young fellow—"

"I didn't run off with him!"

"But, really, Hattie—"

"I didn't run off with him! I had Hedwig with me."

"Of course, Hattie,—" he was groping for something; she wished he'd speak out—"de Brissac has had to carry this whole business. He'd had to think of everything. He talked it all out with me. He's not like us, you know. He's a Continental, with a Continental outlook on life, but" . . . he floundered off that course and came back a little nearer to what was in his mind . . .

"well, he said right out that if 'The Soul' gets over you'll have to have more money. He does go through with things. He recognizes that it's a peculiar sort of partnership, yours and his. He spoke of giving you a share in the profits. Said he'd fight for that in the board of directors. And you and I know they'll do what he tells 'em to. They'll have to. And there was another thing he said . . . I didn't quite get the drift . . . that he'd do this no matter what happened. The only condition would be that you stick with the company. Really, Hattie, I never knew a man . . ."

"I get awfully tired of the pictures sometimes."

"I know. And I know that you're just a kid, and don't appreciate the value of money. It comes so easy to you." . . . She saw now that softening about his mouth, and averted her face.

"You see, Hattie," he went on . . . she had to lean a little forward to catch every word . . . "you're not old enough or experienced enough to know what the real struggle is. You've never had to fight your heart out and then lose. Oh, I know I'm a failure!"—

"Don't say that, Arthur!"

"Do you think I don't know it! I'm older than you think. I'm forty-one. I've had my fight with booze and—other things. I've been down and out. I've been in the gutter. Some of it before I ever knew Alice. And my health broke. Of course, you can say I've no one but myself to blame for that. I know how bad my record is. Nobody'd want me for a regular job. I couldn't go back to Elizabethport and get a single reference."

**H**ATTIE shifted nervously her position. Her head ached. She wished he'd stop.

"Don't think I haven't got this situation straight. I have. Probably I could dig up some sort of a living for Alice and Emily and myself, and the new one. But I couldn't swing the problem of gran'ma. And there's an awful lot of unemployment still. I don't know . . ."

"I think I've got to go upstairs and lie down," said Hattie.

"All right," he said, "that's true enough, you'd better. It's no time for me to play on your feelings. Anyhow, de Brissac wants me. He's busy with publicity men, over at the



# For You, Also

## Prettier Teeth—Whiter, Cleaner, Safer

Look about you and you'll see glistening teeth on every side today.

Teeth which once were dingy now have luster. And women smile to show them.

The reason is this: A new way has been found to fight film on teeth, and millions now employ it. It is also at your command—a free test. So don't envy such teeth, but get them.

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There forms on your teeth a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

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Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles, which few escape, are now traced to that film.

### Now we combat it

Old methods of brushing are not sufficiently effective. So nearly everybody suffers from it more or less.

But dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Able authorities have proved their efficiency.

**Pepsodent**  
PAT OFF.  
REG U.S.

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

Now endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tube.

Now leading dentists all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern knowledge. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

### Two other effects

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office. I just wanted you to know, Hattie, that I . . ."

She smiled vaguely, and stepped into the elevator. There, after the door closed, she had to turn away so that the Italian boy wouldn't see her tears.

39.

HATTIE sent Dempster tickets for the evening by special messenger, with the two words, "Please come!" written in pencil on a big sheet of hotel paper. He went, however, alone, and sat through it beside what was, doubtless, the only vacant seat in the house. It was a stirring evening. The audience was representative of Broadway and the critical world. The picture was good; probably, Dempster reflected, de Brissac's best so far. Harriet's success was certain. It seemed to him that she had grown in seriousness and even in power without loss of her girlishness. And when she appeared, during the intermission, led on by de Brissac himself, and stood for a long time, very little, very young, very appealing, while the great audience cheered itself out, Dempster—standing, now, on his chair in order to see her—felt her again as a remote celebrity. And he watched narrowly the really distinguished director who had put the whole business through with dauntless energy and skill; the director who held her hand and spoke gently to her and carried her along with the rest of it. Quite a man—de Brissac!

He moved slowly out with the crowd afterward, listening, an outsider, to the buzz of excited interest. The picture was a success. The child was already, tonight, a long step farther along that amazing career of hers. He watched the flushed, excited faces of stout men out near the box office who slapped one another's backs and wrung hands and held jubilee. And then he slipped out into the street that was thronged with pleasure-seeking men and women and that was bright with electric signs.

He couldn't know what was going on back stage and in the limousine that stood waiting down by the stage door; scenes in which he could have no part; but he felt them psychically in his spirit. He walked the street a long time before it seemed that he could go home. And he was glad his mother didn't waken.

But he felt it; almost as if his eyes and ears could give him the picture . . . de Brissac taking Hattie's arm and hurrying her out to the limousine . . . saying, as we are to know he did say, "Hattie, there's only one thing to do. We must go on. The company can't let you go. And I can't let you go. Perhaps your brother-in-law has told you what I said to him." . . . Hattie nodded to this, her eyes bright, her lips compressed. . . . "We are going to give you a share in the profits. That'll be yours personally in any event. And I want you to marry me. We know each other pretty well now. I am making my will tomorrow, giving you everything. I've got to have you. I can't hold anything back. . . . You can't work with anybody else. And certainly you can't quit the pictures now. I will provide for your family. I will take care of everything. . . . What else is there to do? I'm the man you belong to. You're not the kind to take up with Tom, Dick and Harry. We can be married this week."

All she could say—or all he could hear—was, "I've got to think."

She called Dempster in the morning and asked to meet him for luncheon at a Broadway restaurant.

He knew, then, as he watched her over the table, that she was suffering in a way that she could probably never be articulate about. But there was something that she had to come out with.

"What would you think . . ." she began. "Harriet," said he, soberly and gently, "I wonder if we haven't been thinking of the same thing. You've got to go on."

She couldn't speak just then. He saw the tears coming, and pressed on.

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"We've had our moment of beauty, dear." She nodded, quickly.  
 "But you can't capture beauty. You can't imprison it. We're lucky, of course. Perhaps it was for both of us just a moment of escape."  
 Again she was nodding, and fighting back the tears. And after that they could only make the best of the situation until he could get her back to the hotel.

There at the door, she caught his hand and said—"I'll write sometimes and tell you what I'm doing. And I'll let you know where you can write me. There'll never be anybody like you. Not anybody."

Suddenly, then, there in Forty-fourth Street, she threw her arms about his neck, drew herself up; kissed him; then ran into the hotel.

Dempster that afternoon packed a suitcase. His mother came and rested a hand on his arm. He started. "I meant to explain, mother. I've simply got to run up country for a few days and get my work going. There's been so much confusion. . . ."

"It's a good idea," said she, in her sensible way. "I'll be all right here. I'm really enjoying having the place so much to myself."  
 He blessed her for asking no questions.

As he rode up in the subway to Grand Central Station, he reflected on this little story that he would tell her some day when he could talk without too great emotion. And he smiled, grimly, thinking of how beautifully it would have turned out in the pictures. De Brissac there, would never have got in that bewildering way, into her life. In the pictures, indeed, de Brissac would have been a villain, instead of a shrewd, and really gifted man with, by chance, rather Continental ideas. And in the pictures the girl always gave up her career for the simplicity of true love. Really, of course, you couldn't. . . . And in the pictures he would have come delightfully into a fortune, and would take her to an enormous stucco mansion of the Los Angeles type set in acres of turf and gardens instead of having to think, as now, about next month's rent. Hokum!

But he had her picture, with—"To Julian, from Hattie"—written across it in the hand that he didn't know was modelled on that of a certain Miss Gladys Revere.

Hattie made up very carefully and dressed for a dinner that was to end in a wedding. Already the newspapers, she knew, had the story. The publicity men were wildly happy over this brilliant new material. It was all to work in with her triumph. . . . and de Brissac's. . . . She took from its white box the long string of pearls, weighed it deliberately in her hand, and then drew it about her neck and clasped it there. Then, as firmly, she put the little bracelet watch of platinum on her wrist. She drew the gay Spanish shawl about her shoulders. . . . De Brissac tapped at her door then, and she went with him to his suite. The more important of the picture people were there, and some famous actors and actresses. Arthur bustled about, all dressed up. And they had champagne. It was a great occasion, even to Broadway.

If her heart ached, her face was now the sweetly pretty mask of recent habit. Julian knew . . . life was like the through train.

But she had had her moment of beauty!

### Raising Her Rent

AN old negro woman came into a Hollywood real estate office the other day and was recognized as the tenant of a small house the value of which had become much enhanced by reason of a new studio building in that neighborhood.

"Look here, auntie, we are going to raise your rent this month," the agent remarked.

"Deed, an' Ahse glad to hear dat, sah," the old woman replied, ducking her head politely. "Mighty glad fo' sho, case Ah do come in hyah terday ter tell yo' all dat Ah couldn't raise hit dis month."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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IT is a tribute to a woman's daintiness—and a revelation of your good taste—to send these "Presentation Sets" for Christmas greetings.

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## Here's Another Artistic Triumph for "Our Dick"

**YOU** saw "Tol'able David"? Of course you did, and how you thrilled to the tense scenes and the pathos and love. "The Bondboy" is just such another heroic, homespun role, although it surpasses his other success in artistry and perfection of production.

It's the best acting Dick Barthelmess ever did, and that's saying something. It's the finest direction of Henry King.

It is a story with tremendous heart appeal and tense, thrilling scenes. Bound out like a slave, accused of the murder of his tyrannical master, run down by bloodhounds, a mere slip of a boy faces the gallows with Southern chivalry rather than betray the secret love of a woman. Comes a smashing climax in which the woman confesses; comes exoneration and a wonderful love.

It is one of the most fascinating and beautiful and touching stories you have ever witnessed. If you like "Our Dick," and who doesn't, don't fail to see this one. And also, don't fail to watch for First National's trademark on the screen at your theatre. It is the sign of clean, wholesome, artistic entertainment.

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### RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "The Bondboy"

Directed by Henry King; adapted by Charles E. Whittaker from the story  
by George Washington Ogden.

*A First National Attraction*



## Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95]

**THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD**—RELEASED BY UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION.—From a play by Jules Eckert Goodman, founded on Gouverneur Morris' story of the same name. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Direction by Harmon Weight. Photography by Harry A. Fischbeck. Art Director, Clark Robinson. The cast: *John Arden*, George Arliss; *Marjory Blaine*, Ann Forrest; *Carter*, Ivan Simpson; *Philip Stevens*, Edward Earle; *Mildred Arden* (*John Arden's sister*), Effie Shannon; *A little girl*, Miriam Battista; *A little boy*, Mickey Bennett; *A young woman*, Mary Astor; *A young man*, Pierre Gerdron; *An old woman*, Margaret Seddon; *An old man*, J. B. Walsh.

**ON THE HIGH SEAS**—PARAMOUNT PROD.—Directed by Irvin Willat. Photographed by C. E. Shoenbaum. The cast: *Leone Devereux*, Dorothy Dalton; *Jim*, Jack Holt; *Polack*, Mitchell Lewis; *Aunt Emily*, Alice Knowland; *The Maid*, Vernon Tremain; *Capt. of S. S. Andron*, James Gordon; *Lieut. Gray*, U. S. N., Otto Brower; *John Devereux*, Winter Hall; *Dick Devereux*, William Boyd; *Harold Van Alien*, Michael Dark.

**LORNA DOONE**—FIRST NATIONAL—THOS. INCE.—Story by R. D. Blackmore. Continuity and direction by Maurice Tourneur. The cast: *Lorna Doone*, Madge Bellamy; *John Ridd*, John Bowers; *Sir Ensor Doone*, Frank Keenan; *Gweny Carfax*, Joan Standing; *Counsellor Doone*, Jack MacDonald; *Lorna (child)*, Mary Giraci; *John (child)*, Charles Hatton; *Frye*, Robert Chandler; *Lorna's Mother*, Irene de Vosa; *Carver Doone*, Donald MacDonald; *Ruth*, Norris Johnson.

**RAGS TO RICHES**—WARNER BROTHERS.—Directed by Wallace Worsley. Written by Wm. Nigh and W. DeLeon. The cast: *Marmaduke Clarke*, Wesley Barry; *Dumbell*, Niles Welch; *An Orphan*, Ruth Renick; *The Sheriff*, Russell Simpson; *Sheriff's Wife*, Mrs. Minna D. Redman; *Blakewell-Clarke*, Richard Tucker; *Mrs. Blakewell-Clarke*, Eulalie Jensen.

**THE FACE IN THE FOG**—COSMOPOLITAN PROD.—PARAMOUNT PICTURE.—By Jack Boyle. Directed by Alan Crosland. Photographed by Harold Westrom and Ira H. Morgan. The cast: *Boston Blackie Dawson*, a reformed crook, Lionel Barrymore; *Grand Duchess Tatiana*, a Russian refugee, Sena Owen; *Count Orloff*, a Russian nobleman, Lowell Sherman; *Huck Kant*, a detective, George Nash; *Petrus*, a revolutionist, Louis Wolheim; *Mary Dawson*, *Blackie's wife*, Mary MacLaren; *Count Ivan*, a renegade, Macey Harlam; *Michael*, a family servant, Gustav von Seiffertitz; *Detective Wren*, Joe King; *Surtep*, Tom Blake; *Olga*, Marie Burke; *Police Captain*, Joseph Smiley; *Ivan's valet*, Martin Faust.

**HOMEMADE MOVIES**—FIRST NATIONAL—MACK SENNETT.—Directed by F. Richard Jones. The cast: *The First Exhibitor*, George Cooper; *His Wife*, Dot Farley; *His Daughter*, Phyllis Haver; *The Second Exhibitor*, James Finlayson; *His Son*, Ben Turpin.

**THE GIRL WHO RAN WILD**—UNIVERSAL PICTURE.—Directed by Rupert Julian. Story by Bret Harte. Scenario by Rupert Julian. Photography by Allan Davey. The cast: *M'liss*, Gladys Walton; *"Bummer" Smith*, Marc B. Robbins; *The Schoolmaster*, Vernon Steele; *Calaveras John*, Joseph Dowling; *Johnny Cake*, William Burress; *Preacher*, Al Hart; *Deacon McSnagley*, Nelson McDowell; *Jack Velvet*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Clytie*, Lucille Rickson.

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**THE LONG CHANCE—UNIVERSAL.**—Directed by Jack Conway. Story by Peter B. Kyne. Scenario by Raymond Schrock. Photography by Benjamin Reynolds. The cast: *John Corbaly*, Leonard Clapham; "*Boston*," Boyd Irwin; *T. Morgan Carey*, Boyd Irwin; *Sam Singer*, William Bertram; *Harley P. Hennage*, Henry B. Walthall; *Bob McGraw*, Ralph Graves; *Kate Corbaly*, Marjorie Daw; *Dana Corbaly*, Marjorie Daw; "*Borax*" O'Rourke, Jack Curtis; *Soft Wind*, Grace Marvin; *Dr. Taylor*, Geo. A. Williams.

**365 DAYS—PATHE PICTURE.**—Directed by Charles Parrott. The cast: *The Good Grandson*, Snub Pollard; *His Good Wife*, Marie Mosquini; *The Hard Boiled Relative*, Noah Young; *Grandpa*, Jack Duffy; *Lawyer*, Jack Acroyd.

**CONFIDENCE — UNIVERSAL.**—Directed by Harry A. Pollard. Story by Bernard Hyman. Scenario by Raymond L. Schrock. Photography by Howard Oswald. The cast: *Bob Mortimer*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Miriam Wiggins*, Harriett Hammond; *Professor Lang*, Lincoln Plumer; *Homer Waldron*, William A. Carroll; *Josiah Wiggins*, Otto Hoffman; *Ephriam Bates*, William Robert Daly; *Elmer Tuttle*, Hallam Cooley; *Henry Tuttle*, John Stepling; *J. D. Sprowl*, Melbourne McDowell; *Henry Taylor*, Gerald Pring; *Bige Miller*, Robert Milasch; *Mrs. Waldron*, Margaret Campbell; *Constable Kittering*, Sam Allen.

**THE LONE HAND—UNIVERSAL.**—Story by Ralph Cummins. Directed by Reeves Eason. Scenario by A. P. Younger. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Laramie Lad*, (Edward) Hoot Gibson; *Jane Sheridan*, Marjorie Daw; *Margie Vanney*, Helen Holmes; *Buck*, Hayden Stevenson; *Jack Maltrain*, Jack Pratt; *Al Sheridan*, William Welch; *Curley*, Bob Kortman.

**The Scenario as Fiction**

IT may be slightly beside the point, but it is interesting to note that the cinema influence in literature in France is almost exactly the opposite to what it is here. There it seems to make for brevity, hardness, clarity, brilliance. You will find it in the extraordinary stories of Paul Morand and Louis Aragon; and you will find in neither of these those characteristic sloppinesses which American authors are beginning to blame on the movies. If they would take the trouble of studying the pictures, instead of trying to make money out of them, and discover the elements in the cinema-technique which are capable of making their own work fruitful, we might have better novels, and we certainly would have a few less bad pictures.

Gilbert Seldes in *Vanity Fair*.

**A**NOTHER sign that the old order is changing occurred not so long ago in a Fifth Avenue auction room.

The operatic costumes, stage jewelry, and personal furniture of Geraldine Farrar were sold.

Gerry, erstwhile idol of the Metropolitan, and one of Manhattan's brightest lights, will, in the future, live in hotels and her private car. She has closed her home, 20 West 74th St., New York City, since her separation from Lou Tellegen, and is now touring in concert.

The beautiful costume of cloth of gold embroidered in sapphires, said to have cost \$11,000, which she wore in "La Reine Fiamette;" the dress in which she made her debut as *Marguerite*; her *Carmen's* gorgeous shawls; her *Cho-Cho-San's* lovely Japanese kimonos—all were auctioned off. Also many articles of personal jewelry; operatic scores with her own notes in the margin; her wigs. Mementoes of a vivid career and a remarkable woman.



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## She Wants to Be Wicked

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

ever since. She has paid—paid in hundreds of thousands of feet of sacrificial closeups.

But now—she's tired, tired of it all. Tired of washing away that one little false step with so many tears. And she's put her foot down. And while it's a considerably smaller foot than her husband's, still it seems to carry more weight. He's going to give in to her. She'll have her own way. She insists upon a past; and it looks as if she's going to get it.

Right now, Rex Ingram is contemplating a three-reel version of one of Guy de Maupassant's stories. In it, Alice Terry will have her opportunity to do a little light sinning. Eric von Stroheim will play an Austrian villain. The two directors look forward to filming this as soon as their scheduled productions are out of the way. Imagine making a photoplay for the fun of it.

**MEANWHILE,** our Alice continues to tread her narrow path. She could go on treading it indefinitely. Audiences, it is safe to say, are content to bask in the sunshine of her smile and weep with her when she waves her inevitable farewell while the orchestra plays "My Hero." But Alice upsets tradition. She would.

You can't imagine anyone refusing Alice Terry anything. So when she begs your kind indulgence sometime in the future while she does a little vamping you'll forgive her. But you probably won't believe it. You'll know that she is only acting. Blonde or brunette, she can't disguise the fact that she was designed primarily for the soft-focus closeups in the garden at twilight, and the great renunciation scenes.

Having unwillingly incurred the permanent disapproval of the lovely Mrs. Ingram by such harsh statements—for, friends, she sincerely longs for the chance to play someone besides Alice Terry—suppose we turn to a comparatively safe subject. That of coiffures.

The fact that she wears a blonde wig on the screen and her own hair in private life—her own hair, a dark, rich auburn—is no news to you. But it saves her considerable time and trouble.

"For instance, when I've just got back from the country, and my hair hasn't been 'done,' and I'm wearing my oldest dress, and my hat isn't becoming, and I go into a shop to buy something, and sign my name to the slip, and the salesgirl says, 'You're not the Alice Terry that plays in pictures, are you?' why, I can smile superiorly and say, 'Of course not'—and get away with it.

"The only time I've ever been unmistakably recognized on the street was when two kids on a delivery wagon yelled, 'Looky—there goes Alice Terry.'

"I was standing in the lobby of the Astor Theater where 'Zenda' was playing when two women saw me. One said, 'That girl over there looks something like Alice Terry.' And the other answered, 'Yes, doesn't she.' And it never occurred to either of them that it was really me. It never does."

The Rex Ingrams came east to make "The Passion Vine," shooting some scenes in the West Indies and others in Manhattan. They may make "Toilers of the Sea" later, on the Maine coast. "Another sweet part," means Mrs. Ingram.

She is the one heroine who doesn't believe it herself. As a rule, the snow-white maidens of the studios go to see themselves being turned out into the night with shawls in deadly seriousness. Some of them have even been known to weep with themselves. Not Alice.

"We took the big love scene at the end of 'The Prisoner of Zenda' first. I came on the set, met Lewis Stone for the first time, and

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immediately Mr. Ingram ordered us to emote. We are, you remember, giving each other up. I had to act as if he were all the world to me. We were perfect strangers, yet we had to look into each other's eyes and vow eternal devotion. It's hard."

She is resigned to the wig because she says the camera is kinder to her as a blonde than as a brunette. She suggests she may try wigs of dark shades, gradually stealing up on the public as a brunette until they get used to it.

When Alice Terry became Mrs. Rex Ingram she retired. She had no intention of appearing before a camera again. Her success on the screen had never caused any mental upheaval; she was never greatly thrilled at the sight of her own name in electric lights. Fame involved wigs which hurt and publicity and posing for photographs. Alice abdicated.

But she was not to be let off so easily. Producers called her up. Offers, interesting ones. She wearied of telling them that she wasn't going to make any more pictures; so she came back as the heroine of her husband's latest.

"I missed the studio," she confessed. "I thought I wouldn't. But I'd take my husband to Metro's every morning, usually lunch with him, and call for him at night. And I felt out of things. Everyone else would be talking about the pictures they were working in. I couldn't stand it any longer."

She's the heroine of a real romance herself, and she doesn't know it. Of all the famous girls in pictures today, she has perhaps had the royalest road to stardom. She has worked, and worked hard. But that "struggle" you read about, Alice escaped. She had an independent attitude about films. "I can," you imagine her saying of the sacred celluloids before she'd arrived, "I can take them or leave them alone." Things happened to her. She was an extra, steadily employed. A rising young director saw her abilities. She became a leading woman; then the bright particular star of the young director's pictures. They became famous together. And now they are married.

She knows that Cézanne is not a cereal. She has a working knowledge of the products of various literary gentlemen who have been dead so long that you can make pictures of their books without having to wire them about the rights. Her naivete is natural. She is one of the very few beautiful girls who is also sensible and practical. She's serenity itself.

The princess of a modern fairy tale. At twenty-two a celluloid idol. With a handsome husband who is also famous. Diamond wrist-watches and furs and things like that. Applause, public and critical. Engagement books and newspaper interviews.

And the first thing she did upon arriving in Manhattan for the first time was to ride down Fifth Avenue on top of a bus.

## Marvels of the Movies

(Actual Observations of a Film Reviewer)

By Susie Sexton

MOSES wearing cuff links and Brockton shoes.

Fauns with round cuts and side-burns.

Leander rising from the Hellespont in a starched shirt, fresh from the steam laundry.

Noah in a well-ventilated Ark with sash windows.

Longfellow's Village Blacksmith forging Ford parts.

Mediaeval maidens burning at the stake in three-strap satin pumps.

Country flappers cheating the briary bushes with open-work hose.

Asbestos heroines rushing in and out of burning building without singeing an eyelash.



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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



# Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlife like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



### THE GREAT KEY MYSTERIES

IN two films I have seen recently there have been two locked doors. Both of them open without the usual formula, which involves inserting keys in locks.

In "South of Suva," Walter Long, Mary Miles Minter's villainous tropical husband, comes into the room, locks the door behind him, and crosses to the bed to get a bottle of whiskey he has hidden there. At this instant Mary enters the room and Long turns and walks out the door without taking the trouble to unlock it.

In Baby Peggy's comedy, "The Little Rascal," the young heroine slips out of her room and the housekeeper carefully locks the door; but later when Baby Peggy is being pursued she bursts into her room, hops into bed and hides under the covers.

EDITH FAMER, Milway, Kentucky.

### DESERT ISLAND ERRORS

IF directors continue to give us so many incongruities in their desert island pictures, the theaters showing them are going to be deserted, too. I like Corinne Griffith, but I can't say much for "Island Wives." It's supposed to happen on Tahiti—called Tahitia in the titles—yet nailed to a cabin door is the skin of a fur-bearing animal, recently caught. Also—a tornado blows open the door of the cabin, throws furniture about, and so forth; but an oil lamp never flickers. Later the director caught this error and upon the second opening of the cabin door, the lamp went out.

A. C. ROESSLER, Newark, N. J.

### A NARROW ESCAPE

IN Mabel Normand's "Molly O," Molly's father comes to Dr. Bryant's home for her. Dr. Bryant is shaving, and we see him with lather all over his face. Molly's father fires a gun in his direction. The doctor turns around and there is no lather on his face at all. He is otherwise unscathed.

EMALINE PHELPS, Bluefield, West Virginia.

### ASK ELINOR GLYN

WHY did Gloria Swanson, in "The Great Moment," after drinking whiskey as an antidote for snake bite, fall into a drunken stupor? Didn't they know that anyone suffering from snake bite cannot feel the effects of liquor?

CHARLES WOOD, Fortville, Indiana.

### SEVERAL CAUGHT THIS ONE

IN Gladys Walton's picture, "The Gutter Snipe," the star is sleeping, only to be awakened by the howling of a cat. Although it is supposed to be during the night, when she goes to the yard to salvage the articles thrown by the neighbors to quiet the noisy feline, it is as bright as a good clear day.

JOSEPH BISHOP, New York City.

### TERRIBLY TECHNICAL

A SUB-TITLE in "The Western Demon" reads to the effect that a passing airplane is forced down because of engine trouble. The picture clearly shows a Curtis JN landing and the pilot jumping out of the cockpit. The villain forces the girl into the forward cockpit of a Lincoln Standard Tourabout, and the villain into the rear cockpit, and they fly gaily away, supposedly in the plane we saw first.

ROBERT D. HICKOCK, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

### FORESIGHT

WHEN in "The Son of Wallingford" Wallingford is auctioning off the land, it is apparently a bright sunny morning and everyone is dressed accordingly. While the crowd stands there, it begins to rain. Immediately everyone has on a raincoat and is busy raising his umbrella!

ALICE SCHOLES, Pacific Grove, California.

### YOU'RE TOO CURIOUS

IN the trial scene of Ethel Clayton's "For the Defense," the star, becoming angry with her fiance, puts her engagement ring on his desk during a sojourn of the court. She is next seen in the courtroom, wherein the trial has been resumed, and is fingering her engagement finger, minus the ring. In the final scene, she throws her arms about the hero's neck in a forgiving embrace—and we see upon her finger her engagement ring. She had neither seen nor talked to her fiance in the meantime. Where did she get the ring?

JANE TROXEL, Washington, D. C.

### ECONOMY

WHY did Jackie Coogan wear the same nightgown in "My Boy" that he did in "Trouble?"

JEWELL BOWNE, Los Angeles, California.

### THE ENTERPRISING JANE EYRE

MABEL BALLIN in the title role of "Jane Eyre" left Mr. Rochester's house with only a hat box. When she arrived at her destination she carried a bag and an umbrella.

S. J. P., Eagle River, Wisconsin.

### ACCOMPLISHED KATHERINE

HOW on earth did Katherine MacDonald, in "Domestic Relations," ever manage to climb a tree with black patent leather, high-heeled shoes on?

RUTH SARAH McALLISTER, McKeesport, Pa.

### RECKLESS IS RIGHT

IN Elaine Hammerstein's film, "Reckless Youth," she returns home with Harrison. When they enter the house, Harrison removes his hat—naturally; also his scarf. But when he leaves he is minus the scarf. And it was such a nice pretty scarf, too.

J. J., Jacksonville, Fla.

### DOWNRIGHT UNGENTLEMANLY

I WAS very much surprised at something in Irene Castle's "No Trespassing." Irene rows a boat out to rescue her father and Ross Paine. The men climb into the boat and start to shore, with Irene rowing. Why didn't Paine lend a hand?

BOB C. F., San Francisco, Cal.

### THE GREAT GOWN MYSTERY

I NOTICED this peculiarity in "Find the Woman." Alma Rubens, on her way to keep a dinner engagement, stops at Beiner's office for a package of letters. She finds Beiner on the floor. In a few minutes he regains consciousness and a scramble ensues. He tears a piece of lace from the front of her gown which is white and beaded. Later after Beiner has been found murdered a detective discovers the lace. It is now plain black. The gown turns up and it is found that the lace was torn from the bottom of the back.

J. T., Buffalo, N. Y.



## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

B. N. S., NEW YORK.—I can stand a number of things. I have heard my friends remark, "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity"—and let them live. I have sat by while people evaded their income tax. I never intimate that I have heard the same joke before. But—when anyone comes in to see me, and asks me how I am, and talks about the weather, and then wants to use my telephone, I rebel. I am selfish. I feel that, at the precise moment when my friend is phoning, someone is trying to get me to tell me something very, very important. They never are trying to get me; but they just *might*. Conrad Nagel played with Alice Brady in the stage play, "Forever After." That was before he made his screen debut.

CATHY.—I must be growing old. I do not object to things so strenuously as I used to. For instance, I read your letter on its violent pink paper and never batted an eyelash. I may be growing color-blind rather than old. I never thought of that. Madge Evans is thirteen; she is working in "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" for Worthwhile Pictures Corporation. Victor Sutherland is making a picture for the Iroquois Productions, the title of which has not yet been announced. His last release was for Edgar Lewis productions, called "Calibre 38."

ANNABELLE W.—Well, now that you have seen your name in type, are you satisfied? Probably not. Valentino is just five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 154. That's all I can tell you about Rodolph that you haven't already read. I don't know whether he sends out photographs or not. You might write to him and find out if it doesn't take up too much of your time.

NOB, ONTARIO.—The rôle of *Barbara Norton* in "The Man Without a Country" was played by Florence La Badie, who was also the heroine of Thanhouser's "Million Dollar Mystery." Miss La Badie was killed in an automobile accident. Pauline Frederick has been married three times. First to a non-professional; second to Willard Mack, and now to Dr. Rutherford. Constance Talmadge has obtained her divorce from John Pialoglo. Mary Pickford played for Griffith at Biograph at the time the Gishes and Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh were beginning there. Mary was later with the Imp company. It was there she met and married Owen Moore. The present Mrs. Owen Moore is Kathryn Perry, former Follies beauty—or, to be accurate, formerly with the Follies, and a beauty.

MARGARET, OHIO.—Your dog looks more like a door mat. But then he is useful as well as ornamental. I like dogs, I really do. I like cats, too. I have thought I should have a cat here in the office to catch the mice. The only difficulty is there aren't any mice to catch. But that should not prevent us from having a cat, should it? Mr. Frederick James Smith and Miss Van Wyck are both in favor of the idea; but Cal York objects. Richard Barthelmess' eyes are brown. I can speak with authority; I have seen Richard. I can't tell you why you like Richard; but I can tell you why I do. He's a fine actor.

E. B., TARRYTOWN.—I am even-tempered as a rule. The only time I can remember—in recent years—when I lost my sweet disposition was when, the hottest day of this last summer, someone asked me if it was hot enough for me. And you must admit I was justified. Dorothy Gish is twenty-four and Lillian two years older. Dorothy plays with Dick Barthelmess in "Fury." Lillian has been vacationing but will soon make a picture for Inspiration. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



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wishes to call to the attention of the public that certain advertising matter has been published by a company known as Fox Photoplay Institute, of which one Charles Donald Fox is the president, requesting the public generally to submit motion picture scenarios to that company and in which the company also offers its services in developing scenario writers.

### FOX FILM CORPORATION

in order to be sure that there will be no confusion caused in the mind of the public, wishes to make it clear that Fox Film Corporation is in no manner connected either directly or indirectly with the Fox Photoplay Institute. That the Charles Donald Fox who is the president of that company is in no manner connected with this company, nor is he authorized to act in any capacity for this company.

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does not make the assertion that the Fox Photoplay Institute has misrepresented itself or has attempted to act for Fox Film Corporation, but numerous inquiries and letters have been received by this company from persons located in various parts of this country with reference to the Fox Photoplay Institute, which demonstrate that they were of the impression that our company was associated with that company, and in order to prevent any further confusion or misapprehension this statement is made, so that there can be no doubt in the mind of the public that Fox Film Corporation is in no manner connected, either directly or indirectly, with the Fox Photoplay Institute.

SAUL E. ROGERS,  
General Counsel.

### FOX FILM CORPORATION

West 55th Street

New York City

## Yale to Hollywood

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 33]

young son to Yale, where the son distinguished himself athletically and won the swimming and diving championship of the university for several years. He not only won it, but they tell me that he looked so attractive while winning it that the girls came from miles around to watch him, but he says they never, never did.

Anyway, he left college and got married to a very beautiful girl, and Papa was very much pleased, only he wanted the young man to go into business with him right away. But the young man didn't like to work, especially making useful things. So instead of settling down, he and his wife and some pals decided to buy a yacht and sail around for a while. They disappeared utterly, sailing around the Horn and various other places and finally landed in Hollywood.

Papa wasn't at all pleased by all this. Thus, when the young man was just beginning to find out how grand the Pacific Ocean really could be, and how sweet the orange blossoms smell, papa sent him a telegram.

They spoke to each other by wire something like this—

"Come home and go to work or all is over between us."

"I don't want to make hammers (or whatever it was) and I think maybe I'll go into pictures. Shall I?"

"I hope you will be successful because otherwise you're going to starve to death."—

Or words to that effect.

Malcolm almost did, too. It wasn't as easy as it sounded. But eventually he met Rex Ingram socially. Both were Yale men, and brothers of some kind, and Ingram became interested in the rich man's son. With his unusual vision he saw a screen type and a real dramatic temperament. So he cast him in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Now he has a Metro contract and is being co-starred by Goldwyn with Colleen Moore in "Broken Chains."

And they do tell me that when Father saw his son on the screen he wired immediately, "All is forgiven." Or words to that effect.

Anyway, everything is serene domestically and Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McGregor and their small daughter have a Hollywood bungalow and Malcolm is much happier.

And so are we. Anybody can make hammers—

## Henry King, Virginian

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

job of it in a corking picture he did for Pathe, "Help Wanted—Male," in which he directed Blanche Sweet and also played her leading man. He liked doing that because it was mostly outdoor stuff and he didn't have to put any makeup on.

Henry King would probably laugh if you accused him of working on inspiration. But that is exactly what he does. He waits for ideas for big scenes and they always come. I wouldn't advise everybody to do it that way. He just happens to have the knack of clutching ideas as they fly by.

Ever hear how the funniest scene of "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave" came to be? King was working on the set which shows the hero, MacLean, behind the bars. Hero is fidgeting. His leave is about up. He has got to know what time it is. King couldn't have him just look at a clock. That was old stuff. He thought and thought. For once with him the idea remained elusive. Inspiration passed him by. In desperation he had the guard walk past MacLean's cell and had the hero ask him what time it was. He knew it wasn't funny, but he couldn't help it.

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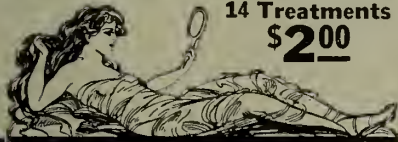
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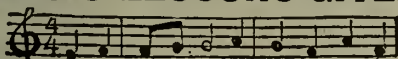
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They rehearsed the scene. "What time is it?" asked MacLean of the guard. Then, from somewhere back of the director's chair, came the sepulchral voice of a stage hand: "Whadda you care; you ain't goin' no place."

That remark, made into a title, got one of the biggest laughs of the season.

And the stage hand was prevailed upon to sit in the director's chair for the rest of the afternoon.

Mr. King, however, has evolved his best scenes all by himself. The fight scene of "David"—the suspense, the terror, the realism. The pathos of "Sonny"—a story, which was, on the stage, only bathos. And now the smash of "The Bond Boy," another tale of the Virginia mountains. He isn't a one-picture director. He is too safe and sane. He doesn't depend upon a particular punch or a single situation. He gets into the heart of a story and stays there.

It has been hard to get through this story without making a pun on his name. But if I had, I would never have been able to face him again.

And as I told you, he has very blue eyes, and he was born in Virginia. And you know what that means.

## They're Always With Us

By Joseph E. Kerr

RIP VAN WINKLE had just awakened from his long sleep. Rubbing his eyes and glancing about he became very inquisitive.

"Are they still putting out 'fewer and better pictures'?" They informed him that the publicity departments had stereotyped the phrase and were making it do double duty.

"Is the industry still 'in its infancy'?" They told him that the industry was still regarded in certain quarters as being in swaddling clothes.

"Is there still a 'famine in photoplays'?" He was informed that notwithstanding millions of scenarios submitted the photoplay schools were creating more.

"Are the fans still writing in to know who is married to who?" They told him that the marital affairs of the stars and players still exercised certain of the fans.

"Does Hollywood still commute to New York and burn up money in servants, motor cars, chefs, butlers and jewelry?" They informed him that money was used up so fast in Hollywood that the Government was considering establishing a mint there.

"Are they still condemning the movies as a menace?" They told him that the movies were regarded as a very convenient alibi for the restlessness and crime of the day.

"Are they still putting out illogical stories and plots?" They informed him that certain companies still regard picture fans as mental adolescents.

"Then," said old Rip, "I don't appear to have missed anything and drawing his wrap about him he fell into another deep sleep.

END.

MARK TWAIN used to tell this little story on himself.

"I went to church one Sunday evening and the minister introduced a missionary who wanted to be sent out to help the heathen. The missionary began by speaking very touchingly about the needs of the poor heathen. I made up my mind to put five dollars in the collection plate and if he had passed the plate right then, I would have done so. But he kept talking and talking and talking and pretty soon I started to think the heathen weren't so bad off as they might be, and I decided I'd only put a dollar in the collection plate. But that missionary kept on talking and talking and talking and when they finally passed the plate I took off a nickel to help the heathens."



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Gray Hair comes like a thief in the dark, stealing youthful looks while a woman is yet young in body and in spirit. It is unfair to yourself to have this handicap in life—it is unnecessary, as you will realize upon reading this announcement.

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Well informed women not only praise Inecto Rapid but consider it as essential to their toilette as face powder and creams. Until the discovery of Inecto Rapid, however, when a woman's hair became gray, streaked or faded she either accepted the inevitable sign of age, or applied some so-called restorative which produced an inharmonious effect or destroyed the natural texture and beauty of the hair.

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"Dog! Know you not Kirby when you see him?" Percy cried, his sword flashing out

**To Have and to Hold**

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

first time Percy marked the shabbiness, the wretched disorder of his house, with a frown for smirking Sparrow.

"We will soon make this better," he said, "and more fitting for a woman's bower. You, sirrah—see to it in the morning that all is swept and scrubbed!"

"Eh—but that will be her work now—" "Mine!" Jocelyn's cheeks flamed as she forgot her rôle. But she bit off her words.

"You heard my orders!" said Percy, sternly. "See that you obey!"

Sparrow, grumbling, went off. Percy led his wife into the room that was his chamber.

"Here you may order yourself for supper," he said. He left her; returned, in a few minutes, carrying wine and glasses. He saw she had been weeping; held out a glass to her.

"Let us drink!" he said. "To happy years—and love—and many children to bless it—"

The glass she held was shattered at his feet.

"You—!" she cried. "Then you are like the rest—you bought me for tobacco—and you would have its worth—"

He stared at her. "I would have nothing I could buy—of wares like those," he said. "Here, mistress! Take this knife—use it to guard yourself from me until you trust me!"

Ashamed, and yet defiant, still, she took it. And that was their beginning.

**STRANGE** life it was they led. She cared for the house; came, in time, to undertake, of her free will, much of old Sparrow's work, since he did it, even with a good will, so badly. Under her hand a home grew where before only a cabin had stood. Flowers that Percy brought her blossomed about the door. She came to know and love the woods; the strange, new birds; the little beasts, half wild, half tame, she saw from day to day. Never did Percy break the compact he had made with her. Him, too, she came to know. She came upon books that revealed him other than the rough frontiersman she had supposed him; there were moments, in his talk, when memories of home peeped out.

One day she went with him about some business; chose to wade. She stepped too far, into a place of sudden depth; the current caught her. She screamed as she was carried off; Percy, with a cry, plunged after her. He brought her to the bank; she lay in his arms, limp and senseless. And, with a choking cry, he pressed his lips on hers. But when her eyes

opened he was tending her as another woman might have done.

"I—I thought—I dreamed—"

She said no more.

But that night, after she had retired, and he was preparing to lay his bed before her door, as was their custom, she opened her door.

"I forgot—" she said. "I meant to ask—"

His eyes, upon her, silenced her.

"You—you look so strange—" she said.

"Ah!" he cried out. "It is more than flesh and blood can stand! Are you a woman—or a thing of iron and stone? Can you not see that I am perishing for love of you?"

She faced him, half smiling, unafraid. Her hand went out to him. He caught her in his arms; crushed her to him. And suddenly her arm stole up and drew his lips down to hers. But, as they stood so, after those months of waiting, there came a thundering knock upon the cabin door.

Startled, he freed her; went to answer. An officer stood in the door, lighted by torches that soldiers carried.

"I am sorry—I have the governor's order for your arrest—and the instant return of the Lady Jocelyn Leigh—"

"There is no lady here—save my wife—"

"Ha—!" A sneering laugh sent Jocelyn shrinking back. She knew Carnal's voice before she saw his triumphant eyes. "I heard of a so-called marriage! But the idea—that the king's ward, and the betrothed of a peer of the realm should be wed to a backwoods lout—"

With a blind rush Percy flung himself forward. But he was seized and held. And Carnal, stepping forward, bowed low to Jocelyn, and raised her hand, and kissed it.

"You find me faithful, my Lady Jocelyn," he said. "And ready to overlook your—ah—indiscretion—"

She shrank from him. And Percy cried out, in a great voice.

"Before God and man this woman is my wife, whatever her name—whatever her station!" he cried. "Mine—to love and to keep—to have and to hold!"

Yet morning saw him in prison, and Jocelyn, trembling, locked in a cabin on the ship that had brought Carnal out and was to take her home. The governor had been sympathetic—but he had professed himself helpless. Carnal carried an authority no servant of King James might question. And his orders were simple. His ship was to be refitted, and to sail at once—and Percy was to go with her, in irons.



But if the governor could not move, Percy had friends. From Sparrow they learned his plight—and they made short work of freeing him; shorter still, once they knew his tale, of freeing Jocelyn, as well. They provided a boat: in it Percy planned to carry Jocelyn away, far into the forest, where Carnal, of all men living, was least likely to follow.

**B**UT some evil chance pursued them. For, as, in the blackness of the night after Carnal's coming, the boat slipped away from the ship, Carnal himself spied it; recognized a figure; proved his real courage by leaping down.

"I should stab you and cast you to the fishes!" cried Percy. "But—by God—"

"Fool—fool!" shrilled Sparrow. "Kill him, master—"

But Percy would not. Not yet. And soon such thoughts were forgotten perforce, for a storm that had been gathering broke upon them. Furiously it drove the boat—and far from the safe course Percy had laid, out to sea, where, every moment, the danger grew. Until, at dawn, there came a crash, and the small craft was tossed ashore. Percy brought Jocelyn safely through the surf; Sparrow and Carnal saved themselves. And Carnal when the full morning's light showed them their plight, laughed aloud.

They were upon an island that was little more than a barren rock. It rose to a point; Percy climbed that, and swept the sea for sight of a sail. But he knew that they were far from the course of ships; there was small hope of rescue.

Days passed. They lived on birds they snared, and shellfish; they drank rain water, gathered in pools. Each day one climbed the hill. And on the eighth day Percy, coming to the summit, heard voices. Something roused his suspicions; he listened, cautiously, as he

# Priscilla Dean pays tribute to MINERALAVA



*"Mineralava Beauty Clay is an enemy of the creeping years which allow blemishes and premature wrinkles to mar the looks of youth. No woman who cares for her appearance should be without it."*

*Priscilla Dean*  
Universal Star

**T**HE enthusiastic endorsement of Miss Priscilla Dean, famous beauty of the silver screen and now starring as "Cigarette" in "Under Two Flags," is but another voice raised in voluntary praise of MINERALAVA, the famous Beauty Clay. Hundreds of thousands of letters received from women in American homes testifying to the merits of MINERALAVA are echoes of the unstinted endorsement given by such beauties of the stage and screen as Priscilla Dean, Billie Burke, Julia Sanderson, Zitelka Dolores, Irene Bordoni and from homes when Mother, Father, Sister and Brother all regularly use Mineralava.

### Nature's Way to Beauty

**M**INERALAVA is a natural clay that purifies the skin and by stimulating its blood circulation and its nerve tissues, brings it to that condition of perfect health that it knew in youth—free from wrinkles and blemishes.

Discovered twenty-three years ago and tested by the noted chemists of Europe and America it has added to its own inherent qualities certain medical ingredients of great curative and stimulating power that have made it the most perfect complexion beautifier in the world today.

### What Is Skin-Malnutrition?

**S**KIN-MALNUTRITION is a condition of the skin of the face and neck in which through lack of proper nourishment, through insufficient blood circulation and because the tiny nerves and tissues beneath the skin are sluggish and inactive, the beauty of the complexion of youth is marred by blemishes.

Sir Erasmus Wilson, M.D., F.R.S., the noted skin specialist, tells us that in the human skin there are two principal layers; the outer called the Epidermis; the inner, called the Dermis.

As the outer skin flakes and falls away it makes way for the appearance of the under or baby-skin—the clear, beautifully-tinted and velvety skin of a little child. It is this under skin that needs to be stimulated and made healthy so that when it is born it shall be clothed in beauty; free from all blemish. MINERALAVA does this. It is the one positive remedy for "skin-malnutrition."

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**A**PPLY MINERALAVA to the face and neck with the soft brush that comes with every bottle. It forms a dainty and fragrant mask which dries in ten minutes. As it dries you feel the medical ingredients penetrating the pores, re-vitalizing the tissues; strengthening the tiny muscles; stimulating the circulation. The pleasant feeling of contraction, the mild and gentle pulsation beneath the mask convince you how effectively and positively it is doing its work of creating a new beauty.

Wash off the mask of clay—look into your mirror—and note the wonderful improvement!

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## To Have and To Hold

**N**ARRATED by permission from the Paramount picture, directed by George Fitzmaurice from the adaptation by Ouida Bergere of the novel by Mary Johnston. All rights reserved. Enacted with the following cast:

Lady Jocelyn Leigh..... Betty Compson  
Captain Ralph Percy..... Bert Lytell  
Lord Carnal..... Theodore Kosloff  
Jeremy Sparrow..... W. J. Ferguson  
King James I..... Raymond Hatton  
Red Gill..... Walter Long  
Lady Jane Carr..... Anne Cornwall  
Paradise..... Fred Huntley  
Lord Cecil..... Arthur Rankin

crept forward to see, himself unseen. And what he saw and heard told him much—told him that these were pirates, come ashore to bury their dead captain. Percy saw one chance—seized upon it. He heard them disputing as to their new captain; sprang down among them, suddenly.

"You seek a captain!" he shouted. "Behold him!"

"Who are you?" one cried, with an oath.

"Dog! Know you not Kirby when you see him?"

"Kirby!" The tones in which they echoed the name of that most formidable of buccaneers told him he had struck the right note.

"A lie!" cried one.

Percy's sword flashed out. The man fought well—but Percy slew him for a token. Others disputed him; these he did not kill, but wounded or disarmed.

"Eh—Kirby or devil, it's all one to me—but you're the leader for me!" one shouted at last. And the others took up the cry. And



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so Percy, the pirates standing in sound awe of him, took their command, and brought Jocelyn aboard their ship along with Carnal. "We sink or swim together now," he said, curtly, to Carnal. "Back me up and we've a chance—when first we meet an English ship." "You've a plan?" "I have—in my own mind."

It was no surprise when Sparrow told him Carnal was plotting with the pirates. But Percy was not concerned; he had his plan in mind. Through the long days of endless sea and sky, he stood on deck with the lady Jocelyn, watching the horizon line. And when the first English ship was sighted he put it into execution. A boat was ready; while all the pirates watched the prize it slipped away, carrying Sparrow, Jocelyn, and Carnal—who leaped aboard at the last moment. And Percy, meanwhile, had laid a fuse to the magazine and lighted it. Once he had touched the match he sprang overboard; he was far from the ship, and swimming strongly, when the explosion came. And within the hour he was picked up—and cast into irons, upon Lord Carnal's charge that he was the true captain of the pirate ship!

SO Carnal triumphed. As he had planned he carried the Lady Jocelyn back to the court, and brought her lover, in irons, and now, with this black charge of piracy against him, as good as a dead man.

He was, it seemed, but just in time. A new favorite had risen in his absence—the Duke of Buckingham. But Carnal, with the story of his adventures for the king's ear, soon regained his sway; brought all his enemies, save one, to his feet. That one was the queen, and, liking Carnal less, rather than Buckingham more, she made a plan, that was based upon what Jane Carr, still in her favor, had learned from Jocelyn.

Carnal made swift progress toward his goal. By the king's decree Jocelyn's marriage with Percy was declared void; plans were made for her wedding to Carnal. It was to be a great affair; the whole court was to be present. And Jocelyn, helpless, the victim of a constant espionage, was forced to approach the altar where Carnal waited.

But now the plan the queen and Buckingham had made was revealed. There was a sudden shout; a man leaped down from a gallery where servants watched.

"I challenge the right of this mock marriage!" he cried. "That is my wife—and I stand ready to prove my case upon my Lord Carnal's body!"

Sword in hand, his long hair matted, he made a superb picture. Buckingham was at the king's ear.

"Aye—let them fight it out!" cried the King, delighted. "Fair play and old England forever!"

Carnal drew; plunged, furiously, into the fight. But the first blade of Europe had met his match. Percy might have killed him at his pleasure; he took a crueller vengeance. He played with him; drew blood upon his face at will; scarred him; sent him reeling back, blinded, scarred, disfigured for life, crying for mercy. And then he faced the king, his bloody sword point lowered, suing the grace he had earned.

"By God—here is a man!" cried the king. "Take Carnal away—the sight of him offends me! My Lady Jocelyn—you would not have one husband of my choosing—how say you, now, to this one?"

### Realism

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- Enlarged abdomen
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- Misplaced organs



# Wedded and Parted

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

who did it once too often. If Rudy hadn't been Rudy they wouldn't have jumped on us. Fame is like a giant X-Ray. Once you are exposed beneath it the very beatings of your heart are shown to a gaping world. Rudy was famous and so it was with us just as it was with Mary and Doug.

"My people were furious. The thought of my being married to an actor seemed terrible to them. I had earned my own living since I was seventeen, first as a dancer, in Paris and London and on tour in this country, all with the Russian Ballet, and then when the tour ended in California, I met Nazimova and stayed out there to work on the dream episode for 'Billions,' and later 'Camille' and 'Salome' I also did some work for Cecil deMille in 'Forbidden Fruit,' the vision scene, if you remember it.

"So, you see, the family were rather accustomed to having me do as I please, but all that publicity was quite the last straw with them. Then I introduced Rudy to them and immediately everything was all right. All women love the man who appeals to their maternity. Rudy does that instinctively and it is devastating in its effects on feminine resistance.

"Nevertheless I left for the East immediately and planned to sail for Europe with my parents and not return to this country until March, when Rudy and I shall be married again. But just at that time, Rudy decided that he would fight to break his contract with Famous Players-Lasky and naturally I had to remain here and help him in that."

The girl who most of the movie fans will regard as the luckiest woman in the world set her soft, red mouth into a hard line. Her eyes blazed forth little, sharp flashes of anger.

"YOU can't know what a really wonderful, beautiful picture he did of 'Blood and Sand,'" she declared. "The public will never know, for it was all chopped up before it ever reached them. Rudy put his soul into the making of it. There was not a false note in it. They took out most of the love scenes. It seemed cruel, for they were delightful, so full of old Spain. With American men love making is merely an annoying preliminary. With a Latin it is like the obligato of a delicate music motif. It runs softly in and about the creative melody. Beauty like that should not be destroyed.

"Then didn't you adore him in the first of it? I wish you could have seen him while he was filming that episode. He would stop by every evening on his way home to see me but he might as well have been bound up in the covers of a book for all the humanness he possessed. He was that bull fighter all the time. He would swagger in and be very loud voiced and dictatorial, or else I would see him leering at me the way he looked at *Dona Sol* or gazing at me with the great beseeching eyes he used in the film toward his little wife, and of course, the amusing part of it was that he was supremely unaware of it. He never dropped the part for a moment. It meant so much to him that he ignored the way the company were treating him, and they couldn't have treated him worse.

"They gave him a dressing room that really was a little hole. On location they gave him no dressing room and a scrap of a mirror just big enough for him to see his face in, rather than the full length one they furnish every other star with. He had to dress and undress before the whole lot. He knows nothing whatever about business. When the company offered him his contract, he was so happy over his success after his bitter struggle, that he believed the whole world was without guile. He signed his contract without investigating its phrasing.

"They paid him, their most successful star, a salary which to the outsider may seem a lot,

# BUY TODAY 10 MONTHS TO PAY

E35—Four White Gold inverted hearts are set with 1 superior quality, sparkling Diamond, \$75.

E36—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum is a fancy 18K White Gold mounting, \$65.

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E38—Superior fine Diamond in beautiful hand-engraved Platinum Ring, \$100.

E39—Ladies' 7 Diamond Cluster Ring, Platinum set in an exquisite hand-pierced mounting of 18K White Gold, \$90.

E40—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior fine Diamond, \$85.

E41—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior fine Diamond, \$65.

E42—Ladies' Belcher Ring set with fine Diamond, \$25.

E43—Ladies' 18K Belals White Gold hand-engraved Ring, octagon-shaped, set with 1 fine Diamond, \$30.

E44—Superior Diamond set in 18K White Gold Cup, \$50.

E45—Beautiful Laval-Irere, genuine Pearls, 1 fine Diamond, \$28.

E46—"Sweetheart" Platinum Ring set with superior fine Diamond, \$150.

E50—Perfect Gent, blue white Diamond, square-set in this artistically hand-engraved Gent's Green Gold Ring, \$75.

E51—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum, \$48.50.

E52—Unique Platinum top Green Gold Ring set with 1 fine Diamond, \$40.

E53—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum, \$85.

E54—Gent's Tooth Ring set with perfectly-cut, blue white Diamond, \$35.

X38—14K. Solid White Gold case with sapphire jewel crown, 15 jewel, Rectangular adjusted movement. Fancy engraved Dial. Special Price .....\$32.50

X39—18K. Solid White Gold, 17 jewel adjusted. Special Price .....\$42.00

E55—Genuine Black Onyx set with fine Diamond in Platinum bezel, \$33.

E57—Gent's hand-carved Belcher Ring set with fine blue white Diamond, \$45.

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WE'LL send anything you select ABSOLUTELY FREE for complete examination and approval. If entirely satisfied pay only one-fifth the price, then send balance in ten equal monthly installments. If not satisfied, simply return. Transactions strictly confidential. Guarantee Value Bond given with every Diamond purchase.

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— Fascinatingly Fragrant —  
**Always Healthful**  
Sample free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass. Everywhere 25c.

\$1,250 a week, and yet which to anyone in the business is laughable, considering his value to them. They were forever creating rules and telling him that he had to obey them, and poor Rudy, who is so instinctively honest himself, believed it and was always dazedly trying to find his way about through them. He couldn't understand it and he felt that he must in some strange way be to blame for all of it. They had promised him that they would do the picture in Spain and all that and then had done nothing of the kind but he tried to overlook that. They couldn't really hurt him until they tried to ruin his picture in the cutting.

"Then we ran away and got involved in that foolish marriage. I admit it was unwise but we surely had meant no harm in it, but the company treated Rudy as though he were a criminal. They packed me off East and when I called at the New York offices, by way of being comforting they announced that there was no way of saving Rudy from a prison term and that he would undoubtedly get ten years. I was so excited that I didn't know what to do and because they kept urging it, I nearly went to Europe as they requested. I realize now that they were only trying to get me out of the way as they believed that would improve Rudy's box office value. They declared that I would be the ruin of his career and then finally they told me Rudy had already forgotten me. Then I got mad. I knew Rudy. So, I didn't sail for Europe. I knew my job was right here.

"THEY started work a little before this time on 'The Young Rajah.' All the while their system, which was torture for Rudy, was going on. They rushed him through it. Night after night they made him work the whole night through, actually finishing the picture at three A. M. August tenth.

"Some producers find an unusual personality. They use up thousands of dollars to exploit it. They put that personality into a picture and the picture goes over and makes a million. Then, instead of letting the actor who does fine work go on doing it, they give him cheap material, cheap sets, cheap casts, cheap everything. The idea then is to make just as much money from that personality as possible with the least outlay.

"Isn't it short-sighted? Isn't it unwise? Yet they do it again and again. But they can't keep it up forever. The fans are beginning to wake up. They refuse to take second rate products even when a big personality is exploited. They are doing the one thing that will affect the producer—when poor pictures are offered them, they are staying home.

"A sensitive personality is like a great organ. Press the keys of discord and harshness comes forth. Play the keys of melody and beauty and delight are given. Rudy gets horribly excited when I say this, but I do declare that if they keep him from working for two years more, then I will work and support us both. There are many things that I can do. I can dance. I can go back to my designing, but I don't care what it is if it only brings in enough money for him to be able to go on fighting for decent treatment and good material." Natacha's eyes, which have a startling blue iris, were grim with the intensity of her determination.

"Yet all this is only drawing us closer together. I'll confess it is rather fun being courted by your own husband. We go out for dinner and the theater together nearly every evening and then he brings me back to my hotel and down in the lobby he bows formally over my hand and I, equally proper, bid him good-night and stand to watch him until he disappears out of sight on his way back to his hotel.

"Rudy and I stay in a continual state of neuter gender. We call it our penance for that foolish spring night. We would never have dashed to Mexico in that wild way if we hadn't both been having the first vacation we had either of us been granted in two years and if



there hadn't been one of those fatal California moons shining high up in the sky."

She was interrupted by the tinkle of the telephone. She answered and smiled over the mouthpiece at me. From the happiness of her face I didn't have to be any Sherlock Holmes to figure out who was calling her. But I couldn't listen. Even with the usual interviewer's itch for inside information, something prevented me. There seemed, suddenly, to be a heavy scent of roses in the air. So I looked at her carefully as I started out.

She is a yellow orchid, shining forth from a vase of black onyx.

She is the outward and visible sign of Rodolph Valentino's spiritual evolution.

She is the symbol of his culture, she is the crystallization of his success.

She is, she says, absolutely natural.

She is very subtle, is Natacha Rambova.

## Do You Believe Film Advertising?

TAKE the press sheet of almost any producer or distributor and you will find in it either misrepresentations or exaggerations.

The chief cause of this condition is the fact that pictures are sold before they are made; thousands of dollars worth of contracts are signed before the camera crank is so much as turned. The result is that if the picture proves to be not of the quality represented to the exhibitor at the time he signed the contract, such exhibitor finds himself with, proverbially speaking, a white elephant on his hands.

The exhibitor in turn feels that since he has paid a big price for such picture, he must get it back somehow.

Hence the misrepresentation to the public by the exhibitor.

It forms a vicious chain.

And so the process of deceiving the public goes on, until the public has now been made to balk; it refuses to be buncoed any longer. And that is why business is bad.

How long will this method of doing business continue?

In other businesses, when an article is inferior it is sold to the jobber and in turn to the consumer at a reduced price.

Take for instance shirts: a single spot or other defect on it is enough to prompt the owner to mark it as "Second," and reduce considerably its price to the jobber, who in turn sells it to the consumer at a much lower price than non-defective shirts of the same brand sell.

Similar methods likewise prevail in other businesses.

It is only in the picture business where a "second" picture is sold for as high a price as a first-class production, to accomplish which misrepresentation and exaggeration is freely resorted to.

But such unbusiness-like methods could not do otherwise than bring odium upon the industry.

And they have brought this odium; for no other industry in the world is today being looked down upon as much as is the motion picture industry.

It is time for those responsible for this condition to adopt cleaner methods of selling pictures.

And this applies equally to exhibitors as it does to producers; for an exhibitor that boosts to his patrons a picture he knows to be unworthy is as much guilty of misrepresentation as is the producer, with this much difference to his disadvantage—that he, that is, the exhibitor, being the one who is in contact with the public, is the one that suffers the most, in receipts and in reputation.

Let the standards of the industry be raised, or else the business will soon end in a wreck.—*Harrison's Reports.*

# NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of Americans is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active, and sensitive nerves, as they indicate the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition, and force of character, but this high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

**FIRST STAGE:** Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

**SECOND STAGE:** Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

**THIRD STAGE:** Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves—how to relax, calm, and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 53, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book today. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."





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Mail the coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and test as directed on a single lock. See for yourself how it restores the perfect, beautiful natural color. Learn how easy it is to apply, how clean and dainty.

Then when you know you take no risk using this scientific laboratory preparation get a full size bottle from your druggist or direct from me. But make the test first. This insures the safety of your hair.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Easily applied with a comb, no interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off.

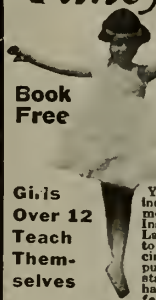
**Mail the coupon**

Don't wait—prove at once how your gray hair can be restored easily, safely, surely.

**Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer**

Mary T. Goldman, 2218 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is  
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Your little girl can be a charming Fancy Dancer. She has the dancer in her—let her develop this fairy gift. Let her entertain and be the center of attraction at parties, school entertainments, etc. You'll be proud of her—and she will be grateful in later years. For Fancy Dancing will bring her charm, the one thing we all seek in womanhood.

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You can teach your child at home from our instructions. Everything made simple. Any mother can teach and any child can learn. Instructions by noted teacher-dancer. Large repertoire, from simple compositions to classical numbers and advanced toe-dancing. Students prepared in short time for public appearance, home entertainments, stage, etc. Very low cost. Write at once for handsomely illustrated booklet, low tuition fee, etc. No obligation. Address

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**BE COMFORTABLE—**

Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Never on sale in stores as every Appliance is made to order, the proper sizes and shape of Air Cushion depending on the nature of each case. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

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If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 3222 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

**Studio Directory**

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

- ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.  
 Norma and Constance Talmadge Studio, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
 Katherine MacDonald Productions, 904 Girard St., Los Angeles, Cal. (s) 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 R. A. Walsh Productions, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
 Hope Hampton Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.  
 Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.  
 Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 BALLIN, HUGO, PRODUCTIONS, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.  
 CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.  
 EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.  
 FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.  
 (s) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.  
 (s) Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.  
 British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.  
 FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
 GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Cal. Marshall Neilan and Maurice Tourneur Productions.  
 HART, WM. S., PRODUCTIONS, (s) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.  
 INCE, THOMAS H. (s) Culver City, Cal.  
 INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) Second Ave. and 127th St., New York City.  
 METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Chabuena Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Mac Murray Productions, 344 West 44th St., New York City.  
 PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th St., New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). (s) George B. Seitz Productions, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.  
 R-C PICTURES CORP., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) corner Gower and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.  
 ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.  
 SELZNICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (s) United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
 Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Cal.  
 Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Cal.  
 D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.  
 Nazimova Productions, United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Ave., New York City.  
 Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.  
 UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Cal.  
 VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City; (s) East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; (s) 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

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 I absolutely guarantee to teach you to play popular and classical music within three weeks. I give you the secrets of my 10 years' success as a saw musician, secrets I guarded carefully until I introduced "The Musical Saw." Successfully instructed thousands.

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 C. J. MUSSEHL  
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Arms Legs Bust Double Chin  
 in fact the entire body or any part without dieting  
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**MISS B. MONTAGUE,**  
 8 Marchmont Street, London, W. C. 1., England.  
 Photograph of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales included gratis upon request.



# Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111]

**KATHLEEN.**—You are fortunate. You know someone who knew Casson Ferguson's brother in law. Said brother in law tried to make a contractor of Casson but didn't succeed; and now no one is sorry but the brother in law. I wish I knew some people who knew some star. Everyone else seems to. Vivia Ogden was the gossip in "Way Down East"—the cast is given elsewhere. Whenever they want an actress to play a sour old spinster perfectly they call on Miss Ogden who is, I understand, a charming woman in private life.

**W. M. A., MAPLE GROVE, OHIO.**—I am sorry, but I can't get you a pass to see Elsie Ferguson work. Miss Ferguson is rather particular about having anyone watch her in the studio. She usually has screens placed around her set. I'd like to watch her myself. She is now making "Outcast" at the Paramount studios in Long Island City, N. Y.

**NAOMI, LOS ANGELES.**—Don't jump at conclusions. You might slip. John Gilbert is an American, twenty-eight years old, and married to Leatrice Joy. Leatrice is the heroine of Cecil deMille's "Manslaughter." Lois Wilson and Thomas Meighan are in it, too.

**L. L. D., SAN FRANCISCO.**—Lest I am criticized for spelling Valentino's first name Rudolph in the above cast, let me remind everybody that he was Rudolph, not Rodolph, then. Hoot Gibson, to change the subject slightly, was born in Tekamah, Nebraska, in 1892. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 160, has light hair and blue eyes. He has been married twice. "The Loaded Door" for Universal is one of his later films.

**BEBE C., CLARKSVILLE, TENN.**—You have missed only two pictures in five years at the two movie theaters in your town! When do you eat? I wouldn't say I thought Allan Forrest the handsomest man in pictures; but I like him, too. He was born in Brooklyn September 9, 1890. His real name is Fisher. He is five feet eleven and weighs 168. Allan has been married twice—once to Ann Little and now to Lottie Pickford. His newest rôle is opposite Shirley Mason in "The New Teacher."

**JUDY, NEW MEXICO.**—Your poem was nice; but what does it mean? I have always yearned to write a poem with an "envoy." I don't understand why there should be an "envoy" on a poem, but I like the idea; and some day I'm going to commit one. Mary MacLaren was *Queen Anne of Austria* in "The Three Musketeers." Mary's portrait of the royal lady flattered her more than a little, I believe. By the way, I hear Miss MacLaren is engaged to marry a Baltimore man. She is a member of the cast of *Cosmopolitan's* "The Face in the Fog,"—and it's a real all-star cast this time. There are Lionel Barrymore, Louis Wolheim (who played "The Hairy Ape" on the stage), Seena Owen, Gustav von Seyffertitz, and Mary.

**MARY OF HOLLYWOOD.**—The fifth instalment of "Hattie of Hollywood," Samuel Merwin's absorbing story of the studios, appears in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY. The final instalment will be in the December issue. I knew it was a good story; but, if it fascinates a Hollywood girl, it's there. Such language is frightful; I apologize.

**CRAWFORD, TARRYTOWN.**—It is against all my better impulses to tell you the size of Wallace Reid's hat; but as I happen to know it I can't very well evade the issue. It's size seven and a quarter. Wally's right name is William Wallace. And, just for further information, I might add that his shoes are tens.

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**D1—“Loveheart”** betrothal ring of 18K white gold with 4 blue-white diamond centers on sides. \$110.00



**D2—Ladies' 18K** white gold set with perfect cut, blue-white diamonds. \$25.00



**D3—5 diamond** French-style sun-plumes set in solid platinum. 18K white gold shank. \$57.50



**D4—Ladies' 18K** white gold hand engraved set with two first quality diamonds. \$45.00



**D5—Ladies' 18K** white gold ring set with perfect cut, blue-white diamonds and one genuine sapphire. \$70.00



**D6—Ladies' 18K** white gold set with first quality blue-white diamond. \$57.50



**D7—Ladies' 18K** white gold set with first quality blue-white diamond. \$57.50



**D8—Ladies' 18K** white gold set with perfect cut, blue-white diamond. \$35.00



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**BABE.**—So you remembered me when you saw Joseph Schildkraut. Only, I hasten to add, because you wanted to know more about him. He was born in Roumania, October 9, 1896. He is married to Elsie Bartlett Porter and is now touring in "Liliom." Address him care Griffith company.

**LACA LEE.**—So far as I know Rodolph Valentino hasn't any brothers. For my own sake, I hope he is an only child. He's a nice chap but he's too popular. At present, the Italian star is having legal difficulties with Paramount. He is in New York now, not California. Carol Dempster was the heroine of "Dream Street." Marjorie Seaman, Ralph Graves' wife, played an extra in this Griffith production.

**H. R. J., ST. IGNACE, MICH.**—I understand that Bill Desmond, just to be different, will form his own company and make a series of mounted policeman stories. But you never can tell about these wild rumors. Desmond made "The Great Conspiracy" for Universal. He's married, to Mary McIvor; they have a little daughter. So has Buck Jones. Marguerite Clark is Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams and lives in New Orleans. Her last picture was "Scrambled Wives."

**CUTIE.**—Yes, I have heard that a film company is going to box and seal a projection machine and fifteen reels of film to be opened in the year 2000. A treat is in store for posterity—especially if the film selected is one of those extra special super de luxe productions. Mae Murray and her husband-director, Robert Z. Leonard, have gone to California to make their next picture, "Coronation." They will remain in the west only a few months, however. I never did know what the "Z" in Robert's name stands for. But if it's keeping you awake nights I'd suggest writing to Robert and asking him. I haven't the heart.

**NADINE, DAVENPORT, IOWA.**—No wonder you like pictures like "The Prisoner of Zenda." You have an Anthony Hope complex, as well as a name which might be the heroine's of one of those mystical kingdom novels. Never mind; I used to like those things myself. Monte Blue is thirty-two. Gloria Swanson is just about twenty-five. I say just about, because Gloria doesn't divulge the exact date. Ramon Navarro in "Zenda," "The Passion Vine" and "Scaramouche"—the latter has not yet been made; that's just a little advance information; something for you to dream about.

**BILLIE OF LONG BEACH.**—Gloria Swanson has reddish-brown hair. You may contradict me and say you know it's brown, but I contend it is reddish. I saw Gloria and when I saw her it was reddish. A very beautiful dark reddish, but still reddish. Something like Alice Terry's. Gloria's child is a little girl. Natalie Keaton is twenty-two.

**CATHERINE, ST. LOUIS.**—Miss Du Pont wasn't born abroad. She hails from Frankfort, Kentucky. She has, I believe, been married. I have never met the lady, although she was in New York not long ago. You might address her care Universal and they will see that she gets it. Sam de Grasse? I wish I knew where he was. He's a good actor. Yes—Wally's home town is the same as yours.

**E. H. P., CANTON, OHIO.**—Why don't Wallace Reid and Norma Talmadge play together? For no reason at all, that you can see. It just happens that Jesse Lasky would object rather seriously to his star breaking his contract with Paramount even if Wally wanted to; and Joseph Schenck couldn't very well spare Norma to let her be Wally's leading lady. Little things like contracts may not amount to much, but once in a while they are lived up to. You want a picture of Harrison Ford. It shall be done—if I have anything to do with it!

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**S. S., LONG BRANCH.**—A film producer has gone to Siberia. No—he went there of his own accord. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Mo., April 15, 1890. He lived in St. Louis until he was ten, then came to New York, where he attended public school. A New Jersey military academy completed his education. After appearing in the stage production of "The Confession," he went into pictures, where he was a general utility man—acting, directing, writing, and scene-shifting. D. W. Griffith originally cast him for *The Little Colonel* in "The Birth of a Nation" but decided that Walthall was a better type; so Wally played the blacksmith and became famous. He has been with Lasky for several years.

**PHYLLIS, AUSTRALIA.**—I have a good many friends in your country; and I am glad to make another. You Australians are invariably courteous and considerate. I like you. Vivian Martin is now touring with her stage production, "Just Married," Vivian herself has been married for some time, to Mr. Jefferson. June Caprice is Mrs. Harry Millarde in private life; they have a baby daughter. Millarde went to England to film "If Winter Comes." Creighton Hale, 18 Windsor Road, Great Neck, Long Island. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, April 8, 1893.

**L. L., MONTREAL.**—"I am plain and middle-aged, and have six youngsters. There is no one so susceptible to beauty and charm as the woman who is as plain as an old shoe. All the fans aren't flappers." I don't believe you are middle-aged at all. You can't be. Marie Doro and Elliott Dexter aren't divorced. Miss Doro is playing in "Lilies of the Field." Goldwyn has acquired the rights to the picture, "Beatrice," which Marie made in Italy. Mr. Dexter has not been seen in as many films of late as his audience would like. Address him at Lasky's.

**JUDITH, CHICAGO.**—"Beauty is truth, and truth beauty" is a quotation from Keats' lovely "Ode to a Grecian Urn." If I were you I'd study more before leaving home to seek your fortune. You're very young, and while experience is the best teacher, and all that sort of thing, still a little book-learning helps. Here's the cast of "The Storm:" *Burr Winton*, House Peters; *Dave Stewart*, Matt Moore; *Manette*, Virginia Valli; *Jacques Fachard*, her father, Josef Swickard; *Nanteeka*, Frank Lanning.

**PAL, NEW YORK.**—You've been seeing those western pictures again. Strongheart is indeed a wonderful dog. Larry Trimble is his owner and director. He will appear soon in a new Trimble-Murfin production called "His Dog." I have met Strongheart and consider him one of the most intelligent stars I've ever talked with. He came up to my office here to see me and he scared my stenographer to death,—quite a feat in itself.

**PAULA.**—You want to see more pictures of Claire Adams. I shall ask the Editor to put Claire in the art section for you. Miss Adams is still Miss Adams and has no intentions of changing her name, to my knowledge. Address her at the United Studios, Los Angeles. She is the heroine of the Hampton pictures, but is occasionally loaned to other companies.

**MARGARET, MANHATTAN.**—W y n d h a m Standing is married. I haven't the maiden name of Mrs. Standing. He's English; forty-two years old, played in "Smilin' Through" with Norma and is now in Holland where he is making "The Lion's Mouse," with Marguerite Marsh, for the Hollandia Film Company. Mae Marsh is to make "Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing" in England. That's the play which Peggy O'Neill has acted for years now; and in which Eileen Huban appeared in America. Sort of a second "Peg o' My Heart." Mae will return to this country about November to appear in D. W. Griffith's next picture.

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**BRANDY.**—To misquote "Captain Applejack," "There's naught so scarce as good rum." But there—prohibition jokes are passe; and I vowed I would never crack another. Well, I haven't, have I? Jack Mulhall is thirty-one. He has been married twice. His first wife, Laura Bunton, is dead; she left a three-year-old son. The present Mrs. Mulhall is Evelyn Winans. Jack is a leading man, not a star. I liked him best in "Turn to the Right."

**IRIS MARILYNN.**—You wanted Marilyn Miller to marry George Stewart. Marilyn is very happy as Mrs. Jack Pickford, and I'm afraid you'll just have to grin and bear it. The Pickfords are in the east, where Marilyn is singing and dancing in "Sally" and Jack is planning to make a new photoplay. Mrs. Jack may make a picture later on.

**STUPID.**—Frank, anyway. Betty Compson isn't married; but it is reported to be rumored to be said that she is engaged. Lillian Gish hasn't started work as yet on her picture to follow "Orphans of the Storm." Hedda Hopper is a member of the all star cast of "The Price of her Ambition." It is to be hoped that title will be changed. The others in it are E. K. Lincoln, Cyril Chadwick, Julia Swayne Gordon and Margaret Sedden.

**M. W., MONTREAL.**—May McAvoy is twenty-one; Agnes Ayres, twenty-five; Milton Sills, thirty-eight; Bert Lytell, thirty-seven and Wally Reid thirty-two. Don't tell me so and so is older or younger. The best I can do is to consult my files, which are filled with information supplied me by the players themselves. We'll just have to take their words for it.

**ELLEN, ABILENE, TEXAS.**—I know that Gloria doesn't look twenty-five; but she is; and what are you going to do about it? Fannie Ward doesn't look her reported age, either. It is an actress' business to look as youthful as possible. Their work has a great deal to do with keeping them in trim.

**BETTY GIRL, BELLEVUE, KY.**—You are very considerate to reserve the rest of your questions for next month. Here are the addresses: Eugene O'Brien, United Studios; Jack Mulhall, 5857 Harold Way, Los Angeles; Charles Meredith, Lila Lee, and Agnes Ayres, Lasky. And now—bring on the others.

**DOROTHY, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.**—That's all right, Dot. Don't apologize. You may have written me on green paper four months ago; but I can't seem to remember your letter; so don't let it distress you so. May Allison has been in Porto Rico making pictures for Edward A. MacManus, in which her husband, Bob Ellis, also appears; so maybe that's why she hasn't answered your letter. I am sure you'll hear from May eventually. I know that's small consolation when you want to hear from her now.

**VERA THE VAMP.**—The Talmadges are too busy to carry on a correspondence with anyone except their personal friends. They might like to write to you, but they're too busy. When they aren't making a movie, Norma and Connie are globe-trotting, or buying clothes, or seeing plays. I wouldn't mind being busy that way, would you? Norma has been married only once—to Joseph Schenck, her manager. And she's still married to him, and happily.

**M. S. C.**—You want Thomas Meighan to play *Lord Tabs* in Coningsby Dawson's story, "The Kingdom Round the Corner." Why don't you write to Tom and tell him about it? Players are always glad to learn about good stories. If Meighan read it and liked it, there might be a chance he would get his company to buy it for him. He is to make his next picture in New York. He likes the east better than California. His wife, Frances Ring, does not play in films. She was a well known star in musical comedy.

**MISS JIMMY.**—I have it on a fairly good authority that Natacha Rambova Hudnut does not personally depend upon her stepfather's perfume factory to supply her with scents. I've been told she boasts bottles and bottles of perfume on her dressing table, which was designed for her by Rodolph.

**DAGMAR.**—Not—not *the* Dagmar? I cannot believe it; really, I cannot. That Dagmar should write to me. To *me*. But there seems to be no evading the issue. You are Dagmar and that's all there is to it. We have got to make the best of things, that's all. "At the Haunted Grange" is the tentative title of Griffith's newest. Carol Dempster is in it. Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye are in the cast of "Nice People." Ann Forrest and Percy Marmont have the leading rôles of *Mark Sabre* and *Lady Tybar* in the picturization of "If Winter Comes." I must admit I am one of those who enjoyed the Hutchinsonson story. *Mark* is one of my friends in fiction. Just because a book is a best-seller doesn't mean it isn't a good book.

**T. P., GALVESTON.**—Of course you have to stand in line with the others—and don't try to step in front of someone, either. It isn't my fault this department is popular, is it? Doris May's latest film is "Up and At 'Em." I liked Doris very much in her co-starring comedies with Douglas MacLean, but I can't say I'm enthusiastic about her later comedies. But then, Doris has managed to worry along without my applause somehow.

**RUTH, INDIANAPOLIS.**—I can't see any resemblance between Anita Stewart and Lottie Pickford; but then there are many things I can't see. Lottie, not Anita, in "The Diamond from the Sky." Lottie is now Mrs. Allan Forrest. Anita is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. Her husband has not yet decided to change his name to Rodolph.

**BASHFUL GIRL.**—Is that sarcasm? I can detect nothing backward about you from your letter. Still, as the clinging, sweet shy maiden has come back into favor, I suppose we shall see all our flappers assuming old-fashioned airs. Antonio Moreno comes from Spain, where I think his parents are still living. He has been on the screen since 1914, starting with *Vita-graph*. Now he's with Goldwyn, in "The Bitterness of Sweet" and "Passions of the Sea." Tony isn't married. He's a good actor and a charming gentleman.

**BINGO, CHICAGO.**—No, Bingo, no one else has chosen this charming little nom de plume. You are quite, quite original. And I shall see that no one else uses it; don't worry about that. Peggy Hyland returns to pictures in the screen version of "Mr. Pim Passes By," the comedy by A. A. Milne which had a long run in New York. Peggy is married.

**DOROTHY D.**—I can assure you I wouldn't do this for anyone. The cast of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is one I have been trying to evade for a long, long time. Often, after a hard day's work, I breathe a sigh of relief and say, "At least no one has asked me for that." But you're a good faithful friend, so I give it you. With a sigh: *Julio Desnoyers*, Rudolph Valentino; *Marguerite Laurier*, Alice Terry; *Madariaga*, Pomerooy Cannon; *Marcelo Desnoyers*, Josef Swickard; *Celendonio*, Brinsley Shaw; *Carl von Hartrott*, Alan Hale; *Dona Luisa*, Briggetta Clark; *Elena*, Mabel Van Buren; *Argensola*, Brodwitch Turner; *Tchernoff*, Nigel de Brullier; *Laurier*, John Sainpolis; *Senator Lacour*, Mark Fenton; *Chichi*, Virginia Warwick; *Rene Lacour*, Derek Ghent; *Capt. von Hartrott*, Stuart Holmes; *Prof. von Hartrott*, Jean Hersholt; *Heinrich von Hartrott*, Henry Klaus; *Lodge Keeper*, Edward Connelly; *Georgette*, Kathleen Key; *Licut. Col. von Richtoffen*, Wallace Bery.





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**THE BLUE EYED SISTERS.**—Carl Gantvoort was *Lin Sloane* in "When Romance Rides." Here's what I know about Carl. He supported Mitzi and Christie MacDonald on the stage and has appeared on the screen in "A Certain Rich Man," "Man of the Forest," and "The Mysterious Rider." Mr. Gantvoort is, I understand, divorced.

**DICK THE HICK.**—This is becoming quite a cheer-up column. I think I'll rechristen myself Old Daddy Smiles or Uncle Optimism. Then I would be, oh, so popular. Mae Murray's real name is Mrs. Robert Leonard. I believe the Murray was adopted for stage purposes; but I don't know Mae's original appellation. That's a good word—appellation. I haven't used it for a long time, and I am not sure I should use it now. It isn't just the word I wanted.

**G. D. W., SANTO DOMINGO.**—Greetings! Dagmar Godowsky took the part of the native girl, *Korec*, in "Honor Bound." She is the wife of Frank Mayo, the Universal star, and the daughter of Leopold Godowsky, the eminent pianist. I have met the lady and she is very attractive. The Mayos reside in Los Angeles. Address them care Universal.

**DOROTHY DALTON ADMIRER, CHICAGO.**—Stars born in September? Let's see. Antonio Moreno, Harry Myers, Gladys Brockwell, Louise Glaum and Doris Kenyon all have birthdays in that month. Priscilla Dean was the cause of a little thanksgiving in New York City, November 25, 1896. Jean Paige was born in Paris, Illinois, in the same year; and Zeena Keefe June 26, in San Francisco. also. Louise Lorraine claims the same birthplace as Zeena; but she happened in 1903. Are you sending cards to all of them?

**MRS. A. G., BLOOMFIELD.**—You are a booster for Conrad Nagel, all right. He would certainly send you a photograph if he knew you wanted one; but if you've never written to him what do you expect? Nagel is a good actor and he is just as gentlemanly as he looks. Although, as he has been playing rounders recently, that's not what you'd call complimentary. But you know how I mean it. Address him at Lasky studios.

**MILDRED, WAUCOMA, IOWA.**—Miss St. Claire—my map. Yes—her name's St. Claire. That is, she says it's her name. I wouldn't say these things about her in this comparatively public print except that she never reads this department. Nothing I do interests her. Except, sometimes, when I have received a box of chocolates from an admirer and am munching them contentedly. Then she scowls—and I have to hand them over. Mary Carr is the mother of six children; address her Fox studios, New York City. Cullen Landis is married and the father of two. He was with Goldwyn; but now he can be reached at the Metro lot, where he supports Viola Dana in "Page Tim O'Brien" and Billie Dove in "Country Love." Billie Dove in "Country Love." What could be sweeter?

**BESSIE LECOMPTE, LOUISIANA.**—Mildred Davis lives on Harold Way in Hollywood. But that doesn't mean she's engaged to Mr. Lloyd. Edward Hearn was born in Dayton, Washington, September 6, 1888, is six feet tall, weighs 188 pounds, and has dark hair and brown eyes. He is married to Tryna Saindon.

**JAKE.**—We will now climb the family tree. Helen and Elsie Ferguson; Gypsy and Eugene O'Brien; Neal and William Hart; Douglas and Will Fairbanks—are not related. Bill Hart's sister Mary is not married. It is reported that the birth of a son to the Harts has reconciled them. Hope it's true. Harrison Ford is just five feet ten inches tall and weighs 130. He has dark brown hair and eyes.

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**MINGO MUT, WEST VA.**—I'm a brilliant old bluff, am I? Well, as I don't feel particularly pugilistic today, I suppose I'll stand for it. You mean well, old top. I'm sure of that. And now let me whisper in your cauliflower ear, by way of sweet revenge, that Louise Huff is married. She's Mrs. E. A Stillman and the mother of three children.

**ELIZABETH AND TEDDY MCC., OVERBROOK, PA.**—Kenneth Harlan's matrimonial adventures have not been as successful as his filmed romances. He has been divorced twice—once from Salomy Jane Harlan and later from Flo Hart, an actress. And now I suppose you two gentle little souls will be tickled to death. Harlan is now on the coast, playing with Marie Prevost in "The Beautiful and Damned."

**MARGARET S.**—Pretty, pretty notepaper—and nice, nice child. I am grateful for your good wishes and hope I'll always please you. Mary Pickford is five feet high; Gloria Swanson three inches taller than Mary, and May McAvoy one inch shorter than Mary. Yes, I'm for Mary, too—have been ever since I saw her in "The New York Hat," "The Mender of Nets" and "All on Account of the Milk," back in the old Biograph days. With you I'm awaiting "Tess." May McAvoy is not married; but she is rumored to be engaged to Eddie Sutherland. Helen Ferguson is reportedly the fiancée of Bill Russell; and Betty Compton and Walter Morosco are said to be contemplating matrimony. Wait and see. I've denied so many engagements which later culminated in the closeup clutch and reported so many more which were broken that it never affirm anything positively any more.

**BUDDY.**—You're just filled with music, are you? Be careful not to let it escape. We must consider our neighbor's feelings occasionally, you know. Priscilla Dean is married to Wheeler Oakman, an actor. Priscilla's latest is "Under Two Flags," and she is soon to be starred in "Drifting," from the stage play. May Allison is married to Robert Ellis. Wanda Hawley is Mrs. J. Burton Hawley. Agnes Ayres is divorced from Captain F. P. Shuker; her maiden name was Hinkle. Alice Lake is not married.

**A SUSSEX GAL.**—So your uncle's father used to work with May McAvoy's grandfather. On the strength of this you should be able to get several autographed photographs. May is

still under contract to Paramount, working at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. She lives with her mother. The flapper in "Clarence" is her latest role. May was born in New York City in 1901. She has dark hair, blue eyes, and weighs ninety-four pounds.

**MILLIE, PITTSBURGH.**—I have been in a airplane—once. And then I didn't fly very high. I am not as ambitious as I might be. Elliott Dexter opposite Clara Kimball Young in "The Hands of Nara." My picture appeared in the April issue along with the pictures of other members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's all-star cast. Ahem, ahem!

**EILEEN, SAN JOSE.**—I would like very much to send you those pictures; but I haven't any. You will have to write to the players themselves. Theodore Roberts and Betty Francisco, Lasky; Baby Marie Osborne, Pathe; Betty Blythe, Whitman Vennett studios; Marie Prevost, Warner Brothers. Rubye deRemer's personal address is 33 West 67th Street, New York City. I hope they all answer you.

**ANNA LAWRENCE, MASS.**—Nita Naldi is really Italian—she also has some Irish blood. Which makes an interesting combination. She is unusual for, among other things, being one of the few persons who was really born in New York City. It happened on April 4, 1890. Address her at the Lasky studio. She is under contract to Paramount for five years.

**LINA, ATLANTIC CITY.**—You are tinier than any star on the screen except Baby Peggy. Marguerite Clark is four feet ten and May McAvoy four feet eleven. You're only four feet eight and a half. Wish some small star would do Walter de la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget" on the screen. It would make a delightful picture, with all the photographic tricks called into play.

**ROY D., LATE OF LONDON.**—I am overcome, absolutely. Such a bouquet, for me. Oh, yes, I have an aura. But I am not at all formidable. You speak of my Art, and you capitalize the a. Dear lady, you over-rate me. My satire is as nothing compared with yours. But anyway, just in case you ever want to ask me any questions, remember I'm for you. You have the wit, the grace, the charm—but I must get on to Norma, Rodolph and Mary.

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Photoplay Magazine Published monthly at Chicago, Illinois for October 1, 1922

State of Illinois } ss.  
County of Cook

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert M. Eastman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary and Treasurer of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 350 N. Clark Street; Editor, James R. Quirk, 350 N. Clark Street; Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, James R. Quirk, 350 N. Clark Street. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa; Photoplay Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

R. M. EASTMAN,  
Secretary and Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1922.  
[SEAL]

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,  
(My commission expires October 18, 1924.)



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There is Cap, Cornet, Cane. How many more can you find? Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is. Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn the picture upside down. This is a game of skill. Effort and perseverance will win.

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If you send in your list of "C" words and the judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "C", they will award you first prize in whatever column you qualify. If your list is the second best list, they will award you one of the second prizes, etc. Get started *right now!*

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  - If you send in a \$2.00 order for either product, and your list wins first prize, you get . . . . . **\$600**
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**Win All You Can!** Be sure to send your order for \$5 worth of Washing Tablets or "More Eggs" Tonic if you wish to qualify your list of words for the \$5,000 first prize and the other prizes in the 4th column of the prize list. Don't delay sending in your order. Get the extra prize for promptness. Send your order today.

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- 1—Any one excepting our employees and their relatives, may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind.
- 2—All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefeer, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and envelopes must be post-marked by post office closing time, February 15, 1923.
- 3—Contestants who have sent lists or orders before February 15th will be qualified for the higher prizes, provided orders are received through the mail, postmarked on or before February 28th.
- 4—Only English words will be counted. Obsolete, hyphenated or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or the plural of a word may be used, but both singular and plural will not count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, teapot, or teatime will not count. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.
- 5—The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "C" will receive first prize, and so on down the list of prizes. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants, and not controlled by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the "correct" or "master" list.
- 6—For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.

- 7—Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.
- 8—You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive rotation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.
- 9—The final decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection whatever with the E. J. Reefeer Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering the contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the lists winning first prize and correct list determined by the judges and the names of the prize winners will be published and a copy of such list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
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