Dance to the music of famous bands and orchestras—on the Victrola

The very latest and most tuneful dance numbers, played by musicians who are past masters in the art of delighting dance lovers. All the dash and sparkle and rhythm that make dance music so entrancing. And always ready on the Victrola!

Hear the newest dance music at any Victor dealer's. Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

Victor Talking Machine Company
Camden, New Jersey
The Luxury of Being Certain

To be able to pick a good show every time is magic—until you know how. But millions are doing it right along, experiencing this luxury of being certain. How? Simply by looking for the key word in the theatres’ advertising—the brand name, Paramount. No theatre that has the entertainment-sense to book Paramount Pictures lacks the advertising-sense to mention it.

Listed alphabetically, some of the latest Paramount Arclight features. Don’t miss them.

John Barrymore in “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” Directed by John S. Robertson
“The Copperhead” With Lionel Barrymore Directed by Charles Maigne
Cecil B. DeMille’s Production “Male and Female”
Cecil B. DeMille’s Production “Why Change Your Wife?”
“Everywoman” Directed by George Melford With All Star Cast

George Fitzmaurice’s Production “On With the Dance!”
William S. Hart in “The Toll Gate” A William S. Hart Production
George H. Melford’s Production “The Sea Wolf”
William D. Taylor’s Production “Huckleberry Finn”
Maurice Tourneur’s Production “Treasure Island”

Paramount Pictures

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
VOL. XVIII No. 2

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July, 1920

Cover Design
From a Pastel Portrait by Rolf Armstrong.

Martha Mansfield

Rotogravure
Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Dorothy Phillips, Kathryn Perry, Betty Ross Clarke, Louise Huff, Marguerite Namara and Lilian Gish.

The Power of Selection
Editorial

Shirley Tomboy
But Miss Mason Has Some Feminine Traits.

Nadeyne Ramsay

Making Over Martha
Miss Mansfield Fits from Follies to Frolicks to Films.

Delight Evans

Around Our Studio
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A Lifting Skip Over the Lot.

Morrie Ryskind

Force of Habit
Drawing

C. W. Anderson

Broadway's Royal Family
The Remarkable Story of the Barrymores.

Ada Patterson

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Carmel Myers' Tearful Triumph.

Gene North

Heroine of 2,730 Romances
Doris Keane the Star of Them All.

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Let's Be Fashionable
A Story Everyone Who's In Love Should Read.

Nanon Belois

(Pictures continued on next page)

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Published monthly by the Photoplay Publishing Co., 359 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.


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### The Hope That Springs

The story of a society woman who found herself in motion pictures.

Molly Bolton, brought up in extravagant luxury, was left a widow with nothing but $500 a year, an extensive wardrobe, expensive habits, and a beautiful profile.

She did not know how to do one single useful thing.

How she solved her problem will be told in the August number of PHOTOEY MAGAZINE by

Corinne Lowe
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Keep It
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Per Month
Or Return
It At Our
Expense

Price Advances
August 1, 1920 to
$64

The Oliver Typewriter—Was $100—Now $57

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Be your own salesman and earn $43. You get the identical typewriter formerly priced $100—not a cent's alteration in value. The finest, the most expensive, the latest Oliver Model. Old methods were wasteful. Our new plan is way in advance. It is in keeping with new economic tendencies. It does away with waste. Inflated prices are doomed forever.

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Do not confuse this with offers of earlier models, rebuilt or second-hand. Note the signature of this advertisement. This is a $2,000,000 concern.

We offer new Olivers at half price because we have put typewriter selling on an efficient, scientific basis.

You can now deal direct—sell to yourself, with no one to influence you. This puts the Oliver on a merit test.

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You Save $43 Now

This is the first time in history that a new standard $100 typewriter has been offered for $57. Remember, we do not offer a substitute model, cheaper nor different. But the same splendid Oliver used by the big concerns. Over 800,000 Olivers have been sold.

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We rely on your judgement. We know you don't want to pay double. And who wants a lesser typewriter? You may have an Oliver for free trial by checking the coupon below. Or you may ask for further information.

An Amazing Book

All the secrets of the typewriter world are revealed in our starting book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," sent free if you mail the coupon now. Also our catalog--Order your free-trial Oliver—or ask for further information at once.

Canadian Price, $72 until Aug. 1 1920

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
147-A Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago
NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial or further information. Check carefully which you wish.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
147-A Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is _________________________

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your deluxe catalog and further information.

Name ____________________________
Street Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________
Occupation or business ____________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Just the kind of gorgeous romance for which pictures were invented. Love, mystery, comedy, tragedy, strange, colorful scenes—the shuttered harems of old Stamboul—a great crime—an unwilling beauty stolen into the Arabian deserts by a mighty Sheik—a breathless escape—and then, the daring Virgin at the head of her Black Horse Troop racing across the sands on her stallion shod with fire to the rescue of her American soldier lover. THRILLS? You said it!

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$500,000
Production de Luxe

Starring
PRISCILLA DEAN
Overheard in the Lobby

"MY LORD BUT HE'S HOMELY, GERT"
"SAY NELL, IF I COULD FIND A MAN LIKE HIM—HONEST HE MAKES ME SICK OF THESE "HEROES""

"WHERE'S YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, JIM
MINE'S SO WET.
HE'S IS SO LIKE YOUR FATHER
WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE FELLOW"

"Say DAD — IF I HAD A PONY LIKE THAT
MAN'S LITTLE BOY,— AND YOU HAD
A HORSE AND WE HAD SOME ROPE"

"TELL YOU WHAT, MA, I WOULDN'T
HAVE MISSED THAT PICTURE
FOR A FARM—THE WHOLE
FAMILY COMES HERE AFTER
WHENEVER WILL ROGERS
COMES TO TOWN — "

A new type of star—so new that at first audiences gasped. That man a hero! That homely, awkward man!

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Whitman Bennett presents

Lionel Barrymore

in his first picture for

First National

"The Master Mind"

Mr. Bennett's personally supervised production, taken from the famous stage success of the same title, written by Daniel G. Carter.

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Directed by Kenneth Webb

Ask when it plays at your theatre

A First National Attraction

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
"Motion Pictures At Their Best"

It is recorded that to someone who once asked Whistler with what he mixed his colors to achieve such wonderful paintings, the artist replied with the single word, "Brains."

And if we were asked why it is that Pathé Features are so unfailingly good we should have to reply that it is because of the brains that collaborate in their making.

The best writers, the leading directors, the greatest stars, the most competent producers collaborate in their making and the result is—photoplays of real merit. Constructed with regard for the essentials of true drama, abounding in tense situations, unexpected episodes, striking conclusions, Pathé Features hold one's attention from start to finish—through their vivid portrayal of the impulses and emotions that make up life itself.

Pathé Features are the best achievements of today in screen entertainment. There is a Motion Picture Theatre in your vicinity that shows them. It will be easy for you to find it.

Current Productions That You Should See

Blanche Sweet in Bayard Veiller's Play, "The Deadlier Sex," a Jesse D. Hampton production;
"The Blood Barrier," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, a J. Stuart Blackton Production;
"Rio Grande," from the play of Augustus Thomas, an Edwin Carewe production;
"Dollar for Dollar," a Frank Keenan production;
Blanche Sweet in "Simple Souls," a Jesse D. Hampton production from John Hastings Turner's novel;
"Sherry," from George Barr McCutcheon's famous book, an Edgar Lewis Production;
"The Little Cafe," from the very successful play adapted from the French by C. M. S. McClellan, starring Max Linder.
Herbert Rawlinson in "Passers By," a J. Stuart Blackton production from the famous play by C. Haddon Chambers.

Pathé Exchange, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPAY MAGAZINE.
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That was the warning which came to the fire chief, unsigned—and then, the very next hour, came word that an old woman had died nearly a day, in a burning building.

It was a mystery that needed the master mind of Craig Kennedy, the scientific detective of this day—

CRAIG KENNEDY
The American Sherlock Holmes
ARTHUR B. REEVE
The American Conan Doyle

He is the genius of our age. He has taken science—science that stands for this age and that points the way to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maestros of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. Russian ingenuity has fashioned wild tales of mystery. But all these seem old-fashioned out of date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's modern detective tales, in 12 volumes—over 250 stories.

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This is a wonderful combination between the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe free for a short time only.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, (Established 1817)

A Gate Through the Magic Screen!

Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement!

Ask your nearest theatre manager when he will show the Supplement.

Farn'35 to 100 a Week

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Big Opportunities NOW.

Qualify for this fascinating profession. Three months' course covers all branches:

Motion Pictures—Portraiture

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Be a "Movie" Photographer

Earn $50 or $200 Weekly, Farion. work, working 8 to 12 hours a day.

E. BRUNEL COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Mail coupon for FREE catalog and complete information.

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Positively Guaranteed. A telescope never made before. Each of these telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of telescopes in America; we control entire production; manufacturers closed bookstore; every telescope carefully hand-ground, with several £200,000,000 lenses. Guaranteed by the manufacturer. Every telescope in the country or at the eastern resort should certainly own one of these instruments, and no farmer should be without one. The accuracy now just in evidence. A telescope will aid you in taking views. Objects are brought to view with astonishing clarity. Send by mail or express, safety packed, postpaid, brought to view with astonishing clarity. Only by mail, or express, safety packed, postpaid. This is a grand offer and you should not miss it. We warrant each telescope just as represented or money refunded. Send 39 cents today. To arrive & pay for Four Dollars.

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172 E. 94TH STREET, NEW YORK.

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The practical value of this service has been tested by men holding responsible positions in practically every large corporation in this country, including 350 employees of Armour and Company; 300 of the Standard Oil Company; 811 of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; 300 of the United States Steel Corporation; 214 of the Ford Motor Company; 350 of Swift and Company, etc.

High-grade positions are always seeking applicants of superior intelligence and training. By our methods we develop and train men in subordinate positions who have the inherent ability to direct responsible work, but who need only the proper vocational guidance and special training that we supply to make high-priced men. For instance, we developed a $20 a week ledger clerk into a $7,000 a year Auditor; a $70 a month shipping clerk into the Traffic Manager of a big rail and steamship line, a $300 a month accountant into a $70,000 a year executive; a small town station agent into a successful lawyer and district attorney; a bookkeeper into a bank executive, etc.

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LaSalle Extension University

"The Largest Business Training Institution in the World"

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Chicago, Illinois

Send me free "Ten Years' Promotion in One," also catalogs and particulars regarding courses and subjects by the department I have marked with an X.

X  HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY
X  BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
X  BUSINESS LETTER WRITING
X  TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT
X  COMMERCIAL SPANISH

Name: ________________________
Present Position: ________________________
Address: ________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
$365.75 ONE DAY

Ira Shook of Flint Bid That amount of business in one day making and selling popcorn Crispettes with this machine. Profits 269.00 Mullen of East Liberty bought two outfits recently, Feb. 2, said ready for third. J. R. Burt, Atl., wrote Jan. 23, 1926 "Only thing I ever bought equalled advertisement." J. H. Pattullo, Oshk. wrote Feb. 2, 1926 "Uncle Sam, who wants news is the most important business at every point of the country. I'm just a little crowding everywhere. It's a good old world after all. Keeling $700 ahead end of second week. Mcllhinny, Baltimore 25 in one day. Perrin, 35 in one day. Baker, 35 in one day. One day.

WE Start You In Business

Little capital, no experience, teach you secret formula. BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN. The demand for Crispettes is enormous. A delicious food confection made without me. Write me, get facts about a low priced business which will make you independent. You can start right in your own town. Business section of this town covers two blocks. Crispette wrappers lying everywhere.

PROFITS $1000 A MONTH EASILY POSSIBLE.

Send post card for illuminated book of facts. Contains exclusive letters from advertisers, tells places of business.

I Teach Piano 1/2 Usual Time

I now have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain some of the most skilled players who obtain their entire training from me by mail. Yet when I first started training from me by mail, I was severely laughed out of business. Could have sold twice the price of instruction, but had no one to sell it to. I finally started this program in which I'm teaching the Crispette method of piano playing. That is, by quarter century unless my method produced results? Send for free booklet. How to Learn Piano by Mail. Save your money.

FREE BOOK How To Learn Piano by Mail. Use modern methods and the moving devices which cannot be used by others because they are patented. My invention, the Color Player, enables you to play interesting pieces in every style within a few weeks. My moving picture device, Color Player, shows you every movement of my hand on the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move, just as if thrown on the screen. The Colorations and ColorAZ program is the most popular and most wanted energy. They can be obtained only from me, and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like it. I charge $2.50 for the instruction.

Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily achieved success when studying with me. In all essential ways you are in closer touch with me than you ever were before. I try to teach you a lively and enthusiastic piano player, the Crispette Method.

M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY

25th St. 59th Columbus Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

Two Million Motion Picture Patrons

have found PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE not only the most entertaining, with its splendid illustrations, its absorbing fiction, its enlightening articles about film-dom in all its phases, its sincere editorials, but also the Best Guide to Good Pictures.

PHOTPLAY'S reviews of the pictures of the month in The Shadow Stage, by Burns Mantle and other expert critics, may be depended upon to tell you what's what in the movies. To be up to the minute on motion pictures, one must read PHOTOPLAY. Perhaps you were too late to get your PHOTPLAY last month. Many were. To be sure that it will come to you promptly for the next twelve months, send the attached coupon, together with money order for $2.50 (for six months $1.25), to

PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE

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No Operating Expenses

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AMERICAN BOX BALL CO.

659 Wxxx St., Indianapolis, Ind.

“THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF OUR LIVES HAD COME!”

“We sat before the fireplace, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary’s eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

“Five years before we had started bravely out together. The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cleanly as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of earning. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

“Then one night Mary came to me. ’Jim,’ she said, ’Why don’t you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You’ll make good—I know you will.’

“Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—t ook on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a side. So it went.

“And now the fondest dream you have come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary always longed for, a little place, as she says, that ’Betty can be proud to grow up in.’

“I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the door of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within.”

In city, town and country all over America there are men with happy families and prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools come to them and help them after supper and prepare them for bigger work at better pay. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have advanced themselves through spare time study with the I. C. S. None one hundred thousand now are turning their evenings to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

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All we ask is the chance to prove it. That’s fair, isn’t it? Then mark and mail this coupon. There’s no obligation and not a penny of cost. But it may be the most important step you ever took in your life.
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From $8.00 a week to $40.00

The Chart of a New Way Typist's Success

Why doesn't the average stenographer make $10.00 per week? What is it that holds so many down to long hours and hard work at a salary of only $12 to $15 each week? In great numbers of cases it is because they can't turn their dictation into finished letters or other written material quickly enough—it is because they are too slow and inaccurate on the typewriter.

Results are what count. Stenographers are paid, whether they know it or not, for the quantity and the quality of their finished work.

Talk to any stenographer who is making $30.00 or more per week and he or she will tell you that one great secret of his or her success has been speed—great speed and accuracy on the machine. For many stenographers—now highly paid—beautiful typing, rapidly done, has been the direct cause of promotion. The progress charted above has been the experience of hundreds of New Way typists.

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Among the thousands of operators who have taken up this System are hundreds of graduates of business colleges and special typewriting courses—so-called "touch operators"—yet there has hardly been a single one who has doubled or trebled his or her speed and accuracy. And the salaries of the typists have been increased from $10 to $15 per week to $30, $35 and $40 per week.

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"I hear you. I can hear you now as well as anybody. How? With the MORLEY PHONE. I'm in a room all by myself, only that I hear all right. The MORLEY PHONE for the DEAF is in the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Incomparable, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Ask your local newspaper. The MELCOY CO., Dept. 780, 235 Fifth Ave., New York."

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Remember when you played pirates as a youngster and dug for buried treasure? That was the quest of adventure. It's just as keen today. You're always looking for it "just around the corner." And you'll find it at the nearest theatre where Selznick Pictures are shown.

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Create Happy Hours

At Theatres Where Quality Rules
The Possibilities in every Woman’s Face

THE soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin—of course you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, admired—

And unless your skin is right, nothing is right. Haven’t you often felt that? What use to wear the prettiest frock, if your skin is pale and lifeless, marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes?

You can make your skin so noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear, that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it—learning its possibilities—then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs; you too, can win the charm of “a skin you love to touch.”

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

One or two nights a week fill your washbowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

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

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

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

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

Get a cake today—begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury’s Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.

“Your treatment for one week”

A beautiful little set of the Woodbury facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury’s facial preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first the little booklet, “A Skin You Love To Touch,” telling you the special treatment your skin needs, then a trial size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury’s Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit.

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.
GLORIA SWANSON has illustrated a great truth: that an actress cannot be judged by her coiffure. Gloria laid aside her oriental headdress to show us that she can be just as convincing with her hair smoothed back. We are convinced.
We wanted to see if we could write one caption about Betty Compson without mentioning "The Miracle Man." We couldn't. For it was this picture that made Betty famous—and incidentally the star of a new company formed for her.
DOROTHY PHILLIPS. Do you remember when she was always the dusky jewel in an Alaskan dance-hall? She hasn't done one of those northern things for a long time. She and her husband, Allan Hohbar, recently incorporated.
KATHRYN PERRY is one of those Ziegfeld girls who grew up with the Follies. You might say; she has risen to speaking parts. The film camera is now preserving Kathryn in celluloid. She was recently adjudged Manhattan's prettiest girl.
THE girl with the patriotic name, is the way her press-agent wanted to advertise her. But Betty, not Betsy Ross Clarke chose rather to be recognized for her forthcoming performance in "Romance," in which she plays with Doris Kenne.
LOUISE HUFF, delicate as a Watteau lady-on-a-screen, is really a most practical young person with an energy amazing in one so southern. She married a Manhattan millionaire, but she has no intention of forsaking the screen.
MARGUERITE NAMARA is American, an opera-singer of no small consequence, the wife of the well-known playwright, Guy Bolton, and the mother of the Bolton baby. But she found time the other day to make her silent debut.
STUDENT and philosopher, big-sister and Director-Lillian Gish. As a portrait of appealing childhood she is second only to Mary Pickford, her friend since Biograph days. The tragic Gish sister is appearing in "Way Down East."
The Power of Selection

If cultured men and women chose books as they choose photoplays the choicest libraries would be built on foundations of Bertha M. Clay and Nick Carter, with a sundry assortment of Joe Miller's joke-book in a variety of bindings.

"Come on—let's go to a picture!" exclaims the head of the family, after dinner.

Just as reasonably he might say "Come on—let's go buy a book!" But several centuries have passed since men bought a book just to own a collection of type marks on white paper. Excepting the proverbially useless Yule-gift, and the searches of the connoisseur, men go to a book-store to gratify a specific taste in reading. Culture and refinement entered the world of letters only when men had learned the power of selection.

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

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

The power of selection, individually exercised, is the only power on earth that can compel the manufacture of good photoplays. The power of selection should and will be the supreme power in motion pictures.
Shirley Mason adores babies and sweet peas and she likes to plant things in the ground.

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

Shirley Tomboy

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

By

NADEYNE RAMSAY

Of course even tomboys—since they really are girls—have their feminine traits.

Of course even tomboys—since they really are girls—have their feminine traits. For instance, Shirley adores babies and sweet peas and planting things in the ground—the last trait may not be entirely "feminine," but at least it is not one usually associated with young boys.

Then also, there is her husband—an undeniable concession to femininity. They say all sorts of unkind things about matrimony—that the cares of a husband on one's shoulders make a woman old, that husbands interfere with careers, that no employer wants to give a married woman work. For Shirley Mason it has done nothing but keep her young and a tomboy, and make her ever increasingly successful.

Bernie Durning was Shirley's assistant director when she was little Leonie Flugrath, playing child roles at Edison years ago. That was before she did "The Seven Deadly Sins," or played opposite Ernest Truex in pictures for Famous Players, or created the screen Jim Hawkins, or made her more recent "Her Elephant Man" and "Molly and I" for Fox.

She was sixteen when she married Bernie Durning—she is nineteen now.

"I believe entirely in early marriages," says Shirley wisely. "You can stand anything when you're young—I mean we are more adjustable when we're young. You grow up married and always stay that way. Isn't that simple?"

"GOD keep her from ever frizzing her hair," someone remarked almost prayerfully after seeing Shirley Mason as the adventurous Jim Hawkins in "Treasure Island." "She's the spirit of all the little girls who would like to be boys in the world."

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

Of course even tomboys—since they really are girls—have their feminine traits. For instance, Shirley adores babies and sweet peas and planting things in the ground—the last trait may not be entirely "feminine," but at least it is not one usually associated with young boys.
She has perhaps posed for more cameras than any other girl in the world.

Making Over Martha

A process aided by her own determination and a very small hat

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

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

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

The glitter that a Ziegfeld girl gives off lives on after she has passed—into private life, or pictures. But Martha got the hat. Martha transformed herself from the gorgeous peacock who parades from eleven until two P. M. on the roof of the Amsterdam Theater, where Mr. Ziegfeld makes good his boast that he has the most beautiful girls in the world working for him. Martha became the sweet, unspoiled Millicent Carew in John Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—the one ray of light in that masterpiece of crime and horror. Martha wore old-fashioned gowns, old-fashioned hats, and an old-fashioned mien. The hat is the hat she wore in the final scenes, during the murder of Dr. Jekyll by Mr. Hyde, during the heroine's last dim tryst with her fiancé. Martha simply made herself over, and incidentally, Martha made good.

She tried both Follies and films for a while. When you have been a beauty of the theater, in Winter Garden and Dillingham Century productions and in Follies and Frolics, it's a bit hard to settle down to regular hours and early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise rules. At first, Martha Mansfield would act in the Follies and the midnight revues—snatch a bit of sleep and a bite of breakfast, and get down to a motion picture studio at nine the next morning. But when she would return to the theatre in the evening she encountered the friendly kidding of her co-workers. "Wake up, Martha!" they'd laugh at her.

(Continued on page 124)
AROUND
OUR
STUDIO

THE DIRECTOR

DIRECTORS, so it seems to me,
Are just as grand as they can be!
They never talk in quiet tones—
You see, they all use megaphones.
They know what's what; they know who's who;
They tell the stars just what to do!
And when they talk, the stars are mute!
They tell the camera when to shoot.
They're fond of laying down the law,
And, oh! the salaries they draw!
I'll say they lead a grand existence....
The work is done by their assistants.

THE PRESS AGENT

A MAN of superhuman knowledge,
With six degrees from every college;
Who knows the stars well, and can speak
Of them in Latin and in Greek.
He tells the world about the stars—
Some day he hopes to send to Mars
A piece of real, important news;
Some star has bought herself new shoes.
He never, honest to God,
(Take this from him), concocts a lie,
Yet there are times, I've heard it stated,
When he has—well—exaggerated.

THE STAR

Male of the Species

Two hundred perfumed notes a day
He gets—I speak of Wally Ray;
And though the weather's down to zero,
These notes bring warmth unto our hero.
He holds the female population
Completely under subjugation;
They love his pictures on the screen,
And clip 'em from this magazine.
He's married—happily, they say,
But still they hope—do Sue and May...
Oh, would I had a handsome chin
That showed a dimple when I'd grin!

THE CAMERA MAN

And now, dear friends, come let us thank
The camera man who turns the crank:
Who gives us close-ups, and whose soul
Meets unafraid the dual role.
If incomplete the picture drama
Without a city panorama,
He hops into an airplane and
Takes photographs to beat the band.
He never boasts, but I, for one,
Say he's the Man behind the Gun.
And that's a fact there's no disputing;
For doesn't he do all the shooting?

THE STUDIO CHILD

Though I am young, I work each day;
I'm seen in every picture play.
My parts, like me, are rather small;
Sometimes I grin, sometimes I howl.
I am the heroine, aged three;
The leading man, at two—that's me!
Sex doesn't bother me at all;
They say it doesn't when you're small.
But though I only have a bit,
You bet I make the most of it!
Although the plot makes people hoot,
They always say my work is cute.
THE STAR
Female of the Species

It's terrible to be a star—
Some of them only have one car!
And where's the woman who could take pride in
Her work with but one car to ride in?

Each morning at the stroke of ten
They 'phone that they'll be late again.
They make the studio by two
And work an hour before they're through.

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

"PROPS"

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

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

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

THE INGÉNUE

Behold our little ingenue
With golden hair and eyes of blue!
She's pretty, charming, dear and cute—
Or, if you'd rather, she's a beut!

She is the hero's leading lady,
Is Maude (whose parents named her Scalz);:
And in the fifth and final reel
Their clinches make the "heart appeal."

Maude seems so young . . . and yet they say
That she was not born yesterday.
I looked it up—and it is true:
She has a daughter, twenty-two.

THE VAMPIRE

Here's she whose sacrifice to Art
Has left her with a broken heart;
Though she is known from Maine to Cal.,
It's as a "downright wicked gal."

She may not drop a single tear,
But always wears a baleful sneer;
She hypnotizes every male,
And sends the boob to death—or jail.

While others know what joy and bliss is,
She only draws the people's hisses . . .
Yet would you not draw hisses gaily
If you drew ninety dollars daily?
Force of Habit
Broadway's Royal Family

Second and final instalment of the all-absorbing story of the Barrymores.

By ADA PATTERSON

A CELEBRATED magazine writer whom Ethel Barrymore had promised an interview on her theory of clothes went to the great actress' apartment at the appointed hour. She rapped. Silence. She knocked. More silence. She hammered. An engulfing quiet was the only response. She rapped on an adjacent door. A round head and fresh complexion enwrapped with preternatural solemnity appeared.

"I have an engagement with Miss Barrymore," said the visitor, "but no one answers."

"No, ma'am. Miss Barrymore's out, ma'am."

"When did she go out?"

"I should say a quarter of an hour, ma'am."

"Where can I wait for her?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Who are you?"

"I am Mr. John Barrymore's man."

"Is that his apartment?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can't I wait there?"

"But Mr. John isn't up yet."

The magazinist disposed herself with what dignity she could upon the stairs. Sixty minutes cramped her limbs. Ninety did the same with her temper. She rapped upon the door adjacent to Miss Barrymore's. The round head reappeared.

"Do you know where Miss Barrymore has gone?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the servant blandly.

"Why didn't you tell me?" demanded the magazinist.

"You didn't ask me."

"Well, I ask you now." Her patience was exhausted.

"She's having her picture painted."

"Where?"

"At Bryant Park Studios. Here's the name of the artist."

There the writer found her. Miss Barrymore smiled. Cold resentment evaporates in the sunshine of her smile. She apologized for the "delay." She accompanied the writer back to her apartment and gave her tea and a delightful hour and made her almost forget her two and a half Coventry-like hours.

As her art, so Ethel Barrymore's personality grows more definite.

"I don't like New York; I do like Philadelphia," she said to a shocked New York interviewer. "And it isn't because 1

To her children—Virginia, Sammy and John Drew Colt—Ethel Barrymore is a mother as devoted as was her own mother.
I never gave such an interview,” being amplified meant “I never said it for publication. She who violates a pact should be punished.”

The St. Louis newspaper defended its representative. Questions of veracity were asked. But society, Miss Barrymore’s fervent admirer, was pacified.

HER keen sensitiveness to the printed page is no greater than her sensitiveness to eyes that are curious and may become critical. Because the gaze of her company makes her self-conscious, she rehearses her scenes behind a screen.

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

“What do you want?” asked the gruff lord of bissomeness.

“I want to play Camille.”

“Good Lord! When?”

“In May. This is December. You must get me ready for it.”

To his credit and hers, be it said that he did.

A fine recrudescence—or it were truer to term it a survival—of Ethel Barrymore the girl in Ethel Barrymore the woman, remnant of the girl who would be a pianiste and give concerts, in the transcendent artiste of today, is her superb loyalty to her own. Though Mrs. Russell Colt and mother of three fast growing children, she is still, as in her maidenhood, the head of the Barrymore family. Still she thrills with a pride half maternal in the success of “the boys.”

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

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

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

was born there. I like its self better than New York’s self.”

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

Miss Barrymore was playing in St. Louis. A young woman came from one of the newspapers seeking an interview. It was granted; given, finished. “I liked the girl and invited her to come next day and lunch with me,” was the Barrymore version of the tale. “I told her we should simply talk as woman to woman.”

There appeared next day Miss Barrymore’s alleged opinions of that group of unhurried folk lovelv characterized as “society.”

Consequence: perturbation deeply and loudly expressed in the manager’s office. Further consequence: a published denial by Miss Barrymore of the sentiments imputed to her.

Lionel’s marriage was a success and now he and his wife, Doris Rankin, are together in “The Letter of the Law.” She played with him in the screen version of “The Copperhead.”
But Lionel Barrymore learned that the rabbit’s foot is swifter than the brush. He set his easel in the corner and tossed his brushes and paint tubes into a trunk. Swift is stage ascent to the feet of the gilded. Successively in “Peter Ibbetson,” “The Copperhead,” “The Jest,” and “The Letter of the Law,” he demonstrated that latent talent quickly reaches fruition. He shares the family gift of personal beauty and quick wit. His power is rugged and volcanic. His wit is of the swiftness of a sword and the crushing power of the bludgeon.

Lillian Russell and he were companions in a motion picture.

“Talk! Talk! No matter what you say!” cried the stage director. Barrymore leaned toward her and simulated conversation, entirely to the director’s satisfaction. Miss Russell says he invented a story that was the best she ever heard. She declines to tell the story.

“He has the quickest wit I ever knew,” is Miss Russell’s appreciation.

(Continued on page 124.)

In their latest plays, John in “Richard III.” and Ethel in “Declasse”—both at their best.

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

In that remembered girlhood on which I have dwelt she was addressed by one of the mimes.

“It’s splendid that society is so kind to you,” she said. “It is a tribute to your personality and to the guild that was once described in the statutes as ‘rogues and vagabonds’.”

“Yes, it is pleasant.” Her arm went around the woman’s shoulder. Her fresh young cheek was pressed against the sallow, older one. “For a little while I enjoy it. But for real happiness, give me the companionship with you, mine own people.”

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

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

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

May Irwin visited him and his bride, Doris Rankin, in their we, high studio.

“You ought to see those dear young things beginning a painter’s life in the Latin Quarter. I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry,” was the comedienne’s summary of her visit.
The Girl Who Cried

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

By GENE NORTH

WHEN one is born of a long line of dark-eyed, luscious-lipped femininity who might all have been called Roses of Sharon, when one has lived all of one's brief life in golden California— is it any wonder that, when the Big Chance comes, one simply loses control and lets one's emotions have everything their own way?

Carmel Myers says it isn't.

Carmel isn't old enough even yet to reason it all out. In fact if she did, a fellow-philosopher wouldn't pay much attention to her, he would be so busy watching her tinted skin th-th as she laughs, her olive-green eyes perform a hula-hula whenever she smiles. But it is true that as she comes across the big places in her professional—and personal—life, she becomes almost an Oriental Niobe or, to be more modern, a California-bred Alice in Wonderland, who floated to success in a flood of her own tears.

When David Griffith asked her how she would like to go into pictures under his direction, she looked up at him, her lip quivered, and she burst into tears. And later on, when another director tried to get her to cry for the camera, she
wasn’t thinking place used “Broadway” John star?”’

She longs to be back, and when I talked to her she was on the eve of signing a picture contract that would take her home—
to the Myers’ big Hollywood house, to her own little car, and
to her father—who is a learned rabbi of Los Angeles. It is
said the waiting-list for a position as chauffeur and gardener
to the Myers menage is exceedingly large: it seems that Carmel
drives the car most of the time, doubles as the mechanic,
mows the lawn, and is a general handy-girl around the house.
All the chauffeur has to do is look the part. That’s what
Mother says.

She’s going back to pictures as soon as the Eastern tour
of her play has ended. After her song-and-dance on Broad-
way, she decided that while she would look seventeen across
the footlights five years from now, the camera is kind only
to the really youthful. So she’s taking advantage of her spring-
time years to make hay in California sunshine, with Universal,
the company she was with prior to her desertion of the films.
She was born in San Francisco, but was brought up in
the City of the Angels and moving picture studios.

But if you think the way has been rather easy for this little
brunette, consider that she has never stopped studying a
minute—that when she is at home, she spends a certain time
each day, or evening, in her father’s study, wrestling with a
deal language or a live problem in advanced algebra. In
addition, she takes dancing lessons, and she also sings. So
she hasn’t much time to cry.

Heroin of 2,730 Romances

ROMANCE,” it would seem, is to Doris Keane what “Mother Macre” is to John McCormack.

Miss Keane has recently returned from
London where during the last five years she has
been the heroine of 2,700 “Romances.” And there
were anyway 730 performances of the same play to
her credit in her New York and Chicago seasons,
before she packed up her marmoset and her hoop
skirts and went over the ocean to play. Now people
have grown so used to thinking of her and
“Romance” in one breath, that they won’t let her
do anything else. As soon a “Mother Macre”-less
McCormack Sunday concert!

Since David Wark Griffith and Miss Keane have
set out to make a motion picture production of
“Romance” every one is waiting eagerly to see how
our international star will fare at the hands of the
screen. It has not been particularly kind, as we all
recall, to a number of our more mature, though
still very beautiful, actresses. Miss Keane’s hus-
band, Basil Sydney, will appear as her leading man
—as he did in London. She intends to make this
picture her one and only adventure into filmland.

“Romance,” by Edward N. Sheldon, is the story of
La Cavallini, an opera singer who loves a clergy-
man. It is said to have been founded on a romance
in the life of Jenny Lind. What will those shrewd
men who contend that “a costume picture can’t get across
—the public won’t stand for it” say to the 730
profitable performances of “Romance”?

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

But matrimony was not the end of romance for those two marrying infants, Henry and Evelyn Langdon; mercy no! For a whole solid year after that clean cut young business man and pride of the neighborhood, Henry Langdon, had taken sweet Evelyn to be his welded wife, they were just as foolishly and hopelessly in love with each other as any two silly, cooing doves.

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

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

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

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

And this is the moment when she is convinced that nothing will do for them but a more select environment, where husband will be thrown with business men of influence, where she may artfully direct them into desirable social channels by a tactful play up to just the right ladies, and by the maintenance of a cozy home where her own special brand of ingenuity as a hostess will make them sought.

And usually, you will observe, they do what the bride of a year decides.

Henry and Evelyn Langdon did. Henry, who really wanted nothing in the world so much as to keep his rose-checked, star-eyed bride radiant with happiness, consented to move any place Evelyn's little heart desired, provided it was not beyond their modest, but gradually expanding pocket book.

And so in a year and two months after the Baxter Street minister had pronounced them Mr. and Mrs. Henry Langdon in the midst of adoring, though, it must be admitted, unfashionable, friends, they were established in a snug little house, purchased on the ten-year plan, in one of the wide, shady streets of that very fashionable suburb, Elmhurst-by-the-Way.

Now, there is something about two very young people who are very much in love with each other, and who tell it to the world in every glance of their honest eyes, that appeals to every one—even to fashionable persons with most appallings positions in society to live up to.

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

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

Soon, through the invitation of Mrs. Trude, a friendly older woman, Henry and Evelyn were invited to become members of the Elmhurst Country Club. It is needless to say that, though both Mr. and Mrs. Henry knew they could hardly afford it just yet, they accepted the invitation.

And to celebrate, that very night after they received word that their membership had gone through, Henry and Evelyn went into the city to Baxter Street to call on several of their most intimate friends of former years.

"Oh, Evelyn," gasped the girls who had known her in kindergarten when she wore pig tails down her back, "pretty soon you'll be so fashionable that you won't know us any more."

"Sillies," Evelyn laughed back, throwing her arms about them. But that was not what she told herself. The song that sang itself over and over again in her unsophisticated young heart all the way home was this:—"We're going to be just exactly as fashionable as I know how to make us be."

The Elmhurst country club was made particular use of by the younger—and somewhat lax—married set, with a sprinkling of the older people, like Mrs. Trude, who liked people
Fashionable

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

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

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

It was late when they arrived at the country club, in their own car, Henry acting as chauffeur. The orchestra was playing a fine tone. They hurried to their respective dressing rooms, then met at the door leading into the ball room. Arm in arm the radiant pair paused between the portieres to gaze on the scene before them—the room bathed in rosy light, the beautiful women in glittering gowns, the men handsome and immaculate in evening dress.

"If the girls in Baxter Street could only see me now," thought Evelyn as a picture of her last party in the Baxter Street Auditorium came to mind.

"Oh, Henry, isn't this wonderful! Who ever thought we would be here?" she whispered to her husband, squeezing his hand.

"Uh huh," sighed Henry happily, squeezing back. Both believed this was the supreme moment of their lives. From now on the road to fashionability shone clear and unobstructed before them. The Road to Fashionability!

"And darling," Henry's voice fairly vibrated love for the wife who had been responsible for bringing him here, "the next ten dances are mine!"

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

Then Mrs. Trude drew them tactfully aside and intimated that she would think it advisable for them to mingle a little bit more with the other guests, to divide up their dances, as it were.

"You can dance together at home," said Mrs. Trude, "Remember, a young wife mustn't appear to be too much in love with her husband in this day and age."
But I want to dance lots of dances with Henry. Nobody in the world can dance so well as Henry," Evelyn managed to whisper to Mrs. Trude. "The older woman laid a worldly wise hand on the arm of the bride of a year and a half, and smiled at her unsophistication.

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

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

So Evelyn sighed rather unhappily as she saw Henry being led off, as a lamb to the slaughter, in the direction of a fascinating lady crowned in black and armed with a coquetish emerald-hued fan. But Evelyn realized that her views on things were entirely provincial, so she swallowed the lump that rose in her throat, and stepped into the embraces of the bachelor Mr. Bruce Grey, blase and worth a million, with a careless little swing to her head, and a daring frankness in her eyes that took her partner more or less by surprise.

Before they were through with this particular one step and the three more that followed Bruth Greys "Evelyn," he said that she was "a cute little thing," that he knew he was going to like her very, very much, that life was lonely for a bachelor of his home-loving type, and that he hoped Mrs. Langdon would think his new car was nice. He would like to take her for a spin very, very soon.

Back in Baxter Street Evelyn Langdon would have no more have accepted a similar invitation from a man than she would have accepted a diamond tiara. Such conduct simply did not go with the morals of the tree.

But this—was Elmhurst-by-the-Way. Even so, Evelyn's Baxter Street training almost made her turn off Bruce Grey's invitation. And that training might have succeeded had not Evelyn at that very moment seen her husband being vamp—obviously almost willingly—by Mrs. Hammond of the black gown and the fan.

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

As the party drew to a close, Henry looked rather sheepishly across the floor at Evelyn, and Evelyn looked rather sheepishly at Henry—they had not spoken to each other since Mrs. Trude's intrusion—though they tried to hide their embarrassment in off-hand lightness.

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

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

Mrs. Hammond and Bruce Grey were both waiting at the door when Henry and Evelyn emerged from the dressing-rooms—and some way or other, the Langdons could never figure out just how, it was suggested that it would be a pleasure to have to "diyer" his companion of a good share of the evening home in his car, while Bruce Grey drove Evelyn home in his sporty roadster. Who were Henry and Evelyn, mere novices in the ways of fashionability, to complain against such an arrangement? Though their hearts sank deep, deep down, Evelyn trilled in what sounded like a merry laugh straight from her heart, and Henry kept rather straight with the idea, appearing to convince anyone that he was delighted at the idea.

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

"You're just a little kitten—now purr nicely for me," said Grey playfully as he sat down beside her. Evelyn's naive attempts to appear grown up and filled with worldly wisdom amused him, borel and satiated with society and artificiales as he was. It was a new sensation to have this sweet, fresh creature near him. He sat back and enjoyed her, being careful not to frighten her with any attempt at familiar
ity. He dropped her at her door without any repetition of the invitation he had extended earlier in the evening. Grey knew how to play the game with woman's pride and woman's curiosity.

"That little kitten is going to lose her mittens, I am afraid," he mused as he raced home.

"I wonder if I shall see him again," ran Evelyn's thoughts. She both hoped and feared that she would. She wanted to be fashionably, and it certainly was an honor to be singled out by Bruce Green for a whole evening. Mrs. Trude had said it was. On the other hand—those confounded unfashionable Baxter Street ideas of the correct conduct for husbands and wives, instilled into her by generations of strict adherence to them, would not be quieted.

"Would you want Henry to want to see Mrs. Hammond again?" asked the small voice.

Mrs. Henry Langdon refused to acknowledge the protest that leaped up in her heart at the very thought of such a thing.

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

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

In his excitement over the party and Evelyn's eagerness to be gone, he had neglected to fill the radiator with water. There was still a little water left—enough to make a trip the rest of the way to Mrs. Hammond's home in perfect safety, no doubt. But the car was new, it was not yet entirely paid for, and Henry had not reached the stage of violent abandon where he was willing to risk the ruin of his automobile to cut a dashing figure with any woman.

So, instead of going straight on, he asked Mrs. Hammond to excuse him while he ran down with his bucket to the farm house nestling some quarter of a mile on a cross road, and left the lady sitting alone in the middle of the road.

A Henry approached the yard of the farm house, a huge dog bounded out at him from the gloom of the trees. Thrashing the pail at the dog, Henry yelled to a nearby tree, and started to kneel his way up. The dog leaped at him, setting his teeth in Henry's trousers. There was a loud tearing sound and the beast was back on earth again with an alarming portion of Henry's apparel in his teeth. But it was not satisfied with the damage it had done. It sat itself down on its haunches and snarled, white teeth gleaming through the darkness. It remained, and so did Henry, until the gray of morning came, then the creature ambled home.

Henry slipped down from the limb where he had been interred, and twisted about to determine what proportion of his clothing was no longer with him. The damage was appalling. He could not return to the fashionable Mrs. Hammond in that condition. Down the road he spied an oil station. He dashed to it, discovered that one of the ways was opened easily, and crawled inside. On a nail hung a pair of trousers, many sizes too large for Henry, but anyway whole trousers. Henry slipped into them, scribbled a note telling the owner the story of their disappearance, gave his name and address and promised to return them safely—then hurried back to the place where his car had stood. It stood there no more—nither it nor Mrs. Hammond was in sight.

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

Perhaps it was Henry's "pride" that whispered to Henry that it would be better to make up some gorgeous lie to tell Evelyn about the evening's happenings instead of coming out with the rather ridiculous truth. The truth would have been so much more sensible. But anyway, when he arrived on foot, swathed in enormous trousers, and sans the Langdon flivver, to meet a tearful wife, he plodded in, breathless and worn, as after a terrific struggle.

"I don't know how many of them there were—but they were all armed with guns,—" he began, then flowed cloddily, as husbands can and do, into a recountal of a tale of highwaymen and so on.

"I wonder, Henry, if the husband of her bosom is not in an ecstasy of pride and horror at the thought of the odds he had overcome.

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She heard her husband remark, "By Jove, Miss Turner, you're looking awfully pretty today."
Intimate Snapshots

The masculine vampire at home. He is rough with "The Weaker Sex"—in the pictures.
Starring the Director

H

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

Fitzmaurice made a picture of New York life for Famous Players; it was not made as a "special production" or anything fancy like that. When it was shown for the first time, some officials sat in judgment. Result, "On With the Dance" was released as a widely-heralded special, the first of the "George Fitzmaurice Special Productions."

His company approached him with a contract. A contract to make Fitzmaurice himself the directing star of four de-luxe pictures a year, with his players only secondary. Fitzmaurice signed. One month later he went to his officials and asked if he might direct a star. The star was John Barrymore and the play, "Peter Ibbetson."

But George Fitzmaurice places true art before any stellar prerogatives.

By DELIGHT EVANS

That, as "Dere Mable" might say about "Bill," "that's him, all over." He is his own star; but you would never know it. You would think, to see him on the sidelines of his set, that he was a Wall Street man come to look 'em over. But—he goes through every bit of action himself. He is a director who doesn't let his assistant do much except draw his salary. He is on the job every minute; he is the hero, the heroine, the villain and the vamoose.

He is important because he is one director who has never been an actor or a stage-manager, who has, in fact, had nothing at all to do with or on the stage. He is absolutely untutored except in so far as he was born with a keen dramatic sense and had a thorough worldly training, received in the humanity-schools of Cairo and Paris, Constantinople and a villa by the blue sea, in Southern France.

He is French in appearance, French in speech, American in preference—and Irish in wit. As a matter of fact he is Celtic, but he was born and brought up in France. His home was a villa where everything that is told of France in song and story came true. One day when he and his mother happened to be enjoying a singular solitude—usually the place was overrun with guests—a man came to the door and asked politely if the estate might be used as a cinema location.
George, with his clothes of British cut, his spats, his smooth hair, his perfect ties. The studio people looked him over and said, "Some nut."

Not that Fitzmaurice knew the first thing about a studio. He only remembered what he had seen on his estate in France, and the life attracted him. Never having had any dramatic experience, he went in to learn. He did—from the lowest rung of the ladder. It only happened that the particular studio to which he was recommended was presided over by the ex-French director.

George clung to his spats. He did not see any reason why one should dress clumsily simply because one worked in a studio. And by and by the studio hands began to admire him for it. One of them started to call him "George" one day—but caught himself in time.

Young Mr. Fitzmaurice kept right at it. He was a scenario writer at first. He says in those days you not only had to note on paper to the directors what to do; you had to give them very careful instructions what not to do. "Once," he says "there was a ship-wreck scene to write about. The hero and some other people are set adrift and have to stay on a small raft for weeks, after having been almost drowned. But when the hero—in the scene as the director took it—finally climbed on board the rescuing ship—he accepted a cigarette and carelessly took a box of matches out of his pocket to light it with. I remonstrated with the director. I said, 'But the man would not have the matches in the pocket after he has been ship-wrecked and tossed about in the water.' "Well," growled the director, 'why the—didn't you write that in?'"

In spite of the fact that his efforts for realism were irritating to the slapstick craftsman of that period, he persvered. Pretty soon he had as many real things to direct, including "The Naulahka," the vivid Indian tale of Kipling's, with Doralda; "Sylvia of the Secret Service," with Mrs. Castle, and "Innocent" and "Common Clay," with Fannie Ward. But even here his style was cramped. He couldn't do all that he wanted to do. He is as temperamental about sets as a prima-donna is about orchestration. His expense accounts were checked within an inch of his life; he couldn't spend all the company's money on real settings and real effects. It was a shame.

He was called to Famous Players to direct Elsie Ferguson. They got along famously—I defy any woman, to quarrel with Fitzmaurice. He brought to his new work all his knowledge of the continent, of the orient and the isles. He knew when a property man was trying to pass off a queer piece of pottery from the prop room for a Ming vase of the 4th dynasty. He was given the exclusive right to use his own expert judgment on things of that sort, and intelligent people began to know and watch for Fitzmaurice films.

(Continued on page 125)

Mr. Fitzmaurice, and his equally talented wife, Ouida Bergere, who writes the scenarios of all his productions, in their studio apartment.
The Pure Bad Woman

A tragedy in several cerebrations.

By FRANK M. DAZEY

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

SCENARIOIST. So happy to be able to bring you two together. Knowledge, I want you to meet Art. Art, this is Knowledge.

KNOWLEDGE. Why, we're old friends. I don't know why people nowadays always think of us as strangers.

ART. Charmed to see you here, Knowledge.

SCENARIOIST. I daresay you hardly expected to meet each other here. Well, I've always been known as daringly different, and this time I'm going to be more daring and more different than ever before. I'll let you in on a secret. (Art and Knowledge bend forward as Scenarioist continues impressively) Pres. Oodlesovitz of the Great Jazz Film Co. has asked me to write a new picture and I want to put both of you into it.

KNOWLEDGE. This is a bit unusual, but we're always willing to oblige.

SCENARIOIST. Oodlesovitz wants the picture to be about a bad woman who reforms and makes good; they never fail—the pictures I mean.

ART and KNOWLEDGE. (looking uncomfortable and speaking almost simultaneously) Sorry, but it's quite late. I think we'd better take this up another time.

SCENARIOIST. No! No! Please stay! Oodlesovitz was most insistent. Aren't there any thoughts you can give me?

KNOWLEDGE. (after some hesitation selects a thought and hands it gingerly to Scenarioist) Well, if she's a bad woman I suppose the man is neither her first nor her last.

ART. (enthusiastically) Fine!

SCENARIOIST. (takes thought and examines it critically) Thanks, I'll see what I can do with this. (He goes toward the idea box.)

KNOWLEDGE. What's that?

SCENARIOIST. That's the Box Office Idea. I'll have to see if this fits into it.

KNOWLEDGE and ART. (rather taken aback) Oh!

(After some trouble Scenarioist crams the thought into box)

SCENARIOIST. (sighs and turns towards Art) And you, Art? Art. (speaking brightly and much encouraged by Knowledge's success, hands Scenarioist a small box glittering piece of truth) And He will gain no happiness, nor She, either.
The Morals of the Movies

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

You have been hearing the "morals of the movies" discussed pros and cons—mostly cons—for a number of years. Last spring the New York World sent Mr. Karl Kitchen, one of its most able writers and investigators, to California to study the situation there. In the following article, taken from Reedy's Mirror, Mr. Kitchen lays the gist of his discoveries of the motion picture's morals before the reading public:

"It is a common thing for 'gay dogs' to wink slyly when discussing conditions in the motion picture studios," says Mr. Kitchen. "And these sly winks are usually accompanied by knowing looks and equally comprehensive elbow nudges in the ribs. For there is widespread impression that artistic endeavor and immorality often go together and that motion picture studios, while not surfeited with art, are nevertheless 'hot beds of vice,' as well-paid reformers would put it.

"The writer did not go to Los Angeles to investigate the morals of the movie folks, although a rumor to that effect did give some of them a pretty bad scare. If he had been asked about the morals of the film people some months ago, he would have replied that in his opinion they didn't have any.

"It is always easier to give a flippant answer to evade the facts. "But a month spent in and about the studios of Southern California has caused him to revise his opinions about the morals of the movie makers.

"Not that I would give the movie colony of Los Angeles a clean bill of health. But the stories about the gay life in the studios have been greatly exaggerated.

"The most common charge of immorality in cameraland is that young women are not advanced in their chosen profession unless they submit to the advances of studio managers, directors or influential male stars. Stories are constantly being circulated to that effect. I have heard them at first hand from young women in manicure parlors, singers in near cabarets and other unnecessary places. All the stories are the same. "While I hold no brief for the studio managers, directors and others in authority in California's film factories, I do not hesitate to say that nine-tenths of these stories are downright lies. They are the pitiful excuses of the unsuccessful. Being unable to get employment in a studio, or being discharged for incompetence, it is much easier for a young woman to make charges of this kind than to admit the truth.

"In the days when the directors in the studios were all-powerful, when they had the power of 'hiring and firing' young women—there were many abuses of this nature. Young women, unless they were financially independent, were more or less at the mercy of the director under whom they were working.

"But the motion picture industry has undergone a great change in the past ten years. "At the present time the big studios are conducted as efficiently and with as strict attention to business as any manufacturing plants. The directors have nothing to do with the engaging of actors or actresses. Nor have they the authority to discharge anyone. At each studio there is a casting director, so called, whose sole business it is to engage the players for each picture. Of course the stars, where they are not making pictures of their own, are engaged by the big officials of the film companies, but the directors do not meet the minor players until an actual start is made on the picture.

"As the studios are run today, there is not time to bother with amateurs or incompetents. Players have to be engaged strictly on their merits and a casting director who takes advantage of his position is very soon replaced. Only the high officials of a producing company have the power to engage or advance a personal favorite. From which it will be seen that favoritism of this kind is considerably restricted.

"Naturally, there have been several glaring examples of favoritism of this nature. There are several stars who are above the public only because of the so-called film magnates. But as a rule their careers are very short. They are discarded without tears by the studio, and one star after another is used up, foolishly by their lack of talent that nobody in the profession takes them seriously. And all of the advertising space that is lavished on them does not sell their pictures more than once.

"I know one important producer who gave a certain Broadway chorus girl a big contract to oblige a New York broker who held his I.O.U. for $17,000 as the result of a gambling debt. I know two or three producers who have advanced certain actresses because they happened to be fond of them. But where it is possible to point out three or four cases of this kind, one is able to point out sixty or seventy stars who are where they are today solely on their merits.

"There is a popular catch line in Southern California, 'Are you married, or do you live in Los Angeles?' But this is current because of the frequency of divorce and its attendant evils among members of the movie colony. There are doubtful cases as many divorces among claque and suit manufacturers, if authentic statements were obtainable. Matrimonial infidelity is not peculiar to any class of people these days. And of most of the motion picture stars it may be said that if they have any faults they make virtues of them."
Open Air Movies
A heart to heart talk with the Family Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

It was midsummer and breathlessly hot—so hot that even the twilight hour did not bring relief. People sat upon the stone steps of every city stoop—the men quite shamelessly devoid of coats and waistcoats, the women waving leafless palm leaf fans. Somewhere down the street a fretful baby cried out; somewhere, farther off, a droning hurdy-gurdy played a slow waltz-tune.

The woman on the stoop of the next house spoke suddenly, impatiently—with an impatience born of the oppressive weather.

"I think," she said petulantly, "that I'll go mad if I have to sit, for very much longer, on these steps being sorry for myself because I'm so hot. I think that I'll go mool."

From his place at her feet her husband answered her. His voice was comfortably low.

"Well," he suggested, "we can always go to the movies. How about it?"

The woman's voice was still petulant when she spoke.

"I'd like to go," she said, "It would take my mind away from myself, that's sure! But I can't believe the sight of a crowded, badly ventilated theatre."

The man rose slowly to his feet and stretched both white shirted arms high above his head.

"If that's all that's worrying you," he told his wife, "I'll go into the house for my coat and we'll get started. Have you forgotten woman, this dramatically, that there are open air movies, nowadays?"

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

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

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

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

The motion picture is, perhaps, the greatest agency for good in the whole world. It has limitless possibilities—a limitless audience, a limitless circulation, a limitless field. The message of the motion picture can travel much farther than either the spoken word or the printed page can travel. It can be the most potent sermon in the world, the most convincing argument for right doing. And, oftentimes, it is.

But there are occasions when the motion picture is neither a sermon nor an argument for the right. There are times when it is frankly an appeal to the senses—when it is a menace to morals (particularly very young morals') and an offense to good taste. There are pictures that win great publicity on account of a barbaric lack of costume, and there are other pictures that owe their fame to splendidly acted bits of violence—to vivid portrayals of passion. And these pictures are the ones that remind—or should remind—an audience of the need to be shuttered up in animal form.

I went to a dinner once, at which Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew were the guests of honor. Because they were, at that time, the motion picture idol's of a continent. I could not help watching them narrowly—and with a very great interest. And I was surprised and delighted as the evening wore on, to see how natural and unaffected they were. They weren't at all as one, unacquainted with the movies, would picture popular stars. They were just charming, "folks" people.

It was after dinner, when the toastmaster was introducing the speaker of the night, that he struck the secret of the Drews' popularity.

"They are," he said slowly, "enshrined in the hearts of a nation. And the nation isn't ashamed to admit it!"

That, it seems to me, is the most splendid compliment that could be paid one who has a part in the country's public life.

The Drew comedies were never blatant or vulgar. They never overstepped the bounds of propriety. They never won their laughter and applause by being risqué. And yet they were more in demand, from the first one to the very last, than any of the other comedies! For they were, in the truest sense of the word, open air movies.

Look about you at the plays that are the tremendous successes of the season. Close by they are, every one of them, with plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and with a worth while moral tucked in for good luck. Look at the books that reach the best-seller class, and you'll find that they are stories that you wouldn't be ashamed to leave openly upon your library table. And—last of all—look at the motion pictures that play to packed houses! Look at the audiences that flock to see Mary Pickford—who has never relied upon anything stronger than open air to make her plays a success. Look at other stars who have reached the top rung in the ladder of motion picture fame. And you'll see that they are the sort who give healthy fun, and wholesome thrills and love scenes that make you remember your own love story.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE stands for the biggest and best entertainment that the motion picture can give. It stands for a measure of value that is pressed down and running over. And, most of all, it stands—with every bit of its knowledge and its clear headliness and its power—for the open air movie and all that the open air movie may mean!
I have a bathing suit at home that’s guaranteed to raise a laugh no matter what’s gone wrong.

It’s a very lovely bathing suit—or, at least, it was. It was made by a jewel of a French dressmaker, one of those women who can just take one look at you and then go away and create a dress that makes you want to spend the rest of your life in front of the mirror—you know what I mean.

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

Oh, yes, of a certainty Madame would make one.

And of a certainty she did.

It was beauty: a lovely glowing red dress with the cunningest shoes to match and a red cap with perky bows—the sort of bathing suit that every girl dreams about when she’s getting ready for her vacation.

I put it on the first time I went to the beach and was soon out beyond the breakers having a glorious swim. I didn’t notice anything wrong until I came ashore, and then I saw queer red streaks running down my legs and arms. When I got to a looking glass I saw the same kind of streaks adorning my face—the colors in my new bathing suit had run!

It took two days’ hard work to discourage those streaks and get my face back to normal. Then I went to Madame and in cold tones told her what had happened.

Madame threw both hands toward heaven.

She exclaimed:

She wanted to know why I had gone in the water!

I told her I was my usual custom when I went swimming.

“But did Mademoiselle not realize that it was a beach costume? In the water! Ah, heaven!”

You see, it was another case of a difference of opinion in the French and American idea of athletics.

I believe that “hang your clothes on a hickory limb but don’t go near the water” was written to a little French miss—and she took it to heart. Lovely costumes, yes, to sit on the beach. But to wear in the water—non, non!

So I hope that when you start away this summer to the woods or the mountains or the seaside you will remember my experience and take along the sort of clothes you are not afraid to wear when you swim or ride or walk or play tennis.

They are so beautiful this summer and so diversified that you will be sure to find just the sort of thing that suits you best. Personally, I adore swimming above all other sports and whenever possible I make for the water. There are bathing suits this year that will make you feel quite as dressed up as if you were promenading on the boardwalk—and they are guaranteed not to run. The craze for taffeta dresses has reached the makers of bathing suits, and there are ever so many rubberized taffeta bathing costumes that are as pretty as they can be. And if you like embroidery, there are plenty of embroidered suits, with shoes and cape to match.

But the cleverest thing I have seen yet is the black velvet bathing suit. It was new last year, but even better this, and makes you look like a nice frisky shiny seal when you come out of the water.

If you don’t swim—well, the only thing I can say is that I’m sorry for you.

That reminds me that I was talking the other day with a woman who was lamenting over the “old fashioned girl” and saying how much nicer she was than the modern product.

Don’t you ever let anyone tell you that and get away with it.

I showed my visitor some old prints I happened to have of 1870 costumes. You know the kind, an eighteen-inch waist and a bustle. And then I reminded her of the habits of the young lady in question, who ate next to nothing—when there were spectacles—and fainted whenever there was a man around to catch her, and who always had that mysterious disease, the “megrims.”

And I contrasted the healthy modern girl, with her good appetite and her normal waistline, with those strange females who used to meander through the pages of Godey’s Lady’s Book.

Don’t make any mistake about it, we have it on those Early Victorian maidens, considerably.

Whenever I have the time I don a middy blouse and a serviceable skirt and walk from my home to the studio. Try it some day and you will find out how many miles I cover in that tramp. Of course, I had rather walk in the country, but that chance doesn’t come to busy girls every day and if you can’t walk in the country you had much better walk in town than not at all.

If there is one girl I am sorry for it is the girl with a dull complexion who hasn’t found out the fun of walking. It’s a good plan to walk at least part way to your place of business.
If you go down town to earn your bread and butter every day. If you are a home girl you have a still better chance to win real roses for your cheeks. It's surprising how you can walk away the blues, or a disappointment or a bad complexion. If you don't believe me, try it yourself.

**SHOULD** you happen to have plenty of money to spend on walking clothes there are some wonderful English things over this year—smart doggy tweeds, that combine comfort with good looks. And if you take your exercise in a motor, you will find some exquisite motor wraps over from Paris. They are designed this year in all manner of bright colors and many of them have leather trimmings that are really beautiful. I saw a polo coat the other day that Jean Patou—that wizard of clothes—sent over to a New York house. It was white polo cloth stitched in red silk and with a red patent leather belt. (You might tip your tailor off to that.)

If you are a very busy girl and can only get away to the country for week ends, there is a new device just out that will considerably lessen the work of packing. It is a pleated skirt that can be made in any material—the one I saw was done in navy blue taffeta. It hangs from a thin silk underwaist that can be adjusted to any length the wearer wishes, and it is ideal for the sensible girl who has eliminated corsets from her wardrobe. There are three blouses designed to go with this skirt—for morning, afternoon or evening wear. So, if you select this costume, your packing of dresses may narrow itself down to putting in two extra blouses.

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

The girl who is clever with her needle can have plenty of pretty summer clothes at a small expense. One skirt of sports silk, in white or any of the bright tones, may be worn with half a dozen different blouses. These blouses for summer wear are long, straight affairs that can be easily made at home out of some of the lovely materials now being shown. The blouse that costs from $2.00 to $3.50 in the shops can be made for $2 or $3. And if you cover a ten-cent hat frame with some of the same kind of material from which you made your blouse you will have a pretty sports rig that you can wear at any of the summer places.

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

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

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

(Continued on page 115)
WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

Besides, he could teach
Most Photographers
A Lot About their Own Business
That They Don’t Know.
And Just Wait
Until he begins to write those Stories!

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

A Purple Gown and
Looked more queenly than ever.

But—
She ordered some Ice-cream and
We ate it before she went on the Set.
Later on I had a Ride
In her New Car, with its
“A. J. R.” marked on the door.
I bumped into Harry Morey
Out in Brooklyn, Too.
He is one of those Thoughtful Gentlemen
That John Galsworthy likes to Write About;
With Chiseled Lips and Hair
That is faintly gray at the Temples.
He likes serious things,
Particularly plays.

I know, because
Whenever I go
To the Theater for a
Really High-brow evening, there
Is Harry Morey—
And his Wife.

EVERYBODY is going out
To Europe.
Pearl White just sailed
For a little vacation over there
She almost missed her boat. They
Were rushing around
At the studio
Trying to finish
The last scenes of her picture, and pearl
Didn’t have time
To scrub off her make-up, even but
Ran for her low car and
Put it in high.
She made it. All
The traffic cops know her
Imagine what a time one of them
Would have at home
If he stopped Pearl White
From going where she wanted to go.
His children
Would never forgive him.

KAY LAURELL sailed with pearl—she
Who helped make the Folies famous.
She went to make a picture in Rome, for
The leading Italian film company—
You couldn’t pronounce it, even if
I could spell it.
And we mustn’t forget
C. Gardner Sullivan,
Mr. Ince’s scenario chief,
Bound for Europe
In search of new ideas.
But the passport officials
Were so slow
That he missed his Steamer.
I’ll bet he writes
A scenario and sends
The department of state.

THE circus came to new york
The birds and the beasts were there.
Also Mr. and Mrs. Enrico Caruso and
Dorothy Gish and Mr. and Mrs. Tom
Meighan and
Lots of others you know.
Dorothy said she was getting
New ideas and that she’d like to do
A circus satire.
Bird Millman—billed as
The queen of the wire.
Makes her entrance
In a rolls-royce, and just to prove further
How different circus queens of today may
Be, she is doing a picture.
CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

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

One of these actors, a very fine gentleman of the old school whose name has been associated for years with the best in the theater, let the cat out of the bag at quite a fashionable dinner for Lord Dunsmuir, the Irish poet-playwright, a few weeks ago. He told of a federation of women's clubs of greater New York that has always made a great to-do about "better plays" and "uplifting the drama" and the like. The club bought out the entire downstairs for a matinee performance of "Aphrodite," the spectacle play featuring Dorothy Dalton—a play which, however decent it may be in reality, was blared into New York with a fanfare of unquestionably suggestive advertising.

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

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

Them Was John Barrymore, the most the Days! successful legitimate actor on Broadway, ran into Sam Bernard, Broadway's most successful musical comedian, recently.

"Do you remember, at the old Famous Players on Twenty-Sixth Street—" Bernard got no further, for Barrymore interrupted him.

"Yes, I remember a very hot day in summer. You were playing a gentleman in evening dress and a fur coat. You were perspiring away a pound a minute. I was playing a souse who had fallen under a shower bath. You were new to the film business, and you struggled over to the edge of my scene and peeped in, whispering something."

"What did I say?" asked Bernard.

"You said: 'How long must I be in the film business before I can get a part like that?'"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By THEODORE MARCONE

If some of our film stars had any idea of the words likely to be put into their mouths, their imagination would never carry them as far as does that of these two lecturers who have to keep up a conversational ad lib performance for a different film every day in the week without even a rehearsal. It takes some presence of mind to see a film for the first time and follow it with extemporaneous lines suitable to the continuous action. No wonder as the picture winds off, mistakes are hurriedly turned into jests to comply with the action on the screen such as when the heroine rushes into a young man's arms and the female voice purrs forth: "Oh, Lionel, I do love you—I do," and just then flashes the approach of the real lover while the lecturer seeing that she has mistaken the bidder for the real lover, nothing daunted continuous: "But as a sister. You see here comes my fiance now."

But the audience is quick in discovering these ventriloquial changes and the lecturers not only must be fine diagnosticians of movie gestures and gesticulations, but they must know the psychology of their audiences.

Titles are especially annoying to them; they limit their imagination and they could get along much better, they say, without any reading matter whatever. Even the "birth of a Nation" would hold no fears for them, for each one is capable of assuming any number of parts within the range of the human voice. This is truly exemplified when the aristocratic lady in "Erstwhile Susan" brushes away Susan's hand with a female voice denouncing the act of an aristocrat by saying: "Don't touch me, you dirty working girl!"

And oh, how that proletariat audience smacks its lips over that wise appeal to its understanding! No title denied the words, so why not interpret the action to your audience's satisfaction?

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

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

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

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

Miss Binney, turning into the kitchen, is followed by the wailing female voice: "Oh dear! How I do hate to wash them dishes!" A remark which brings forth sympathetic sighs from the stooped, be-shawled figures in the dark.

The Oleon's "Speelers" must know the psychology of their audiences.
Jim Pierce found himself left alone with Lee Tyndal, whom he now knew was the one girl who really counted.

Human Stuff

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

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

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

Reflecting on that fact and weighted with a newly discovered problem of the washboard industry, the old man rolled home early in the afternoon. He paused in the hallway to address the butler grumpily.

"I will not be disturbed—by anyone. Understand?"

"Old Washboard" stood a moment appraising the new butler, with evident doubts, then turned into his sacredly impenetrable study.

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

Hardly an hour had elapsed when a taxi-cab came snorting down the avenue and paused before the Pierce mansion. The old man in his study heard it and frowned, but did not look up. Then came a violent and continued ringing of the doorbell.

The butler, running on silent tiptoes, opened the door narrowly. He beheld a jaunty young man with an air of great self possession, his hat on the back of his head and a wide smile across his face.

"Is 'Old Washboard' in?"

The frigid butler chilled down a couple of degrees more.

"Mr. Pierce is not in, sir."

The genial young caller started to enter anyway, while the butler pushed him back with protesting hands.

"Mr. Pierce is not in."

In a flash the butler felt and saw a large revolver pushed into the pit of his stomach. As he wilted in a heap, the visitor strode over him into the house.

Quaking with fear, the butler followed, protesting in a high pitched voice. "Old Washboard!" he heard the commotion and growled—without, of course, interrupting his work.

The butler a moment later burst into the study, trembling and voiceless. He drew very close to Pierce and huskily whispered:

"He's in the drawing room, sir! He's in the drawing room, sir!"

The old man scowled into the butler's face—"Well—well!"—then started out to seek the cause of the excitement. The butler threw himself before Pierce with a gesture of caution.
Jim Pierce had his heart set on the strenuous life of the out-of-doors, his father entertained the idea that he should continue the family business and become a captain of industry.

But his father had entertained only a single idea—that James Addison Pierce, Jr., should continue the family name and the family business, at the old stand, the washboard works.

"Well, dad, you've made a lot of improvements here."

"Yes, son, and there's a lot more needed. You can see that this business is more than I can handle and I need you here—"

"But, father, I want to grow big in my own chosen line, just as you have done in yours."

There was a long, tedious silence, broken at last by the father.

"Don't be foolish, son. This is a chance to start big; a great opportunity for one without experience, and above all—"it is my wish."

The old man waited long for his son to speak. Finally the answer came, reluctantly, gloomily:

"All right, dad. I'll try it."

And try it for two years he did. But it never got to be more than a "try," a tentative endeavor at best. The breaking point came as the result of a little thing, one of those tiny incidents that comes along to clinch a big decision in the lives of men.

It happened in young Jim's private office, where he was in conference with the foreman of the works. It was Jim's idea that a good way to do a good business was to make better washboards. The foreman was submitting samples of better materials. The father strode in and stood on the edge of the conference in silence as long as he could. Then he erupted.

"One washboard made of this material would last a lifetime. With every home supplied, there would be no need for a washboard factory."

The old man shook his head with a smile, but there was an air of impatience behind it. Jim looked up in a sort of resigned despair.

"I suppose you are right, dad. I'm wrong again."

"Make 'em cheap. Let 'em wear out. Sell more—that's the idea." And with that the old man stalked out and entered his own office. Jim sat in silence staring blankly at his father.

The old man puzzled over a letter, then called a stenographer and started to dictate. There was a hard rasp in his voice. It was a hard subject with old "Washboard Pierce," too—the matter of the Twin Hills ranch, the only commercial failure in all his busy life.

"I have finally decided to sell the ranch," he dictated. "Almost any price will be acceptable to me—"

Jim raised his head a bit and grew alert as he heard the words. The old man went on with his dictation.

"—and your early attention to this matter will greatly oblige me."

Jim began positively to cheer up. As an idea dawned, a smile spread over his face. Then he looked out the window again at the great roaring plant, thunderingly busy grinding out more of those unutterably and triply damned washboards.

"It's that thing—that monster!" Jim exclaimed to his sister, who sought to graft his evening homecomings with washboards with words of encouragement. "With its whirling belts, its furnaces belching out a product that has made our father millions—and me—a failure."

Her gentle counsel was of no avail.

"That's it, sis; I have failed to manage it successfully. God knows I have tried—but I don't fit the factory."

"But, Jimmy—no more talk of failures and washboards."

Jim assented and added mentally his one reservation—"In their own way."

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

The reception was in progress and the evening well along when Lee, missing Jim, inquired for him of his sister.

"I don't know, dear. I've looked in his room and he isn't
there. Perhaps business at the factory—or something—but he
will be here."

Mary suddenly caught the look of concern in Lee’s eyes.

“Lee! I believe there is more than friendship between you
and Jim!”

Lee tossed her head resentfully and denied it.

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

When Jim awoke next morning the sensations in his head apprised him that
a large evening had passed—an unusually extensive evening. He was un-
steadily sitting up trying to fill a glass from a pitcher when his father entered
the room.

“How do you feel?" The old man’s manner was not unkind as he stood beside his son’s bed.

“Pretty tough, dad.”

“I thought so,” There was a pause, then the father went on.

“Against your wishes you have tried for two years to manage
the plant and you have failed—now, have you any plans of
your own?”

“Yes, dad—I want to get away from all this—the factory,
and the city—their environment don’t seem to fit.”

“Old Washboard” Pierce looked down on his son, sternly.

“If I have interfered in your progress I am sorry. From now
on you may plan your own future.”

“Thanks, dad. I’m leaving tomorrow.” The answer came
cheerily. “I can’t tell you where, but when I am settled you
will hear from me.”

JAMES ADDISON PIERCE, JR., stretched himself on the
station platform and regarded the sign with evident satis-
faction.

SAGO

326.5 Miles to San Francisco
1265.5 Miles to New Orleans
Elevation 2480 feet

Jim looked about at the loafers around the station and grinned. Inside
he engaged the station agent in conver-
sation.

“No, there ain’t no real estate agents in Sago, but maybe the Sherif can fix
you up.”

In due course Jim found the sherif.

“If I’m not mistaken, the Twin Hills ranch near here has been offered for
sale?”

The sheriff looked at Jim deliber-
ately.

“It was, but I sorter promised to hold it for Bull Elkins.
He owns the adjoining ranch.”

“Have you given him an option?”

“No—not exactly—come on in.”

Inside the sheriff’s office they made conversation and Jim
spoke in the terms that will win any such argument—money.

Out on the Twin Hills ranch an interesting meeting was
taking place. Bull Elkins, owner of the Circle X, rode in and
(Continued on page 112)

A stormy scene followed with Boca pleading a sudden born infatua-
tion, begging for consideration, begging that Lee be sent away.
It was only necessary to change the old lady heroine into a baby-faced girl, her wheel chair into a freight train, and,—a few little things like that.

A FEW days ago a producer bought the motion picture rights of one of my novels—the one called "The Jack Knife Man"—and paid $15,000 for it, all in real money. For this reason I became, in one jump, an important authority on motion pictures, and know all about them, and must be consulted by anyone who wants to know the truth about the motion picture situation.

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

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

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

"Did the producer stick close to the text of your novel?" I asked.

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

"Is it like Alaska?" I asked.

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

BUT how about changing your old lady heroine into a young girl? Wasn't that rather difficult?" I asked.

"Not at all. It was necessary. Any fool could see that an old lady could not be sixteen years old and have a baby face and long curls, so it was absolutely necessary to make the change. It was only necessary to change the wheel chair, in which the old lady sat in my novel, into a freight train. Then they put overalls on my heroine and had her father, the brakeman, go down with the Lusitania, which made it necessary for his daughter to take the job of brakeman on the through freight. So, of course, the old poor house lover had to be an aviator, and swoop down in an airplane and swoop the girl up from the top of the freight car when the villain Roscoe, was about to brain her with a club—"

"I don't remember any villain named Roscoe in your novel," I said.

"Well, of course," said the author, "you wouldn't. He wasn't called Roscoe in the novel; he was a she; she was called Rosabelle. Rosabelle was the cat. Don't you remember how my old lady refused to marry my old man because he did not like cats, and she refused to give up the cat, and so they separated and lived alone the rest of their lives?"

Illustrations by R. F. James
"I see! So the scenario man turned the cat Rosabelle into a man villain named Roscoe?" I said.

"It was necessary," said the author.

"But, surely," I said, "they did not change that dear old cow—wasn't her name Bossy—that the old man loved?"

"No," said the author, "they did not change the cow. Not greatly. I insisted on the cow. So they only changed it into a bear—a grizzly bear."

"My God!" I exclaimed.

"You needn't swear about it," he said, in a hurt tone. "There isn't such a great difference between a cow and a bear. They both have four legs."

WELL, I was ashamed of him. I was disgusted to think any author would let a small sum of money bribe him to permit a sweet, idyllic romance to be murdered in that way.

"At any rate," I said severely, "I hope you did not let them change that chapter I always loved so deeply—the one where your old pauper hero climbs into the apple tree to serenade the old lady, and the cow Bossey stands under the tree, so that when the old man climbs down he alights astride of the gentle cow's back, and rides off slowly, back to the poorfarm."

"Well, of course," he said, "we couldn't have the cow, because we had changed the cow into a bear, and we couldn't have an apple tree in Alaska, and we couldn't have a poor house because the old man was a young miner and lived in a cabin, so we just substituted one of the Rocky Mountains for the tree and substituted a twin six auto for the cow, and had the hero fall off the Rocky Mountain into the automobile and ride off triumphantly with the heroine. It made a swell ending. The hero was driving the car with his feet and embracing the girl with both arms, and the final caption was 'And he clung her to his heart until eternity grew old.'"

"My God!" I exclaimed again. "Did you write that caption?"

"No," he said. "The scenario doctor wrote it."

"Did you kill him, or anything?" I asked.

"Kill him? Why?" the author asked. "It's a good final caption, isn't it?" He was silent awhile, and then he said thoughtfully: "I can't understand it, either!"

"Understand what?" I asked.

"I can't understand why the film was a failure," he said. "Why it failed, after all the work we put on it—I on the novel, and the scenario man rewriting it. It was a good novel; a big success as a novel. And the actors who took the hero and heroine parts were big people, too—highly paid people. And they acted hard, too; they acted all the time. Close ups, and tears, and stunts and everything. And yet people did not care for the film; even people who had liked the novel did not care for the film. You would think, if they liked my novel, they would like the film, wouldn't you?"

"But it wasn't your novel, was it?"

"It had the same name. And it had my name as the author."

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

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

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

One of the oddest things in the world today is

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"Here's How!"—Says Bud

PUTTING Mutt and Jeff into the movies is what I should call a nobby notion. Strictly speaking, they were not put in; they found their way in all by themselves. It is the sort of thing you might expect of them. Having created Mutt and Jeff doesn't mean that I control their destinies—not by a long shot. They control their own destinies pretty well. In fact, Mutt and Jeff now almost control Bud Fisher. They make him work hard for eight hours every day and prevent him from realizing his youthful ambition to settle down and live on his income at the ripe age of thirty-five or so.

I have been asked to tell how the Mutt and Jeff movies are made. It is really a complicated task to reduce it to simple terms. The best I can do, I am afraid, is to remove some popular misconceptions about how my animated cartoons are made.

The thing that concerns me most, of course, is the fact that to make one half-reel picture requires from 3,000 to 4,000 separate drawings. And 3,000 or 4,000 drawings to a picture, when pictures are coming out every few days, is a shirt-sleeve job that keeps a fellow hustling, let me tell you.

First of all, there's the story. Like a comic strip in a newspaper, it progresses step by step toward a climax, and ends with a punch. The training I received as a newspaper cartoonist has been very useful to me in making motion picture cartoon stories.

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

The first actual drawing is the making of the scenes. Each scene, however, has to be drawn only once. All the figures that move about in the scenes are drawn on strips of celluloid, which are placed on top of the scenes when the actual photography begins. But the photography doesn't begin yet, by any means.

Each separate action, even to the wiggle of an ear, requires a separate drawing. If Mutt lifts his leg it requires not one drawing, but several. Otherwise it would be done so quickly that it could not be seen on the screen. But I don't have to draw the whole scene, or even the whole figure, for each separate motion. I just draw on celluloid the part that is moved, and when the transparent celluloid is put on top of the scenes you see figures and scenes and all. It takes twenty-five drawings to make Mutt and Jeff walk across the screen, ten to make them turn completely around, five to make them talk, and when Mutt wallops Jeff he does it in from eight to twelve drawings.

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

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

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

The Creator of Mutt and Jeff tells how they do it in the Movies.

By BUD FISHER

Mr. Fisher merely created Mutt and Jeff—

Now, they almost control him, he says.

Mutt and Jeff are reposing prostrate on this table flooded with light, with the camera focused on them from above.
At last Olive Thomas has been cast in a role which will give her piquant talent full play. She is "The Flapper," in a story by Frances Marion. One of the first fair deserters. Olive did much to make The Follies a truly national institution.
A PHRODITE DALTON, meet Aphrodite Garden! Mary Garden, who has had operas written around her and perfumes named after her, has the singing role of "Aphrodite" while Dorothy Dalton, left in costume, played the spoken version.
STARS may come and stars may go—or so we have been told; but Anita Stewart, sweet symbol of alluring maidenhood, is still with us, with the S. R. O. sign always out. Some of the classics of the legitimate have been adapted for Anita.
WE shudder to think that Marie Prevost, Mack Sennett’s baby Venus, may some day listen to the inducements of a dramatic director who does problem plays, wrap her kellermans in mothballs and leave the beach forever.
Syd Says:

For the benefit of those cinephiles who want to go abroad—
"Stay at home! America's the film Utopia!"

Aside from going up in the movie world, Sydney Chaplin flies for pleasure and profit—when he's not tending to Brother Charlie's business.

It seemed funny to be talking about devastated France in the Claridge dining-room, that huge, high-ceilinged black-and-gold banquet hall, where you see—instead of the tetrarchs and tribunes and princess-beloved of ancient times—all the dashing film magnates, all the prettiest chorus-girls—and Ann Pennington. The first thing you noticed about Sydney Chaplin was the remarkable way in which he kept his mind on France. In the midst of all the Babylonian splendor of Broadway, he remembered the Alarne.

"And the most impressive thing I ever saw in my life," he was saying, "was the levelled city of Rheims, at sunset. I happened along by what used to be the town's opera-house. The ceiling was shot away, only the walls remaining. Outside was the old ticket-taker—alone. And a sign read the French equivalent of 'Business as Usual.' The sun set very red and flooded what was left of the old place. It was deathly still, until a little boy came down the street, his heavy shoes making a clumpety-clump that echoed long after he passed. Then, again, everything was still. I stood there a long while...

Chaplin came back to the Claridge, and matter-of-factly ordered French pastry.

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

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

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

How glad he was to return to America—for real film purposes—only Syd can tell you. He completed his five-reel picture in California. It's his first since "The Submarine Pirate," a Keystone of some years ago.

In the long meanwhile he has kept religiously off the screen except for brief and anonymous appearances in his brother Charlie's comedies. He was in "Shoulder Arms" and "A Dog's Life," but only his best friends recognized him, and he managed to fool a few of them.

While he was acting up in this manner, his identity carefully concealed, he was also managing his brother's business-affairs, organizing an air line from Los Angeles to Catalina Island, and, as a little side-issue, running a factory for the manufacture of misses' frocks. At one time he had a doll factory.

He's a bon vivant business man. You will change your opinion of screen comedians in their off-screen aspect, when you meet Syd. He says himself he doesn't know how to go about acting like an actor again—it's been so deuced long since he was one, don't you know. He seems more French than English, but he was born in Cape Town, South Africa. He looks like one of these exhilarating French poets should he looked—and never did.
George Fawcett, who was of inestimable value to Griffith, to whose films he contributed many excellent characterizations, has himself turned to directing.

The Grand Young Man of the Screen

YOU have gone into a picture-theater, and sat through a scene, and dozed through a comedy, applauded the overture, and settled back with a smile to watch the feature come on. You've absorbed the credit lines: "Scenario by Blank; Direction by Notsogood; Art Work by Dr. DeBunk." Then you've waited. You have watched the introduction of an indifferently written and directed "feature production," been disappointed in the slim chance it gives the star to remain a star—but often there was something that held you there until the finish. More often than not, that something was a somebody: George Fawcett.

He has played the magnate countless times. He has been father to Dorothy Gish, Lillian, and Mae Marsh. He has played Bobby Harron's rural parent. Sometimes he isn't even as important as that: he may be only an irascible distant relative, an unruly uncle, or a bewhiskered bolshevist. But he is always worth waiting through to see. He knows more about acting than many who are stars; more about direction than some stellar directors.

The first time I saw Fawcett in the flesh was in a crowded bus bumping its precarious way from the station out to the Griffith studio in Mamaroneck. Mid-winter, in the East's worst weather for years. Everybody was jounced about within the narrow confines like so many acting sardines: Norman Trevor and Basil Sydney of Doris Keane's "Romance" company; Chet Withey, who was directing "Romance;" Dick Barthelmess. And, huddled away over in a corner, George Fawcett. He looked cold; his fine face had settled into tired lines. Suddenly the bus drew up with a sickening lurch; a little girl got in, loaded down with bags and suitcase. Fawcett didn't hesitate: he scrambled up before any of the other men could get on their feet, shoved the little girl into his seat, and clung to a strap the rest of the way.

Fawcett left the Griffith organization after a long period of making pictures. He has returned to the directing of pictures and is a more valuable member of the motion picture family because of it.
George Fawcett, champion movie magnate, film father, and Griffith's right-hand acting-man, is now a director.

By
SYDNEY VALENTINE

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

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

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

Fawcett knows what he is talking about; he was a legitimate actor for many years, in most of the well-known producing companies both in this country and in England. He remembers the old-time stage, when reality and realism were practically frowned down, and when acting was almost territorially theatrical it had to be. Nowadays, the old trick of sometimes calling "swashbuckling" seems ludicrous.

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And he was Dorothy Gish's dad in "The Hope Chest."

As Bobby Harron's father in "A Romance of Happy Valley."

Here he is—directing Corinne Griffith at the Vitagraph Studio in "Deadline at Eleven."
Not in the Scenario
Why Bob Your Hair?

Corinne Griffith's advice to girls.
Not a new department—just a suggestion.

By ARABELLA BOONE

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

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

The answer, according to Corinne Griffith, is one, decided full and round "No!" shouted, one might say, in ringing accents. Corinne knows. Corinne, unappreciative possessor of a head of long, thick, dark, luxurious hair, snipped it with the scissors. Corinne is sorry.

"Well," you might say to yourself in defense of Corinne's act. "Constance Talmadge did it, and Natalie; and Viola Dana and Dorothy Gish and Anita Loos and goodness knows how many more." But suppose you cut your hair, had a full day of delicious Russian freedom, and then found out that in your next picture you had to play a dignified debutante, daughter of a Southern Senator, who would never, under any consideration, have bobbed her hair. Corinne, true to character, had to push her new short hair, a great thick bundle of it, under a smooth, tightly-coiffed wig; suffering as a consequence headaches innumerable. She found that when she went to her favorite photographer to pose for new pictures he gave one look at her shorn locks and refused to pose her until she let them grow again. She found finally that bobbed hair, unless it is curly, has to undergo treatment in connection with a curling iron every morning; also that when one is a busy motion picture actress one hasn't time to undergo daily treatment, etc. With the result that our heroine began to cultivate low tight-fitting hats, and never to remove them, no matter where she went.

She became almost a recluse. When on rare occasions she ventured out to a theater she would either sit with her hat on during the performance, running the risk of being asked to remove it or herself and braving an awful fire of but language from the unfortunates in the row behind; or she would wait until the lights went down, snatch off her hat, crouch down in her seat, and slap her hat back on when the lights went up.
Altogether, Corinne was unhappy. At that, she looks better bobbed than any girl I ever saw; she could even tuck her hair under to make it look long. But she has had one great consolation through it all. She is gone abroad sometime this summer and while over there she will let Nature take its course.

But one has to reason, if one knows Corinne, that the sight of all those chic Frenchwomen, reputed to be bobbed and wobbled to the idea if to nothing else, may make her change her mind.

She likes pickles and pomeranians, pastel shades and pom-pommed hats. The Questions and Answers Man being relieved of the questions as to her preferences, may now consider this:

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

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

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

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

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

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

She went to school in New Orleans. And it was at a Mardi Gras that she was discovered, aided by Nature and Rollin Sturgeon, director, who was the particular Columbus in question. Corinne went to California, passed the screen test, and was thrust into leading parts at once. She has never played anything but leading parts since—and never will, she says, even at this advanced stage of the game, that she learned a lot from George Fawcett, that grand young man of the movies who directed her in "Deadline at Eleven" and played with her in "Gum-shoes 4-B."
Thirty-Five Caught This One

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

He should get a new Pete Props.

J. A. E., New York City.

Airy Fairy Vivian

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

Edgarda Findley
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

"Coming Events" Etc.

IN "John Petticoats" with Bill Hart, the time of the story was around June 1918. In one of the scenes in which there is a piano, there can plainly be seen a sheet of music with the title, "Everyone wants the key to my cellar." This song was not published until July, 1919.

J. P. Croke
Springfield, Mass.

A Point of Etiquette

SHOULD a young gentleman propose to a lady with his bat on? Spencer in "The Thunderbolt" keeps his hat on even when he kisses Katherine Mac Donald.

John E. Underwood, Summit, New Jersey.

She Must Have Met With a Cold Reception

SYLVIA BREAMER, in "My Husband's Other Wife," while staying at her new summer home in the mountains, goes to church where the congregation are in summer clothes and where all the windows and doors are open showing the beautiful flowers and trees. During the sermon in walks Sylvia, attired in a big winter coat, seals hat and—muff!

L. G. N., New York.

A Little Oversight

MARY PICKFORD, in "Heart of the Hills," is thrown out of the cabin by her step-father upon her return from the bluegrass country. The step-father then proceeds to bolt the door to insure himself against Mary reentering the room. He fails to notice that there is a door standing wide open on the opposite side of the room.

D. E. Francis
Wichita, Kansas.

Ah There, Comic!

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

M. L. W., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Why-Do-They Do-It

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.

W. L. Justice, New York City.

Not So Surprising

IN Douglas McLean's and Doris May's "What's Your Husband Doing," Mr. Ridley comes to breakfast and receives a letter postmarked September 1918. Then he leaves the house and gets into a car with a 1910 license. The letter was a bit late, wasn't it?

M. K., Dallas, Texas.

All At Goldens', Culver City (Adv.)

IN "Heartsease" with Tom Moore and in "The World and Its Woman" with Geraldine Farrar, the same set is used although in the former it represents Covent Garden in London and in the latter the Petrograd Royal Opera. In "Upstairs," with Mabel Normand, and again in "The World and Its Woman," the same exterior is used although in the former it represents lower Broadway and in the latter, the Nevsky Prospect.

T. Milch, Manhattan.
CORRESPONDENT wonders what good the critics do. In which diverting pastime a correspondent has nothing on the critics. They wonder, too.

“You rail at this and you rail at that—and still the thing continues,” rails she. “What’s the use? If criticism isn’t corrective why waste it? Or is it, do you contend, corrective?”

Come closer, Clarice—and promise you will never tell. My job may depend on this. If criticism were corrective in the sense in which you mean—i.e., if it were possible to correct that which needs correction simply by calling attention to it through criticism—the millennium would have been functioning hereabouts while you and I were still chasing butterflies in heaven.

I myself have often wondered how, for instance, the drama dare go on being dull to the point of dreaminess, or daring to the point of indelicacy, or silly to the point of illogic after all the late William Winter—who was the chief scolder of my day—said about it.

And how is it possible for the producers of screen dramas to do the things they do with George Jean Nathan feeling the way he does about them? How dare they?

Criticism, Clarice, is corrective when it is true stuff—and only when it is true—but never in the way you and a million or so others expect it to be. The manager of a new play who reads in the morning paper that his comedy is awful, his cast impossible and his future hopeless, does notdash down to the theater, discharge the help and abandon his plans for the season. No, indeed. He merely bites another hole in his cigar, confesses audibly his private opinion of the critic’s ancestry, and questions the treasurer as to where he thinks they (the critics) get that stuff.

But—if four weeks later his attraction is numbered with the failures, and what the reviewers, or any one of them, had to say about it proves true, that manager is going to make a conscious or subconscious reservation regarding that particular criticism which will naturally affect his succeeding productions.

In pictures the corrective influences work even more slowly—first, because there is less true stuff written about the screen than there is about the drama and, second, because of the working conditions.

By the time the producer and director of a picture hear from their critics they have forgotten all about the picture.

“Let’s see,” muses the director, “which one was that? Oh yes—that was the one we starred Sophie Sondheim in to get money enough to pay the studio rent. Oh well, we should worry. She hasn’t been with us for six months.”

Still, the fact may have percolated that Sophie Sondheim and her backers were a poor investment on which to build a picture-making reputation, and the tendency to avoid similar combinations becomes fixed in the experimenter’s mind. At least we hope it becomes fixed.

Only in that sense, Clarice, is criticism corrective. We can’t successfully deny adventuring speculators of all sorts the constitutional privilege of trying their hand at picture-making or play producing. Neither can we hope to change the tastes nor adjust governers to the curiosity of a multitude in one generation, but—and in this all you Clarices are involved—we can all stand firm for those who are honestly striving to do worthy things, and ready deftly to hurl a harpoon or two at the cheaters, whether we write our criticism for the papers or only tell it to the bridge club.

Thus we come to Cosmopolitan’s production of “Humoresque.” Here at least is an honest attempt to approximate the
true stuff. It invades the New York Ghetto through a Fannie Hurst story, and reveals the hearts of its people through a Frances Marion scenario. It details with studied particularity simple episodes from the everyday lives of the Ghetto folk in an effort to establish the genuineness of the locale and the people. The story is half told before anything resembling a common plot is outlined, but though the pace is slow and the creation of a suspenseful interest noticeably delayed, your average audience will not grow restless under the strain because what they have seen they have believed and what they have believed has a solid dramatic foundation.

The secret of good picture-making, as the secret of good play-writing or good story-telling in any form, lies very largely in the building of the foundation, "Make them believe your first act," Edgar Selwyn once said to me. "and you can do practically what you will after that; but if they don’t believe the first act they will not believe any of it.” And Edgar has had considerable experience.

The Kantor family, which moves through “Humoresque,” is not a particularly interesting group of humans. They are, in fact, flatly stingly picturesque. But they represent a real family, and are permitted to relate naturally the experiences that befell them. Occasionally there is a heavy overlay of sentiment, but not often, and there are practically no cheaply stressed heroics.

A little Jewish boy hungry for a violin. His mother, who has prayed before the coming of each of her children that she should have the mother of a genius, is radly happy at this final evidence of the efficacy of prayer. Out of her meager savings she buys him an instrument—and fifteen years later he is a fine concert artist. Then comes the war. Though he is offered $100,000 for fifty concerts, he prefers to do his duty by Uncle Sam and avoid trouble with the draft board. True, the offer did not come until after he had enlisted, but we are willing to believe he would have gone anyway.

In France he is wounded and becomes convinced that he will never be able to play again. The little girl who had been his boyhood’s sweetheart in the Ghetto, now grown to womanhood, is ready and eager to marry him, but he will not “tie her to a cripple.” At which repulse she faints, and in his efforts to lift her he tears loose the binding adhesions of his wounded arm and straightway discovers that he can play again. What does he do? The “Humoresque,” of course, silly!

The point I’m making is not that this is a perfect sample of what may be done, but that it is a fine indication of the progress that is being made toward a proper appreciation of the better values of screen material. There are several exceptionally good character performances in this screen drama—noticeably those contributed by Vera Gordon and Dore Davidson. Bob Harron, you kindly plays the boy violinist, Gaston Glass the same lad grown to manhood. Though the capable and attractive Alma Rubens is featured as the hero’s sweetheart, you would never know it. The story belongs to the boy and his mother, and Alma is reduced to a few close-ups and a title or two.

THE DEVIL’S PASS-Key—Universal

Universal has a good picture in Eric Von Stroheim’s “The Devil’s Pass-Key,” which misses being a great picture by reason of that little matter of foundation building of which we were speaking. The idea is original and interesting and the pictorial background richly effective. “A playwright of moderate income” living like a prince in Paris, flocking with the haute monde, is trying to write and sell hightbrow dramas. The directors of the Comedie refuse his work, passing him the kindly word of advice that they are looking for is plays of real life, dramas of the street and of the people.

Meantime his extravagant and beautiful wife is running up bills at the shop of a wicked couturier. When she can’t pay, the shop lady suggests that she borrow the money from a certain rich gentleman. Madame, being innocent, agrees, meets the gentleman, who happens to be an American army officer, and though by appealing to his better self she retains her wifely virtue, she gets herself talked about.

The story is printed in a scandal sheet. The playwright husband sees it, recognizes the possibilities of the plot, writes a play around it and has it accepted and produced before he learns that he has written the story of his own wife’s escapade, a discovery he makes the night of the play’s sensational success. He is then intent upon shooting holes through the army officer, but is convinced finally that both he and the wife are innocent.

Receiving at her bath is one of the Parisian twits, Mae Busch, puts into “The Devil’s Pass-Key.” Maude George and others assist in making it one of the month’s best pictures.

Matt Moore is the victim of a harem-scram jumbling of complications in Marshall Neilan’s “Don’t Ever Marry,” in which one extravagant situation is piled upon another.
Here, as said, is a plot with a clever twist; a fine bit of ironic criticism of life in New York, London, Paris and points east and west. But the gifted Von Stroheim fails to convince me that these people of his are real; that they were living as he pictures them living in Paris and still pressed living out of funds as he suggests; that being so pressed the wife would have acted as she did, or that, having so acted, would have set all Paris aog. Paris does not become aog en masse over members of the American Colony. Pictorially, however, and constructively "The Devil's Pass-key" is easily one of the best-screen exhibits of the month, and is splendidly acted by Una Trevelyn, Clyde Fillmore and Sam De Grasse as the points of the triangle, and by Maude George and Mae Bush as attractive natives of the French capital.

THE TOLL GATE—Paramount-Artcraft

In the first reel of William S. Hart's "The Toll Gate," Black Deering, as brave a banzit as ever donned a mask, leads his gang into the cave that was their meeting place and says to them, in effect:

"Boys, we're through. The hounds of the law are yipping at our heels and we'd better beat it while the beating is good."

"Not on your life," replies a radical of the extreme left. "I know a job that's got to be done. One more trick, boys, and we'll split the $40,000 and quit."

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

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

PASSERSBY—Blackton-Pathe

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

(Continued on page 107)
What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

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

By MAY STANLEY

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

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

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

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

Here’s a signature with a wallop—James J. Corbett. The extremely wide upper loop of the capital ‘F’ shows that Mr. Corbett will get from the world what’s coming to him. In other words, it’s waste time to attempt to satisfy him with twenty-four cents worth of goods in exchange for a quarter. If your name begins with ‘C’ and you use a long loop like the one shown in Mr. Corbett’s writing it is a sure sign of a genial nature. There are three definite indications of firmness in this writing—the strong crossing of the ‘t’, the evenness of writing and the strong down strokes. The person who crosses his ‘t’s, as Mr. Corbett does, with an upward stroke, has very little vanity but a good deal of quiet self-assertion.

Reflect for a moment, stars of filmdom! If you had studied this art in off moments you might be able, by a glance at the signature on your contract, to tell just how well the director is going to live up to his pledges.

For example, take a look at D. W. Griffith’s writing.

The careful joining of all the letters in the signature is one of its chief characteristics, indicating logical judgment. It is the handwriting of an idealist with ambition dominant, as shown in the strong upward strokes of the letters, particularly the forceful ‘t’. This ending of the small ‘t’ shows what is called the “lightening” flourish, the straight, heavy stroke across the ‘t’. This is an unerring indication of superb activity of the brain in all its processes.

If your writing, like Mr. Griffith’s, abounds in angles rather than curves, it means that tact is not your specialty. Enthusiasm is present in your capitals, but your consecutive strokes show, and the general irregularity indicates sensibility to a degree that means “nerves.”

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

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

Here is a signature, for instance, that looks just like the writer. Marguerite Clark has the flowing hand that goes with an impressionable nature—one sensitive to outer influences. Energy and ambition—two wonderful assets, are shown by the angularity of the writing. The long, flying loop of the small i indicates a nature in which ideality dominates.

You'd know that William S. Hart wrote a hand like this, wouldn't you? A good, sane, firm, reliable signature. The strong crossing of the t and the firm down stroke are sure signs to the initiated of a resolute nature. There is a saying among those who study handwriting, "as the slope is so is the tenderness of the writer," which would show that Mr. Hart is a man of kindness. The slope, in modified form, also shows trustworthiness and sincerity.

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

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

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

Caruso gives a good specimen of the Italian handwriting. The heavy strokes and fantastic flourish with which the signature ends show vanity, self-esteem and a great love of admiration. The statements of such a writer are always positive. If your handwriting looks like Caruso's you are very fortunate and may probably learn by this time not to oppose your wishes.

The handwriting of John Barrymore is quite as typical of the writer as that of Caruso. The thin, fine and small-sized script always indicates great powers of concentration, combined with interest in others. Mr. Barrymore has a nature that is excitable and sensitive but not unkind.

Here is Wallace Reid, as an example of the perfect W. As

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

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

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

A good example of the connected letter is shown in Pauline Frederick's signature. The expert could tell at a glance that Miss Frederick's is the result of an order course clearly before acting. The long loops of the I and k show plenty of imagination.

Where the handwriting ascends with a decided slope toward the right hand corner of the paper an ambitious nature is indicated. Priscilla Dean's writing is a good example of this admirable trait.

Whenever you see such a careful joining of the small a as Mary MacLaren's writing shows you have a good example of concentration. The evenness of the writing and uniformity of letters in this signature are evidences of a calm and logical mind.

The person who procrastinates, who is going to do everything "tomorrow," but who never gets at it to-day, shows a person's handwriting to be detected by the crossing of the t falling to the left instead of the right of the letter. Irene Castle, evidently, has none of this fatal defect in her nature, for the crossing of her T is almost entirely on the right of the letter. The extreme curve with which her capital I shows shows that the writer believes in self-preservation.

Look at the right hand slope of Cecil de Mille's signature if you want to see the handwriting that indicates ambition in unusual degree. Mr. de Mille is impatient of delays of any kind, as the irregularity of his capitals bears witness.

A good specimen of the cautious nature is shown in Elliott Dexter's signature particularly by the straight dash after a word. The calm, well-balanced nature can be deduced from the roundness and smoothness of the writing, while the person whose mind is acute rather than restful writes an angular hand. In the specimens shown Mabel Normand gives a good example of the former, while Billie Burke's writing is an admirable illustration of the latter quality.
"They'll be here in fifteen minutes—and my nails aren't fit to be seen!"

The telephone bell rang.

"I'm so glad you are at home. We'll be right over," said a voice. "Good!" she cried. Then her eyes fell to her hands. Her heart sank. Such battered looking nails!

She knew, too, that no amount of magnificence and good grooming on formal occasions would efface the impression made by once appearing careless in an off-guard moment.

Have you ever been caught in such a predicament? Does the unexpected occasion always find your hands at their loveliest? Exquisitely cared for nails, that so unmistakably tell to the world their story of personal fastidiousness.

It is the simplest thing always to be sure of your nails! Just a matter of giving them the same regular attention that you do your hair and teeth.

Do not clip the cuticle. When you do so it is impossible to avoid cutting the sensitive living skin, too. The skin tries to heal these cruel little hurts and growing quickly, forms a thick, ragged cuticle. It gives to your nails that frowsy and unkempt look that makes you self-conscious every time people notice your hands.

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

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

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

The Cutex way keeps the cuticle smooth and unbroken—the nails in perfect condition. Make a habit of Cutex. Then you will never know the mortification of ragged hangnails and clumsy cuticle.

If you wish to keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure so often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

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

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you an Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard sets, but large enough for six complete manicures. Send for it today.

Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

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

Mail this coupon with two dimes today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

Name: ____________________________

Street: __________________________

City: ___________________ State: ________
SURE I like 'em wild!” The voice on the other side of the “set” at the Universal studio spoke positively, even enthusiastically.

“But Al,” came a worried murmur, “she bites. She'd chew your ear off in a minute if she could.”

“Not a chance!” responded the jovial Al. “I know all of Julia's moods. She's a bit temperamental, but she's alright when she isn't hungry.”

“The husky!” thought I of the wild “she” under discussion, and—“the fool” I added mentally of the invisible Al. I repressed a desire to recite aloud something about a rag, a bone, and a halter of hair for the moral effect it might have, and it's just as well that I did refrain, for at that instant, around the corner of the set, came a young man with brown eyes and the suspicion of a mustache, leading in tow—a full-grown lioness!

There was no convenient table to climb upon, or even a proper ladder to lend itself to my sudden desire to get thence from hence—quickly! And had there been such articles handy it is doubtful whether I could have taken advantage of them, for my pedal extremities had ceased to function, my face felt pallidly cold, and I think I made a funny noise or two, for the Daniel-like gentleman helped me to a chair, patted me on the back and told me that Julia wouldn't hurt a lady. He also gave me his card on which was engraved “Al Santell, Director.”

I couldn't help wondering if Julia knew I was a lady, for she seemed to regard me hungrily. But such seemed to be Mr. Santell's confidence in her altruistic motives that I gave her the benefit of the doubt, and conversed with the brown-eyed director as nonchalantly as was possible under the circumstances.

“You specialize in directing wild animals then?” I asked him, secretly hoping that Julia's luncheon had been ample.

“Well, not exactly,” he answered with a smile that showed a row of even white teeth. “I have been making animal comedies here at Universal for the last year—ever since I came back from the service, in fact. I didn't intend to take it up as a trade, but they discovered that I could manage the lions and also Joe Martin, the orang-outang, and ever since then they've kept me at it.”

He reached down to scratch Julia between her tawny ears, and drew his arm back sharply, swallowing a cuss word.

“My arm's still on the bum,” he apologized. “It hurts every time I make a sudden move.”

“Rheumatism?” I inquired sympathetically.

“No, Bob,” he replied laconically. Then in response to my bewildered expression, “Bob is one of our biggest lions. He chased me the other day and clawed my arm and leg. And you'd never guess what started it. His mate, 'Ethel,' died some time ago, and we had the skin stuffed. It was being used in a scene from 'Upper Three and Lower Four,' an animal-comedy melodrama, and Bob came into the barred enclosure where he was to work. Well, sir, he spotted that stuffed lion, and I give you my word he knew it was Ethel. He made a sort of a purring noise, and went over to it and rubbed his nose against the hide—then, just as if he thought I had something to do with his mate being in that lifeless condition, he turned on me and I was lucky to get out of the cage alive. Funny how temperament lions are.”

“Yes, isn't it—funny,” I observed, listening to my heart do a tail spin inside my thorax while Julia watched me with unblinking amber eyes.

“And wolves aren't the easiest things to work with either,” he went on quite calmly. “They are always watching for a chance to snap at you, and once in a while they'll attack you, but they are interesting beasts to direct, nevertheless.”

“Interesting!” I echoed in a far-away tone, but Wild-Animal Al plunged ahead with contagious enthusiasm.

“And Joe Martin!” he said with something of awe in his tone. “That monk is positively uncanny. He works just like a man—you tell him what to do and perhaps show him once.

(Continued on page 94)
Where lawns are green and ices are served, the cool frocks of midsummer gather. Fly-away, frilly organdies; saucy English prints that play at being quaint. Fine blouses of handkerchief linen and French voile. And always rows on rows of tiny tucks and soft ruffles of real lace.

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

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

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

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

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

To launder fine lingerie fabrics

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a lather in very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes. Press suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in sun.

For colors add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Dry in shade.
Crane Wilbur, because he prefers to use his brains to getting by with his good looks; because all the while he was matinee idolizing he was salting down his salary and preparing for a great attack on Broadway managers, because two years ago he quit working for some one else in pictures and rented a theater in Oakland, Cal., organized a stock company, wrote plays, made money, and took another theater, then sent a man to peddle his plays on Broadway, and had seven or eight of them accepted; because he did very creditable work in "The Ouija Board" (Ruth Hammond is with him in the picture) and in others of his plays, and because one time he appeared in a picture that our cook says made her want to be a good girl.

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

Harry Durant, because he is the father of two sons, and is prouder of them than anything else; because he has been a successful writer for years; because he was managing editor of the old Biograph and other companies, and now manages the play department for Famous Players; because he is getting ready to respond to the call of "Author, Author" on the opening nights of five separate and distinct New York stage plays next season.

Luther Reed, because he goes quietly and without any noise about doing the things he wants to do, and does them; because he Steve Brodie from a newspaper desk in New York to the prospects of a park bench in Los Angeles when he thought that he could write scenarios; and because in such things as "Mary's Ankle" and "Behind the Door," he proved he could; and because he always wanted to write a play and he did it, and now "Dear Me," which is having a run in Chicago, will appear soon in New York.
ROSES from France, orange flowers from Mediterranean shores, lavender from England, vetivert, ylang-ylang, geranium—26 of the world's loveliest fragrances—make up the sweet, haunting odor of Jonteel. Take home a box of Talc Jonteel today.

The Jonteel Beauty Requisites are sold exclusively by

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Odor Jonteel, 81 20 Odor Jonteel concentrate, 85
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LIKE ORANGES?

DRINK ORANGE-CRUSH

IRRESISTIBLY delicious! Pure as sunshine! Was drink ever as delightfully refreshing as Ward's Orange-Crush?

The secret lies in the supreme quality and matchless flavor—a combination of the delicate, fragrant oil pressed from nature's most favored fruit—golden oranges—purest sugar and citric acid, the natural acid found in all citrous fruits.

Ward's Lemon-Crush—the companion to Orange-Crush—is equally delicious.

In bottles or at fountains

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago
Laboratory: Los Angeles

Send for free booklet, "The Story of Orange-Crush"
An Unfinished Story

Death snaps the brilliant career of pretty Clarine Seymour

By BETTY SHANNON

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

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

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

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

After innumerable vicissitudes, she followed Billie Rhodes in Christie comedies. Mr. Griffith saw her in Los Angeles and when he needed someone to play with Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess and Robert Harron in “The Girl Who Stayed at Home” he took her on.

“True Heart Susie” and “Scarlet Days” followed. “The Idol Dancer,” most recent of these, was her first real featuring vehicle. She was at work in “Way Down East” when she died.
The Twelve Best Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S Second Letter Contest closes with surprising results—results perhaps disappointing to producers who have spent thousands of dollars on elaborate productions. For the common message contained in the many letters giving the writers' opinions of the twelve best photoplays they have seen is this:

The motion picture creating a lasting impression or accomplishing the most good is not the picture requiring the greatest number of reels or covering the most extensive range of subjects. Human interest, say PHOTOPLAY's readers, is what the public appreciates most, and when this vital chord is drowned in rambling themes introducing foreign notes, interest in the picture ebbs.

It might be discouraging to a producer who had spent a fortune on a picture like "Intolerance" to hear that the film most loved and appreciated was "The Miracle Man." This play got more votes than any other, although others had cost much more to produce. The picture that does not hit a responsive chord in the heart of its audience is not remembered.

One man writes: "That which we cannot take seriously we do not long remember. The picture must strike home. For, curiously enough, the only way to make some people forget themselves is to put their lives on the screen.''

"Simplicity is the keynote of a successful film. Complications in construction only confuse and amuse for the moment, but leave no definite impression. A simple appeal to Faith, Hope or Charity touches more responsive hearts and spreads more good in the world than all the films with '3,000 horses, 20,000 men, ten elephants,' etc. Difficult locations, expensive stars, scenarios dealing with plot and counter-plot are not the pictures that live in the memory. A homey 'Baddy Long Legs,' 'Hobber Romance' and 'Stella Maris' have brought a truth nearer hundreds of hearts than 'Broken Blossoms,' "Hearts of the World," and even "The Birth of a Nation.'"

In comedy the same taste seems to be universal. Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms" has spread more cheer and hearty enjoyment sprinkled with tears, than any Broadway comedy screened. The dominant note, sound ed high above those of praise for this picture, is that Chaplin has not tried it again. How can a man—and even a million-dollar comedian most be human—hear thousands of voices calling him to help them along the rocky path-way of life by his lovable humor, and still deny these millions of friends a little of his cheer, which they long for and appreciate so thoroughly?

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

The Pictures Make Her Believe Again

First Prize

The twelve photoplays I would place in the first rank are as follows:

"The Miracle Man"
There may be sermons in stones, but there is also a religion and a philosophy in this unusually human thesis.

"Cabiria"—One scene, Hannibal's horses crossing the Alps, visualized the past for me as the study of Latin for six years never did.

"The Birth of a Nation"—Every character in this great American epic lived the part in a way never to be forgotten; perhaps never to be equaled.

"Carmen"—Mermine's good old story made a dazzling tapestry of passion, revenge, and fatalism.

"Ramona"—"Once upon a time" used to thrill me, and
(Continued on page 84)
Those Pretty Teeth

No Cloudy Film-Coat on Them
This is How Millions Now Get Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

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

They fight film

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

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

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

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

The way to end it

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

Able authorities have proved its efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise it.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this new-day tooth paste, in all ways, complies with modern dental requirements.

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

Based on pepsin

The film is albuminous matter. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now found a harmless activating method. Now pepsin can be every day applied, and forced by the brush where the film goes.

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

The results are quick and apparent

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the white as the fixed film disappears.

Pepsodent needs no argument. You will see the results when you try it. And the book we send explains the reason for them.

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

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEP SODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 568, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Reclism

I THINK the pictures that live longest in our minds are the ones that depict our own everyday emotions—our joys and griefs—our virtues and failings. Who can help being vitally interested in one's self? We like to deduce—"Now, if I hadn't been harnessed to that desk, I, too, might have held up a whole town single handed," or, "If I wasn't wedded to this fireless cooker, I might have captivated Count de Busti myself." We all like to "plan" and "pretend" and the intensity of the screen millionaire's fight to corner the market is felt by the modest youth who tries to corner his boss for a five-dollar raise. Under the skin, always! And we want variety. There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that while we long to be a "Pollyanna" or a "Miracle Man" tonight we may favor "Sadie," "The Snare," and "Red Pete" tomorrow evening. Isn't that why the public is called fickle? Too many Falls of Babylon (to say nothing of the ruins inflicted upon us in jazzie road houses) make us welcome sweet pastoral scenes.

I agree with Photoplay's list of winners, substituting, for the four I missed seeing, "Eye for an Eye," "The Poppy Girl's Husband," "Broken Blossoms" and "The Woman in Case." I liked my first and second because they were dominated by the two great personalities of the screen. The third because of the touch of a master hand. The torturing of Lucy left me nauseous. Then, why see it? Because of the lasting effect, the aching desire to comfort all abused and neglected children; that was the real triumph of the picture. I believe. My fourth gave originality of plot, if I am any judge.

(Continued on page 90)
"Don’t Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

EAGER partners hover ’round the girl with a clear and dazzling skin. Don’t envy her. Use a complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette” and have a beautiful and alluring complexion yourself.

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), to soften the skin and hold the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. Do you know a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle?

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

Special Offer Half-Box Powder and Trial Talc Can

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

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.

Also Made in Canada

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

Send this coupon to above address, F.o.b. Cleveland, for half-box Pompeian Beauty Powder, 15c (incl. tax), or half-talc Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a fragrance talcum), 25c. Or 15c (incl. tax) for both packages.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Payne Ave., Cleveland, O.
Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!

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

But what is it that enchants these hours—keeps the familiar scenes forever bright? Music.

Music is the very soul of youth—of life. Can you imagine the "gang" without music—"It's Always Fair Weather," "The Gang's All Here" and the other old chestnuts, with mandolin or guitar—or both—whanging out the melodies and chords.

There's something about the music of the good old GIBSONS that just goes with the joyous ties of our school days; it makes hearts lighter, friendships more dear and love sweeter.

And the beauty of it is that anyone can own and play a GIBSON.

Gibson Instruments

have made the music dreams of thousands come true, for they bring self-performed music within the reach of everyone. GIBSONS are the ideal home and companion instruments, bringing pleasure, privileges and cultural and social advantages into the lives of the thousands of GIBSON owners. GIBSON instruments are easy to play and easy to pay for.

GIBSONS have played a part in hundreds of little romances—confidential human histories—about which we shall be glad to tell you. GIBSON book and free trial proposition also sent for the asking. Write for them today—become better acquainted with the GIBSON family.

Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Company

467 Parsons Street, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

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

"Around Our Studio"

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

The pleasure of the chase he gets,
And cares not for the space he gets.
He doesn't scan the papers, O!
For records of his capers, O!

In danger he's herculean;
His attitude is stoical;
Let others draw the salaries—
His pictures fill the galleries!
—Morrie Rykind

M. S., Blackshear, Ga.—Oh, well, I don't starve, exactly. Of course I might get a little higher pay, but I can't strike. I've been told so often I'm the one and only Answer Man, that I think I'd have a lonesome job of it. Olive Thomas' only husband is Jack Pickford. Neither was married before. The little girl in "The Flapper" with Ollie is her own little sister. Wallace Reid's wife is Dorothy Davenport.

Edith L., Conn.—As some sage has said, you may be able to make your own spiritual substitute, but will you be able to drink it? Madge Evans is with Prizma; whether she works regularly I couldn't tell you. Mattoe is growing up fast now. Next thing we know she'll be playing inances. Yes—Norma Talmadge is still Mrs. Joseph Schenck.

M. G., New York City.—So you are not one of those girls who are crazy to act. Well, it may be possible that you have talent. I can't give you the address of an interpretative dancing school, unless The Ruth St. Denis School in Hollywood would come under that heading. I know so very little about dancing of any kind, let alone that sort of thing performed by pseudo-Sennett maidens on a dewy lawn and aided by a garland of flowers, a photographer, and Grecian expressions. Eileen Percy is now a Fox star. Juanita Hansen is making serials for Pathe. Emma Dunn made "Old Lady 31" for Metro. Ann Murdock hasn't been seen on stage or screen for a long time.

Trenton, N. J.—You neglected to enclose the final page of your letter so I don't know what it is you want me to ask the Editor. However, I presume you want your information regardless. Pell Trenton has been on the stage since 1910. He began with Julia Marlowe, playing in Broadway productions and also in repertory with Sir Herbert Tree in London. He has played juvenile leads in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," "Seven Days," "Peg O’ My Heart," and others. He is a Metro star, where he supported Viola Dana in "The Willow Tree" and May Allison in "Fair and Warmer." Better write and ask him those personal questions. I haven't the heart.

J. M., Opelousas, La.—The persected heroine of that Vitagraph serial called "The Invisible Hand" is little blonde Pauline Curley. Antonio Moreno is the star. This same team is making another chapter thriller now. Moreno is to be starred in features soon.

L. G., San Antonio.—I regret to inform you that Francis X. Bushman is not in pictures any more; but his son, taking pity on our Bushmanless existence, came right in like the little man he is, and signed with Christie. Ralph is his name; he’s only nineteen and resembles his father. I don’t know if he wears a large amethyst ring, however. The younger Bushman is playing a juvenile lead in Mary Roberts Rinehart’s "The Empire Builders" for Goldwyn right now. You can get all the well-known players’ addresses from this department and look up the companies in the Studio Directory.
Questions and Answers (Continued)

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

Kathleen.—You want to know if Dick Barthelmess likes jazz music. I don't know, but he likes to dance. I'm not sure if he must approve of those St. Vitus tunes. I'll give you his address and you can write and ask him if he shimmies. He wouldn't hit a lady. Lila Lee with Lasky.

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

Blythe Jane, Red Oak, Iowa.—I don't think it's a tribute to my personal publicitude that I get so many letters from ladies. I admit my rare fascination, but decline to be complimented on my curly hair. Bette Davis and I are my fatal attraction. Cullen Landis has a wife and child. Don't vamp him, even on paper. Or I might say particularly: I always advise caution. We don't give personal addresses. I'm sorry, but I guess you'll live through it.

M. F. O., B. C.—This magazine is not holding a scenario contest nor is it concerned with writing. However, why don't you compete for the worth while prices we are offering for the best answers on various subjects? Watch Photoplay for announcements from time to time. Didn't you see "What the Motif Mean to Me?"? I know what they mean to me. They mean Eugene O'Brien's crooked smile and Dick Barthelmess' eyes; Mac Murray's—er—costumes and Mary Pickford's age and does Constance Talmadge answer her own mail? J udge Bill, Ottawa.—Morning, Judge. When I think of the many things I've told you but enough. You'll have to know where Mr. Sennett makes his comedies. In Hollywood, Cal. Marie Prevost is still with the Sennett company; her latest is "Down on the Farm." You may reach her. Louise Fazenda, Harriet Hammond and Phyllis Haver at the Sennett studios. You're welcome. I know just how you feel.

tell you how old that actress is because that's her business and I wouldn't mind it for anything. Bryant Washburn has two sons: Sonny (or Bryant Junior) and Dwight Ludlow. The latter is a comparatively recent release. Mrs. Washburn was Mabel Forrest. Lloyd Hughes is with Idea, Culver City.

Nurse, Cincinnati.—Can't understand why you have not been getting Alice Joyce and Clara Kimball Young pictures. Both have been working right along. Miss Young's late ones have been "The Eyes of Youth," "The Forbidden Woman," "For the Soul of Rafe," and "The Red Channel." The last two are in production now. Miss Joyce has been seen in "Sporting Duchess," "Dollars and the Woman," and "Prey." Miss Young is divorced from James Young. Alice Joyce is now Mrs. James Regan. Peggy Hyland has left Fox and gone abroad for an English producer, Samuelson. Anita Stewart's new ones are "The Fighting Shepherds" and "The Yellow Typhoon." It's your ex-husband fault if you never see these stars' latest releases. Klick!

E. S., Vancouver, B. C.—I'm afraid Irving Cummings won't pay much attention to a leap year proposal. You see, he happens to be married. His wife is Ruth Sinclair. There's an Irving Cum-nings, Junior.

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

Mrs. A., Limal, Manila.—Thanks for your very kind letter. I am glad to have such a loyal reader and think much of the usual interest in answering your questions. Tell me sometime about your theaters down there, what's the latest? Neither wins, now directing pictures in London, England, played Mildred Harris and "Husbands Only," the picture in which Lew Cody earned his reputation as a male vampire. I'll let you know when Mary Pickford's autobiography is published. None of the actresses you name divulges her birthdate.

E. E., Carlisle, Cal.—You're the original "bobbed" aren't you? Yours is the best question I have had to answer in a long time. Gloria Swanson has longer hair than Shirley Mason because Shirley's is bobbed.

(Continued on page 51)
RECENTLY I published the letter of a woman who had written me protesting against what she called my "unfairness" in setting up a standard for women which I did not seem to apply to men.

"Get after the men," she wrote. "They are the real offenders in these matters. Few women I know need to be told these facts about themselves; but most men I know certainly do."

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

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

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

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture — and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation
Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to control both perspiration moisture and odor.

Odorono was formulated by a physician who knew that perspiration, because of its peculiar qualities, is beyond the reach of ordinary methods of cleanliness — excessive moisture of the armpits is due to a local weakness. Odorono is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding — that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men. It really corrects the cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Make it a regular habit!
Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 513 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 3c, 6c, and $1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet: "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Address mail orders or request as follows: For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 81 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont. For France to The Agence Americaine, 38 Avenue de l’Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agence Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneva. For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2. For Mexico to H. E. Gerber & Co., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City. For U.S.A. to

The Odorono Company
513 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
The Twelve Best Motion Pictures
(Continued from page 64)

No one knows less of the West than I, and yet, I shout from the housetops, "Long live 'Scarlet Days'!" Maybe, that's part of the secret—we applaud a different environment from our own. Miss Cicely Courtneidge is today's Miss Scarlett O'Hara; Miss Mary Pickford is today's Miss Prude. Why, how often we skeptically read of the inimitable ambition of screen stars to be practical artists! We'll say it is quite true that most domestic scientists imagine they'd enjoy decorating the silverware. Boston, Mass.

119 Glenville Avenue.

Those That Live In Memory, Training To Better Things

THIRD PRIZE

THese twelve photoplays I consider meritorious. Certainly they have lived in my memory, training me to better living.

"Broken Blossoms"—Finally our craving for beauty has been satisfied. The enormous breadth of the Mandarian’s philosophy, the sublime comparison of his old-world civilization with our "modern" civilization, the lovely voice of the woman, the story, all—conspire to make us more sensitive, more alert to the emotional. Bright and breezy, yet fragrant with tender memories of our girlhood. World-weary Philistines need this sort of play.

"The Copperhead"—An ideal tribute of the American nation to its martyr-ideal, Lincoln, symbolized in the unservicing, dozed faith and love of the loyal Milt Shanks. A beautiful example of true Americanism.

"Shoulder Arms"—Comedy? Yes! Funny and original, pathetic and touching as only our beloved "Charlie" can be. Remember when the Christmas boxes arrive, Charlie, hurt, humiliated,retreating to the rat-trap for his bit of cheese! Not quite so funny, eh? The story? Immense! An American classic. Our humorous memento to the great war.

"Of Thee I Sing"—The song of the heart. An enrapturing melody running through all the plays. It deserves to live because it keeps youth in our hearts.

"Polyanna"—Refreshing. As sweet as an old-fashioned garden. A breath of lavender in a land of "smoke." It deserves to live because it keeps youth in our hearts.

"Barnesetta"—This play is the indomitable world-old cry for self-expression and advancement of woman. I quote a comment in the method. It, nevertheless, succeeds in breaking the shackles and putting the idea across. It talks for all women and its plea should be heard.

"Revelation"—We appreciate the awakening of a soul from its torpid clay. It stimulates a similar response in us, and, if we are the better for it, should it not live? When the Clouds Roll By"—Snappy, modern, and full of pep. The best sauce for dyspepsia. It should live if only for the T. B. M.

"Intolerance"—The injustices of the ages from the criticisms of the Pharisees through the cruelties rampant in France on St. Bartholomew's night, up to our hypocritical, notoriety-seeking, over-ambitious, sordid reforms, arousing one from a lethargy of smug self-satisfaction. A sumptuous feast of narrow-mindedness, be it of race or creed.

"Old Wives For New"—A woman whose husband is a success physically, mentally and materially, refuses to keep at peace with him. A sane refutation of the evil and justification of the good divorce may do.

PEORIA, ILL.

How Real Pictures Strike A Real Boy

THIRD PRIZE

My favorite motion pictures are these:

"Wings"—Jazz and love to laugh—I'm afraid I'm going to be a skinny guy.

"In Again Out Again"—I like to see Duz crawling up a wall like a lizard and the tough guy who had the note under his hair.

"St. Joan"—In St. Joan's garden, where the old circus horse ran away with Margaret Clark, Great. I'd like that to happen to me.

"The Spoilers"—Although I had a lamp put on my dressing-table, this play is the only boy—and the folks all said: "You can't tell me! You got licked—why look at your face?"

"The Birth of a Nation"—I sat on the edge of my chair for three moral hours and almost suffocated with excitement.

"Broken Blossoms"—It made me mad, too. I was afraid the other fellers would see me crying. I'd say she was pretty in her Chink clothes.

"Joan the Woman"—Great fight! And when Joan was hunting among the nobles to find the real kind girl at the piano played, "Oh, where, oh, where has my little dog gone?"

"Orange Blossoms"—Fatty made such a good bath-cook.

"Judith of Bethulia"—Great! It was grand when they pushed them all off the great wall.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"—Because they made up an honest Injun circus and Rebecca ate the pie the ants made.

"The Miracle Man"—Because maybe it will go away with "Hell, for a guy can have a better time being good—why not be good?"

"Cabiria"—A lot of history told in a dandy way—a dandy ole snake, too. And the big black bloke was some bloke.

(The Wagner Box 360, Salinas, Calif.)

The Casting Director—"(Around Our Studio)

He's very popular, is he.

With all the movie coterie.

In fact, he is more pop-u-lar.

Than any movie star.

They cast their bread—yet get my meaning—And he casts them—that is, for screening.

The time was the movies had no caste.

But that day, as you see, was last.

—Morrie Ryskind.
Questions and Answers

(Continued)

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

Comrade Castle, Placerville—I see you have imagination, that rare gift. Like "Anne of the Green Gables" I sometimes let mine run away with me—do you? Louise Huff is Mrs. Stillman now; she has a little daughter, Mary Louise. Jack and Mary Pickford are brother and sister; thought everyone knew that. Jack is married to Olive Thomas. See other answers for Blanche Sweet query.

A. P., California—There are two golden ages of mental man: the future, before he marries; the past, when he is married. So you see stars in Fricos. Just what stars do you mean? Bobby Harron; Griffith; Mildred Harris Chaplin, Hollywood, Cal. She has her own company; never has played with Charlie. Kathryn and Earl Williams are not related. Nigel Barrie with Clara Kimball Young in "The Better Wife."

Francis J. B., Manila—No, no—Kenneth Harlan is not married to Carmel Myers. Neither is married. Miss Myers last played on the stage in a musical comedy, "The Magic Melody." Write to her now at Universal City, Cal. She has signed a new film contract with them. Marie Walcamp will probably have returned from Japan by the time you read this; address her at Universal City. She is Mrs. Harland Tucker now.

R. Guvara, Manila, P. I.—We seem to be gathering them in. Yours is the fourteenth letter I have had from Manila this month. Most of them want answers by mail. Else Ferguson is now appearing on the stage in a play called "Sacred and Profane Love," which is built from a book by Arnold Bennett, "The Book of Carlotta." Miss Ferguson will continue her picture-making, for a while at least. She is Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke.

Jackie, Elmhurst—Of course you’re not noisy, Jackie. If you and a lot of others didn’t ask me questions, I might perform to turn the crank of a camera or flip cakes at Childs. Lottie Pickford has a husband—a Mr. Rupp, not in the profession. Carol Halloway did have a husband but dismissed him with the help of the court. William J. Shea died in November, 1918. He was fifty-six years old and was a victim of heart disease. I’ve answered faithfully all your questions. Come again.

E. B., Tasmania, Australia—You could safely have extended your letter over another six pages and not have heard any wails of protest from me. I enjoyed everything you said, and commend you, child, on your philosophical view of life in general and pictures in particular. Give my best to that big brother when you write. So you were surprised to find a minister sitting in the seat beside you in a cinema. Some of the staunchest upholders of the screen are wearers of clerical garb. Bill Hart, Hart Studio, Hollywood, California.

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

An invention which has revolutionized July

Think how many new delights Prof. Anderson gave summer when he invented Puffed Grains.

The milk dish now has Puffed Wheat floating in it—thin, flimsy, toasted bubbles of whole wheat.

Breakfast brings the choice of three Puffed Grains, each with its own fascinations.

Puffed Rice now adds to berries what crust adds to a shortcake. Or a nut-like garnish to ice cream. And between meals, hungry children get some Puffed Grain crispy and buttered.

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

But don’t treat them like mere tidbits

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

They are made by steam explosion. Every food cell is thus blasted so digestion is easy and complete. They are the best-cooked cereals in existence—the only cereals so ideally fitted to digest.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

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

Q. H. — You may be able to get a picture of the Great Dane, Sennett's Teddy, by writing the Sennett company on the Coast. He's a great dog, and the life of the party in "Down on the Farm," although I must admit that Pepper the cat also does her share. Stuart Holmes has the leading masculine role in a new serial, named "Trailing by Three," in which he co-stars with Miss Frankie Mann. It's released through Pathe, so address Mr. Holmes there.

HARVARD, LOS ANGELES — I can't send you pictures of Mary and the Gish girls, Harriet, but if you will write to them, in care of their respective companies, they will answer you. I think Mary Pickford has done other things just as good as "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Watch out for Mary whenever she's advertised; that's the best advice I can give you.

M. G. L. OAKLAND — You native daughters come in bunches. Billie Burke has just signed a new contract with Famous Players, or Paramount Artcraft, whereby she continues to make pictures for this organization for a long time to come. She is working in adaptations of well-known books and plays, "Away Goes Prudence" is a new Burke release. Mary Thurman plays Allan Dwan Productions now — she's the same Mary who used to adorn Mr. Sennett's comedies.

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

EMMA, PORTLAND — I hate to darken your days like this, but it is true: Conway is married. Mr. Tarble didn't consult me before taking this important step, so I couldn't do anything about it. Akele Rowland is his musical comedienne. Tarble is with Selznick at this writing, playing opposite Zeena Keete. Ralph Graves isn't married. Vivian Martin is.
Questions and Answers
(Continued)

JESSIE B., PORTLAND.—At last an original question. "Why," you say, "don't they change that picture of you at the head of your department? I don't like it!" Ah, but we often have to sacrifice beauty to a good likeness. Ashion Dearholt was with Universal. He is married.

C. T. S., PADUCAH.—Am I a good Answer Man? Well, there seems to be a difference of opinion as to what is a good Answer Man. If you ask me—Rod La Rocque had some experience in stock, legitimate, and vaudeville before going into pictures. He made his screen debut with Essanay, where he played small parts and characters and finally juvenile leads. Then he came East, went with Goldwyn opposite Mabel Normand in "The Venus Model" and Mac Marsh in "Money Mad" and others. La Rocque is a free-lance, appearing now in Burton King Wistarta Productions, where he will be featured and perhaps later starred. He lives with his mother and sister, on Long Island, and is not married. Born in Chicago. Nice chap, too. Is that all?

GRACE, HOLLYWOOD.—You're almost the first Hollywoodian who has ever written to me for information. Most of them out there in the land of studios and sunshine are fed up with flims and filmers. I haven't the correct measurements of all those stars. And I don't know just how I can get them. Can't you ask me something else? I'm sorry to fall down on this glorious opportunity of answering a real native daughter.

M. A. D., LAFAYETTE.—A particular pest is the woman who talks right through concerts. She's always keeping me awake. I can't give you Craig Kennedy's address. Craig Kennedy is only a figment of Arthur Reeve's very fertile scientific brain. He has been enacted on the screen by various gentlemen. Blanche Sweet is with Hampton-Pathe. Mary Miles Minter with Realart.

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

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

THEATER KNOWLEDGE, NEW ORLEANS.—According to our best records, Bert Lytell was born and educated in New York City. It often happens, you know, that young actors—or writer, or artist, or financier—has made a success in a certain town, said town claims him as a native son whether he first saw light of day there or not. This may be the Lytell case.

(Continued on page 126)
He Likes 'Em Wild

(Concluded from page 76)

and he gets the idea immediately. He's your friend for life if he likes you, but if he takes a dislike to you—watch your step!

"There was a night watchman at the menagerie for a while who always carried a bottle with him on his rounds, and now and then he'd give Joe a drink. But one night when he was three sheets in the wind he put red pepper in the whisky, and oh boy! Joe nearly went crazy trying to get at the man. Since then he's had it in for every man who has whiskers, because the watchman wore 'em, and some day if Joe isn't watched, some one with a growth of facial albino is going to get a painful jolt. But he never hurts a woman or a child. When we use babies in the animal comedies, they are absolutely safe with him."

Mr. Sallitt looked so young to be the scenario writer I had been told he was, that I could not keep from remarking upon the fact. He smiled, somewhat ruefully, and touched the misplaced eye-brow on his upper lip with a reverent fore-finger.

"I raised this to give the illusion of age," he said. "I've lost some mighty good directing jobs by looking too young to be sensible."

"Yes, it's true that I'm a veteran in the picture game, but you see I commenced when I was only a kid. I was studying in an architect's office and wrote a scenario for Harry Rivier, the Frenchman who made Gaumont pictures in Paris before a real industry was developed here in this country. He's the man who sold the studio leases to D. W. Griffith and Jesse Lasky."

"He liked the story, and took me on his staff at fifty dollars a week! Believe me, Rockefeller wasn't even in the suburbs of my class. I worked with him a year and did everything from developing films to writing continuity and hauling props. He taught me a trick or two, and broke me in to all the known phases of the game."

"Then I worked with Jimmie Youngdeer in the days when we doubled the cow-boys as Indians and settlers and had them chasing themselves through two reels of thrilling westerns. I was with Keystone for a while and directed Mack Sennett and Ray- mond Hitchcock in an old comedy called "My Valet."

"Then I directed Kolb and Dill, Ham- and Bud, Esy Tinchener, "Smiling Bill" Parsons, and after I got back from the war, I started in with Universal and the wild animals."

Julia yawned suddenly, displaying a cavernous gash and a terrifying array of snowy white teeth that came together with an ominous snap. I swallowed my Eve's apple and wondered if I were good enough to die, but the sound only served to swing Director Al's thought's back into the groove of four-footed conversation.

"So many people ask me how we get wild animals to do their stunts," he said. "In the last picture I directed ("Upper Third and Lower Fourth"), Bob, the big lion, charged through a locked door to get at the crooks in the room: It sounds more difficult than it really was. The first shot was from the hall, showing the door at such an angle that only the door frames were visible. Instead of panels there were thin slats of wood, which gave way readily when Bob charged into the room, we had a door with very thin panels, and Curly put the lion into a chute on the other side and sent him sliding down against the door so that it broke through in spite of itself."

"I want to make animal comedies that have a real theme, and in which the animals are introduced with a logical reason—not simply stuck in to do a few stunts regardless of the plot of the story."

Just then the noon whistle blew and Julia gave an eight-cylinder yawn and hooked her chair suggestively.

"I—I think she's hungry," I faltered, pre- tending to be humanitarian and everything. "I think it's cruel to keep animals waiting for the meals—don't you?" Al said he did, but when Julia rose in obedience to the tug at her leathern leash, it seemed to me that she regarded me with regretful speculation. The position she thought I'd make a good appetizer.

"You can come and talk to me while I feed her," Director Al invited cordially, but I declined with thanks. Maybe he does like 'em wild. I don't. I prefer my lions in cages or in taxidermists' shops.

Modern Magic

By AUDREY ALSFUGH CHASE

The magic of motion crystallized And hung through light Upon a silver sheet Reaches the world around In theme and in reaction.

It paints the moods of all hearts, Sad or gay or just enduring; It picks out the subtle shadings of soul, It sings the rite of running, The strength of stillness, The placidity of prayer.

It breathes the spring of youth, The glow of love, the pride of parents, The breeding of motherhood, The paths of ideals: It is the all-expressing, All of thought and being.

And its language is the all-language, Patient to all without other learning Than the interpretation of own experience; It speaks to people as they know its message.

It speaks of love and youth and joy and sor- row, Dimpled babyhood and carved old age. Of ideals lost and gained, hopes won or foiled.

As its visionaries realize them, It is in silence the ultimate solution of ex- pe- rience, Reaching all people with all things. The magic of motion crystallized And hung through light Upon a silver sheet— The Moving Picture.
The Grand Young Man of the Screen

(Continued from page 63)

"The film," says Fawcett, "is essentially modern, and up-and-going, just like the telephone, the subway, and the airplane. Imagine a mid-Victorian lady going to see a picture-show! Films are not nearly so romantic as the old-time legitimate; but films on the other hand are greater amusement devices and educators. It links all nations, the motion-picture screen. The only thing lacking is voice. This is made up for by the boundless scenic scope of the camera. The picture is still more physical than psychological; but the time is fast-coming when it will be as full of psychology as it is now of direct elemental action. We need not use our imaginations in the film-theater as in the spoken; but there is often-times more personality in one reel of film than in a four-act play. In time the films shall have weeded out those directors, those players, who can express only the easiest emotions and the most apparent ideas; and the masters who can put over psychology will be the monarchs of the screen."

He is a Virginian—a college man, from the university of his state. There are few film companies he has not acted with at one time or another in his career: the old New York Motion Picture Corporation once had him on its roster. He was a member of the cast of that fine old Selig drama, "The Crisis," and in "The Heart of Texas Ryan" for the same company. He played in "The Cinderella Man," Mae Marsh's best Goldwyn vehicle and George Loane Tucker's best effort before "The Miracle Man"; with Clara Kimball Young in "Shirley Kaye"; with Norma Talmadge in "The first Talmadge stellar drama, "Panthera." He has been with Griffith longer than with any other director, and his characterizations in "Hearts of the World"—as one of the French Monarchies—as Bobby Harron's father in "A Romance of Happy Valley," and as Dorothy Gish's dad in many photoplays, he has become one of the most beloved actors of the American screen. And while there is no doubt he will duplicate his personal success in the directorial field, it is hoped he will not give up acting entirely.

He's Seen It Now

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

Recently his company was at Vernon taking scenes. They dropped into the nearest restaurant. Chester Bennett, the restaurateur, was supercritical. He "panned" everything, the service, the food and all.

"I'd like to meet the owner," he demanded of the waiter. "I'd show him a few things about running a cafe. Where is he?"

"I don't know," said the waiter. "The place belongs to a guy named Chester Bennett in the motion picture business."

$76,000,000 U. S. Film Tax

Though admission taxes the motion picture industry is expected to yield to the United States government for the year of 1920 a total of $76,000,000. That is the figure given the House committee on ways and means by the estimate of officials of the bureau of internal revenue. This expectation is based on the actual collections for the first six months of the year, which amount to $34,528,664.

Dinner is Ready

Prepared by Van Camp's Scientific Cooks

Remember this ready-baked dinner in these hot summer days. Van Camp's Pork and Beans—the most delicious bean dish ever served.

As hearty as meat. Every bean mellow and whole—baked with a zestful sauce. Ready, hot or cold, when you want it.

A new-type dish

Baked beans of this sort come only from Van Camp's. Each lot of beans is analyzed. The water used is freed from minerals, so the skins will not be tough.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans

Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

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Also 17 other kinds. All prepared by countless culinary experts.

The prize Italian recipe prepared with supreme ingredients.

From high-bred cows in five rich dairy districts.
THE Squirrel Cage

by A. GNUTT

The perils of that valiant historic heroine, poor Pauline, had nothing on the brief but verisimilidous career of our own Sweet Alice Malone, only three months ago she made her bow to Photoplay's readers by stepping into the Squirrel Cage limrick contest and ooh! what trials and tribulations you contentants heaped upon her—simply because she screamed for some chocolate ice cream. That venimously innocent dish must have had

T H ESE overalls and bungalow aprons are all right, but where's the fat now in a sunday day?

"Y E S, "MyLady's Barrier" has a good supporting company.

"H E N R Y, I think you were absolutely wrong about that furniture.

"Yes, dear.

"And also about the shade of wallpaper we want."

"Certainly.

"Henry Jones! If you aren't going to be sociable I'm going to bed;"

LIFE.

A Y O U N G fellow who had not long been married usually confides his troubles to a friend whose matrimonial experience covers a period of twenty years.

One day the former remarked very despondently:

"I said something to my wife she didn't like and she hasn't spoken to me for two days."

"The eyes of the old married man brightened."

"Say, old top!" he exclaimed eagerly."

"Can you remember what it was you said?"

—Tit- Bits.

A R E C E N T examination in the public schools of Brooklyn, according to the New Screen Magazine, brings forth the following answers:

What is an impulse?

An impulse is what the doctor takes hold of to see if you are sick.

Name the vowels.

A, E, I, O, U, Y—no names.

What are the parts of a citizen?

The duties of a good citizen are not to spit on the sidewalk and to hold his banana peel till he meets the arborian.

Name the races of mankind.

Bicycle race, horse race, potato race, automobile race, and other kinds.

Who was Nero?

Nero was a Roman Emperor.

A song has been written about him called "Nero, My God to Thee."

S N A P P Y W I F F E: To be sick with you, if you were to die I should seriously miss you.

H A R A S S E D H U B B Y? I should warn about the troubles of a fellow I shall never know.

N O W what is to become of Mlle. Collinette, who, until the passage of the recent Amendment, was the professional wife taste of California? Mlle. Collinette took thousands of mouthfuls of wine a year, but never swallowed one. She might have lost her distinction if she had. (We've known persons to lose worse.) Mlle. Collinette never ate chocolates, rice puddings, pasta, raw onions, lemons, curry, or pineapple. She used no salt, did not drink tea or coffee, and lived on the leanest and most wholesome diet. She was rewarded in two ways, for not only did this preserve her wonderful taste, but it gave her a remarkable complexion.

I HAVE never met an old woman who was not interesting."—Arnold Bennett.

Wouldn't he date on our Congressmen?
Man alive—
Listen!

You can smoke Camels till the cows come home without tiring your taste!

Camels bring to you every joy you ever looked for in a cigarette! They are so new to your taste, so delightful in their mellow mildness and flavor, and so refreshing, you will marvel that so much enjoyment could be put into a cigarette!

Camels quality is as unusual as Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos which you will prefer to either kind of tobacco smoked straight! No matter how liberally you smoke, Camels never will tire your taste!

You will marvel at Camels smooth "body". And, your delight will also be keen when you realize Camels leave no unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste nor unpleasant cigaretty odor!

For your own personal proof, compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price.

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.  Winston-Salem, N. C.
PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL. YORK

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

In making one of her recent comedies at a fashionable resort Mrs. Sidney Drew encountered some real old dowagers of society sitting on the enclosed porch of a hotel knitting, lorgnetting, and generally maintaining their social standing. As Mrs. Drew described them they were perfect types and it would be utterly impossible for any actress to duplicate them. They were also badly needed to put just the right touch in a Drew picture.

Braving the icy temperature and the possible storms to follow, Mrs. Drew decided to ask the elderly social rulers to pose for her for a few minutes:
"Would you mind appearing in one of my pictures?" she asked.
Horror, indignation, frigidity, and astonishment were registered as six lorgnettes were raised.
"And, pray, who are you?" demanded one.
"Mrs. Sidney Drew." was the meek reply.
"Oh! They never throw pies in your pictures, do they?" exclaimed one of the grand dames. "Let's go in her picture, girls."
And they graciously entered the movies.

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

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

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

BILL DESMOND is the father of a baby girl. Mary Joanna is her name—christened for her mother, little blonde Mary McIvor.

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

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

It looks now as if Laurette Taylor, the original "Peg" of the successful Irish play "Peg O' My Heart," written by her husband J. Hartley Manners, may appear on the screen after her return from London, where she is now playing, and that she may appear in her husband's play. This in spite of the fact that Wanda Hawley several months since finished a production of "Peg O' My Heart" for the Famous Players-Lasky Company. It seems that Oliver Morosco, producer of the play and under contract to Mr. Manners to present it at least 75 times a year, sold the screen rights without Mr. Manners' consent, which the Supreme Court upholds Mr. Manners in claiming was without his right. The author also maintained that inasmuch as the play has been needlessly altered in its conversion into pictures the clause in his contract requiring his agreement to changes also has been violated. He has been granted a decree restraining the Famous Players-Lasky company from releasing their finished production, and refuses to take $125,000 for his permission. His apparent indifference to the $125,000 is explained by those who ought to know by the information that Miss Taylor herself may appear in a screen version of the play.
PLAYS AND PLAYERS
(Continued)

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

Sessue Hayakawa says he is leaving Haxorth to form the Hayakawa Company. Haworth says he isn’t. Meanwhile Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa—Tsuru Aoki—is on the high seas bound for Japan, where she will sojourn for some months.

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

Whenever Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink isn’t filling concert engagements, she is piloting her grandson and granddaughter around the studios. It’s a safe bet Madame enjoys it as much as they do; she’s the world’s champion picture-goer.

Robert Gordon Productions is a new one. Oil men are said to be interested, with the object of making another Charles Ray of young Robert. His late Blackton vehicles have given him an artistic black eye, which he hopes will heal if given proper attention. Certainly he made the most of his opportunity in Vitagraph’s “Dollars and the Woman.”

Bern Williams, a familiar dark figure in Ziegfeld’s Folies, has joined all those Ziegfeld beauties in an invasion of the cinema. He will be the star of a series of two-reel comedies to be made by Tarkington Baker, one of the ex-managers of Universal City. Booth Tarkington, a cousin of Baker, will write exclusive and original material for the new company. At least a dozen companies are announcing exclusive and original Booth Tarkington stories.

Olive Thomas and Jack Pickford are together again. Padre Selznick sent Olive west to make some pictures and Jack works there anyway, so a grand reunion was had by all. Jack presented Olive with a new car and Olive spent a full week’s salary on a new dog for Jack.
Plays and Players
(Continued)

EXHIBITORS in New Orleans enjoyed a flood of unwarranted prosperity when "The Miracle Man" came true. An old white-haired and bearded prophet, styling himself "Brother Isaiah," came and began healing by faith in the Southern city. More than thirty thousand visited him and heard him preach and pray. Entering his theater men looked return engagements of "The Miracle Man" and, in the choice patois of the trade, "cleaned up." By the way, in 24 weeks "The Miracle Man" has made $92,100 for its makers, exclusive of foreign rights.

WHAT became of that company that was to lift Conway Tearle, he of the magnificent eyebrows, into the stellar class? He has evidently discovered it is better to be a peer of leading men than a competitor for first honors, for he is doing opposite business again—this time with Zena Kieve.

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

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

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

A HOLDER of 100 shares of the $1,000 stock of the Lencraft Pictures Corporation, Raymond C. Tischhouser, has filed suit in the Supreme Court against the officers and directors of the corporation on the ground that because of their negligence in attending to the affairs of the corporation, the assets have been wasted.

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

CHARLES RAY has added Booth Tarkington's "Ramsay Milholland" to his long list of plays. No telling when he will get around to it. He has also bought the rights to four of James Whitcomb Riley's poems for his own boys Ray, who is to be peculiarly equipped to play—"The Old Swimming Hole," "Down to Old Aunt Mary's," "The Girl I Loved" and "Home Again."

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

A S we remarked above—with variations: Cupid or the drama is bound to get them. Myrtle Lind, one of the loveliest peaches in the world, has married in Los Angeles to F. A. Geisel. And—worst blow of all—she says she has retired from the screen.

Women say La-may stays or better than any other face powder.

UP TO the present time it has been almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on longer than it takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely and the first gust of wind or the first puff of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous, probably just when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has perfected a pure powder that really stays on; that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or rice powder to make it stay on.

This improved formula contains a medicinal powder doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations. This unusual powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Ame). Because La-may is so pure and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty-cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty-cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. Women who have tried all kinds of face powder say they can not buy a better powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful La-may talcum that sells for only thirty cents. Herbert Roystone, Dept. K, 16 East 18th St., New York.

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

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

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

One of Charlie Chaplin's most prized possessions is a remarkably fine portrait of Max Linder, the screen's first great comedian, which the famous Frenchman presented to him on his last visit to this country.

But even Charlie isn't quite sure about the inscription, which reads:

"To Charlie Chaplin
"The best comedian in the world,
"Max Linder."

MARGERITE CLARK is not considering a permanent retirement, according to latest advice. She is now resting in New Orleans, her husband's home—some day awaiting a visit from the stork. However that may be, she has several film offers under consideration, as her present contact has expired. She has never been with any other company than Famous Players, who have not seemed to appreciate her talents.

In order to furnish picture programs to Protestant churches and Sunday Schools, the International Church Film Corporation has been organized for the purpose of going into the business of producing and distributing pictures as well as equipping church buildings with projection machines. It plans to extend its services to 4,000 churches.

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

EBE DANIELS is the latest lucky little girl to be selected for stardom by Paramount, with Reclart as the brand-name. The Brunette baby who was a few months ago Harold Lloyd's foil, joins Wanda Hawley as a Zukor star in a short time. DeMille—Cecil—vouches for both young women; he was their artistic Columbus.
Plays and Players
(Continued)

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

KING VIDOR, the youthful director, is decidedly an expert on small town stuff, but he had a new one pulled on him the other day, when he was filming some scenes at Sawtell, a suburb of Los Angeles. An old lady, driving an antiquated buggy and a horse that might have been Noah's original companion in the Ark, passed and seemed such a good bit of character study that Vidor ran after her and asked her to drive back down the street for him.

"Can't," she said brusquely. "Got t'git home. My husband's sick."

The young director explained that it wouldn't take a minute and that it was for a moving picture, etc.

The old lady viewed him contemptuously for a while, then remarked, as she slapped Methuselah with the lines:

"All right, young feller, I'll do it. I've had three husbands, but I ain't never before had a chance to act in a movin' pitcher."

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

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

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

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

Mae Murray
One of the many beautiful stage and screen stars who use and highly recommend Maybell BEAUTY AIDS.

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An Ideal, Harmless Preparation for Darkening Eyelashes and Eyebrows

With the use of MAYBELLINE you can darken your eyelashes and make them appear much longer, thicker, and more luxuriant than they really are. It adds wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness for the eyebrows and lashes to be darker than the natural color of the hair. Its use will make your eyes appear much larger and will give to them that deep, soulful sparkling expression which so fascinates everyone. Each box of MAYBELLINE contains mirror and brush for applying. Very simple to use, merely moisten brush with water, rub over cake of MAYBELLINE and apply. One box will last for months. Two shades: Black and Brown.

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has long been recognized as the most beneficial preparation for nourishing and promoting the natural growth of the eyebrows and lashes. Stars of the stage, and screen, society beauties, and hundreds of thousands of women everywhere, use and recommend these greatest of all beauty aids—why not you? We guarantee you will be delighted, with these preparations, if not, the full price paid will be refunded.

Maybeline At Your Dealer's Price 75c
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When you use DeMiracle there is no muss, no fuss, no waste. Simply wet the hair, let it remain for 20 years, and it is gone. Use DeMiracle just once for removing hair from face, neck, arms, and legs. You will find it the most economical way of removing hair. No other depilatory is so safe, so economical, or so easy to use. Write for free book.

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At all toilet counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 60c, $1.00 or $2.00, which includes War Tax.

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(Concluded from page 102)

—a certain gem of a little star, very much beloved by those who know her, but a little too-gosh-darned respectable when it comes to her art, got into a little mix-up with her company recently. She was playing a frivolous young woman, and in one scene it was absolutely necessary that she raise her skirt to show her supposed shapely limb to the knee. The d. i. s., for one reason or another, objected. The director begged her to reconsider; said he had the whole point of the story depended upon her not doing it; and that he would not do the play without her. She wouldn't hear of it. It was taken to the men higher up; they came, at first pleased, then protested, finally argued. The star flatly refused to do the scene—or let anyone double for her. So, since she made it an issue and threatened to leave, the picture was shelved and her feelings soothed. Did anyone say we were getting away from the star system?

Frank Daze, a scenario writer by profession and a contributor to Photoplay Magazine, by inclination and inspiration, has, in collaboration with his father, Charles Daze, the veteran playwright, composed a comedy drama in which Thurston Hall will speak the leading lines. Daze recently won added laurels by marrying Agnes Christie Johnston, another scenario writer.

Each advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN was arrested for speeling the other day. No casualties reported in court.

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

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

ALICE BRADY has answered that letter from a justly indignant girl in June Photoplay, answering in turn Miss Brady’s supposed statement that any girl could dress on $5 a week. We can do no better than to quote Alice herself from an interview she gave in Chicago recently. She had her press-agent, as follows:

“Five dollars a week! Why, if I had to do it on five dollars a week I’d get out in the street with a gun and a whip and a wardrobe of a couple of fashionable corpses! I’d kill! Five dollars a week! I got a letter yesterday saying, ‘What about a poor fat lady who has to buy herself a pair of brassieres?’ It can’t be done on five a week. That’s the kind of publicity that makes anarchists of readers. . . . You couldn’t blame them if they burned all the picture houses and shot all the movie stars. I went into a store to buy some stockings the other day and the first pair the girl showed me were $25. They were made of chiffon! They’d last you from the dining-room to the elevator. The world’s gone mad, and extravagant women are helping to make it madder.

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

ROBERT WARWICK had slipped into a New York theater to see a new picture and coming out overheard two fashionably gowned women discussing the relative merits of the theaters in the town.

“Well of course they do have the best pictures at the Rivoli,” said one, “but you see much the nicest furs at the Capitol.”

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

HOW the times do change! Here is a story that Anthony Paul Kelly recently submitted a scenario for a big feature for Universal, at the modest price of $15,000. This set all the old timers to remembering the days when Anthony Paul was the highest priced scenario editor the Universal had at $100 a week. It is not told whether this latest scenario was accepted at that price.
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There is only one preparation known for the removal of superfluous hair that soothes and softens the skin—that is freely perfumed, and dissolves the hair instead of "burning" it off. That is Fresca Hair Remover.

No matter how thick or brawny the hair growth is, it melts away as if by magic when Fresca is applied.

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Please send me postage paid a bottle of Fresca Hair Remover—for which I enclose One Dollar.

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You can learn Modern Ballroom Dancing now in your own home—no matter where you live—by the wonderful Post-Script Mail Instruction Courses on Fox Trot, Waltz, One-Step and Two-Step included the last word in new Society dances—the Dardanella, Fox Trot, Bellefield One-Step, London Rocker Waltz and the Modern Two-Step.

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Play and Players

(Continued)

Kid McCoy, whose reputation as a movie actor is rapidly gaining ground, is almost as handy with his words as he is with his fists. Both of the following are credited to him.

"A fight fan, who met him at Jack Doyle's Tuesday night scrap in Los Angeles, asked him how he liked pictures.

"Well," said Kid McCoy nasally, "when I was a prizefighter I fought 156 lights and knocked my man out or got a decision in 152. Since I've been in pictures, I've fought 7 lights and got licked eight times—because once there was a retake."

The ex-ring star sold a nice new automobile to Tom McNamara, the cartoonist. He took him out for a little spin, to show him exactly how the car operated, and as they rounded the corner of Fifth and Broadway, in front of the Alexandria, McNamara held out his hand, to signify a right turn.

"For the love of Mike, don't do that," said McCoy earnestly. "A Ford'll run up your sleeve."

Bobby Harron, a new star, and Thomas Meighan, also a comparatively recent one, left Manhattan for California together—Meighan to make "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," from the novel by Leonard Merrick; Harron to visit his folks, whom he hasn't seen for quite a while.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran wanted to make live real comedies. They had a tough time persuading Universal to give them a chance to show what they could do. They were to make one; if that was good they could go the limit. The boys finished the first one. It made the home office howl and Carl Laemmle went right out and bought the musical comedy "La La Lucille" for them to play with.

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

While Mildred Harris Chaplin was enjoying a dance with the Prince of Wales at Coronado Beach, at a ball given in his Highness' honor during his brief return to America en route for Australia—Charlie Chaplin was enjoying a bout with Louis Mayer, Mrs. Chaplin's manager, in the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles. Chaplin—so the reported story in the newspapers goes—approached Mayer and asked him to remove his glasses. Mayer did so, and Charlie swore on him. But Mayer is twice as big as the comedian and he more than took advantage of it. Hotel detectives intervened. The fracas was supposed to be about the settlement to be made on Mrs. Chaplin in case the divorce proceeded, so Mayer said. Chaplin wouldn't talk.

Ann May, who is playing the lead with Charles Ray in his first production for First National, has been added to the list of "bobbed hair" leading ladies. It's all right with us, Ann, as long as you stay under 20 and don't tip the scales at more than 110. After that, it's out.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 72)

Stanley Omstead wrote the scenario, telling his story consistently.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—Pioneer

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

THE ROUND UP—Paramount-Artcraft

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

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

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

No corns exist with nurses—for they know

Nurses don't have corns. Nor do doctors or their wives.
They know Blue-jay and employ it. So do millions of others now.
It is time that everybody knew this simple, scientific way to end a corn.

Do this tonight
Apply liquid Blue-jay or a Blue-jay plaster. Either requires but a jiffy.
The pain will stop. Soon the entire corn will loosen and come out.

What that corn does, every corn will do. So this way means a life-long respite from the aches of corns.
Corns merely pared or padded rarely disappear. Harsh treatments often cause a soreness.
Blue-jay is gentle, scientific, sure. It is a creation of this world-famed laboratory.
It is the right way. It will be the universal way when all folks know it.
Buy Blue-jay from your druggist. Watch it on one corn.

Blue-jay Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products
Boncilla Beautifier
Prepared from Mme. Boncilla’s famous formula

CLEAR THE COMPLEXION
REMOVES BLACKHEADS
LIFTS OUT THE LINES
CLOSES ENLARGED PORES

Gives the skin a velvety softness and youthful texture.
You can now take these treatments yourself by a simple application of this wonderful preparation.
In a few minutes after applying you feel the soothing, lifting sensation that assures you of its work of youthful restoration. It lifts out the lines.
Boncilla Beautifier is more than a skin treatment. It acts on the muscles and tissues of the face, giving a firmness and youthfulness in place of any sagging of the skin or tissues of the face. It also removes the circulation of the blood in the face, giving the skin a renewed, fresh, clear, radiant glow of health.
You will note the improvement from the first treatment. Use twice a week until you get the face free from lines and other imperfections, then occasionally to keep it so.
You shall not be disappointed, for if it does not fully satisfy you, we return to you the full price paid, as per our guarantee with each jar.

If your dealer will not supply you promptly, send $1.50 covering price and Revenue Stamps.

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Send for this wonderful combination of wonderful face powder, toilet soap, and cold cream.

GIVEN

$20

UKULELE

Hawaiian Guitar, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Tenor Banjo or Banjo

Wonderful new system of beautiful notes made by Gaelic. To first delight your ears, we give a $25 worth Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Tenor Banjo, or Banjo, and a 100X150 New York dining room: everybody drinks too much wine and the ladies ride around the table astride the necks of the gentlemen. But once past its keynote the story is safely told. Louise Granville’s characterization of the reckless one is true and human, and the assistance she is given by the principals, who include William Conklin, Myrtle Stedman, Irving Cummings and Peggy Pearce, keeps the play well in key. W. W. Hodkinson, the original crusader for cleaner and better pictures, is distributing “Sex,” and boasting that it has “shocked the critics.” Which goes to prove that you never can tell about these movie geni. What’s a principle or two among stockholders?

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
THE WOMAN AND THE PUPPET
—Goldwyn

The story of "Carmen" will probably be rewritten several times for Geraldine Farrar before she quits the screen. The current version is called "The Woman and the Puppet," with the fiery prima donna swaying with hippy grace through a series of attractive Goldwyn sets. In this instance she is Concha Paez, a cigarette girl, and her lover is none other than Don Mateo, a dashing soldier with an eye for beauty. Because Concha will have nothing to do with him he determines to pursue her. First he tries to pay her back with gold, but being a moral young person she had much rather dance in a dive in Cadiz than so lower herself. Finally she permits Mateo to find her a house, and then locks the door on him. Toward the end of the story, however, she goes a bit too far and has her face roundly slapped for her audacity. The slapping was what she needed, for after that she was most tractable. She is a saucy vamp, is Geraldine, quite natural and maturely fascinating.

There is some danger of women of her type growing coarsely sensual as they slip along toward the middle years, but I'm sure she is too wise a lady to do that. Lou Tellegen was nicely suited to the role of the pursuing Mateo, and Mary Harlan helped a lot. The Spanish sets are particularly atmospheric and there is much beauty in the backgrounds.

THE COST—Paramount-Artcraft

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

DON'T EVER MARRY—Neilan—First National

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

(Continued)

last summer, to give them liberty, and take no
scare jumbling of complications that mean little to any- who concern. Matt Moore and Mary Gilbreath dashed hither and thither
among this kind of summer travel, for business or pleasure, on the pacif-
ical, luxurious D. & L. &Steamers.

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**A**

Suddard—United Artists

**GOOD old Teddy—most valid and pa-

tent of canines! Who can count the
dull comedies he has saved with one
wag of his tail, the babies he has rescued, the
damsel-in-distress he has divorced from
head to toe? Teddy is off for a little,
comes close to stealing all five reels of it.
He is aided by Pepper, queen of cats; one
mouse; Louise Fazenda—who is just as
attractive, any day, as the Director
will permit; Ben Turpin, and John
Henry, Jr., the clown of infants the
burlesque of all babies. There is Marie
Prevost, but unfortunately so much of her
as usual that Louise is the Edith
Drew. All the old tricks and new ones are
employed, so that there are many
chuckles but few laughs. It starts off
among the stunts; and you think things are
at last going to show 'em. But he can't—
doesn't—keep it up. Our idea after seeing
this is that Mack has a lot of stunts all
differently catalogued; but directors—for he is
only a supervisor now—are permitted to
select so many for two each—reeler, and
so many more for this five. There must
be some good ones left, but we should like
to see them.

**CHILDREN NOT WANTED**

Reproduced

The villain, in this case, is the landlord
who bars children and welcomes dogs.
"Children Not Wanted" relates the story of
a girl who finds her adopted child an
economic handicap. Those who heed
the lesson may learn the relationship of rent
and race suicide. The picture is plain, ordinary,
no more propaganda. Edith Day, a musical
comedy star, is a pleasing heroine—mild
and sweet, but somehow rather convincing
and sincere.

**DANGEROUS TO MEN**—Metro

A Pert little comedy with a pert little
actress. A grown-up girl, adopted by
a professor, passes herself off as a twelve-
year-old child, for some reason or other.
You know the answer to all these
questions, and what plots. Viola Dana, who
is "vamps" everyone in the cast. She has
the soul of Valeska Suratt in the body of a
class. While we hate to see all moral and
particularly some of the farce vamping didn't
seem to fit into this type of picture. You
ought to be able to take the children and
enjoy a story of this sort in peace and
comfort. Elton Sills, F. A. Hurd, all the
dignity and poise that Miss Dana lacks.

**THE MOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN**—Fox

"The Mother of his Children" is announced as a "drama of high

life in Paris." So this is Paris.

There is nothing very harmful and nothing
very strange about the picture. Gladys
Brockwell, as an emotional actress, is bound
to have stories of this sort. Miss Brockwell
is seen as an Oriental princess in love
with an American who marries her. The
wife obliges lies in time for the happy
ending. The Oriental atmosphere in the
picture reminds you of a fortunate-teller's parlor
and the Parisian atmosphere reminds you of
—well let us say the Fox studios.

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The Shadow Stage
(Continued)

THE BLOOD BARRIER—
Blackton-Pathe

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

BLACK SHADOWS—Fox

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

THE HEART OF A CHILD—Metro

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

DOLLARS AND THE WOMAN—Vitagraph

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

(Continued on page 116)
creeted Romero, the overseer, who stood on the porch with his sister Boca. In their exchange of greetings one could read the relations between the members of the trio—the dominance of the big, bull Elkins, the servility of the Mexican, Romero, and the obvious ownership of the weak and servile Boca.

"Well, Romero, our plans have come through—the old man wants to sell this ranch."

Romero smiled his satisfaction.

"And of course we are still fifty-fifty?"

There was a hard look with the half-query, half-command.

"Of course."

The party moved into the ranch house for a drink.

Driving a buckboard, with his baggage aboard, Jim Pierce entered the ranch yard gate. Romero and Elkins, coming out at Boca's call, greeted the visitor.

"I'm the new owner of the Twin Hills ranch," Jim explained.

Elkins interrupted with a snort.

"I hold an option on this here ranch and I intend to buy Bull Elkins and Jim exchanged the looks that spell trouble.

"Here's the bill of sale; I've got it. And that from Jim closed the argument.

Elkins looked at Romero and nodded with a meaning that their deal was off and the scheme to get the ranch for little or nothing folded. He also looked his hate for Jim, the instrument of their disappointment.

While Jim's effects were being unloaded and taken into the ranch house, Bull and Romero went into conference out in the yard.

"This tenderfoot won't last long, Romero. You stick to your job, and I'll see you in the morning."

In the ranch house Boca with her wiles was trying to make herself pleasant to Jim, who either ignored or did not understand the Mexican girl's advances.

Out alone on horseback, Jim made an inspection of his newly acquired property. Pulling up in a ranching acers with an eager eye. From his pocket he drew a flask, started to drink and stopped. As he looked over the big open landscape in the ray of the sun of the wind he drew a deep breath and then—with a decision made—threw the flask away. He had put that, like the city, behind him.

BACK at the ranch house Jim called the men together to make an announcement, an announcement of which he probably had not measured the meaning and daring, out there in that cattle country.

"As a cattle ranch this place has failed," Jim said, looking rapidly from one to another of the cattle hands. "And I intend to develop it along other lines. From now on this ranch will be devoted to sheep raising."

If Jim had tossed a stick of dynamite among them there would not have been so much consternation among the cowmen. Romero jumped to his feet, his eyes aflame with insult and hate.

"Please, senor, Romero knows cattle—I will not be foremost of a sheep ranch."

"All right, if you feel that way," Jim replied quietly.

Romero left with a flourish of bravado, followed by most of the ranch hands. Two remained to cast their lots with the new owner and his instrument in sheep raising.

The departing ranchmen, under the leadership of Romero, reported promptly to Bull Elkins at the Circle X. His decision was immediate.

"Every man of you ride to a different ranch and tell them this tenderfoot is going to turn the Twin Hills into a sheep ranch."

Boca, too, took her departure from the Twin Hills, with the declaration that she would not remain "to wait on sheep herders."

The cattlemen rallied at a meeting at Saso and Jim rode there to have it out and understood with them, one and for all. Elkins and Romero were there to "bah—bah—sheep" at him and incite the anger of the cowmen. Undaunted, Jim went into the hall and faced the cowmen and made his speech.

"As owner of Twin Hills, I feel justified in using it to the best advantage and after studying it I have decided it is to be a sheep ranch. I thank you for your attention."

Jim bowed, turned and walked out. A be passed through the door a shot reverberated in the hall and a bullet spattered into the door-jamb.

Jim wheeled and saw Elkins trying to conceal a smoking gun.

"I have your challenge, Elkins—and a man's back is generally considered a pretty big target."

Jim turned again and went quietly out. His flight had been won.

THE success of the Twin Hills at sheep raising vindicated Jim's decision in a few months. The rundown ranch began to assume an air of prosperity and cheer, with plenty of paint, a clean lawn and all in neatness.

Jim sat in the late afternoon light on his veranda, scannning a magazine idly and patting an affectionate dog on his knees. The magazine's pictures engaged his attention as he thumbed over the pages. Then he came to one that both interested and annoyed, a love scene from a play, the evening dress of "the folks back home."

"Sheep! The dog was up at attention. "You and the boys are pals to me, but this fellow needs something more—somebody else."

Sheep wagged his tail in assent and sat down again to survey the landscape.

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

A garden party was in progress at the Pierce home, with Mary and Lee Tyndal at a table together, chatting of the novelties of the day. Lee sighed as the conversation lapsed into a lull, and looked off away from the table with a manner that told her companions her thoughts were miles and miles away.

"Why so pensive, little one?" The girl wore a teasing smile. "Who is he?"

"Lee dropped back at them.

"But you can tease all you want to; I'd rather go ranching or farming than keep up this interminable teaching, teaching, teaching. I want to hammer a little language into the heads of my pupils."

Mary laughed out with a bantering suggestion.

"Let's write him. He will be able to help you locate."

And so the letter went off. At that minute "Old Washboard" Pierce sat in his study reading the latest letter from Jim.

"—As I have written before, the ranch is a success, but I'm lonesome. Have made up my mind to marry. I
Human Stuff
(Continued)

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

"Your devoted son,
"JAMES PIERCE, JR."

AND so it came that on the twentieth of June, Jim drove up to the depot at Sago, mildly expectant. And it happened that
just that morning Romero called for the mail for the Circle X. All of which gave the
nuance of fate, through the instrumentality of the postmaster, a chance to mix things up considerably. As Romero started out,
the postmaster called to him:

"Say, there’s some mail here for the Twin Hills. Will you take it out to them?"
Romero, with a crafty look in his eyes, agreed. Safely out of sight, he opened the
mail for the Twin Hills and discovered the letter from Mary telling of the coming of
Lee Tyndal, and her quest for a ranch. He rode away home to the Circle X, thinking
out a scheme as he rode.

When Jim went to the postoffice he found a
letter there. He didn’t open it. "Gone to dinner—back
at 2 P. M." Then the whistle of an ap-
proaching train drew him back to the sta-
tion.

Jim rubbed his eyes with amazement as
he saw a girl, unmistakably Lee Tyndal, alight
from the train with an array of bags.

His head awhirl with questions, he stepped
out to meet her.

"I never thought you would be the one
to come out here, Lee."

"Neither did I," she smiled. "But busi-
ess is business."

Jim looked at her sidewise and murmured
to himself in his amazement at her apparent
calm acceptance of what he admitted to
himself was a curious situation.

Jim led Lee to his backboard and to-
together they drove off through the hills to-
ward the Twin Hills ranch.

At the Circle X, a peculiar tete-a-tete was
in progress. With a jug of vine between
them, Boca and Bull Elkins sat at the

"My brother Romero ask me when you
and I marry, Bull—why don’t you marry
me like you promise?"

"Wait till we get this infernal sheep
herder out and get the Twin Hills ranch;
Bull was conciliatory even though refusing.
Romero rode into the yard and shortly
and he and Elkins had their heads together over
the intercepted letter to Jim Pierce. When
Boca joined the group Elkins handed the
letter over to her. When she had finished
he drew Boca and Romero close to him and
unfolded a plan aimed at the undoing of
Jim. It was the kind of a game that Boca
liked to play. She hurried away.

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

Jim looked at Lee and Lee looked at Jim.
His violent embarrassment was swiftly mis-
understood.

"I hope I am not intruding," Lee’s voice
was frigid. "Your little friend is very at-
tractive indeed."

"Er—yes—I mean no!" Jim was stum-
bbling over himself in a confusion that did
not improve the situation.

Boca chose this moment to step out of
the room and Jim Pierce was left alone
with Lee Tyndal whom he now knew was

In the sun of beach, or links, or tennis court, in
the whipping, dust-laden wind of the motor road
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the one girl who really counted. But she was back in an instant as Jim started to show Lee the way to the outhouse.

"I will show the lady," Boca spoke with a quiet assurance, taking charge of the situation before Jim could utter a word of protest in his perplexed state. He yielded and walked out on the porch. He wanted air, quick, to think.

Boca turned swiftly to Lee, with a well assumed injured, wistful air, speaking in her soft Mexican accent.

"So you have come—to take my place—no?"

Lee looked at the Mexican girl, wondering.

Out in the yard Jim was questioning the men as to why Boca was there. They knew no more than he.

Boca played her part well.

"You can no fool Boca—Senior Jim tell you have come to be his woman." Lee drew back, overwhelmed and indignant.

"Mr. Pierce has lied to you. I came here expecting his assistance in locating a homestead.

Boca's face lightened and she hastened to seize this little advantage.

"Please, if you come for ranch—my brother has nice place he will show you."

"Where does your brother live?"

Boca was voluble in reply, with many details and an ardently glowing description of the place that Romer had to concur. He concluded with a plea. "You will not tell Senior Jim of this? He will hurt poor Boca."

Jim and Lee met in the living room, entering at the same time. Lee emerged, and Jim turned to Boca.

"What are you doing here?"

"It is because I want you—for—for me."

A stormy scene followed with Boca pleading a suddenly born infatuation, begging for consideration, beseeching that Lee be sent away, begging, beseeching, crying. Jim fled to the porch to escape her evident hysteria. As he went out, the lane hit a back.

Lee was briskly on her way to the Circle X, following Boca's wordly directions in their recent conversation. Bull Elkins and Romero rode up, a young man approach and exchanged glances of understanding as Elkins stepped into the yard to greet her.

"I want to see Miss Boca's brother," Elkins smiled with as much politeness and cordiality as he could muster and, turning toward the house, called Romero.

Romero was zbd indeed to show the place the lady wished to see—it was indeed a great bargain, he assured her.

Lee and Jim mounted, rode up the trail together into the hills beyond the circle X. Craftily cying them, Bull Elkins waited a while, then mounted a horse and followed.

At his cabin in the hills Romero rode with rare Mexican formality toward Lee about the place, then led into the house. Lee was occupied with the arrangement of the interior. A lock snapped and she wheeled about to see Romero standing in the hallway. "Why do you do that? What are you locking the door for?"

A cruelly crafty smile spread over the Mexican's face as he leered at Lee. "It is not for ranch I bring you here—it is for me."

Lee shrieked as Romero sprang at her.

**BACK at the Twin Hills ranch Jim Pierce was growing increasingly uneasy as time passed and Lee did not appear. Determined to make his quest a hasty, belligerent, thrust started away from the house. Boca ran pealing after him. In disgust and alarm he threw him from her, this time with no gesture of patience. In a flash she became a raging fury. She picked herself up and glared at him.**

"Your sweetheart will pay—even now she is with my brother Romero."

With a swift rip she seized the Mexican girl and tightened his hands on her throat. "Where? Where? Tell me or I'll choke you to death."

At his cabin in the valley Boca gasped. Running for his horse at top speed, Jim mounted and galloped away, praying that he might not be too late.

With Elkins, riding trail on Romero, came upon the Mexican's cabin while the struggle with Lee was yet in progress. He dashed in, crashed through the door and sent Romero spinning, a bullet through him. Then he turned to the girl and pointed a chair to her tormenting captor. Elkins' manner was the depth of apology and alarm. "I am very sorry, Miss, that you have been treated this way."

Romero was in flight and Elkins still talking when Jim Pierce rode up, his horse a-foam with the terrific pace.

With little to say between them, both dashed on the day's developments, nearly understanding the other, Jim and Lee returned to the Twin Hills ranch house. There she spent a sleepless night, her be-wildered head for Jim growing hourly as she pondered on the story told her by Boca. When morning came she emerged from her room to find Jim waiting and the breakfast table laid for two.

Bye well-prefer to breakfast on the train—Mr. Pierce."

She was ready and determined. Jim did not even try to discuss anything.

"Hook up the team, boys, and load her trunks."

They reached Sago station in the nick of time to catch the train. Lee bustled aboard and Jim was hurrying the men with the trunks when they were up excitedly and engaged Jim's attention.

"There's a shipment here for you—been here three days waiting—and I wish you'd get it out of here quick; I'm tired of feeding and ordering the train stopped."

"Jim's dumbfounded gaze followed the sweep of the station agent's hand and took in a crate containing a mother coffee and a litter of pugs."

"An' here's a letter that come with 'em."

The agent pushed the note into Jim's hand. Jim read it in teviser haste.

"My dear son—What you need is a companion, not a wife. A dog is affectionate, obdurate and reliable, and is free in its friendship, uncritical and loving. Be kind to her and her offspring."

"Your devoted father, grandfather."

A great light began to break for Jim. The train was pulling out. He swung onto the hand rail and jumped aboard. At this moment two of his faithful sheep-herders rode up pell-mell. With Western swiftness of thought that broke no delays, they spurred up ahead and with a flying leap one of the men reached the engine cab, covering the engine with his gun and ordering the train stopped.

In a flash the other was aboard and running back through the coaches, seeking Jim.
Human Stuff
(Continued)

Pierce. Meanwhile Jim was clutching at Lee's seat, as she sat with face averted.

"Did my dad send you out here? Tell me that much!"

"No, certainly not—Mr. Pierce."

"Why did you come?"

"Perhaps your sister's letter did not explain?"

"My sister's letter?" Jim was befuddled entirely.

His sheep-herder burst into the car waving a bit of paper, shouting:

"Boca send this! Boca send this!"

Jim seized the paper and read it to Lee.

"Dear Girl from City:

"I am sending letter Senor Pierce never got. I told you lies. Forgive me. The reason is in my brother's grave."

"Boca."

Then Jim read Mary's letter about Lee's quest for a homestead. The situation was clearing rapidly.

"Well, Lee, my ranch is not exactly the kind of a place you had in mind perhaps—but maybe it would do!"

And so it came that the afternoon sun smiled down on the return journey of the Twin Hills buckboard, with the collie and her family in the crate behind and Lee and Jim sitting very close together on the front seat.

If you have to spend the summer in town you needn't forego the pleasure of wash dresses. We started wearing them on the street during the busy days of the war, and it is one of the wartime styles we are continuing. The sensible girl can dress quite as coolly and prettily for her office as the girl who spends the summer in play.

When there comes a rainy day in town there are stunning new coats of white rubber and little patent leather hats to wear with them; or if you like taffeta better, there are rubberized checked taffeta coats that are just the thing for rainy weather. You will also find that a leather coat is quite as much protection when it rains in town as it is for wear in the country. And for tramping on hot days, there have been some new suits devised—but I don't tell you about them until next month.

Playtime Clothes
(Continued from page 49)

outlined with the wool embroidery, that was also used to complete the short sleeves. The narrow belt was also finished with the embroidery. This frock cost $8.50 in the shop I am talking about, but if you have nimble fingers you can reproduce it at home for $8. And the coarse wool embroidery that is used so much this summer is easy to do and goes very quickly.

Gingham hats, soft, wide-brimmed affairs, are being made to match the wash dresses. Sometimes they are entirely of gingham, while others have a big pert bow of white organdie. You can be sure of being in style, however, if you make your hat to match any of your wash frocks.

Choice of the smart appearing, well-groomed and refined. You can make no mistake in selecting Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder, for your own toilet table.

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The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 111)

BELOW THE SURFACE
Ince-Paramount-Arcraft

The successor to "Behind the Door," the latest release of that heavy dramatic combination—screenwriter Luther Reed, director Irvin Willat, and actor Hobart Bosworth—is morbid and manifestly manufactured. It starts off with all the force of that first Ince epic of the sea—then showing a submarine-full of men enduring slow death by suffocation until Hobart Bosworth as the diver Martin Flint risks his life to save them. Then it degenerates into the old story of the scheming city chap and his fair partner, who bamboozle the young son of old Martin. Nearly every old trick is called out, dusted off, and taken out; but there is a real wallop in the wreck of the night boat to Boston, in which the city schemers meet a hideous fate. There are too many close-ups of Grace Darmond who, though pretty, is artificial. Bosworth is fine. But Ince seems to have erred in judgment in selecting Lloyd Hughes for prospective stardom; Hughes strides vacantly, but registers insincerity and a weak chin.

NURSE MARJORIE—Realart

We have never read the original of this Izrael Zanewill story, but it's safe to say the author of "The Wandering Jew" did not write it as the film people have turned it out. Here it is a light, very light comedy, which serves principally to show that there is no more beautiful camera subject than Mary Miles Minter. Nearly every one of her 

THE YELLOW TYPHOON—

Mayer-First National

A NITA STEWART is the double barred star of this picture of intrigue, gambling, stealing navy plans and everything else. She is portrayed by two girls together in 6,000 feet of film. When she wears a blonde wig and a leer, she is that unscrupulous lady whom the picture is nicknamed with, a heart cold like a diamond and so glittering that even the girl who doesn't wear a wig, is our good little heroine who does valuable work for the secret service. The two are sisters. There is nothing appealing about this picture because the star's acting is excellent. The picture is founded on a Harold McGrath serial in the Saturday Evening Post—and the incidents intended to thrill are too stereotyped to do their duty. Technically the picture is good. Edward Joske directed. The settings are gorgeous. Miss Stewart should not waste her charms on such melodrama.

PASSION'S PLAYGROUND—

First National

The title is an alias for old Monte Carlo. It is the most passionate thing about the picture, though the picture is a complete failure. The plot is a failure. The sharps pursue the heroine, a conventional English girl who knows nothing of life, yet manages to break the bank all right. As usual, an Italian nobleman falls in love with her—but to make the story different, he is not a fake prince, and he does not have to marry her to retrieve family fortunes. This big punch comes in one of these scenes, so

(Continued on page 112)
Let's Be Fashionable

(Continued from page 41)

But Henry's role of hero was short lived. He had not counted on two things—one that the owner of the trousers and the oil station would trace him to his home and demand his property, the other that Mrs. Hammond had driven the car home with her and would send Mr. Hammond over with it before breaking up.

"But Henry," Evelyn dissolved into big, round tears after the departure of the oil station gentleman and Mr. Hammond, in the custom of young wives who have caught their husbands deceiving from the path of truth for the first time, "but Henry—you told me—Oh Henry, how am I ever to believe you again? I don't want you to have anything to do with that woman again."

"Yes darling, yes darling," soothed Henry, contritely, magnificently acknowledging his fault—the first fault that had ever come to mar Evelyn's perfect faith in him—"I told you a bad, wicked, naughty lie. I will never, never do it again." And Henry meant it.

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

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

But she did take a drive several times—and once, when some friends from the city were out for the day, she invited her over to his home.

"I want to meet her. She's the sort of girl that shows you photographs of all her friends and relatives. Nice kid," he had said to his friends.

At Grey's house, she had learned that it was fashionable to have деканши вещей to drink sitting about. Grey gave her a bottle of Scotch to take home, and though it had been a rule in the Baxter Street Flat never, never to have a drop of liquor about the house, she very reluctantly emptied the whiskey into the decanter that had been given her for a wedding gift and then hid it away in the bottom of the unused cellar. Of course, in the first years of their married life he became suspicious. She had not been acting like herself recently. This "fashionable stuff" was getting on Henry's nerves. Where were the good old times when they had been content to spend their evenings at home getting their own dinners and then doing up the dishes afterwards? Gone, alas, gone. There was something mysterious about the place. He did not like it. But like a dutiful husband, he greeted Grey as cordially as he could under the circumstances, and went on into the house. Soon after, the millionaire bachelor was on his way.

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

She had planned a little surprise for Henry as a sort of sop to her conscience for that very afternoon. Why, oh why, had he come home on an earlier train? She had planned just how she was going to tell Henry all about her little surprise as they drove home from the station in the car: now she would have to think up a new way to approach the matter, and Henry probably would not be very agreeable about it, now that he had come home to find an idling young bachelor around the place.

"Henry, Henry dear"—Evelyn called as she entered the door. Henry did not answer. Evelyn passed through the living room toward the stairs, and from the tail end of her eye saw Henry in the dining room.

"Henry, darling," she said with spunkiness, coming toward him, "you'll never guess what I've done for you this afternoon."

"Promised this man Grey that we'll go riding with him or some such bosh, I suppose," grunted Henry.

"No!" Evelyn threw her arms about her husband's neck, and held up her lips for the accustomed kiss. "No Henry. I've make an engagement for you to play golf this afternoon at the country club with Betty Turner. You know what a crack she is and she told me that she'd just love to play golf with you some afternoon. She's coming over after while and you're to take her out in the car. Aren't you pleased?"

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

"Evelyn, you and I have got on pretty well up till now," Henry's tones were cool, "I'm perfectly willing to make a fool of myself over you when it's convenient for me to do so—but I draw the line at making a fool of myself over your friends—especially your plain friends. I prefer to make my own engagements for myself."

"But Henry—I told her you'd go," wept Evelyn.

"God!" snorted Henry. "This is enough to drive a man to drink."

With that Henry flung open the door to the cellararette, and splashed the decanter of hidden Scotch.

"Evelyn"—her husband's face set itself in a desperate line—"I don't know where this came from—some more of your worthless 'fashionability', I suppose, but I'm going to drink it all."

Henry went into the next room. But when the door was closed with a tearful sob, Evelyn knew that Henry was not drinking out of a sense of justice, but out of the sternest and purest revenge.
Your Hair Needs “Danderine”

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don’t let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful “Danderine” at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying “Danderine” to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

Let’s Be Fashionable

(Continued)

Evelyn on the other side found that his desire to drink extended to less than half a glass.

By the time Betty Turner arrived, the storm had swayed away, and both Evelyn and Henry were feeling more friendly toward each other. Evelyn had even begged to be permitted to telephone to Betty and call off the date—but Henry was an adamant martyr.

Any idea of martyrdom entirely disappeared from Henry’s mind, however, when Betty appeared on the scene. There were some girls who are just made for sport; clothes, and Betty was one. From the plain girl of the evening dress, she had blossomed forth into a person of unusual attractiveness—a sweater and broad-brimmed hat.

Evelyn was not so sure she had done just the right thing in making this important ment for Henry, after all, when she watched them down the steps, and overheard her husband, before they were out of earshot, remark: “By Jove, Miss Turner, you’re looking pretty today!”

But she did not have to eat her heart out in jealousy all by herself for long. In the course of the earlier conversation with Bruce Grey she had let fall the hint that her husband was to be very busy all the afternoon—and Grey, as she had anticipated, returned to offer his services as a merry man.

“Where would you like to go?” he asked.

“Let’s go to the links and see who’s playing,” nonchalantly.

But they might better—for Evelyn’s peace of mind that afternoon—have gone elsewhere. On arriving, Evelyn learned by indirect questioning that neither Henry nor Betty Turner had been seen about the course. In fact, Henry and his wife-chosen partner did not know if Henry did not come.

Grey invited Evelyn to dine with him, and she accepted. They sat on the veranda for a long time after dinner—but still no Henry or Betty Turner put in appearance.

“Come, let’s go for a spin,” Grey remarked suddenly, rising. “All right,” assented Evelyn gaily. She felt that she could not remain still another moment, that she could not scream if Henry did not come.

Bruce Grey chose the fate traveled of all the roads that lead from the Country Club to his home. The little kitten was president near losing her mittens.

In a particularly secluded spot in the road, he stopped his car, turned about, and placed his arms deliberately about Evelyn’s shoulders.

“You dear little girl,” he whispered to her. “You don’t know how I’ve wanted to kiss you all these—I’m going to kiss you now.”

But in Bruce Grey’s well laid plans there was one factor he had not counted on—that Baxter street conscience. Now it blazed up suddenly in Evelyn Landzorn and she triumphed on him.

“You wouldn’t dare!” she snapped. “You are going to take me home at once.”

“Oh, the kitten has claws,” said Grey tamely. “But remember, my dear, that in the world young women cannot play with fire and not be burned.”

He started the engine without murmur.

Grey left her at the little house with a curt “Good night!” and sped away. Evelyn let herself in to a dark, Henry-less bungalow, and dropped on the couch for a good, hard cry. But why should she cry, she argued with herself. Were they not living in Klumhurt-by-the-Way? Wasn’t Henry’s business successful? Were they not members of an exclusive country club?
they not on the way to being very fashionable?

But it was some time before she could check the tears. And as Henry's absence continued into the wee small hours, Evelyn's grievance changed to anger. It did not even occur to her to be frightened for his safety.

Suddenly she leaned for the dear security of Baxter Street—Baxter Street with its drab little homes, with its husbands and wives who loved each other and never paid any attention to any one else—unfashionable Baxter Street.

By the time light broke in the East, Evelyn had packed her suitcase and written a note to Henry, telling him she had gone away because she could not bear to think of the lies he would tell her. Then she went to the station to wait for a train, preferring to sit in the cold, unfriendly depot than in the little house that now had become abhorrent to her.

It was at least an hour after Evelyn slipped out of her home, that Henry—miserable, cold, bedraggled Henry—slipped in the door.

And who would not have been limp after a night stranded on an island in the river, with not even a match with which to light a bonfire, accompanied only by a silly girl who could see nothing in the situation except the threatened loss of reputation for herself that might arise from it? Couldn't she see that it wasn't his fault—that there was danger of disastrous consequences for him, as well as for herself?

It was perfectly simple to explain. Instead of going to the golf links, Henry and Miss Turner had gone canoeing over to the island in the lake. She had fetched a book along and for a while in the early afternoon they had sat under a tree and read aloud to each other.

When they decided to paddle back, they discovered that their canoe had drifted away, and they were unable to attract the attention of any one across the lake. In the early morning, the perverse current drifted back again.

But who was going to believe it? Who was going to believe it? Would Evelyn?" "Evelyn! Evelyn!" called Henry. "At least if she saw him in that condition she might feel compassion! But no answer came. As the silence became oppressive he ran upstairs.

Evelyn's bed was untouched. Henry found her note on the counterpane.

"I'm tired of trying to be fashionable, and of being nice to people I don't care for, and living beyond our means," it read. "I've gone back to Baxter Street for a little rest. I didn't wait for you to come none, because I couldn't stand to hear your lies. Don't try to hunt me up—I'll let you know when I want to see you."

"Evelyn!"

"Don't try to hunt her up?" Henry gritted his teeth. "Huh! Fat chance she has of getting away from me."

In a moment the Langdon flivver was kicking up the pebbles on the road to the station. The station master and the merchants who were down at the station looking after early morning shipments of supplies were astonished to see Henry Langdon bolt out of his car and onto the end of the train to the city, which was just pulling out of the station.

"These young married folks is funny," remarked the postmaster. "Reckon perhaps he was going back to mama—been sitting in the station for nigh onto two hours. But he'll bring her back."

And of course he did—they left the train at the next station, and were home in Elmhurst-by-the-Way in half an hour. The little Langdon flivver drove them quietly and sedately, as if it was a car that had suffered, and lived, and had taken on new dignity, down the main street to their bungalow.

"Oh Henry," Evelyn perched herself on the arm of Henry's chair, and laid her head tenderly against his precious hair. "Henry, let's not try to be fashionable any more. Let's only be happy."

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

Name “Bayer” identifies genuine Aspirin introduced in 1900.

Insist on an unbroken package of genuine “Bayer Tablets of Aspirin” marked with the “Bayer Cross.”

The “Bayer Cross” means you are getting genuine Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Also larger “Bayer” packages. Aspirin is the trademark of Bayer Manufacture of Monosaccharides of Salicylicacid.

Fashion says the use of DEL-A-TONE

is necessary so long as sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves are worn. It assists freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct fit! This is the only true “they all use Delatone” Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation prepared for the safe and complete removal of hair from face, neck or arms. 

Hairless, Hairless — Delatone

Miss Nobody — National

EYEBALL’S child is nobody’s child — no poor Billie Rhodes had a cruel time of it among the outlaws on Devil’s Island, where she drifts on a raft when a baby. When Billie grows up, the outlaw chief desires to have her for himself—but she slits away in a rowboat just in time to be rescued by a rich hero in a hydroplane. The villains are not all that is bad about the picture — so are the subtitles, so is Billie when she cries close to the lens. (Oh, why do they let them do it?) Otherwise she is cute. The story is compelling, even though the production lacks finesse. It would not do for children’s matinees.

The Veiled Marriage — Hallmark

The hero was intoxicated, and the heroine temporarily blind when this veiled marriage took place. He didn’t know what he was doing, and she thought she was saying in a fit of passion and folly, “I will!” It was all a part of the villain to get the hero’s fiancée for himself. That is some situation for you, I guess! All you need now to make the plot consistent is to have the girl, after her eye has been knocked out in her husband’s office, both unsuspicious of each, and have them fall in love. The scenario writer takes care of that. Anna Lehr and Ralph Kel'ard are as good as such a step. Will they let him be? They are not un-pictorial. The picture is just so...

KING SPRUCE — Hodkinson

SPUCE might have been king in the woods where this lumbering picture was taken, but Mitchell St. Michael proved it by thrashing everybody in sight that needed thrashing—which was pretty good for a man who up to that time had been known as a good teacher. Mr. St. Michael was called upon to furnish the big dramatic punch necessary to such a picture. Some of the best scenes are those showing the processes of lumbering. The subtitle brands out hero and villain. He would look more like one if he trimmed his hair before calling on Mignon Anderson, as the young lady of his heart. It might have been a big picture—but it isn’t.

The Miracle of Money — Pathe

This picture forces home the bitter truth that the time to have money is the time when most people don’t have it—when they’re young. The old maid sisters are left a fortune. They go in search of their youth, but besides being every bit as young as they’re not, they can’t make up for the years that are lost. Any man will tell you that what this production really needs is in a pretty young girl. It is a Hobart Henley production. Mr. Henley’s detail is good, but the ending is so conventional, as to be disappointing. Bes-Gearhard Morrison and Margaret Sneddy play the old sisters, and play them with nice quaintness.

The Gift Supreme — Republic

The scenario writers have been eating raw meat again. If you are a little tired of sleek, nice mannered and well-dressed society plays, go to see “The Gift Supreme” and believe that life is runs wild in some places. A story of the underworld, it tells of the efforts of a fighting young man to down the seven devils of a corrupt city. Bernard Durning, a likeable personality, while through the action. Scene Owen, who reminds us of Grieg’s music, is his leading woman. As for the rest of the cast, how is this line capable combination: Jon Chalmers, Tully Hart, Vivian MacDowell and Eugenie Besserer.

Would You Forgive? — Fox

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

Lifting Shadows — Pathe

EMMY WEILHEN is completely surrounded by bolshevivism and melodrama. In a fitting and free spirit she still rises above it. It is all a part of the villain to get the hero’s fiancée for himself. That is some situation for you, I guess! All you need now to make the plot consistent is to have the girl, after her eye has been knocked out in her husband’s office, both unsuspicious of each, and have them fall in love. The scenario writer takes care of that. Anna Lehr and Ralph Kel’ard are as good as such a step. Will they let him be? They are not un-pictorial. The picture is just so...

Phoeto Play Magazine — Advertising Section

Each advertisement in PHOTOPHAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

GIFTS THAT LAST

June is here, season of bridge and happiness — of wedding gifts. Let your gift be jewelery, bright as a bride’s dreams, symbolizing in eternal radiance, happiness that endures. Season, too, of graduation when in the lives of boys and girls new vistas dawn. Wish them joy of the future with gifts as lasting as your love.

Authors of the National Jewelry Publishers Association

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WATCHES · CLOCKS · SILVERWARE

The Sheffield Pharmacal Co., Dept. I-V, 533 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Making Over Martha

(Continued from page 29)

"Come to!" And in the morning—

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

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

She has the uncanny perspective on things theatrical, the freedom from pose, the quick wit and appreciation of good things that seem to come to girls who spend their hours in the theater, displaying their pulsitudes in Lucille gowns, the whir whose bright eyes are incessantly roaming the audiences, their names unconsciously mirroring the many types, their wits continually sharpening to satire as their critical sense is offended. Martha Mansfield is a show-girl ne plus ultra—in the most flattering sense of the term. Beauty means so little to her that she would sacrifice it without a murmur to don the habiliments of humble drama. She has done it, in fact. But in "Civillian Clothes," her latest and largest picture, she plays the role which Olive Tell created in the legitimate, opposite Thomas Meighan, who has Thurston Hall's original part. And she is neither the ingenue nor the tragic Little Eva, but a worldly young woman with brains. Martha, be it said to her credit, can play a part like this very naturally.

This girl who so many people say looks like a beautiful tiger, with her tawny hair and subtle eyes, began life as Martha Ehrlich, and she has always been boosted for her beauty. She took her stage name from her home town, Mansfield, Ohio. She was chosen for Charles Dillingham's show because she was beautiful. She was Max Linder's leading woman in his Essanay comedies because she was beautiful. She played the part of "The Spoiled Girl" in the James Montgomery Flagg film series of "Girls You Know" because M. F. personally picked her—for her beauty. But in all this time, few people gave her credit for having anything but beauty; anything but a vacuum in that well-poised head of hers.

She's given up the Fields for good. To anyone who has been a Manhattan favorite, that means something. She is spending all her working time in the studios. She will continue to do so until, someday, an enterprising theatrical producer comes along and gives her the right kind of part in the right kind of Broadway play. She wants more than anything to be a speaking actress. She says she's an "easy-so-lucky" sort of person; that she was really scared to death to play with John Barrymore, but finally found that he is not at all formidable except in his Mr. Hyde make-up; that she hopes someday to pose for enough pictures to last for a few months and then take a rest so far away from a photographer's studio that the prying eye of the camera never will find her; and that several years ago she had the ungrace role in the A. H. Woods failure from which was adapted that screen successes, "On With the Dance."
Movies is Movies
(Continued from page 57)

to sit in an aisle seat and look at the screen and see the actors—dear folk!—try
ing to give every ounce of acting they have in them and ten ounces more. Because the
actor—homely, dull—is paid fifty thousand dollars a year, or twenty thousand, he
or she feels duty bound to put sixty thousand or thirty thousand dollars worth of acting
into each one of them. But the method, as far as I know, is usually to get over
souled-gone-every-minute acting spoils most novels that are screened.

Because motion pictures are not drama at all—and they are not melodrama, or
the speaking drama is not all rip-snort acting; not the drama that keeps on the boards
week after week. Far more is this true of motion picture pictures.

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

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

A good serial story in the Saturday Evening Post has, tell me, what illustration
these illustrations are. Each illustration tells a small part of the story, and we all like the stories we
read to have illustrations, because they help us understand the characters, locations and
events of the story.

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

The result would be the story the author wrote, but done in pictures.

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

When an author writes a novel he knows
what and why he has written. When the public likes that novel it likes it for reason-
that are in the novel itself. The novel is "good" because of the characters in it, the
plot the author has written, the eternal motives which are
chosen, and the way the characters work out
the plot in that locale.

Isn't it, then, almost[illegible] murder[illegible] all changes of all. And when the producer
decides to make a "drama" of what is only a story, and when the scenario-man whan-
doodles the plot, and when the continuity man turns the whole thing back end for-
ward and t'other end to, and when, finally,
the actors spit on their hands and romp all
over the place like old-style one-night stand
"harms" and crimine before the close-up camera like sick apes.

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

The producer who will succeed best, from
now on, is the man who will set his ideal
very high indeed as there is celluloid
with which to make films, but in my opinion the
day when producers will try to turn every novel into a "drama," in poor imitation of
the speaking stage melodrama method, is
nearly past.

The producer who will succeed best, from
now on, is the man who will set his ideal
very high indeed as there is celluloid

Force of Habit

THE whole city block was on fire. From the street rose great streams of water,
while on the roofs, firemen, gallantly fighting, were forced slowly backward by the
terrific heat. Still other firemen were scaling tottering ladders in heroic attempts
to save the threatened women and children, some of whom, panic stricken, were
leaping to certain death on the pavement below. Again and again a heavy wall crashed
down.

Police were engaged in a revolver battle with a gang of desperate criminals attempt-
ning to loot the goods rescued from a burning jewelry establishment.

Byron Banks, movie director, could restrain himself no longer. Slipping through
the police lines, he leaped, flourishing his bare arms, to the top of a ladder truck.

His voice rose above the shouts of the multitudes.

"Give me action!" he bellowed. "Give me action!"

LIONEL STRONGFORT

PHYSICAL AND HEALTH SPECIALIST
1292 STRONGFORT INSTITUTE
NEWARK, N. J.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 120)
Julia Swayne Gordon again give us a picture of everything a gentleman and lady should not be. Wyndham Standing is again a pattern of righteousness.

TERROR ISLAND—
Paramount-Arclraft

HOW “Terror Island” missed becoming a serial, we do not know. At the high moment of every thrill we expected to see the sign “See the next episode at this theater on Saturday night!” flashed upon the screen. Just as a stunt picture is it an ideal cure for boredom. Houdini beats them all as a thrill master. With his ability, he could get out of the income tax.

The most original stunts in the picture are the ones enacted under water. James Cruze, who directed, and his cameraman must have learned some of Houdini’s wizardry. After the healthy excitement of being thrilled and mystified by the tricks you forgive them a lot of its feeble comedies and half-hearted dramas. “Terror Island” is an ideal picture for boys and for girls who wish they were boys.

Lila Lee, the dark-eyed and the placid, is the heroine of the story.

TRIPLE ASSETS

FAMOUS Players-Lasky Corp. has issued its annual report for the year ended Dec. 31, 1919, which contains for the first time a consolidated statement including the various subsidiary companies in which Famous Players-Lasky has an interest of 90 per cent. or more. There are other subsidiaries in which it has substantial interests, earnings from which were not included in the report, Wild’s Daily announces.

Net earnings for the common stock after allowing $1,000,000 for taxes and the proportion of earnings due to the new preferred were $3,066,310, equal to $15.36 a share on the 199,675 shares of common stock. In the report $66,665 is set aside from earnings as the amount accruing to the $10,000,000 preferred stock for the 30 days in which it was outstanding in 1919.

The consolidated income account follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Income Items</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gross income</td>
<td>$27,165,320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Operating expenses</td>
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<td>Federal Inc. &amp; Excess Prof. Taxes</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earnings Accruing to Pfd.</td>
<td>66,665</td>
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Net Profits for Year | $3,066,310 |

The statement indicates an increase of about 30 per cent. in gross income compared with the $18,000,500 reported for the year ended December 31, 1918. Tangible assets at the end of 1919 amounted to $17,618,517 against $10,886,759 at the close of 1918. This increase is accounted for by the sale of the $10,000,000 new preferred and the expansion in various lines of the motion picture industry.

Net current assets at the close of 1919 amounted to $23,890,558, which includes $769,525 of Liberty bonds carried as investments. Current liabilities amounted to $204,901, leaving working capital of $15,375,057.

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Broadway's Royal Family
(Continued from page 33)

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

He is the most Bohemian, the most nervous, the most temperamental of the trio. While his wife at the moment is the star of domesticity at Mamaroneck and Lionel and his wife of the sleek dark head seek seclusion at Hempstead on Long Island, the one time baby Barrymore be willing to leave it all in his sister's room. That was when Evelyn Nesbit was sixteen and his model. He rejoiced in the recollection of those days of Ethel's treasurer ship of the family. Often he and Lionel were forbidden to play the piano because an ancient above stairs in the house across the street from The Lamb's objected to "that noise." He lifts his eyes to Heaven and thanks Destiny that his prayers that he might become really an artist were answered.

He met Arthur Brisbane at the opera last year. He grew into the aggressive editor. He wrung his hand.

"You hired and fired me. I thank you for the last. He looked at me. "You have done more for me than any other living man. When you fired me you forced me on the stage."

He is the matron idol of three generations. Mada, the sister and her grandmother had written him confidential missives. A grand mother wrote to her granddaughter in Europe: I saw him today. He is so handsome that you can help loving him." Thus promoting a match that at that period was languishing, a dissenting father being the chief deterrent.

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

TO John is accredited the story of panic wrought in the home of his clergyman grand sire in England. Maurice Barrymore was a clergyman's son. The family name, a distinguished one, is Blythe. The Blythe family surname is a word which implies parental mental colic when its acrom on the stage. There were prayers for the wandering sheep. The prayers lessened in volume and intensity as Maurice Barrymore's manly beauty and brilliant acting won fame for him in the country the Blythe still regarded as "one of our colonies."

But, he is with less pain adjusting themselves to the order of having an actor in the family when it received a second shock. Their actor had married the married daughter of stage blood in America, the honored Drew family. But there was no denying the fact that she was a nine. More prayers. More adjustments. More of the aid of time to tempering the wind of circumstance to the uncustomed.

It was twelve years before Maurice Barrymore brought his wife and their children to visit where it was only eighteen years since Lionel Drew's wit and charm and the appeal of childhood warmed the fearful hearts of the Blythes. All was going well. The goose was cooked. When Gary was named after the girl. The two elder Blythes sat happily upon the family board. The door was pushed open. A head, small and dark and shapely, was thrust in. A small voice demanded: "Mother, where in hell did you put my suspenders?"

The Blythes clapped their hands and looked upward. George Drew Barrymore lookedsearching at her husband. Said Maurice Barrymore:

"My dear, I told you that if you allowed the children to roam the servants' quarters their sibition would suffer."

WHEN John Barrymore, then "Jack," played his first leading role in 1898, when he was only 14, he knew the family best said: "Jack is playing a straight part."

"Toodles" in the French farce was about to be married but was too wedded to his heart to yield it for the ceremony. The "old uns" in the audience recalled that Maurice Barrymore once appeared clad in his pajamas and a great coat and an air of apology at appearing so. He said with his impressive urbanity, "But I over-slept and I could not cause you to wait while I dressed."

All the Barrymores are taking vocal lessons, but the lessons are intermittent. Lionel sings well and doesn't want to forget the art. John wants to strengthen his speaking voice. Ethel is a little less of a mezzo soprano voice. She appears at her teacher's apartment a radiant vision after an evening performance. He can't look at a combination for tomorrow, she says with her radiant smile. "But you will give me a lesson, won't you? Ah! Thank you. Shall we begin at once?"

She has enjoyed this lesson tremendously. We shall go right on. I shall be in the morning. Ten? Very well."

"One or two or three months roll by and the studio sees her no more. Until another impulse grips her and circumstances permit a lesson."

She is that what marries is left an actress who 9200 and week, who "does pictures" and who has three fast growing children.

The oldest child, Sammy, has grown out of his knickerbockers Virginia, the only daughter, has much of her mother's beauty. When Virginia was sent to the hospital ill and the doctors pronounced her a victim of diabetes, her mother wrote to the hospital with her and stayed there until the quarantined and both were permitted to return home. In vain physicians warned of death while Barrymore's mother was married and regarded as her own mother. The youngest of the trio, still called the "baby," is small John Drew. She would have amazed those who knew her to her relation to "Uncle Jack" had not Ethel Barrymore named one of her little ones in his honor.

She is the only one of this generation of Barrymores who is a parent. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore had two sons, both of whom died.

John Barrymore's brief marriage was childless. He and Mrs. Maurice Barrymore son of Sidney Harris, with whom seemed the hearty cooperation of her mother and grandmother. His grandmother's letter was quoted: "I don't know how you can resist him. He is so handsome."

Sidney Harris didn't want an actor in the family. He opposed the marriage. It went forward without him. Kathleen Barrymore was his first child. She married J. Barron Drew. She appeared with her husband in "Kick In."

The marriage was short lived. She obtained a divorce in the West. Directly after the divorce she went to Mexico and became an actress. She appeared in a small part in a production of "The Empire Theater."

It was significant of the brooding care Ethel Barrymore gives to her family, near and remote, that she was present at the wedding in that stage in that post-divorce season under the borrowed family name, Katharine Blythe, when Sidney Drew's screen
Broadway's Royal Family

(Concluded)

...comedies were tried out at the Criterion Theater, Ethel Barrymore noticed them delightfully from a box.

I have said John Barrymore is the most nervous and temperamental of the trio. Witness his frequent placing of hands on his face. Witness, too, his tearing to pieces of a set of photographs that displeased him, to prevent the further distribution of them by the press department. Yet while off-keyed at concert pitch, he has an essentially practical outlook, a piercing sincerity.

"There's a lot of guff spoken and written about acting," he has asserted, "It's just one way for a man to earn a living." When he and his older brother appear in "Othello" we may expect as strong a family combination as we saw in "Peter Ibbetson" and "The Jest." Pity 'tis their sister, who, by the way, has just recently entered into a new motion picture contract, does not play "Desdemona!"

Briefly, Ethel Barrymore is the flower of the Barrymore family. Lionel is its immeasurable force. John is its quicksilver fineness.

Starring the Director

(Continued from page 44)

His has an exquisite taste, a fine sense of proportion. He detests vulgarity; ostentation is what he never does a "poor" picture, a middle-class drama, or an optical study of the slums. His scenes of the accident in "On With the Dance"—in which the father of Sosia is run over and killed—is hurriedly gotten through with as being the least interesting detail of all that glittering pageant. Fitzmaurice has a naive philosophy, the Frenchman's childlike enjoyment of the beautiful. I venture to say he never screens a tale of violence if he can help himself.

Did you notice the impertinent acting canine in the street-car scene? That's Scotti, who is playing the Abercrombie's pet. When Scotti isn't acting, he is on the set anyway, with his tail wagging a mile a minute and his inquisitive nose upturned towards the high platform from which his master directs. For Fitzmaurice sets most of his interiors in the stately long high rooms that frame the actors in a sort of stage. They are built on a level with the platform and "shot" directly down their length.

His wife, Ouida Bergere, writes the scenarios for all his films. They live in a duplex apartment in the Hotel Des Artistes—one of Manhattan's most expensive and accordingly more exclusive apartment-hotels—and "Fitzy's" own drawing-room is his best set.

A Kick In It at That

DETERMINED to miss not one of the possible enjoyments of the movies, a confirmed addict chucked his job and went to a school where he took a long and difficult course in lip-reading. Then—he had waited till graduation that his ability might be perfect—he attended a movie.

It was late when he arrived at the theater and the story had started. Two cowboys, in full regalia, leaned against a typical western bar. The fan's mouth watered as they raised their glasses in a toast. Then he saw the lips of one of the cowboys moved, and the fan leaned forward tense with expectation.

"Hell," said the cowboy's lips, "I wish this was the real thing!"

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Questions and Answers (Continued from page 93)

Just Mary Louis.—Aren't you glad now, after a year's acquaintance with us, that your brother brought you a copy of Photoplay to read when you were ill? I hope we haven't disappointed you at any time. As for being so late in answering your letter, I couldn't help it; there were so many others ahead of you. Madeline Traverse has left Fox without announcing any future plans. Please write me again.

Helin C., Enrl, Okla.—Lina Cavalieri and her husband Lu Jen Muratore, the big French tenor, are said to be here. Hereby

Jak—Hugh Thompson is Mabel Non-
mund's leading man for Goldwyn in Culver City. See him in "The Slim Princess." His picture has appeared in this magazine at various times. Jean Hansen is not married. I'm sure I don't know why, but I'm equally sure that it isn't because she's never had a chance.

A. A. Columbus.—"I see by the papers" that the worthy presidential candidates have agreed to the farmers' demand. Don't they always? Beside Love has her own company, working on "The Midlanders." From a novel. John Bowes is still with Goldwyn; so, too, are Mabel Normand and Marie Kennedy. But Goldwyn Productions is going to have left the former to go with Associated Exhibitors, the latter with Robertson-Cole.

Miss May.—"Dreams and realities are different." You dream of Wallace Reid or Richard Barthelmess. You are really engaged to a nice young man with red hair and a nose which in a woman would be gently curved, as a nose should be. If you turn out to be Ann Little, after a period of serial-making, is back with Lasky, in her old capacity as leading woman. Wyland Standish is with Goldwyn.

Cecil Bay St. Louis, Miss.—"Yup—the country's beautiful down where you live. Many film companies look for locations. Mostly to Florida, though Elsie Ferguson has ended her engagement in stage play, "Sacred and Profane Love," and is taking a long rest, in the course of which work she will visit Japan. She won't make any pictures for some time. "Lady Rose's Daughter" is one of the last Ferguson pictures. You should see Theda in "The Blue Bird." Yes, I have been up in a great sport. I've never looped; the most thrilling thing I did was a falling leaf, and that was enough for me.

Kamouraska, Ottawa.—"Can't tell you how much I enjoyed your letter. I like Canadian girls very much. Saw Rockliffe Fellows at the Talmadge studios the other day, when he was playing opposite Constance in "In Search of a Sinner." He's a big chap, isn't he? Yes, Mary is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks now. Will you come again of your own accord or do I have to coax you?"

Virginia, Ridgeview, Ill.—Richard Barthel-
mess is not engaged to the young lady who goes to the school you mention. He is not engaged to any young lady at all.

M. J. Dickson, Tenn.—No, I — like Dick Barthelmess and Eucene O'Brien—am still leading a life of single blessedness. I have a job and I am rather happy. Your addresses are given elsewhere. Look for them.

F. Cambridge.—That's quite a tribute to Jack Pickford's acting. You say the first time you ever cried was when you saw him in "Bill Apperson's Boy." Certainly it's true that he is married to Olive Thomas. Blanche Sweet is with Hampton-Patke, working in the West.

R. E. Olm—You seem to be a bit mixed. Norma Talmadge's husband is not Eugene O'Brien, but Joseph. But O'Brien has his gal in pictures; Schenck is her manager. O'Brien is a star for Selznick; he is in the West right now, but send your letter to New York, for he usually works in the East. He isn't married; never has been.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

E. M., PA.—Pity instead the poor little boy whose papa is a prohibitionist and who goes to school with other little boys whose papas are not. There’s real tragedy. Anne Luther is with Wistaria Productions. She plays in something called “Neglected Wives” or “Why Women Sin.” Honest—that’s the title.

A. D., SPEAK—Eric von Stroheim has been married, but he is now divorced. I’m sure I don’t know if he is as fierce as he looks. His latest picture is “The Devil’s Pass-Key.” He does not appear in it himself. Busch, Clyde Fillmore, and Una O’Toole are the leading roles. David Powell is married.

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

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

Miss Muriel, West Frankfort, Ill.—There are no actresses in pictures who hail from your town, that I know of. You’ll have to uphold the municipal reputation if you decide to brave the studios for extra employment. Natalie is regarded as the youngest of the three Talmadge sisters. Nigel Barrie in “The Better Half” with Clara Kimball Young.

Ramona, Lansing.—So you think I have had quite a little experience. Thank you. I didn’t know I showed my age. You write a very sensible letter for a fourteen-year-old. I hope you’ll be just as sensible at twenty. Charles Merrell is married. Your addresses are all given elsewhere. I hand you the palm as champion movie-goer among fourteen-year-olds. But I won’t advise you to try to get into pictures. I don’t want your parents’ collective wrath to descend upon my poor sparsely-crowned head.

M. H., Philadelphia.—Your letter has been forwarded to Ralph Graves. That’s nice of you to say those things about my department. A little appreciation goes a long way with me. Your Elliott Dexters quest has been granted. Also Katherine MacDonald. Those MacDonalds you mention are not related. Katherine has been married; divorced.

A. N., Fort Dodge, Iowa.—Photoplay conducted one contest—the Beauty and Brains—our first and last. Since our contest, there have been many imitations; seems to be the usual procedure when we start something. Richard Barthe’ness in the art section? Just a minute while I run and tell the Editor. All right!
“Clara Kimball Young’s Eyes” Contest Winners

Here are the winners of the $500 in prizes offered by the Equity Pictures Corporation as the amateur artists among Pickford’s readers sending in the best drawings of Clara Kimball Young’s eyes.

First Prize
ALMA M. CARLSON, 4705 North Albany Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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

Third Prize
R. GOODWIN, 1428 West 77th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Fourth Prize
IRENE SULLIVAN, 452 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City.

Fifth Prize
WILLIAM P. SULLIVAN, Great Lakes Training Station, Aviation Beach, Great Lakes I.

Sixth Prize
D. BESSE, 306 West Walnut Street, Yakima, Wash.

Seventh Prize
HERMAN VAN COTT, 24 Colby Street, Albany, N. Y.

Eighth Prize
ALLEN WOOD, 47 Morrison Avenue, West Somerville, Mass.

Ninth Prize
ETHEL GLOZER, 21 Beach Place, Tampa, Fla.

The judges of this contest were Clara Kimball Young; James R. Quirk, publisher of Photoplay Magazine, and Rolf Armstrong, Photoplay’s celebrated cover artist.

Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

G. C. H., Norfolk, Va.—That picture of Miss Dalton you want is a still from one of her pictures—that is, a “still” photograph of the original negative. I cannot suggest you write the Famous Players-Lasky Publicity Department, 493 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and inquire if they will sell you a copy and also get Miss Dalton to autograph it. Maybe they would give it to you—I dunno. Only inquire.

Dorothy, Spokane—Scena Owen came from your city. Are you as pretty as Scena? Harrison Ford has been married. Dorothy Gish’s latest release, as I write this, is the picture her sister Lilian directed, “She Made Herself.”

D. W. S., Rochester—Charles Ray’s last for Ince will be “The Village Sleuth.” This will be held over so that its release will come just as Ray’s first independent production, “Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway,” is finished. This was George Cohan’s stage hit. Ethel Clayton’s new one is “Mrs. Winthrop.” Harrison Ford makes this cast of the Ruth Chatterton legitimate comedy, “Moonlight and Honeysuckle,” is Dorothy’s leading man in this.

M. A. H., Mich.—Eugene O’Brien still clings to his bachelor liberties—one of these liberties being to receive worshipful letters. You would be directed by the leading parade and write and ask him if he demands any money for his likeness. You doubtless would consider any sum well spent in this direction. Nineteen plays played opposite Marguerite Clarke in the Bab stories.

I. Z., Zanesville—You got considerably mixed up on that matrimony tangle. For whom do you write? Owen Moore was married to Mary, and Tom Moore used to be Alice Joyce’s husband; both are divorced now. Alice Joyce was married to Roy Moore. Charles Ray’s wife is a non-professional and a charming person. I’ve been told. P.S. in any time.

Laura, Boise, Idaho—You are most awfully impartial. “Kiss your wife and babies for me, you say!” Do you really accuse me of being a Bene Nikki after all that caustic stuff and not saying all those cynical things about women? My dear girl, the bravest married man dare not do that. Will Rogers is with Goldwyn. In all answers I have marriage turns, no matter how flippant they are. I know who is the tallest woman in pictures but I believe Charlotte Greenwood is the tallest woman on the stage. Will that help?

Evelyn, Worcester, Mass.—I know you. You’re one of those flapper great-granddaughters of the First Man in Town. You are one of the Important People—as you apply put it, “A Puritan of the Puritans.” There are many ways to make a picture and if you dare to have one of you write to me, I am not connected. Indeed, a concession. My dear, I have to write twice, too much is yet divided. I think a story of you will make a good one. I have a good one. I like the end of it. The only pipes I know are corn-cobs. Do you know your, besides, to study a little, and read a little, and try to pose a polite note such as one of your grandmothers would have been proud to write. And pray, where are your questions—“Want to keep away in New York” or “Want to keep away in New York” or “Want to keep away in New York”? I’m glad you’re still a family connection notwithstanding. Now go on back and try to climb your family tree.

H. H., Red Glen, Min.—I manage to get along somehow. It’s nice of you to worry about me. Of course I never have any romance or soap with Russian dressing, or caviar or baby duck or lemon-meringue pie and something to wash it all down with, but still, I set along. Douglas Fairbanks is thirty-five years old, has twenty-five children, and in February, Jane and Katherine, are in Madison now and making a success at it, I hear.

Alice, Berkeley, Cal.—That’s a good one. You say, “Pleased to meet you Mr. Answer Man—but I doubt if you are a man or a woman.” I assure you I would of a necessity have to be one of the other; and God made me a man. Douglas Fairbanks’ latest release was “When the Clouds Roll By.” The Mollycoddle is probably being released this week. Mary Pickford hasn’t retired; she went to Japan to make a serial, and while she was over there she married Harland Tucker, her leading man. The Tuckers are back in Universal City now. Mr. Laemmle is obliged to congratulate two of his stars on their new husband: Marie and Priscilla Dean.

H. Johnson—Whoever bet on Gladys Leslie is right. She played opposite Edward Earle in “The Little Runway.” Eureka, a new question. Answer, Gladys Leslie and Marie Dressler. The Tornado is two separate and distinct persons and personalities. No to the marriage question on Carol Halloway and Antonio Moreno. Both are with Vitagraph, Brooklyn, of course. “Place Beyond the Winds” were played by Dorothy Phillips and Jack Mulhall; in “The Martyrdom of Philip Strong,” Mabel Tru- nell was the Robert Conroy, in “After the Fight,” Mac Sair and Murrell Rau court. Canadian stamps are not usable; hence the column.

Mary Maton—No trouble at all, Mary. My breath comes in gasps as I dictate faintly, “Eugene O’Brien is not married.” Gosh darn it, I wish he would marry so I could change my story; it’s becoming more and more difficult. Mary Pickford is divorced from Owen Moore. Johnny Hines is twenty-five. “The Woman Gives” is Norma Talmadge’s latest picture, with Jack Crosby in the lead. I had to reply via my column because Canadian stamps are not usable in the U. S.

K. T., Decatur—I have never thought of it in that way, but I suppose it is true to a certain extent that the bald-headed row in theaters includes those gentlemen who get their tickets from the scalpers. Though you don’t deserve an answer after that, still I am always kind-hearted, so—Alice Brady is Mrs. James Crane; her first real Reart pictures are “The Fear Market” and “Sinners;” in the latter, her husband is her leading man. Alice Brady is Russian, married to Charles Bryant. I’d advise you to keep up with the times.

Miss Nellie M. Leesker, England— I can’t tell you how much I appreciate your corny letter like yours. It makes me feel stronger and much less flippant to know that someone really watches for my column and reads it with appreciation of its many faults and advantages. I’ll keep working for you as well as I can. It makes me wish I were ten times wittier, ten times more tolerant and wise. Tell your husband I’ll try hard to please him. Your column is a bright spot on a long and gloomy one. Without notice to your wife, the Talmadge sisters are fine—and it is deserved; I know no more charming and brain-minded actresses on the stage or screen. I will try to merit always your good wishes. Won’t you write often?

Capt. B. T. Jones, Fayetteville, N. C.—You can obtain good photographs of any of the stars you mention by writing to them direct to their company address, enclosing twenty-five cents in some cases. Stars do not ask payment for sending out pictures, but often they do. So it’s best to be on the safe side and send some of them and give the proceeds to some favorite charity, so it’s all right. Here’s go—Mary Pickford, her own company, Los Angeles, Cal.; Lucille Mack, Famous Players studio, N. Y. C.; Alice Brady, Reart; Dorothy Dalton, Famous Players studio, N. Y. C.; Elaine Hammerstein, Selznick, N. Y. C.; Marqu- rite Clark, Famous Players. Thanks for writing.
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VICTROLA

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, New Jersey

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alphabetically listed

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Directed by John S. Robertson

"The Copperhead"
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Cecil B. DeMille's
Production
"Why Change Your Wife?"

"Everywoman"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

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There's where everybody is. There's where the flame of romance burns bright.
There's where the dusk is a thrill with pleasure and the whole world sails in view.
Every night is a big night if you only pick them right.
—PARAMOUNT!

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STAND THEATRE,
San Francisco

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WM. FOX THEATRE,
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“But when you see a man putting in his noon hour learning more about his work, you see a man that won’t stay down. His job today is just a stepping-stone to something better. He’ll never be satisfied until he hits the top. And he’ll get there, because he’s the kind of man we want in this firm’s responsible positions.

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BLACKIE PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 West 46th St., New York; 443 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOBRT BRINTON STUDIOS 5200 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Glover St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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FOX FILM CORP., 10th Ave. and 56th St., New York; 1491 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

GARDEN STUDIOS, INC., 1433 Alhambra St., Los Angeles, Cal.

GOLDWIN FILM CORP., 498 Fifth Ave., New York; (c) Culver City, Cal.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1470 Broadway, New York; (c) 5 West 51st St., New York, and 1925 Lilian Way, Los Angeles, Calif.

PARAMOUNT AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, Fifth Ave., New York; Famous Players Studio, 128 West 56th St., New York; Lucky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

PATHÉ EXCHANGE, 25 West 46th St., New York; (c) Hollywood, Cal.

REAL ART PICTURES CORPORATION, 169 Fifth Ave., New York; 211 North Broadway, Oakland, Calif.

REEL PICTURES CORP., 273 Seventh Ave., New York; (c) 1817 North Broadway, Hollywood, Cal.; and 1729 North Western Ave., Chicago, III.

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ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Birritzer Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SILENCK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York; (c) 807 East 153rd St., New York, and West Port Lane, N. J.

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Mary Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Calif.; Donnies Fabrianks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Charles Chaplin Studios, 1414 Larch Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; D. W. Griffith Studios, Culver City, Calif.; and Metropolitan Studios, Manhattan, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1608 Broadway, New York. (c) Universal City, Calif.

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PRISCILLA DEAN has completely reformed. Once a celluloid lady-Raffles, she stole diamonds and hearts with equal facility. Then she became a beggar-maid—and her prince-charming was her own leading man, Wheeler Oakman.
BLONDE and blue-eyed successor to Bebe Daniels: Mildred Davis. The personification of the traditional ingénue, she successfully resists the temptation to act the part. We hope Harold Lloyd will keep a watch for the drama-hounds.
LIKE a girl to whom our grandmother's mother might have pointed as a model of conduct: Madge Kennedy. She is not always as prim as this. Madge began her career as "Baby Mine" but she is working her way to more thoughtful things.
A S rare as a water-baby who does not go in for serious drama: a brand-new portrait of that camera-elusive lady, Alice Joyce. Long a much-loved star, she recently added a new chapter to her personal career by becoming Mrs. James Regan.
France's loss was our gain when Renee Adoree left her native land to visit our studios. A beauty of the musical revues over there, she becomes a dramatic actress here, with a director's voice her music and the sputtering lights her melody.
BERT LYETELLS recent rise as an actor of real power came as a complete surprise. An ingratiating personality often obscures ability. Now he is a brilliant and tragic derelict in one picture, and a clever crook in the next. (Married!)
DORIS MAY very often plays those delightful little wives in her co-starring pictures with Douglas McLean. Doris should have no trouble this leap-year if she cared to persuade someone to play opposite in a little domestic drama of her own.
YOU may not believe it, but this south-sea-islander is none other than Mary Miles Minter, usually so demure. If she ever tires of the eternal drama of youth and love, Mary-Juliet Shelby may always obtain a situation with Mr. Sennett.
THE photoplay field is comparatively clean, and every day is growing cleaner. Yet there is a great deal of cheap, tawdry and worthless material going the rounds of the country's twenty thousand theaters—stories that are false in sentiment, untrue to life, equivocating in their handling of the great moral issues, misleading in their pretense of mirroring reality.

And of course you deplore that. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE often hears from you about it. The producers hear from you. Your exhibitor hears from you. Your favorite actors hear from you. Naturally, you want to know who is really to blame. We are here to tell you. You are to blame.

The ultimate responsibility is yours. You can't lay it on the charlatan producer, the pin-brained director, the wrong-minded author, the greedy exhibitor.

Fundamentally, you are just as responsible for what is unworthy on the screen as you are praiseworthy for the screen's best. Because the whole of screen-craft, from the mightiest manufacturing organization to the youngest player, toil merely to give you what you want.

Motion pictures are the mightiest artistic endeavor of the Twentieth Century, but they are also, and always, a business. We have laws to regulate business, but even the men who make these laws and endeavor to force their execution recognize the existence of one mightier regulation, upon which all business is based: the law of supply and demand.

If you insist upon having only strong, honest, self-reliant American manhood and womanhood in your celluloid narratives you can have these, but don't vocally insist—and the same night on the same street give a financial demonstration that you didn't mean anything you said. Discriminate, select, restrain that purposeless desire merely to pass the time in any form of optical entertainment.

What your money says, goes. No censorship, no editorial thunder, no legislative pronunciamento can compare to the oratory of the lady on the silver quarter.

Don't blame anyone else for unworthy pictures. It's up to you.
Anne Luther is aching to act in a respectable picture.

Anne was a red—or rather tiffan-haired, very little girl when she first adventured into the land of cameras and Cooper-Hewitt. She lived in Bayonne, New Jersey. (Born in Newark in 1894,—if you must have statistics.) She began to be ambitious in 1913, and started with Charles Dixon in "Hearts of the Dark."

Griffith saw her and sent her to come to the old Biograph studio. Anne had to give a good imitation of a fainting woman. And she was so embarrassed that she really fainted!

And that led to her being a member of the all-star cast of one of the first Griffith "features": "The Great Leap" in which appeared Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, Lilian and Dorothy Gish, Blanche Sweet, and Miriam Cooper and Raoul Walsh. Later she performed for Lubin, Selig, Keystone and Fox. Now she is a Manhattanite.

And won't someone please put her in a picture where she won't have to be sinful, neglected, or in chapters?

Anne Luther, that tiffan-haired baby who used to adorn the beaches for Sennett, is looking for a title. Not just a title—a good title. And it isn't the case of the usual American title-hunt—out of the count-pon into the prince-fire, as O. Henry used to say. No—Anne is looking for a good title for a good picture. And so far she hasn't succeeded.

"They put me," says Anne in reproach of figurative film magnates, "in pictures with terrible titles. There was 'Moral Suicide' that I did for Ivan Abramson. Now, who on earth could be artistically respectable in a film like that? Then came a Wistaria production that didn't live up to the refreshing brand name. This, in which I supplied the leading agony, was aptly camouflaged under the daze-em-in title, of 'Why Women Sin.' There wasn't a single sin in the picture, so the producer was not to be blamed if he couldn't explain it. Well, that release was shown in Pennsylvania; the Board of Censors didn't like the title so they changed it to 'Neglected Wives.'"

Well, Anne says if somebody doesn't reform her, she'll have to do it herself.

She played a dual role with Charles Hutchison in a Pathe serial, "The Great Gamble." And between serials and sin, Anne has been ruined for honest-to-goodness stuff. For whenever her name is brought up in a discussion for a leading part in a good picture, someone sitting in judgment, is sure to say: 'Oh, she plays in those serials and sex things.'

But Anne has decided she will work for herself an artistic transformation, or know the reason why. Was she not trained in the most highbrow cinematic schools? Griffith—the old Reliance—Sennett-Keystone?
Landlords

Helene Chadwick
is hunting for a real-estater with a heart.

REMEMBER the pallid heroine, the gel with the little red shawl, who was thrust out on the back-door-steps into the snow and all that in the old-time melodrama? You know, the Way Down East thing, with midnight drawing nigh, and nowhere to lay her weary head? Pretty sad, wasn't it?

Made you feel weepy, that Act III. Scene 2, did, and you wished down deep in your heart that you were in the show, and could jump out from behind the prop pump and say to the poor heroine: "Dry your tears, Mary; I will give you a furnished room with an oil stove and everything."

Reader, that heroine out in the snow had nothing on Helene Chadwick. Only, Helene's case is worse. Not only has she no home at this writing, but her baby grand (piano) has no home. That makes it more intricate.

This is not a landlord bothering Helene, just a villain in a picture.

Here is the plot:

Helene—of course you know this blonde divinity who really shines in her latest picture, "The Cup of Fury"—had a bungalow. It was a regular bungalow. The kitchen had walls, and a stove, and you could cook dinner without the neighbors knowing what you had. Our heroine fell in love with the bungalow. She doesn't trust men.

Falling in love with the bungalow, she set about making improvements upon it, proving that bungalows are superior to men.

So she bought a piano. And she had it made in a special case, special finish and all that, just to match her bungalow. Enter the Villain—the landlord. (Was there ever a landlord who wasn't a villain?)

Villain: "Get outta my house."
Helene: "Why?"
Villain: "Gotta tear it down to put up 'partment house here."

Helene: "Oh, sir, have mercy on me and my baby grand."
Villain growls and exits with a guttural oath.

So here we are at Act III, Scene 2, and Helene has no home and no nook in which to esconce the baby grand. Now here is the cue for the hero.

Who will give Helene Chadwick a home?

Three years ago Helene Chadwick was a stranger to the screen. She made her debut in an Astra-Pathe studio and won a part in "The Iron Heart," a thrill serial. Then she appeared in another of that kind, "The Double Cross," and repeated in "The House of Hate."

Miss Chadwick is now with Goldwyn; the serial days are far, far behind in the dust of obscurity, and all's well—that is, all's well but for the Villainous Landlord.
W
E did not start right smack off on the subject of LOVE. Naturally, two well bred ladies who are interviewing each other for the first time do not soar to such intimate heights until they have reached a certain amount of conversational momentum. (And we were nothing if not well bred—"dainty." Louise Huff with her generations of Georgia accent and gentility, and the picture of her grandfather who fought in the Civil War in a gold frame on her desk, and I with my college education and a new red hat.)

There were the problems of the weather, and the scandalous way New York taxi drivers cheat you on a rainy day, and the new short-vamped French pumps, and transmigration of souls, and the possibilities of remaining a lady in whatever walk of life, and the duty of children to parents, and Mexico to settle first. When we found that we agreed on all of these—then, then it was time to talk of love.

"I believe absolutely in love," announced Louise Huff profoundly. Her forehead wrinkles when she wants to look profound. "But there are no two ways about it. If one person thinks he or she is desperately in love with another, and the other does not return his or her affection—then it isn't love. You either love or you don't, and unless both the man and woman care for each other with the same intense, sure, satisfying emotion—well, it just isn't love.

"When I hear girls stewing about and see them growing pale and thin because they can't eat or sleep on account of what they think is love for some man—who doesn't care two straws for them—I want to shake them. The thing for them to do is to put these men out of their lives, and get something better to occupy their minds until the right man comes along.

"Of course sometimes people make mistakes and marry others they think they are in love with, but that sort of marriage very often does not last. It is not true marriage—true marriage can only happen when people really love. Such a union is bound to be an unhappy one, anyway—often from the fault of neither husband nor wife." So Dante was wrong! All this stuff and nonsense he wrote...
Louise Huff
does not agree
with him about
love—Anyhow
he’s all out
of date.

SHANNON

about Beatrice, all this holy, un-
returned affection that guided
him through Hell and Purgatory
(I hope I haven’t my facts
twisted), all these sickly senti-
ments that he and the other
poets have been slippering over
us all these years about the
beauty of despair—
well, to be

modern, there’s nothing to them!

Of course it is too much to expect of a poet that he be both a poet and
right. His poetic license gives him le
to take all the liberties he wishes
with the truth, just so he doesn’t err as to metre. And anyway, why should
Dante know anything about it? He lived way back there seven or eight
centuries ago before the days of motion pictures, and automobiles, and per-
manent waves and Greenwich Village. And Beatrice married another gen-
tleman and died young, and Dante married some one else, who very likely
wasn’t at all pleasant because her husband insisted on pulling these Beatrice
lines all the time. Of course he didn’t know what love was.

You see, Louise Huff does. That was what we were heading at. Louise
Huff knows absolutely what love is, because she loves some one and that
some one else loves her back, and there’s no question in the world about it.
That some one else knew he was going to love her the minute he laid eyes
on her, and she knew she was going to love him. (One of his fraternity
brothers brought him along one day to a luncheon party so that there would
be an even number.) And they were married a few months ago, and in spite
of the fact that he is the president of a company that manufactures hy-
draulic engines (and is only 34 at that) and has such a practical name as
Stillman, and she can’t tell a valve from a radiator, they understand each
other perfectly.

Like Fanny Hurst, she is going to go on leading her own life and doing
her own work—but she expects to keep the dew on the rose and the dust on
the butterfly’s wing with seven breakfasts a week with her husband, instead
of two.

Then there is this difference, too: in Louise Huff’s case there is Mary
Louise, in other words Miss Jones, or in still other words, her young daugh-
ter. Miss Huff was married before when she was very, very young—too
young, it is to be feared, to know what love really was.

(Continued on page 113)
“Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of”
Happy Endings

"Men are only boys, grown tall; Hearts don't change much, after all."

By ROBERT M. YOST

ALL authors, before plunging into the body of their narrative, first consider the ending, for a story or a play must have a Happy Ending. But, of course, you know that. Perhaps that is why cynical critics laugh when we speak of a play or a story being so true to life and yet—having a Happy Ending.

Happy Endings are necessaries that mark every step in our careers. The baby crying for its bottle, and getting it, achieves its Happy Ending. Later we are told that if we are good we shall go to Heaven when we die—another Happy Ending.

Directors are wondering now whether the public will be satisfied with endings of the other sort, based upon natural conditions in life. The chances are that the public will not; it never has been. It already has had enough unhappy endings.

A couple of years ago an Eastern producing firm decided to star a newcomer. Her name was Lila Lee, the youngster who earned success in a school days act in vaudeville. At that time Lila was quite small, just a cuddly little kid and the Wise Men of the East decided that the time was ripe to launch her in a number of stories, specially built to exploit her kid talent.

Those Wise Men were going to take no chances. Little Lila was to be a success right from the start. One of the greatest campaigns known in filmdom was inaugurated through every possible avenue of publicity, heralding the arrival of this prodigy. This was kept up for months.

The public expected a pig-tailed Sarah Bernhardt—and they didn't get it.

Fifty-seven varieties of reasons were offered in explanation of Lila's failure to meet the expectations of the public, but there really were only two.

Lila had been lured into the field of motion pictures by the kind insinuations of friends who convinced her that she could make good. She entered the business with a keen determination to succeed that has never wavered.

First of all, she fell victim to over-advertising. Next, she was cast for the role of a very little girl.
in productions written with a view to accentuating and developing the fact that she was only a child actress. With her fine intelligence, her stage experience and her native ability, Lila might have overcome even these handicaps, had not nature and California climate conpired to blast the hopes of the little star.

Lila had reached the age when it was time for her to grow. She should have been a head taller—but she wasn't. So they sent her out to California to make pictures, a little freckle-faced, undersized kid, in dresses that flapped at knee length.

Then came the great change.

The climate took kindly to Lila. She could live in one house, all the time, regular hours, regular meals, golden weather, pleasant work, pleasant surroundings. Old nature began sneaking up on the kid. Her feet grew down to meet the sidewalk and her head began to stretch toward the stars.

In a very few months, Lila was just exactly, by actual measurement, a head taller than she was when she arrived in California. That's why her portrayal of little kid parts didn't come up to the expectations of the public. She was too busy growing.

According to all the rules, the youngest should have been downhearted. But she was determined that her career in motion pictures should have a Happy Ending. She is well on her way now toward the success she seeks, but there must have been some dark days along the route.

One day Cecil de Mille cast her for the role of Tweeny and good luck came back to Lila. There are a few things you remember particularly about "Male and Female"—One of them is Tweeny.

In "The Prince Chap" the public is looking upon a new Lila Lee—the girl who came back—only she comes back a woman. But it was Tweeny that marked the turning point of Lila's return.

Lila Lee is a stage name. The little brunette was born Augusta Appel. The story goes that Gus Edwards, the vaudeville producer of tabloid musical comedies, discovered her when she was a very tiny child indeed playing on the sidewalk with some other boys and girls. He saw all the possibilities for piquant "kid stuff" in small Augusta, and put her through a course of training and ultimately into one of his acts. Her success was instantaneous, and she held the position of the most popular little girl on the variety stage, known only as "Cuddles," for ten years.

Now she is one of the most promising of the younger leading women in pictures, for besides her two performances mentioned above, she has appeared as Wallace Reid's leading woman, and opposite Houdini in "Terror Island."

A BRUNETTE isn't necessarily a brunette any more, nor a blonde a blonde. You go to see your favorite film goddess in one pastel and you go home and write a sonnet to her raven locks. Then you go to see her again and—lo, she is a blonde! Norma Talmadge and Anita Stewart both have changed their celluloid coiffures recently.
"I Don't Want To"

YOU think of temperament when you read about the rough way in which Dave Belasco mauls emotionalism into his stars, do you not?

You think of temperament when you read about chorus girls who pout when their Packard or Pic-Pic is late, or when the strawberries are not quite large and sweet enough on the Christmas morning breakfast tray, what?

Temperament?

Reader, those feeble flings are as the rippling rill alongside the roaring Niagara.

Consider, if you please, Master Bobby Kelso, at three.

One of those helpful persons, who always knows all about everything that is going on in Hollywood (which is a fairly large order, by the way) whispered that there was a great new child-find out at King Vidor's studio. Rumor had it that this child was a marvel, one who would disturb the laurels resting peacefully upon various small brows. He was playing the all important part of Buddy in King Vidor's new production, "The Jack-Knife Man," by Ellis Parker Butler.

Bobby had never been in pictures, but his mother met Florence Vidor in a hair-dressing shop one afternoon just when King Vidor was searching for a child to play Buddy. Thus the discovery.

When you see this picture, you are going to see a very fine piece of acting by a three-year-old.

But dragging Mrs. Carter, in her plumpest days, about by the hair, was a mere bagatelle, compared with the things King Vidor has done in order to make Bobby Kelso act.

For instance, here are some of the things King Vidor carried around:

Jelly beans—by the gross—they being Bobby's pet confection.

Live rabbits, produced instantaneously, like those that come out of a magician's hat.

Ice cream cones, whistles, chalk, musical tops, string, and a rag doll, made of a towel tied around in the middle, Buddy's favorite consolation in moments of mental anguish.

Also King Vidor was followed around by a troop of assistant persuaders, consisting of property men, electricians, assistant directors, cameramen and stagehands, bearing kiddie-kars, tricycles, rocking horses, wagons, automobiles, live goats and other things.

The favorite of this harem, is one: "Hughie," head property man, who, next to King Vidor, occupies the chief place in Bobby's heart. Hughie is a great "feeder." He is generally elected to stand on his head off set, when they want Bobby to stare out the door or window, or to climb up the rafters, or imitate Charlie Chaplin when they want him to laugh.

Bobby plays the role of a child who, through the death of his mother, falls into the hands of two old men, a shanty boatman and a singing tramp.

There is scarcely an emotion that a child can know that Bobby does not have to express. He is in at least half the scenes of the picture. Every angle of the plot hinges primarily upon him.

But when I had watched him making a few scenes, I decided to start a contest to elect King Vidor successor to Job, the popular patience specialist.

Bobby's favorite quotation was, "I don't want to." I didn't discover anything during the entire afternoon that he wanted to do.

But—when he does do it, he's great!
"Go into the movies" said Molly Bolton's friends, when at 26 she was left a widow with her own future to face. "You have a profile. Let it work for you." So she went into pictures and there she learned many things—not the least of which was Hope.

Told by

CORINNE LOWE

Illustrations by Walter Tittle

Park Avenue apartment and I can truthfully say that the survey was without vanity. It was as impersonal as if I were a picture which I was now thinking of buying. There was, in fact, a good deal of bitterness in this acute study of myself. Yes, I was good-looking—undeniably so. My head was set proudly on my long column-like white throat. My figure was broad-shouldered and slim—like Juno's. Tom always said, after she had taken to tennis instead of strolling about Olympus in a Mother Hubbard cloud. Add to these items my mouth, which was cut with the arrow-head at the corners that Hardy speaks of in his portrait of Eustacia, my satisfactory nose and large gray eyes and you get the complete catalogue of me as I was that day. Yes, thought I bitterly, I was good-looking—the very kind of woman born to set off the feathers that some one else bought for her.

"The movies," I echoed drearily. "I'm too old 'o' those."

"Nonsense," said Dorothy, "what's twenty-six nowadays?"

"But I can't act—not the least little bit!"
Hope That Springs

"How do you know you can't?"
I smiled a little. "Because I always made such a hit in amateur theatricals."

"It does sound fatal," grinned Dorothy, "but anyway, you really don't have to act in the movies. You just move around."

DURING the next few weeks most of my other friends came forward with the same suggestion. I smiled now to think of their gentle confidence that the whole movie world would put out bunting and flags to welcome the new star. Yet in the end I yielded to their constant arguments regarding money and the ease with which it was made. And one March day I stood before the casting director of the —— studios.

"Parts?" The casting director grinned cheerfully around his penfulous cigar. "No, we haven't any of those to give out. But if you really want to get into this game, you could do all right as an extra."

"An extra?" I repeated in bewilderment. The only association which the word held for me was with the expensive pri-

vate school which I had attended. "What in the world is that?"

"Why," answered he, "the extras are the good old cowboys that bunch around the sheriff's office and fill up a few chinks in the Western scenery, they're the evening dress-girls and white collar boys of the ball-room and cabaret scenes—"

"The noble Romans," I interrupted with a faint smile, "the mob scene?"

"You're on."

It didn't sound very stately, did it? And when I thought of Dorothy and my other friends, of their swift assumptions that my face would prove my fortune, my heart sank.

"And how much is the extra paid?" I faltered at last.

"Oh, anything from five to ten dollars a day. An evening clothes scene always pays more. You would get about seven and a half for that."

Quite evidently the extra of the movies was not the expensive one of the boarding-school. To me, who had been nourished so carefully these past weeks upon reports of the earnings of Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, it sounded meager enough. Still, seven dollars and a half a day for such easy work—just sitting at a cabaret table or walking across the ballroom floor—that would be forty-five dollars a week! My spirits were beginning to rise when the director spoke again.

"Of course," he explained, "the employment isn't steady. You can only expect a day's work or so every week or two—that is to say here in New York during the winter months. Summer it's different. Then we're making up some of the big pictures that may give you two or three weeks work."

Seven dollars and a half a day and that only occasionally! I sat there staring at him blankly.

"I tell you what you do," said he suddenly, "you let me take your name and address and when there's something to do I'll call you up."

"Then you think I shouldn't have any trouble getting a job as an extra?" I inquired. I was certainly meek enough by this time.

"My dear young woman," he retorted promptly, "do you know what an extra is? It's somebody with a face. Anybody can be one—young, old, rich, poor. Of course," he added politely, "you're the kind that would always be most in demand. You're pretty, under thirty,
Well, to go back to my first day of being extra. I had been told to present myself at the Jersey studio at nine o’clock in the morning. I had to do so at half past six. This early start gave me a chance at nothing more substantial than the roll and coffee on which in my European days I used to wobble forth to see two art galleries and a dozen churches. By the time I had taken subway, Fort Lee ferry and the Jersey trolley I was ready for a real breakfast.

I arrived promptly at nine at the studio. Some other extras had been not only prompt, but precocious, and when I entered the dressing room I found a number of pretty young men and young girls—grouped about their suit-cases and chatting just as cheerily as if they had not already put in a Wall Street man’s “day.” I had seen a number of extras in the city offices, but this was my first real insight into their daily life and work. Watching them and listening to them, I realized that they all knew each other, that they had met frequently in the various studios and that there existed between them that cheery camaraderie you always find among those who earn their daily bread in some precarious way.

“Hello, Sally!” I heard the entire group turn to greet a girl just entering the door. The hallway I found a number of pretty young men and young girls—grouped about their suit-cases and chatting just as cheerily as if they had not already put in a Wall Street man’s “day.” I had seen a number of extras in the city offices, but this was my first real insight into their daily life and work. Watching them and listening to them, I realized that they all knew each other, that they had met frequently in the various studios and that there existed between them that cheery camaraderie you always find among those who earn their daily bread in some precarious way.

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"But it's rather hard work, isn't it?" I asked. After that early rising, that long trip to Jersey and the hour of waiting which I had already put in here in this studio hall, I was beginning to abandon my first theory that all there was to this life was walking across the drawing-room floor.

"Oh, you get used to that," she retorted cheerily. "After all, life's lonely without any work and I'm certainly glad for a change that finds me use for a woman of past fifty."

"So am I. It was a handsome, beautifully gowned woman with snowy white hair who joined the conversation at this point. "Why, I was bored stiff before I started being an extra. I tried thinking of nothing to do but look at your Queen Anne chairs and wonder where to put your new Bokhara rug!"

I tried all sorts of things to get out of myself—spiritualism, social work—Bohity women, Bohity women. But I wasn't a club woman by nature—I just hated to get up and say, "I move."

"So you said, 'I movie,' " I interrupted with a laugh. "Exactly. And I tell you it's all opened up a new world to me. I love every bit of it. And as for the people that I meet in the studios, why, I didn't know there were so many brave, cheerful real folks in the world!"

They were brave, cheerful, real. I recognized this as they stood here in this dreary hall almost two hours before the director came to assign them to their dressing-rooms. I recognized it still more when, together with twenty girls and women, I found myself in the big dressing-room with its two side-lengths of mirror, its long benches and its community dressing-table. And when I got to that lock-ground I felt for the first time an oppressive sense of embarrassment. Sitting down on the extreme end of one of those long benches, I watched the others opening up their bags and taking out their toilet articles. And as I sat there listening to the chatter about me it seemed to me that I had strayed for a moment into the pages of some novel that I was reading. The other characters knew each other and knew exactly what to do. I alone knew nothing.

And how they did chatter! Wasn't it awful—their having been kept up until two in the morning that other day at the So and So studios, but it was nice in a way, for they had not paid for an extra day's work! And what luck, two of them had been called by their agent to go up on that picture in the Adirondacks where the sledding accident had occurred, but that very day they had been busy on something else. One of them—a fat girl with red hair—admitted a not unreasonable terror of balconies. She was one in a certain picture when it fell and, though she herself had got off without a scratch, she had vowed then and there that she would never set foot above the snow line again.

All the others roared at this confidence. "Keep your vow, 'Mopsy,'" shouted Sally of the almond-shaped eyes as, smearing the grease-paint over her face and neck, she looked down across the intervening figures on the long bench where we were all sitting to the redundant curves of her friend, "We want balconies made safe for the rest of us."

I laughed at this last sally, but I was really concentrating my whole mind upon the elaborate character of my companions' make-up. Let me confess it right now. I was so ignorant of one's obligations to the camera that I had brought with me nothing save a box of rouge and a lip stick. I was like trying to lumber with a pair of manicure scissors. Very soon the girl beside me discovered my bewilderment.

"This is your first experience, isn't it?" asked she, giving me a long friendly look. I nodded.

"Well, just wait a minute and I'll show you how you make up. Don't get fussled.

It will all come natural to you after a few times. Take me—I was as green as you are a few months ago—so green I thought I ought to look red."

You didn't look red for the screen. That was quite evident; and under my companion's course of instruction I applied the grease-paint, the powder and the eye-lash stick which all the others were using. Although I was belated in these attentions to myself, I finished long before most of the girls and I had time as I sat there to find something infinitely pathetic in the anxious forward bend of each figure on the bench to the section of mirror directly in front of it. How much it meant to these girls to look their very best! I forgot for a moment that I myself was now one of "these girls," that a great deal depended upon today's trial. I thought of myself as the wife of Tom Bolton, rising young architect, who had strayed into the pages of the novel she was reading.

ONE hears so much of the movie stars," I sentimentaled, "and now here at last are the movie moths—poor, fragile, lovely creatures drawn to this lamp of fortune, fluttering dizzy about it and so, so apt to be singed before they are through."

Certainly they maintained that figure of speech. With the hard lights falling upon their bare arms and shoulders and their pink silk "unders," with their shining, marcelled hair and the drifts of powder on face and neck, they did recall a flock of powder-winged, perishable moths or butterflies. Yet it was really impossible to pity them long. They were too

(Continued on page 112)

They recalled a flock of powder-winged, perishable moths or butterflies.
The Truth About

The explosion of a few theories regarding the young lady on the cover.

Mae Murray is the puppet princess, the marionette mistress, of her pastel apartment. That pout of hers is natural, not affected.

To begin with, everything, or nearly everything that has ever been written about her, is wrong. They have said she is Irish. She isn't. They have said she cultivates persistently the mental attitude of a boarding-school child who only went to a theater once or twice—and then to see Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in their Shakespearian repertoire.

They say she has a perpetually innocent and injured expression with which she seems to say: "Where do babies come from?"

They're all wrong.

Mae Murray was really born Mae-somebody-else. She reminds me of the child of Continental parents who, at the rather immature age of ten, has seen all the best pictures—in the galleries—heard all the finest music, met all the best people. She has Latin rather than Celtic blood in her veins. When Lasky wanted to star her, he picked parts for her to go with the invented biography which made her a Murray. The original idea was, I believe, to exhibit her bee-stung lip and her shining hair and her Follies figure to the world in a series of Irish plays, like "Sweet Kitty Belleairs."

When Mae Murray started out to make a name for herself, she was undoubtedly a very young girl with only one object and ambition: definite, material success. She says herself she supposes she was "just a fluff." She prospered. Any girl with a bee-stung lip and a retousse nose and trusting eyes—not to mention two perfectly grand hosierie advertisements—was bound to prosper. She started when she was fifteen. Before she was twenty she had won fame in the national institution of beauty, the Follies, in the popular midnight performances of Manhattan, on the roofs, and had become known as "the Nell Brinkley Girl." And that wasn't all. She had wit enough and initiative enough to use the dancing craze for all it was worth. She was the naive proprietress of a Manhattan restaurant which coined money.

Altogether her characterization in "On With the Dance"—sonia—could not have been easy for her to do. Having seen so much of material Manhattan, and its dance-palaces, and its pekingese—both dogs and humans—she must have had to exercise her perspective and her sense of humor strenuously before she could give such a degree of reality to that little dancer. She settled, I believe, in this Fitzmaurice production, all those arguments about whether Mae Murray could act. The advertisements were misleading; it was Mae's acting and not Mae's dancing or Mae's costumes that you most appreciate.

See her in the studio. She reminds one of nothing more or less than a particularly apt child, with a penchant for learning and an age-old understanding. She always has a sort of listening expression: her eyes droop and she purses her mouth in an earnest and gratifying attention. That pout is natural, not affected.

See her at home. She is the puppet princess, the marionette mistress of this pastel apartment of hers. She has wide lobbies that you sink into, and silk-and-lace imitations of umbrella trees with cushions beneath, and soft pastel rugs and hangings. You can tell, by glancing from Miss Murray to her apartment-furnishings, just what came with the apartment and what she put into it. A wolf-hound named Reno is a good dog and a gentle dog—the only wolf-hound whose acquaintance I ever cared to cultivate.

Some woman once said she loved to see Mae Murray walk. This woman probably thinks Mae was born with a walk like that. This woman doesn't know that Mae practices walking and practices dancing every day of her life. She has a consuming energy that seldom lets her rest a minute. If she's not dancing she's reading; and she loves to entertain.

She has a wholesome awe of great people—particularly
SHE is married, you know. I don't mean just married; her husband occupies a large place in her scheme of things. Since Robert Leonard first directed her at Universal, she has included him in her artistic as well as personal plans. And it has always been her wish to continue this partnership of theirs in business as well as in domesticity.

Her costumes are all very carefully planned. She believes that instead of focusing the audience's attention on one particular costume, an actress should rather see that her costume is so much in character and keeping with her personality that the audience barely notices it. It should harmonize, never astound.

Mae Murray has found her métier. She doesn't belong in any dramatic chorus. She will be distinctly original or she will not be anything at all. She is not a New York butterfly, flying from couture to tea and from tea to dinner-dance. You see, her profession is dancing and while she still loves to dance—in a restaurant or at a private party—and steps out for this express purpose several times a week, the illusion is gone, while perhaps the best part of the glamor remains. She is rather a reincarnation of one of those French ladies who used their charms to direct the destinies of nations, having all the time a very definite purpose behind their frivolity.

Mae Murray, in the future, will select her own plays. She is tired, she says, of playing the eternal ingenue, and will be quite obdurate in her demands for intelligent parts calling for characterization. Stage plays will be studied and good books read, for she has promised her public she will give them only the best, now that she is her own boss, and she intends to make good.

The nicest thing I know about her I promised not to tell. But since the personality of any person, even a celebrity, may best be described by actions, not ideas, I am going to break my promise.

Mae Murray is not a reformer. She is too busy to bother about her neighbor's morals or her fellow-man's business. But not long ago something happened to make her change her serene philosophy and reflect rather more seriously on life and what it's all about.

She went down to the East Side of New York City for first hand instruction as to the Russian dance she had to perform in 'On With the Dance.' She went to a settlement. She stayed, talked to the children, and became genuinely interested in them. She went back again and danced for them. And gradually she got to know their families—the mother of one of them gave her a shawl to use in her picture—and she met their grown-up sisters, girls in late teens and twenties, who worked in the factories and sweat-shops—girls who had so little pleasure that their lives were merely a series of early-to-bed and early-to-rise and work-like—everything. Mae got busy.

With the aid of Frances Marion and her chaplain-husband, she planned a club for these girls. She invited them all to her house and saw that they had a good time. She does all she can to make their lives a little less barren—and if you suggest to her that she is doing a charitable thing she will turn blazing eyes to you and say indignantly:

"It isn't charity—I like them."

Reno, third member of the Murray-Leonard menage, is a good dog, a wolf-hound to whom you must be introduced before he will deign to bark at you.
The mere beholder gets
Dramatic personnel and title,
Director, author, owner, etc.,
Including other things quite vital.

Verse by Howard Dietz

Noncen
A Primer for The Fade-Out

We used to sneer at movies; they were vulgar
To our aesthetic, cultured sort of mind;
Amusement for the lowbrows or people who had no brows
And passions of an ordinary kind.

But now we must admit we are converted;
You'll find us at the pictures rain or shine.
No matter what the features, we're just the sort of creatures
Who stand in line from seven until nine.

A friend of ours once said that he liked Chaplin.
"O tush!" we said to him, and likewise, "Pooh!"
You mean to tell us that you are honestly infatuated
With such entertainment, too?"

But now our tone assumes a new crescendo—
We'll say this Chaplin chap is more than there;
And when he's on the program, we'll instigate a program
To reach the theater gate and pay our fare.

To think we used to stand aloof from "Fatty."
Or Roscoe, as the better class would say;
To think we wouldn't truckle to this renowned Arbuckle—
But those are horrid thoughts of yesterday.

Suffer that now we're fans, to say the least.
And happy that the cinema is shunted by the minima
And that our snobbish pasts are now deceased.

Shooting
To "shoot" a scene is nothing new—
Directors should be shot at, too.
sorship

Picture Patrons

The Box-Office

The ticket-seller’s boxed that way
To stave off your attack
When you’re disgusted with the play
And want your money back,

Location

A picture filmed in Singapore
Was taken at your very door.

Decorations by Ralph Barton

The ADVANTAGES OF THE MOVIES OVER THE LEGIT

I

The picture theater’s always dark
So things you throw won’t hit the mark.

II

The actor in the movie play
Can’t hear the things you often say.

III

The spoken drama’s always longer;
The movie hero’s always stronger.

IV

The spoken drama thinks it’s witty—
The movie heroine is pretty.

A DIFFERENCE

People who are critical, ultra-analytical,
Comment on the movies as they be
In a query passionate—This is how they fashion it:
“Are they fit for juveniles to see?”

We attack these querulous people, though it’s perilous—
We would change their hue and eke their cry.
Give us pictures anyway—dollar way or penny way—
If they’re fit to reach the adult eye.
Do not imagine for a moment that Becky Warder was stupid, or Ury, or—attractively speaking—in any other way undesirable, when we tell you that she was a good girl. She was not the sort of person whose goodness people proclaim because there is nothing else to say for them, but Becky was a good girl. She was at the same time a pretty one, and a charming, warm, impulsive one whom people liked, and who liked people in return.

But Becky had a weakness—it might almost have been called a fault. The truth—that is the truth about little things—was not in her. With the big, important things—well, they were different. They were big and important and if one didn't tell the truth about them, one was lying. If one deviated from the exact facts in speaking of little things—that was fibbing. There was a vast difference between the two, in Becky's mind.

When the Hobarts invited Becky and her nice, big, adoring husband Tom, over for dinner and the evening, and Becky did not feel like accepting, did she decline in as truthful a manner as it would have been within the power of any woman under the circumstances? No—"I'm so sorry we cannot come. We are going out of town," she would answer sweetly, looking at Mrs. Hobart with great serious brown eyes.

"But, my dear," Tom Warder would say to Becky after she had confided one of these little white lies, "We are not going out of town. Why under the sun should you say we are? The Hobarts can easily find out that we did not go."

Becky's innocent eyes would take on a hurt look.

"But darling," she would reply, "perhaps it isn't exactly true, but saying you will be out-of-town is so much more interesting, and it arouses comment. I—I—1—just couldn't help it."

There didn't seem to be any way of arguing with her about it. No woman could be perfect. She was sweet, splendid, and generous and Tom attempted to forget about her habit of playing with the truth, but being a man of scrupulous honesty, it bothered him. Not that it ever occurred to him, in his
confident, mannish way, that Becky ever would try any of that glib truthfulness on him. Tom knew that Becky loved him, but he saw no need for this sort of thing, and he was afraid it might lead sometime to a serious misunderstanding on the part of their friends.

**Breakfast** in the sun-filled breakfast room with Becky near him in a lacy cap and a soft clinging gown, of some lovely new shade that emphasized the viveliness of herself, was the happiest hour of the day for Tom Warder. They had been married seven years, but there was an illusive something about Becky—perhaps it was that quality of mind that never permitted her to be trapped into an absolute statement on any subject—that kept Tom always the eager lover. He never understood her, but he was always hoping to come up on her unawares and find out what was really going on behind those eyes.

They were breakfasting thus on the very day on which our story opens. It was spring. The sun poured its early morning flood of gold over the table. Tulips of a pink that matched the color in Becky's cheeks blushed in a huge bowl on the table. The canary trilled its heart out in a cage by the windows. The world was very, very sweet.

"What's the program for today, dear?"

Tom always asked this question as he arose from the table. The day would not have been started properly without it. It was not that he was trying to keep track of Becky or her whereabouts; he was just very much interested and hoped that she would have a good time while he was off pegging at the office.

Becky looked a bit confused at Tom's question. She caught her breath, her lashes fluttered down for a moment, then she answered with a laugh:—"Why—just a bit of shopping, and—bridge later."

Becky was not in the habit of fibbing to Tom. But if he had been as observant as he gave himself credit of being, he would have noticed her momentary embarrassment. Instead of suspecting, he took her in his arms for farewell.

"You are my dearest little wife, and I love you, my dear," he whispered tenderly.

"You are my darling husband—and Tom, I do love you more than anyone or anything else in the world," she whispered back.

Again, if Tom Warder had been observant, he might have noticed a new note in Becky's voice—a sort of argumentative undertone, as if she were carrying on some sort of discussion with herself, trying to persuade herself that something she had in mind was perfectly all right.

As a matter of fact, Becky had an engagement. She had an engagement with a man—a thoroughly good looking, fascinating, dashing man. She was at the same time excited, anxious, intrigued and fearful. The man was married to one of her very best friends.

Becky was going shopping with Nadine Gray. That much of what she told Tom was true. But she was not going to play bridge. Afterwards, at three o'clock precisely, she was to meet Fred Lindon at the Museum of Natural History. She was filled with conflicting emotions because in her heart of hearts, she knew that there was no real necessity for this engagement with Eve Lindon's husband, though there was a surface excuse to justify it.

Becky first had met Fred alone a fortnight ago at the request of Eve. Fred Lindon was a notorious and unscrupulous man with the ladies. And Eve was a capring, weeping, and suspicious wife. She was enthralled by these same qualities in her husband, which made him so fasci-
of acquaintanceship he had never expressed anything but the most impersonal interest in her. It threw her off her guard; she almost forgot the speech she had prepared.

"I've come to talk to you about Eve—"

The outcome of the conversation was not at all as Eve would have wished it to be. Fred was skillful in the ways of playing with the feminine weaknesses. By a subtle method of flattery combined with an artful sincerity of manner, he half persuaded Becky into the belief that he, and not Eve, was the abused one of their conjugal experiment.

When the time came for her to run home, if she meant to get home ahead of Tom, and the old dear was always hurt if she was not there to greet him, Becky discovered that she was no nearer patching up the Lindons' quarrel than she had been before meeting Fred. "It was her sincere wish to do so. Also, she was almost sorry for Fred, but she did not intend to let him see it.

"This has been a very unsatisfactory afternoon, Fred." Becky had said, about to hurry away. "You have refused to let me talk with you about the very thing I wanted to. What shall I tell Eve?"

"Let's make it tomorrow afternoon again. We can talk this thing out then," had been Fred's reply.

So Becky had agreed to their meeting—impelled (even a more truthful woman than Becky would have refused to admit it to herself) somewhat by the sudden and unaccustomed regard that Fred displayed for her. But she was really interested in doing her bit towards bringing her friends together.

And so Becky and Fred had met a second time (there had been no need of bothering Tom about the matter) and a third, and a fourth, and again and again. If Becky had faced the matter out with herself, had told the truth she would have reckoned that she was traveling a dangerous road.

By the morning on which our story begins, Becky was quite convinced that Fred had been abused.

Becky was a little bit late at the Museum. Fred was on time. His cynical mouth was twisted in an amused half smile as he waited in the main hall. Self satisfaction and complacency were written on every feature of his face. He stepped forward eagerly to meet her, reached for her hand, and held them boldly. Becky drew them determinedly away. The fib she had told to Tom that morning was weighing a little more heavily than most of her fibs on her conscience.

**The**

NARRATED by permission, adapted by play of the same title by L. Wundom with the

**Becky Warder.**

**Tom Warder.**

**Eve Lindon.**

**Fred Lindon.**

**Stephen Roland.**

**Mrs. Crispigny.**

**Jenks.**

"We've been playing about enough, Fred," she said, "and we've been around together too much in public. This day has got to end it. I want to talk to you seriously. Let's go over to my house."

Fred consented, though he held his own opinion concerning this as their final rendezvous. They went to the street, summoned a taxi, and drove away.

If either had known that a heavy-faced man with a star under his coat had been partner to their conversation, and that he had started off post haste to the nearest telephone booth at their departure, they might have been entirely unaware of his interest in them. He seemed engrossed in the exhibits.

"Operator" Daniels called for Eve Lindon's apartment. The bell interrupted Mrs. Lindon as she examined a report of the detective service that gave the exact whereabouts of her husband for every hour of the day for the past two weeks.

"Mr. Lindon and Mrs. Warder are on the way to Mrs. Warder's house," he said.

Eve Lindon's face took on dark lines as she turned from the phone. "They'll explain this—or I'll tell Tom Warder," she stormed.

SETTLED in the cab, Becky tried to talk with Lindon seriously about going back to his wife. The situation was really beginning to get on her nerves. Fred laughed.

"Eve can get on nicely without me." He reached for Becky's hand, but Becky drew it away for the second time that afternoon. This time she was really angry.

"This proves to me that you are as much to blame as Eve—even more so. Just remember that Tom Warder is
my husband and your wife is my friend," she said, indignantly.

They rode the rest of the way in silence. Becky refused to listen to an apology.

Jenks, the Warder butler, let his mistress and Fred Lindon in. As he closed the living-room door, his wise old head shook rather sadly. Even Jenks knew Lindon's reputation.

"Come, let's try this again. A pout is very unbecoming to you," Fred gave every appearance of petulance.

"You're so silly, Fred. We'll be friends, of course—but you know I am just a plaything for you—the old story. It's time you asked Eve to let you come back. She adores you."

"Becky—you know that I am not playing with you—I really care for you. I always have—Becky—" Lindon's pleadings were interrupted by a ring at the bell. A minute later, Jenks, in great perturbation, squeezed himself through the door from the hall, and announced in a low voice (that could not be heard outside), that Mrs. Lindon was calling.

Becky and Fred both started visibly at the name—then Becky gathered herself together. "I will see her in a minute," she said. Jenks squeezed himself out again.

"Get out into the garden"—Becky opened the French windows, and Fred ran to shelter behind a clump of flowering bushes, while Becky braced herself for the ordeal of meeting Eve.

"Eve, dearest." Becky stepped forward with great show of affection, but her heart was thumping against her ribs. Eve returned Becky's hand shake stiffly, and snapped her lips, together frigidly. When they were seated Becky looked Eve sternly in the eye.

"Well, how is Fred behaving? Has he shown any signs yet?"

the truth, and now she did not have time to decide whether this was a big important thing, or just a little one.

"I see him every day! Why I haven't seen or heard of him for—for ever so long!"

There was stillness, while Eve glanced haughtily and sceptically about the room. When her car had rolled out of sight, Becky stepped through the window and went out to Fred. She sat down beside him on the bench.

"She carried on terribly, Fred," Becky exaggerated. But she meant it. "You've got to go back to her. She said she would die if you did not." Fred slipped his arm around her shoulder, but she drew away. "Fred, you know why I have been seeing so much of you?" Becky looked at him closely as she asked this question.

"I had hoped for the same reason that I have been seeing you—because you care for me," Fred answered.

"Don't try to flatter me. I know exactly how you regard me. I know that I have been foolish in meeting you. I almost felt sorry for you. I feel sorry for you still. Can't you go back to Eve and be happy as Tom and I are? Eve is a good woman and she loves you. That is not to be despised, Fred. I wish you would promise me, because I am not going to see you again."

"I will never ask Eve to come back," Fred answered,—and then, because he could not bear to let any woman slip through his fingers when he had considered that she was nearly his—"you wouldn't send me off this way so unceremoniously, Becky, let me come tomorrow for the last time."

Becky thought for a moment. After all, there was Fred's

(Continued on page 115)
Suspended Animation
Wear America First

The third of a series of articles by
the best dressed star of the screen

By NORMA TALMADGE
Illustrations by John M. Barbour

I MET a friend of mine a few days ago who was rushing around to get ready for a trip abroad.

"I'm so excited!" she exclaimed. "This is the first chance I've had to go to Paris since the war, and I really must have some clothes!"

I asked my excited friend what she had been doing for clothes during the four years when it was impossible for the average person to cross the Atlantic, and when only a very few daring buyers took their lives in their hands in order to find out what the French creators were making.

"Why, of course, I had to have my things made here then," she replied, "but now—isn't it splendid that we can go over again?"

Ah, oui!

I assented to the "splendor" of it somewhat absently, for I was thinking of a remark I had heard a few days before.

"Americans boastful," queried a man who has the habit of misquoting me for thinking, "I should say not. Why, when any one asserts timidly that there are a few things we do rather well in this land of the free, there are at least twenty loyal Americans ready to rise up and shout that we do nothing of the kind, or if we do that it isn't nearly so good as the things they do on 'the other side.' They complain that we can't make clothes like the French, not cloth like the English—in fact, the only statement they might not contradict is that we are better fighters than the Germans."

Now, I have a conviction that it might be a good thing for all of us if we were to sit down occasionally and think out for ourselves some of the reasons why we should be proud to call ourselves Americans. I think you will find that one of them is the fact that we do create in this country—European worshippers to the contrary.

There are certain myths that die hard.

One of them related to German Kultur. Another is the conviction that some American women have that they can't be properly dressed unless every stitch of clothing they wear bears the trademark of a Paris house.

I am not saying that Paris doesn't lead the world in the dresses she makes. I might correct myself there, and say in the style of the dresses she makes. Everyone knows that the French creators of clothes have a chic, a feeling for line and color that is unmistakable, but when it comes to expecting French clothes to hold together—ah, name of a name! As our Parisian friends would say.

The French gown is put together with genius and a few pins. I chanced to be present one day when the head of a house that imports many of the dresses it sells was supervising the unpacking of a crate of French gowns. She took one out, looked at it and shook her head.

"I do think they might learn how to sew," she said mournfully.

ONE of the false gods that has been overthrown in this country in the last few years is the belief that all good music must have the German stamp. But some impious Americans began to raise their voices and protest that genius isn't the God-given right of any one country, and that we had right here in America young men and women of great ability. Furthermore, they insisted that our own musicians be given a hearing. The result is that American makers of music are being acclaimed, both in our own land and abroad.

The very same situation holds true in regard to clothes. In most things we can rival successfully the French—in some types of clothes we can beat them so far that there isn't any comparison.

Above the uproar that this statement will call forth I want to be heard, saying that I mean it.

At the present time we have in America three or four houses that make dresses with quite as much chic and dash and feeling for color and line as there is in French clothes, but these stylists do not as yet loom above the French couturiers.

However, in tail-or-made things we are so far ahead of the French that they aren't even in the running.

But the English you exclaim?

Very, very English make lovely sports clothes, but when it comes to the tailored suit or dress for street wear we beat the world in style in finish and in beauty of line.

Take furs as another example.

Did you know that a great New York house recently opened a Paris branch?

And this Paris branch was started because European women couldn't buy on that side of the water furs that had
A costume such as this, which on any woman, no matter how smart, how beautiful, must always be only a caricature, reminds me irresistibly of a fat and forty female talking baby-talk to a pet Pomeranian. Not even Gloria Swanson could make you believe it, even though French artists like Erte may use the model for their exaggerated drawings. This, to me, is the supreme example of what a well-dressed woman should avoid.

— Norma Talmadge
the beauty and style and workmanship that we produce. There are some very interesting reasons back of all this. One of them is a question of figure. Another has to do with class distinctions.

The French woman is petite. The average woman in France, especially in Paris, is much smaller than the average American woman. And the Paris creators of dress and their gowns for small women remember that we are one of our own people, especially those built on the ample lines of their native land, look so funny when they essay French clothes.

One of the fine arts of the couturiers in America is the "adapting" of French styles to meet the demands of the American figure. There are only one or two classes of women in each country about which they dress well. Outside of these classes are the workers in the cities and the peasants to whom style changes mean nothing. But America is the land of good clothes for everyone. Our class distinctions here are elastic. Mrs. Butcher today may be Mrs. Millionaire tomorrow, if father strikes it lucky in oil or stocks. And Mrs. Millionaire will demand the best clothes that the markets of the world can produce. Moreover, the workers in the ordinary walks of life in this country draw salaries that permit fashion to be a serious topic with their wives and daughters.

So that in this country our problem is not to dress a small class of women beautifully, but to dress beautifully all the women of the nation. That is why there is rather more uniformity in the clothes produced in this country, everyone must be dressed well instead of the fortunate few.

A FRIEND of mine, who was purchasing some dresses in a noted Paris establishment last winter, noticed that the woman serving her kept eying her suit curiously. Presently she went away and returned with "Madame." The latter picked up the jacket of my friend's suit and inspected it carefully. Then she offered a handsome reduction on the gowns if the suit might be left over night at her establishment for copying.

The habit of keeping the suit-jacket on in restaurants and other places has led to the extensive popularity of the waistcoat.

In bygone days the tailors of Vienna and Paris were the best in the world. Perhaps they have migrated to a land where their ability brings greater returns. Perhaps we have raised a race that eclipses their work—whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that when you buy a tailored suit from a first-class establishment in this country you may rest secure in the knowledge that nothing can equal it.

The tendency of the present season in tailored clothes is toward brilliancy. Your suit may be black or navy blue, but if you want it to be in the mode you will insist that it have a vivid waistcoat or bright buttons. One of the cleverest creators of tailored clothes in this country startled his customers recently by exhibiting a suit for summer wear in canary-yellow broadcloth and black oile cloth. The skirt was in the black oile cloth with large diamond-shaped motifs of stitching in the canary-yellow. The jacket was in the yellow broadcloth and reversed the procedure of the skirt by stitching of black silk. A yellow tan stitched in black completed this daring costume.

The maker of tailored clothes in this country, however, is so sure of his work that he seldom goes in for effects that are bizarre. The plain skirt, trimmed with braid or stitching, the jacket that drops from hip to fingertip length, the narrow shawl collar and the one-button closing is the type of suit that is generally seen. With these may be worn the most vivid of blouses or vests and these may be made at home at comparatively small expense.

The habit of keeping the suit-jacket on in restaurants and other places has led to the extensive popularity of the waistcoat. This does away entirely with the necessity for wearing a blouse. In fact, one of the smartest houses in this country is showing lingerie so elaborate that the camisoles are designed to take the place of a blouse or waistcoat for hot weather wear with one's suit.

This year we have seen another encroachment in the field that is supposed to be man's own. Formerly we had one skirt with our suit. When the skirt got "shiny" the suit could no longer be worn, even though the jacket was still in good condition. This year practically every smart tailor is turning out two skirts with one jacket—and here is where our versatility goes man one better. He, poor creature, is content to have two pairs of trousers identically the same. But we have a pretty plaid skirt, a blue predominating, as the additional skirt for our navy blue suit, while if the suit be black we have the tailor add another smart skirt of black and white checked material—that gives us the effect of an entirely different suit even though we wear the same jacket with both skirts.

For sports wear this year there are some exceedingly good looking tweeds, and these are made with a skirt full enough for comfortable walking and with a hip length jacket. Tweed hats to match the suits are a feature of these sport costumes this year, and soft blouses in bright shades give the needed note of brightness.

In suits as in dresses it is the day of the short skirt, but here especially one must consider one's figure. The large woman will do well to avoid the skirt that is more than seven or eight inches from the ground, although the slender girl may wear her skirts as short as the design and her good taste permit.

For hot weather wear there is an infinite variety of silk suits this year. The coolest looking are those of shantung, that are shown in oyster-white and the natural shade. A great many of them are embroidered—for embroidery appears on practically everything this summer—and they have large, practical pockets that will appeal to the business girl or to the woman of the suburban town who comes to the metropolis frequently. Also there are many coat-dresses—beautiful summer frocks that are ideal for travel or street wear in hot weather. Blue taffeta suits are also smart for street wear or travel in the hot months and are usually accompanied by sheer little blouses of batiste or georgette.

One of the features of the suits this summer is the sash that accompanies them when the jacket is short. These are exceedingly bright and are done in Roman striped ribbons or tricolette or the new crepe weaves. If you will buy enough of the latter for a sash, fringe the ends and paint or embroider above them a design in bright colors you will have the very latest thing in sashes. This matter of making one's own accessories is a money-saver in these days of high prices.

One of the most sensible ideas that has arisen in regard to clothes is being put forward this summer by the leading

(Continued on page 111)
Humoresque

A romance of the Lower East Side and Fifth Avenue with colorful adventures along the road between

By
GENE SHERIDAN

Little Leon Kantor emerged from his father's brass shop in smelly Allen street with measured careful steps and paused to survey the neighborhood with an unwonted dignity of bearing. His exit was quite unnoticed by his father Abraham, busy behind the shop partition converting factory made candlesticks from Brooklyn into azyed and timestained antiques from Russia.

The street was surging with traffic and the medley of childlife of the foreign quarter, chattering in mingled patois of American, Russian and Yiddish. Leon, prim in gala new clothes, strade down the street in the full pomm of his newly attained seventh year. This was his birthday and in consequence a day of vast importance in the household of Mama Kantor, up over the brass shop. Our pompous seven-year-old, holding aloof, keenly enjoyed the sidewalk comments on the grandeur of his raiment. He passed without noticing a group of ragamuffins at a crap game on the walk. He did not so much as glance at the milling fringe of pushcart vendors along the curb.

A little girl, wan and thin, stood leaning against a tenement wall, alongside a garbage can. She peered into the can and pulled forth a fuzzy something that she folded under the ragged bit of a shawl about her shoulders. Then she stood rocking back and forth, maternally clutching the something to her bosom.

Leon's curiosity was awakened. He stepped over to the scraggly little girl.

"What you got?"

With an air of great tenderness, she revealed her treasure.

"Gee— a kitten. I know a feller as is got a dog!"

She smiled and Leon took courage.

"I can wiggle my ears. Can you?"

She shook her head and Leon proceeded to demonstrate his ability in that direction to her amazement and delight. Genius commands recognition, and Leon got it. He turned to find that he and the girl had become the center of a mouth-gaping group of Allen Street kids. With a quick motion, the girl, sensing peril for her charge, pulled her shawl over the kitten. In a flash the gang of gutter boys were after her with reaching hands.

"Watcha got hid? Bet it's a pup."

The crowd pushed in and the girl tightened her hold, with a look of standing ready to fight to the last.

Leon, quite forgetting his new suit, remembering only that he and the girl were friends by virtue of her smile, plunged into the gang with both fists, as she, taking advantage of the distraction, ran away.

The melee over, Leon picked himself up, sore with much pummeling, his new suit drab with the grime of Allen street. A hard hand seized him and the harsh voice of his father was in his ears.
“So this is the birthday you got it!”

But Mama Kantor was in a kindlier, more forgiving mood as they entered the stuffy quarters over the brass shop. She rendered first aid with water and a towel as her husband stood by in grim disapproval of the young man.

“It is his birthday, popa, and here is one dollar that I have saved—it is you should go buy him a present.”

Abraham first argued that fifty cents was enough for a birthday present, then yielded, kissed his wife, took Leon by the hand and went forth.

Mother Kantor smiled to herself as they departed and looked about the tiny rooms they called home—home for father and mother, two older boys, Leon and a little sister—and the imbecile eldest child. It was better than Russia and persecution, but it was far from comfort. It was their narrow niche in the world of mould and toil. Life was work, work, work with hope away off on the horizon.

The mother turned her ministering attentions to the imbecile son who sat as always in an invalid’s chair, vacuous and pale, as near dead as living. She had the persecutions of Russia, the long flight in the bitter winter, the bitter hate of an autocracy, to thank for the idiot son, Mannie.

The children came trooping in from the street, with selfish eager eyes for the resplendent birthday cake with seven candles for Leon’s seven years. His birthday was to mean something to them after all. They waited the supper with impatience for the pleas of the mother.

The gift shopping tour of Leon and his father was taking more than the calculated time. And it was all the fault of Leon. In an Allen street shop, where all the things fascinating to childhood were spread in alluring array, stood Leon with his impatient father, Abraham, guided by all the best judgment of childhood desires, was insisting on bestowing upon Leon a woolly dog that wagged its head and tail—all for the reasonable price of fifty cents. Leon would have none of it. The boy clasped at a violin bearing the tremendous price of four dollars. Argument was to no avail. Neither were excellent harmonicas and other noisy but inexpensive affairs. It was violin or nothing for Leon. So Abraham seized the boy by the hand and led him protesting away, pushing him up the steps ahead of him and back into the tenement home. Leon stood weeping bitterly. Abraham hastened to explain with many gestures. Four dollars for a violin! That was too much, even for a birthday. Abraham stopped short in his declamations, amazed, and questioning the tears in the eyes of his wife.

“Thank God, my dream has come true; it is coming true—he will be a great musician. I have dreamed it for years and now it is coming true. He will make us all rich and he will be famous.”

The mother stood patting the boy on the head. Abraham expressed doubts. This was a considerable flight of fancy for the hard-headed maker of antique brasses.

“He shall have a violin, I have it for him.” The mother ran quickly down the stairs into the shop and produced from a hidden corner under the counter an aged, battered instrument, dark with the dust of long neglect.

The family, clamouring for food, sat down to the table and fell to with chattering, quarrelling, noisy vigor. Leon had before him the cake with the white frosting and the seven candles, all alight.

When the boy went to bed that night on the cot he shared with his father he dreamed of violins. He dreamed of playing for a little girl, with a shawl about her and a half-starved kitten in her arms. He even awoke and felt under the cot to make sure that his birthday treasure was still there.

Morning in Allen street has no poetic setting. There is the noise of milk bottles on fire escape landings, the jostling of pushcarts on the pavement below, the rattle of elevated trains, and the crying of sleepless children.

Leon was the first in the Kantor household to awake that
next morning. He felt under the cot and pulled forth his precious violin. He tucked it under his chin, as though born to the instrument, and drew the bow across the strings. The first note brought his father bolt upright, but the boy paid no attention to him. There was a wrapt in the face of the child and there was a calming peace in the notes that he drew from the dis-reputable old violin.

Abraham listened with a mingling of skepticism and hope. Maybe the boy's mother was right—this boy of seven was playing—music, and never a lesson in all the world! The father slipped out of the bed quietly, without disturbing the boy and made his way to the mother's side where she stood in silence with tears streaming from her eyes.

"You should not be feeling bad," Abraham patted his wife on the shoulder with his best approach to tenderness. She replied with a smile through her tears and a wide gesture with her generous arms to indicate that she was happy with the world before them. She drew her son to her, and sat him on her knee, and crooned over him as he played.

"Come with me, Leon, and we buy the real violin."

Thus was Abraham converted.

Among the neighbors in that Allen street settlement was Solomon Ginsberg, a wholesaler of the brasses from which Abraham's Russian antiques were derived. This Solomon Ginsberg was by local repute something of a scholar as well as a merchant and it was but natural that Abraham, in quest of authority on this cultured matter of music, should seek the counsel and advice of Ginsberg. And so it was arranged that Leon would play for Ginsberg, who would know what to do.

Leon, again dressed in the magnificence of his birthday suit and bearing the four-dollar violin, was taken by his father and mother to the Ginsberg apartment.

As Leon played, Abraham watched closely the face of Ginsberg and saw there an expression that meant the justification of the visit.

"Have I the right?" he asked as Leon finished.

"It is a trust—a gift," replied Ginsberg.

Leon tucked the violin gently into its case and went to the corner of the room to greet the little girl he saw there. He remembered her as the lady of the kitten episode.

He wiggled his ears again at little Minnie Ginsberg and she laughed. Mother Kantor looked on with approval and even Ginsberg nodded. Anything that genius does is genius.

"I'll play for you someday," Leon volunteered to the little girl.

She clasped her hands with a rapt look.

"Outdoors in an orchard, yes? And with the apple blossoms falling like snow?"

"Yes, yes," Minnie nodded in violent approval and caught her breath.

"We will call again. Mr. Ginsberg interrupted. "Yes," Ginsberg was cordially encouraging. "I will see my friend who knows all such things and then you shall know what he says about the study for Leon."

But Fate, aided and abetted—or at least invited—by the able Abraham was to do more than friendship.

Among those who came to the Kantor shop for old brasses were two rich women from "the Avenue" who had more of a taste for bargains than a knowledge of the antique. When their limousine stopped in Allen street before the shop Abraham was quick to sense an opportunity.

"Here Leon," he called to the boy. "You should go up stairs and play the needle a little." Leon needed no urging. Abraham's customers were within the shop and seated for bargaining in brasses when Leon's first notes, limpid and pure, came floating down the stairway. The shoppers stopped to listen.

Abraham smiled with a glow of fatherly pride.

"It is my son," he said with an air of vast simplicity, at the end of the melody, "and he is already seven."

Mrs. Van de Venier was overtaken by an idea.

"Seven—is that all? I wonder if we might not have him for our next musicale?"

And so it came that one day Allen street was agog with the news that Leon Kantor and his violin had rolled away uptown in a big limousine with footmen and everything.

In a great salon in the great gilded home of Mrs. Van de Venier on the Avenue the pathetic little boy from Allen street stood, abashed and frightened. The audience of wealth and splendor about him overwhelmed his Allen street eyes. A hush came over the room as the child plucked at the strings of his violin. Through his brain surged the waves of melody he had heard at a park concert.

Leon lifted his violin and shut his eyes. The room faded away and he was in an apple orchard with the blossoms showering from the trees. He had seen a picture like that once. And he was playing the famous sonata he had heard in the park.

When he had finished there was a long silence—then as a storm breaks in summer came the applause.

A man came forward with Mrs. Van de Venier.

"Where does this lad live?" the guest asked. "I am always anxious to pay tribute to genius."

When Leon went home it was in the big limousine again, with a new fifty-dollar bill and a created, scented note to his parents.

So it came that within a month Leon was taking violin lessons from the most famous master in all New York and the Kantors were dreaming dreams of a new life.

When Leon had reached the age of seventeen he had conquered a city and the brass shop in Allen street seemed a long way in the past for the Kantors. Leon's dream of the orchard had borne golden apples and he had been able to provide handsomely for the little child. Father Kantor now sat late at the breakfast table and improved his mind and manner with the morning paper. The brothers were promising young men and sister Esther a young woman of appealing grace. But
none of the household had shown more progress than Mother Kantor, who had travelled the nation over as the guardian of the prodigal musician.

Leon had played in nearly all the country's big cities and the call of Europe was in his ears. His mother broke the news. And there was a storm of protest from the family.

"I've got to go—more studying," Leon broke in, and that silenced them. Even Father Kantor had no answer. Leon's delinquent fingers constituted the family asset. Any study or anything else that might better that asset was good.

"But better that you be with me sometimes," Kantor protested to his wife. "That I should be here all summer alone with the kids!"

Leon had an idea and a solution. He had long ago risen to the dignity of the possession of a manager, one very efficient Mr. Hancock, a person of vast abilities and a sort of guarantor of maximum profits and minimum troubles for the temperamental performer.

"Mama shall stay with Papa—I am only going to study—and Hancock can come with me. He needs a change and a clean shirt!

As Leon said, so it was.

It was the third night at sea, with Hancock the manager away tending strictly to his own business, that Leon came into collision with a young woman at the head of a companion-way. He drew back, cap in hand, apologizing.

In the dim light she stared at him a moment, then broke into a laugh and held out her hand.

"Leon Kantor—can you wiggle your ears as cleverly as you used to?" The light of recognition flashed into his eyes.

They heard the composition through, frozen lest the charm be broken.

"It's Minnie Ginsberg!"

Their hands met in a hearty greeting.

"It's funny our meeting on the ship among so many passengers—and how delighted papa will be."

"You—you've grown up," Leon stammered. He was trying hard to reconcile his mental picture of the weaned little girl with the shawl and the alley kitten in Allen street with the handsome and graceful young woman before him.

"You have, too, Leon, and I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed all your success."

"And you?" He smiled at her in the half dark.

"Oh, I've been trying, too, only with singing. I'm on my way to Vienna to study. You know, it is always study, study, and practise, practise, practise.

"Yes, I know, Miss Ginsberg."

"Please call me Gina—I'm Gina Berg, it's the old name transformed by an astute father."

In due course Leon and Gina's father, now Mr. S. S. Berg, met, appraised each other at a glance and passed on their ways, pleased but neither especially impressed. Gina did not tell Leon of what their progress from Ginsberg to Berg had been, how her father had grown from the wholesale brass business to the steel industry and fortune. Berg was taking his daughter to establish her for a season at Vienna. He would take a walking trip through the Tyrol and then return to home and business in America.

The young people saw a great deal of each other for the remainder of the trip. At the steamer dock in Liverpool they said their farewells. Leon was going for two weeks in the Lake country. (Continued on page 119)
Artistic Efficiency—that's Dwan

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

An electrical engineer with an artistic temperament.
An artist with an electrical engineering education.
A brisk, efficient young man with humorous eyes and a sympathetic mouth, held firmly in place by a business-like expression that occasionally strays from the paths of virtue into an audacious grin.

I had just been congratulating myself that I had directors classified for all times when I met Allan Dwan. I could simply say, when a new one dawned upon the horizon, "Oh yes, you belong in Section O, with the temperamental ones—the nut ones—the raving ones—the gentle, benign ones—the serious, literary, highbrow ones—the rough neck ones—the brilliant ones, etc."

And along came Allan.
He is an extremely husky gent—this Dwan.

Rumor hath it that Doug Fairbanks himself once admitted he'd take a lot off Dwan before he'd feel inspired to "tangle" with him. When you look at him you remember that Napoleon was a short man. (Gosh, how his Majesty would have liked movies. Josephine had a hard life, but she ought to be thankful she didn't have to live with Nap after the cinema royalty began to flicker.)

Being, as I knew he had been, an electrical engineer by previous engagement, I suppose I should have been prepared for shocks. (Oh, oh!) But when he told me unblushingly that after four years at Notre Dame—that romantic, seasoned old institution in Indiana—he rubbed all the bloom off by actually being graduated from Boston Tech, I almost had to have the kind of medical attention prohibition is making so popular.
I regretted the useless, if decorative, tassel on my tam and prayed inwardly that the pins in the back of my collar didn’t show. If they did, and I knew Tech men, I might never get the story.

Tech men are like that. They radiate an efficiency that is fascinating. You feel cast into outer darkness if there is a curl out of place. Because you know what kind of a mind you have to have to get into Tech—and at that, it’s like Sing-Sing, getting in is a heap easier than getting out. An eight-day clock is a gay and giddy irregularity compared to a Boston Tech mind.

But Allan Dwan saw the poetry in electricity and the business possibilities in the movies. So you see it is a bit difficult to classify him.

There wasn’t a single smile of cretonne in his nice, brown leather, tobacco, and leather jacket frame. He’s an anecdotal sort of person, not given to talking about himself except by inference. And if you don’t remember every picture he ever wrote, acted, or directed, you can tell him so without wounding him with your abysmal ignorance.

“Didn’t you know there were business men in the pictures?” he asked.

“Yes,” said I. “I supposed there were, but I thought they kept them well out of sight. How in the world did you happen to choose the movies?”

Allan Dwan straightened some papers that didn’t need straightening on a table that was a disgrace to any right-minded movie man.

“It’s a good profession—a good business,” he remarked, “as good as any. I saw the business possibilities, and I saw the adventure. The combination of business and adventure is what has kept us from reverting to the stone ages, you know. Pictures seemed to me to combine them best.

“It was a funny thing, though”—He paused with a reminiscent grin. “I was sent out to the old Essanay studio in Chicago one day to install some Cooper-Hewitt lights. They were new then, and I took an expert to handle them. While I was adjusting them, I watched things that were going on and became interested.

“Now comes the horrible part of my confession. I had written a story. Personally, I thought it was a durned fine story and the more I read other people’s, the more I decided I’d have to send it out for the poor editors to see.

It struck me as I watched that it had enough action in it to make a film. So the next time I was sent out, I took it with me. They bought it. Then I wrote some more. They bought them, too.

The company was being reorganized in some ways—a lot of the old bunch had left to go west to form the American—and they made me scenario editor. I thought it over and decided there was a great, an absolutely stupendous future ahead of this new thing. So I took it.

“That was eleven years ago. I’ve done everything around a movie lot since, even act—at least I thought it was acting—but never mind that. I’ve weathered a lot of storms. I’ve seen things come and go. I’ve tried stars, stories, worked like a dog.

And I say it’s the doggone most fascinating game there is—directing motion pictures. It’s a sense of power and a sense of creation in one. It’s a gamble. Even if you know something about it, you’re not so sure you know anything about it at all.

The pictures that I loved, that I thought were great, have been flippers nine times out of ten. The ones that I sort of turned up my nose at went over with a bang. The things I was sure you couldn’t do, the public liked and the ones I was patting myself on the back about, never caused a ripple.

“You can shoot fifty thousand feet of film and then you may be wrong. What’s the use? Do it the best you can and say your prayers. Maybe it will sell, maybe it won’t.

“I am a business man. I have a commercial mind. It is my personal opinion that things that are ‘too good’ are generally not good enough. A man can make the most artistic picture ever filmed, but if it plays to empty houses, it hasn’t achieved a thing for Art or for Humanity. This old stuff about not

(Continued on page 109)
WEST is EAST

ROBERT GORDON
Came Up to See Me, and Sat Down in The Swivel Chair that Squeaked.
He Didn't Like it; it Got on his Nerves—
You Know How it Is—
You Get Interested In what you're Saying, and Lean Forward Suddenly—
And the Chair Groans, and Takes all the Enjoyment Out of Ordinary Conversation.
But Mr. Gordon Took Some Candy I had on my Desk, and Tried to Forget the Chair.
Ever Hear about His Beginnings in Pictures?
He had Hung Around the Lasky Lot Playing Extras in Ballroom Scenes.
One Day Cecil de Mille Told him He was to Dance with Little Mary in The Scene before the Shipwreck Of "The Little American."
Think of that—
With Little Mary! Robert Rehearsed In his Faithful Dress-suit, and Came Back after Lunch, Full of Ham Sandwich and Illy Hopes.
Only to Find Another Young Man In his Place with Mary! Robert's Dress-suit wouldn't Do—Something Had Happened To the Trousers.
But that Only Made him More Determined than Ever, and Today, all the Girls Are Asking For Dress-suit pictures of him.
He's an Awfully Nice Boy About Twenty-five, with Brown Eyes, and A Nice Woman.
He's Going to Have His Own Company, and Play All Sorts of Parts—
"The Tennessee Shad" Is One of the Stories He Has in Mind.
He Sold Ribbons Once—and His Favorite Screen Leading Woman Is Alice Joyce.
I'm Going to Have That Swivel Chair Removed I didn't Have A Single Piece of Candy Left.

JUANITA HANSEN
May Be
The Most Fearless Serial Queen, Especially Now that Pearl White has Gone Out of the Business, but She'd Rather Face a Couple of Lions Any Day.

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

Was Doing the Falling Leaf And Banking his Passenger About 05—if you Know What I Mean
Juanita Pointed up there With One Hand as she Stroked her Favorite Lion With the Other, and Remarked: "It Must Take A Lot of Nerve To Be an Aviator."
She's a Blonde with Blonde Eyebrows that She doesn't Try To make Over. And she Says She Never Did Like To be a Target For Pies and Lobsters—That she'll Never Go Back To Comedy If she Can Help It.

I JUST Met an Author Who Admits That there May be A Few People Who Know More about Pictures Than he Does—Bayard Veiller—You Pronounce it Vay-ay. Why? I Don't Know. But he Wrote "Within the Law" And a Lot of Other Plays, and Knows a Thing or Two About the Broadway Drama. So Metro Made him Production Manager. He Came East On a Literary Shopping Spree, Signing To Irving S. Cobb and Henry C. Rowland and Arthur Somers Roche and Others to do Original Stories. Veiller says—That Magazine have Been The Shop-window For the Movies Writers Wrote With Pictures in View Now Whos Not Get Them To Turn Out First-run Stuff? He doesn't Care Much about Technique A Theatrical Producer Said to him, when he Signed A New Playwriting Contract—"Well, Baynard—there's One Comfort; you won't Give me Any High-brow Stuff!"
But if you Want A High-brow Playwright, I think Mr. Vay-ay Can Give you As Good an Imitation of one As anybody.
A NEW Blanche Sweet—with her own dog and a neighbor's child. No longer a languorous lady with sad eyes, but a humorous woman. Blanche has learned to laugh. Who would have expected her to develop into a comedienne?
YOU need no introduction to Theodore Roberts. One of the foremost actors on the American stage, he brought all his mellow art to the screen, with the result that he often "steals the picture."

THE father of Clara Kimball Young: Edward Kimball, frequently acts that role in his daughter's plays. He is soon to become an individual star in a picturization of "Old Jed Prouty."

WITH Edythe Chapman comes also the thought of her husband, James Nelli. These two have played together since both were stage favorites. She was lately seen as Jack Pickford's mother.

A CHAMPION mother of the screen: Corn Drew. You have seen this sweet face many times in the vision of the wayward son who dreams of home. James J. Corbett is sometimes "the son."
A public which is tireless in its appreciation of water-babies, blondes, stalwart heroes and serial artistes, might have a tendency to pass by the fine actors who make up such a large part of our shadow-drama. Here are all these figures, rich most of them in the experience of a grand old day in the legitimate theater; true to yesterday's traditions and today's. If you will watch for them in the next picture you see, you will take off your hats to them, for without them, or that which they represent, young love would not seem so sweet, big battles so well worth waging, or the happy sunset finale so satisfying.

There is no more versatile actor than Edward J. Connelly. Well-known in the legitimate, he has done heavy parts in pictures; but reformed with a vengeance as "Uncle Nat" in "Shore Acres."

Since Biograph days, her face has been familiar to millions. The famous stars she has mothered in various pictures make a list too long to tell. Jennie Lee might be called the Griffith mother.

She has played countless characters before and since. But it is as the merciless "Catherine De Medici" in "Intolerance" that Josephine Crowell's name will go down in shadow-stage history.

Frank Currier has been called the dean of cinema actors. At any rate, he is one of the youngest of our performers of elderly gentlemen, and makes as fine a father as the screen has known.
CAME a plaintive letter to the Editor: "Why can't you put a kid's picture in occasionally?" The eight-year-old's request is granted herewith. This is Jimmie Rogers, son of Will, who shares honors with his dad in the latter's pictures.
CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

A Bubbling While producing giants of the motion picture world view Fount, with alarm the scarcity of good plays, there still lies apparently unconsidered the real literature of the generation just gone. While producers are reported to be paying vast sums of real money for "Westerns" by Bill Bijinks or Bertram B Jones, there lie, within dusty book-covers, the masterpieces of J. Fennimore Cooper on whose works the copyright has long since expired.

Willie Wallflower, the demon dramatist of deadwood, demands $25,000 for his latest mystery tale, yet "The Moonstone" of Wilkie Collins is forgotten, but may be re-woven into moving picture form for the price of the book, a dollar or so.

And what a veritable gold-mine there is in Dickens. Some of the pioneers in the photo-plays produced Dickens in a crude, inelastic fashion, but what say to a production of "Nicholas Nickleby" or "Oliver Twist" today with Marshall Neilan's kid star, Wesley Barrie, in the leading roles!

And what about the absorbing stories of Hawthorne, Poe, and the rest of the American-made classics done into film plays with all the improved and advanced paraphernalia, method and mode now commanded by the director and the camera-man? The fact that some of these were done in a shabby hang-dog way five or more years ago is all the more reason why they should be done again.

Too Much Conference. One of the curses of movie-making in the contemporary manner is that everyone in the business knows all about it, and, generally speaking, everyone knows more than anyone else. There is too much advice, too much conference, too much talk. The average studio resounds as we imagine a Bolshevik parliament resounds—everyone has a great deal too much to say, and a great deal too little to do.

The scenario department pities the actors, the actors tolerate the scenario writers, both of them honestly regret the commercial ignorance of the production department, and the director feels loftily lonesome, as befits a great superior mind. There are a few studios where each department has come to recognize the special expertise—possibly—of the other departments, but in most of them there is a lack of team work, a willingness to solve every problem save one's own, which makes it a wonder that pictures are gotten out at all, instead of the prodigal number which actually do appear. The average director can tell you instantly why he hasn't made a masterpiece in the last six months—they won't give him a story. The author can tell you why his piece failed to beat "The Miracle Man"—poor scenario and ignorant direction. The scenario department admits that real playwriting is hopeless as long as the director can have his assistant rewrite the script en route to location. And, when all together, they unite to damn the general manager or curse the policy in the home office.

But these are juvenile faults. Slowly, the photoplay is establishing traditions. When these are more generally recognized, perhaps when there are more of them, you will see departmental pride, specialized excellencies, as the rule instead of the exception.

Autocracy's According to The New York Times, the Bolshevik government in Russia is giving official support and recognition to the movies, and has even instituted schools in its studios for the training of actors and actresses. And here, sharper than a serpent's tooth or Mr. Lear's well-known ingratitude, bites the sinister point of the story: the young actresses are almost exclusively from once-aristocratic families!

Is there a master intellect behind all this? Is this an arch-plot of the reactionaries, a designing and suspensive contrivance worthy Napoleon or Hal Reid? Figure it out for yourselves. Humanity, as The Man From Home said, is pretty much the same from Kokomo to Pekin. Whether you live in Boston or Bolshevia, you may have observed that the neighbors can't resist a Mary Pickford. Is some ex-Romanoff at this moment practicing as a curled Pollyanna to lead her benighted people out of Sovietism? We opine that a strike of the government-trained movie actors in Russia would cause any government to come to their terms or lie down and die. First of all, Russia must be attuned to—what shall we call the neighborhood theatre of Muscovy—a kopeckodeon? When seeing pictures has been made a fair substitute for something to eat and something to do and something to believe, then will come the turn of the worm—the strike of the acting autocracy! And then the art ticket for a new government: for president, Lew Codywitch; for national treasurer, Myron Selznicksky; for secretary of state and fashions, Bebe Danielskaia.
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks

Taken in the garden of their California home especially for Photoplay Magazine.
A WESTERN UNION

MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

HONEYMOON LANE

HAPPINESS ALWAYS

COME HOME ALL IS FORGIVEN

PHOTOPLAY
Middle Age and the Movies

A heart to heart talk with the Family Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The little woman sitting opposite me at the luncheon table looked up from her club sandwich.

"Do you like the movies?" she questioned abruptly.

"Do you go to your picture theater—often? And just what sort of features do you most enjoy?"

I looked up, a shade startled, from my club sandwich. For the little woman was an old, unassuming friend who had been a casual sharer of my table at the tea room where I usually take my luncheon.

"Yes," I answered, "I do like the movies. But why?" I paused.

The little woman laughed, in a slightly shamefaced manner.

"You must pardon me for seeming inquisitive and rude," she said, "but I'm afraid I was thinking out loud. You see I own a motion picture theater. And, of course, it's a vitally important question to me—just what the movies mean to people. I always want to ask strangers what they like, and what they don't like, and what films they'd show in my theater—if it were their theater."

I laid down my fork and looked across the table, the little woman's earnest face.

"I suppose," I said, "that it is hard for a theater owner to know what sort of films to show. It's hard to know whether a theater should be run in a way that very young people will like—Wild West pictures, perhaps, and serial thrillers, and much comedy, or—"

The little woman was leaning across the table, her eyes alight.

"Do you know what I do?" she asked. And then, not waiting for an answer, "I try to make my theater the sort of place that middle-aged folk will enjoy," she told me. "It's the middle-aged folk who need the movies—really need them—most of all."

I must have looked surprised. For, after a minute, she continued.

"When I say middle-aged folk," she told me, "I mean the people whose children have grown up and left home—married, perhaps, and started homes of their own. I mean the people with gray hair that is turning white, the people who attend church and prayer meeting, who get up early in the morning and go to bed early at night. I mean the sort of people who either don't approve of or can't afford the theater, the people who aren't invited, any more, to parties—who feel too old to dance. The movies have a vital place in the lives and hearts of such people."

"Twenty goes to the moving pictures for excitement and fun—to see romance and life, to dream rosy dreams of the future."

"Fifty-five goes to the moving pictures to look back into the past, to find lost memories and to escape from the realities of living. That's the difference!"

"Look around you," the little woman was warming to her subject, "the next time you go to the movies. See the number of middle-aged couples in the audience. You'll be surprised at the way they follow the picture; at their whole-souled interest and their heart-warming laughter. They respond more quickly than the young people to a good story—they keep up with the serials and show an intelligent appreciation of the news reels. They can be relied upon as the steady patrons of any well kept theater."

Now as I had finished luncheon—when I was hurrying back toward my office—that I began to think, seriously, of the little woman's conversation with me. It was then that I began to consider her point of view. And I found myself agreeing with her, step by step. I found myself endorsing each one of her theories.

I have, for a good many years, been connected with a certain religious weekly. And for that reason I know, as well as any one knows it, the point of view of the mother and father who, at the age of fifty or fifty-five, find themselves left at home—left quite alone upon an extremely empty family shelf.

Many of these mothers and fathers, as the little woman remarked, do not approve of, or cannot afford, the theater. Many of them disapprove strongly of card playing, of public reading, and even of concerts. Their evenings, without the reflected youth of their children near them, used to be dull affairs. The fading firelight and a dull book or two and the commonplace happenings of the commonplace day were their only mental relaxation until the moving picture theater made its appearance. Until the movies took their place in community and city, these middle-aged people faced only a growing boredom, a growing restlessness, and a growing soul hunger for something new. Life was like a walk up a dusty hill on a hot day—with nothing for refreshment at the top but silt and puddling.

And then came the movies. And those people who had disapproved of the stage, of card playing, of dancing, and the cabarets, found a new and unobjectionable form of amusement—an amusement that required no bodily exertion, no mental strain, and no conscientious excuses.

Now, instead of the dull book and the fading fire, mother and father go out, arm and arm, to the pictures. They come back an hour or two later, animatedly praising Mary Pickford, or discussing the relative merits of Bill Hart and Douglas Fairbanks. They tell each other how much that little Mary Miles Minter looks like Jane-Aimee did when she graduated from grammar school; and they wonder whether Charles Ray is as young as he looks—and how proud his family must be of him.

During the time of war I've seen many a mother watching a topical weekly—one, perhaps, of khaki-clad boys marching through France—with tears streaming down her face. I've seen many a father grip the arms of his chair with rigid hands during the battle scenes. And only last night I saw a man's arm (and he must have been sixty-five years old) steal about the shoulders of a woman with rigid hands during the battle scenes. And only last night I saw a man's arm (and he must have been sixty-five years old) steal about the shoulders of a woman with rigid hands during the battle scenes. And only last night I saw a man's arm (and he must have been sixty-five years old) steal about the shoulders of a woman with rigid hands during the battle scenes.
Moving Picture Magnate: “We’re going to build a new studio, but are undecided where to build. We want it convenient for the players.”

Director: “Why not Reno?”
What Do You Think About When You’re Going To Bed?

Do you really think it does any good to have the hair singed? Of course, we know it helps the barber buy shoes for his babies, but, on the level, do you think your hairs enjoy being singed? Bedtime is the mystic hour when this subject may confound you as it is obviously confounding Elsie Ferguson.

Sometimes we go to bed thinking of how nice it would be if we could awaken to a breakfast of broiled guinea-hen and champagne on the morrow. Judging from the opulent scene above, C. K. Y. could order that kind of a déjeuner and it would be forthcoming. Wonder what has startled C. K. Y.?

We can see it in a glance. Hilda is going to be fired in the morning. Just as Mary Thurman (on the right) slipped out of her dark-blue kimona she discerned a long black hair upon the off shoulder of that strictly personal garment. Hilda has black hair. Mary’s own is ruddy red. Do you blame Mary for resolving to dispense with Hilda’s service on the morrow?

When cuckoo sounds the arrival of midnight hour and we begin to discard our exterior raiment we indulge in introspection. It is a sportive pastime, thinking of the things we have done and the things we have left undone during the day. Sometimes we take a wide peep at our reflection and say to ourselves: “Well, this wasn’t such a bad day.” We are not alone in this quaint conceit. You will note that Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd’s new leading lady (above) has the same habit.
We are all imitators of one kind or another. We live in an imitative world. All the philosophy and most of the wisdom known to man was chipped out of stone or scrawled on papyrus centuries before it found its way into senatorial debates or four-column editorials.

Why, then, should we complain if the motion picture is imitative, or that every director carries in his box of tricks all the tricks of all the other directors with whose work he is familiar? Or that the weakness of the picture is its repeated duplication of the "old stuff?"

We complain generally because we grow weary of repetition. But we complain specifically because the imitators imitate so badly, and because of the thing they select for imitation.

The fact that every director who stages a battle scene imitates other battle scenes is not important, because all battle scenes must of necessity be much alike. One fight in the hills between four cowboys and fifty Indians, in which the Indians invariably get the worst of it, is much like another fight in which there are fifteen would-be seducers and only one strongheart to protect the heroine. The poverty that breeds virtue and the high life that spells sin have been imitated for several centuries in all dramas, and will continue to be imitated for centuries to come. And the fact that 98 percent of all pictured and acted romances are concerned with two women and one man or two men and one woman rather justifies the continued use of that familiar and popular formula.

That is not the kind of imitation film fans and film critics object to. It is the imitation of tendencies and themes rather than of pictured backgrounds and scenes that discourages them; the imitation that produces a hundred lurid sex plays, because a half dozen have been successful; the imitation that demands that all scenarios shall be adapted from acted plays or printed stories because one or two firms have specialized successfully in this field; the imitation that is just now prompting the buying of the screen rights to such plays and stories at ridiculously high figures and refusing to pay a tenth the amount for an original yarn.

And my own pet objection is to the producers and directors who, with the proof before their eyes, refuse to see that the really big screen plays today are invariably the simple and convincingly plausible adventures of real people. There was nothing sensational about "The Miracle Man," except that it reached down and took a mighty grip upon the fundamental aspirations and beliefs of human beings. There is nothing sensational about "Humoresque," except that it tells a story on the screen concerning a group of human beings who are recognizable to other human beings in the audience watching them. There is nothing sensational in "Jes' Call Me Jim," but it is Will Rogers' best picture because it, too, in its main story and its chief character is of the true stuff.

These pictures, and a half dozen others that have found their way into the best-seller lists of the screen, are not without a padding of bokum. Such of the literati as wander into the cinema temples will sniff at them for their obviousness and their sentimentality. Each of them is in some degree imitative, and no one of them is startlingly original. But they are big in the sense that they are basically human, are simply told and are at least suggestively true.

Yet I see picture after picture in which seemingly no attempt...
has been made to tell the story plausibly or to illustrate it reasonably. And the pity of it is that a good half of them are not bad stories to start with. They are ruined in the making. The effort is always to overdo. If the heroine is poor she is living in the most dilapidated of tenements. If she is rich she occupies nothing less than a mansion. If the hero fights, he must fight enough men to smother him. If the cowboy rides to the rescue he must gallop no less than eighteen miles. If the girl is virtuous she must also be simple. If the villain is at all a brute he is a non-union rotter and works at it twenty-four hours a day. If the jailer is a brute he must wear hob-nailed brogans the better to stamp upon the face of the prisoner. If a small crowd is suggested a mob is shown. And so it goes.

I SAY "Joy's Call Me Jim" is Rogers' best picture. And to a very great extent it is. Yet its story is founded on two of the oldest aids to a quick sympathy in the theater known to playwrights—tortured inventor who is thrown into the asylum by the man who steals his patents and the homeless waif who is thus robbed of his daddy. These were old when Mount Ararat was a swamp. But the point I'm making is that even an old story is an interesting story, if it is well told by interesting people. Jim Fenton is an old simpleheart of the woods. Paul Benedict, his friend, is an inmate of the county asylum. Jim is led to believe, through the village milliner, who has taken charge of Benedict's little boy, that Paul is not insane, but the victim of a plot. He effects his release, hides him in his cabin, throws the pursuing authorities off the scent, and finally has the satisfaction of seeing him recover his health and prove in court that he is the lawful owner of certain patents stolen from him by the villain.

Familiar movie material, you'll say, reading the outline. But see the picture and you'll see how it is possible to take a story that could have been as easily spoiled as any of them and by the employment of intelligence in its adaptation and direction, and by the refreshingly real and wholesome appeal of the acting. To Roger's, make of it a fine evening's entertainment. In this picture Rogers gives the lie to all those who have been insisting that he is only a rough comedian blessed with a likable personality. Show me an actor who can play with more genuine feeling than Rogers does the basically theatrical scene in which Jim sends Benedict's little boy into the woods to pray for the recovery of his father and I'll introduce you to one of the leaders of his profession. It is a gripping bit of drama. Little Jimmie Rogers is as genuine as his dad playing the Benedict boy; Irene Rich is a likable milliner, and there are excellent performances by Raymond Hatton as Benedict and Lionel Belmore as the brutal thief of the patents. Thompson Buchanan dug the story out of J. G. Holland's novel "Seven Oaks," and Clarence Badger directed it. It is one of the real films of the month.

ROMANCE—United Artists

I CAN say for Doris Keane's "Romance" that it is one of the few pictures I have recently sat through that was applauded by its audience at its close. This, I take it, was an endorsement of the romance itself, which has a definite sentimentality on the screen just as it had on the stage. There was nothing unusual in its picturization to warrant enthusiasm. Miss Keane is an attractive actress, though her beauty occasionally flattens under lights that add years to a face that is still youthful and lines to eyes that are brighter than the camera permits them to be.

The story is told, as it was on the stage, with the aid of an artificial prologue in which the aged Bishop of St. Giles relates his own romance to a youthful grandson who asks his permission to marry an actress. The play proper follows, detailing the interlude in which the passion of the bishop (then a young rector) for the gifted prima donna, Rita Cavallina, might have been the undoing of his career if she had not been a finer woman than her record of many loves indicated. I'll follow out with an epilogue in which, the story finished, the youth is so impressed that he hastens after his actress fiancee with the intention of marrying her before he loses her as grandpa lost his song bird.

Basil Sidney, Miss Keane's English leading man, who is also her husband, plays a stoody but plausible young rector of St. Giles and Norman Trevor lends dignity and weight to Pewter Magazine
the role of Cavallina's patron. Betty Rose Clarke is an attractive ingenue and Gilda Veresi and Amelia Summerville have small parts. The direction by Chevalley is able and the old New York settings attractive.

THE DARK MIRROR—Paramount-Arclight

"The Dark Mirror" is also a blurred mirror. A highly improbable melodrama in the telling of which the author, director and star are constantly being forced to admit that the story they are relating is not at all true. The two heroines, played by Dorothy Dalton, are twin sisters. Separated in their infancy, neither is conscious of the other's existence, yet, like the Corsican brothers, so close is the bond between them that each subconsciously reacts to the emotions and adventures of the other.

Thus the girl who was brought up by wealthy foster parents in refined surroundings is given to dreaming that she is the other girl, who has fallen in with a band of crooks. In her dreams she is variously pursued and mistreated and prevented from following her naturally wholesome impulses. But as the audience is aware that each of these episodes is a dream, the story is never convincing and excites the lip-fault remark rather than the gooseflesh thrill. In the end the unfortunate sister is drowned and an amateur psychoanalyst clears the disturbing complex of the other, making a happy ending possible.

Dorothy Dalton gives a vigorous performance in the melodramatic episodes, and does her best to make them seem real. She is still a lovely camera subject, though, strangely enough, considering her experience, her beauty is frequently minimized, particularly in the close-ups, by the too-heavy shading of her lips. The lip-fault in pictures is as common as the foot-fault in tennis, and should be as quickly penalized.

THE DEEP PURPLE—Realart

Producer R. A. Walsh is to be credited with the employment of a real all-star cast for "The Deep Purple." Without these exceptionally gifted players—notably Vincent Serrano, W. B. Mack, W. J. Ferguson, Miriam Cooper and Helen Ware—"it would be a very ordinary crook play. As it is played it holds a reasonably sustained interest in the familiar adventure of the upstate innocent who is lured to the city by the plausible thief on promise of marriage, and there forcibly induced into the crook's game. She is finally rescued by Stuart Sage, as the understanding juvenile. The background, both interior and exterior, are splendidly pictured and the detail carefully worked out. The individual performances are all excellent, proving, as said, the wisdom of spending money on actors to save a weak story or the extravagance of wasting so good a cast on a story unworthy of them, just as you please to look at it. "The Deep Purple" perfectly represents the type of crook play that by repetition has lost its punch.

THE SILVER HORDE—Goldwyn

Similar virtues have saved many a Rex Beach picture. They may be 80 percent "trick stuff." Sections of the snow wastes of Alaska that decorate them may be nothing more than a quarter acre of Holly for salt and potted fish in Hollywood, Cal. The story may bend suddenly toward the highly imaginative or slide off into pure picture stuff that irritates more frequently than it stimulates. But every Rex Beach story I have seen on the screen is told with a certain masculine directness that is refreshing, and no one of them has ever been permitted to become so downright silly as to insult the intelligence of its bourgeoisie.

"The Silver Horde" is a good picture in spite rather than because of its commonplace romance. It combines with a well-told story the virtues of the scenic and the weekly pictorial. Few pictures have been more convincingly atmospheric, thanks to the frequent cutting in of scenery bits showing the Canadian lakes and rivers and a fine set of salmon fishing views. It is a perfect job of assembling, and Larry Trimble's scenario is at least a near-perfect job of plot building. This story has a firm foundation from the moment Boyd Emerson, befriended by Cherry Melotte and George Bolt in the north, starts East to raise the money necessary to start an independent cannery. It gathers momentum with every scene, without doubling on itself or becoming entangled in
side issues; it picks up a legitimate thread of comedy in the person of the youth who expected to help supply fish for the campanily with a bamboo pole; it develops some genuine thrill during the trust crowd's attempt to blow up the independent traps and it ends with a romantic flourish that satisfies the romantic and offends no one. But Beach and Trimble and Frank Lloyd, the director, all fell for the hackneyed incident of the polite villain who is proved the father of the Indian woman's child, which was a foolish and unnecessary bit, seeing that it weakened an otherwise reasonable conclusion. The cast is an especially well chosen one.

THE DANCIN' FOOL—Paramount-Artcraft

"THE DANCIN' FOOL." is another of the month's pictures in which the virtues of a human story overcome the handicap of a leather-weight and fantastic comedy plot. It really doesn't matter how trivial a story may be, if it is sound at heart. The world, it happens, is full of "dancin' fools," bright lads who just can't make their feet behave and find it irksome to buckle down to work with the lure of the jazz ringing in their ears. It isn't as easy to accept the wise Wallace Reid as an unsophisticated country youth as it is Charles Ray, but he has enough of the same engaging quality of youthful exuberance to endear him to a large public, and he carries the hero of this story through a series of city adventures with uncommon skill. His regular job is that of a $6-a-week clerk in his old-fashioned uncle's jug business, but he happens to meet Bebe Daniels, who is dancing at a cabaret, and after she has taught him the newest steps he becomes her partner. Of course, he discovers him tootin' away his evenin's, and fires him for the fourteenth and last time. But Wallace refuses to be fired and ends by saving uncle from selling out his business to a couple of Tully Marshall villains just as it is about to boom. Then he marries Bebe, which is bound to be a satisfying ending to anyone who has taken note of the physical attractions of this young lady. It also happens that Miss Daniels is something more than beautiful. She has that "certain subtle something" that differentiates the real from the merely personable heroine, and her announced elevation to stardom is easy to endorse. Raymond Hatton is excellent as the Uncle Enoch of the jug business, and Willis Marks, Tully Marshall, and Lillian Leighton help considerably.

RIDERS OF THE DAWN—W. W. Hodkinson

WHATEVER else may be said for or against the Zane Grey movies, they certainly do move. "Riders of the Dawn" is as full of excitement as an extra inning baseball game, and as thrilling, if it happens you are a Zane Grey fan. I'm not. Not, at least, a regular Zane Grey fan. I like the story backgrounds his adapters and scenarioists extract from his novels; like the themes, and usually the selection of the players; but I weary of the fighting and the fires; the heroes who cannot only whip their weight in wildcats, but are not at all adverse to taking on a crowd of bellowing hippopotami. Old Kurt Dorn in this picture (he being Roy Stewart in makeup) not only bows over a quartet or two, but he fights at least one army, and maybe two, of rioting 189 W. W. bolsheviks, killing five of them with a single bullet, as nearly as I could make out. Villains to the right of him, villains to the left of him, crumped and fell each time Kurt raised his pistol arm. Which is neither good sense nor good direction. An honest-to-goodness fight with reasonable odds against the hero is always twice as exciting as one of these overdrawn scenes. The story is of a war hero's effort to readjust his affairs in the west country after his return from France. He is much in love with a belle of the township, when the villain rings in a French girl on him—a French girl with just enough English to insist that Kurt is her naturally, though not legally, begotten husband. Which discourages the heroine considerably for three or four reels. But after the fighting and the fires are over, the truth is told. The French intriguante admits she is a liar, the villain confesses he should be hanged, the bolsheviks take again to the road and their tomato can kits, and all is as well in "The Desert of Wheat" as could be expected. Robert McKim, the producers' favorite highclass bad man, stressed his villainies rather desperately; probably under the instructions of his director, Hugh Ryan Conway. (Continued on page 90)

Even Kathryn Williams and Leatrice Joy leave Eugene Walter's play "Just a Wife"—just a film, warmed over from its stage form.

The rather melodramatic title of "The Path She Chose" may be misleading, for it is an interesting story with a true-to-life appeal.

Dorothy Dalton does her best to make "The Dark Mirror" seem real, but it excites the flippant remark rather than the gooseflesh thrill.
Roast Chicken for Tschot

IN "Kathleen Mavournee," with Theda Bara, some strange things occurred. For instance, in one scene, Kathleen (Theda) sits before a great open fire, and just as she is falling asleep, one of the chickens, wandering about the room, walks directly into the fire and does not come out.

G. M. O., Auburn, New York.

Economical Mr. Oakman

IN "Eve in Exile," with Wheeler Oakman and Charlotte Walker, the hero (Oakman) wears one suit from the opening flash to the final close-up. He went traveling, entertained, wooed and won "the Girl" all in this one suit!

J. A. F., St. Mary's, Pa.

Coming Events, Etc.

IN "Out Yonder," with Olive Thomas, the heroine is sitting on a rock reading a book when the hero finds her. She discovers him because his shadow falls across the book. The next scene shows him standing back of her with his shadow falling in the other direction.


A Little Love, a Little Kiss—

STARS who contemplate having their hands kissed in their new pictures please note: Alma Tell as Lady Joune in "On With the Dance" gives Peter her right hand in a way and then uses it. The close-up shows tears, presumably Lady Joune's, on the left hand, which Lady Joune then kisses passionately.

A. F., Toronto.

Screen Advertising

SEVERAL well-known national products are given a lot of advertising in Cecil DeMille's "Why Change Your Wife?" Thomas Meighan is shown holding a razor which is unmistakably a Gillette; two—no, three magazines are displayed to advantage, but the worst comes when Thomas, after talking to Gloria Swanson, walks over and selects a record of a popular song, "Hindustan," with the record maker's name (Victor) very plainly seen, number 18507 A. But—when in another sequence of the story he visits Bebe Daniels after the theater and she picks up a record, it's the same "Hindustan, number 18507 A." Maybe Thomas smelled it there under his coat. But why must pictures become a medium for advertising certain products?

R. H., Chicago.

Where—Did—He—Get—That—Hat?

IN "A Leap to Fame," in the court room when the alleged spy knocked out the cops and made a break for liberty, Carlyle Blackwell rushed frantically after him, with hair streaming, leaving his hat on the reporter's bench. After the chase and capture of the spy, when they are returning to the court-room and "the girl" is let off on the way, we see Mr. Blackwell standing on the running-board of the taxi bidding her a gentlemanly farewell, as he gracefully tips his straw hat to her!

G. A. Estancila, N. M.

Silly—They Didn't Want to Be Seen!

CAN you tell me why Frank Mayo, riding a motorcycle to intercept the crook in "The Peddler of Lies" has no head-light burning? Neither have the crooks when they escape in cars.

OPERATOR, Yosum, Texas.

Civilized Savages

IN a scene supposed to be in the Zulu Islands in Blanche Sweet's "A Woman of Pleasure," one of the native savages was vaccinated!

Also, in "April Folly," Lady Diana, seeing that April had no train ticket and was about to be put off, kindly offered her an extra ticket she happened to have in her purse. That's foresight for you!

CHARLES WILLIS, JR., Richmond, Va.

Dear Little Lasca!

IN "Lasca," Edith Roberts in the title role stabs the hero in the back. A few minutes later, full of remorse, she gently bandages his arm.

L. H., Rochester, N. Y.

Well, That Was an Old Picture

VITAGRAPH recently released a picture called "The Jugernaut." Earl Williams, as John Ballard, although working his way through college, is able to afford to wear a silk shirt. I'm a college man and I know it can't be done nowadays.

G. L. G. Madison, Wis.

In Other Words—He Was Beaten Up

IN Rupert Hughes' "The Cup of Fury," the I. W. W. agitator Vandall is hit on the left jaw by a blow from the ship-yard boss. In a subsequent sub-title he plans how to account for his black eye. Next he is shown at home—with his wife bathing his forehead; and later with his head bound up.

M. E. S., Richmond, Ind.
Your nails tell strangers all about you

How you can keep them always well groomed

It is not only palmists who read your character by your hands. Wherever you go—whenever you appear in public, strangers are judging you by the appearance of your hands and nails. To many it is the one sure key to a person's standing.

Carelessly manicured nails cannot be hidden. The loveliest gown, the most charming manner cannot affect the impression they give.

But there is a way to correct that impression. Your nails can be as lovely as anyone's with just a few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week.

But it must be the right kind of care. Never cut the cuticle. The more you cut it the worse it looks. It grows thicker and thicker, the skin heals in little scars and hangnails form.

With Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover, you can keep your cuticle smooth and unbroken, the nails always lovely.

With a bit of cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail base. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle with a towel.

For clean, white nail tips, apply Cutex Nail White under the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For a brilliant, lasting polish use the Cake Polish first, then the Paste Polish.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35 and 65 cent bottles. Cutex Nail Polish, Nail White, and Cold Cream are each 35 cents, at all drug and department stores.

Six manicures for 20 cents
For two dimes you can get a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, containing enough of each product for six complete manicures. Send for it today.


Mail this coupon with two dimes today to Northam Warren
114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name
Street and Number
City and State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOToplay Magazine.
Divorce
a la Film

A little inside information on Movieland's latest separation.

By GENE NORTH

He gazed meditatively into space, reflectively chewing a lettuce leaf which must have belonged to the spearman family because it didn't seem to evaporate properly.

But seriously, Douglas MacLean did see the world through blue glasses that day. Thomas H. Ince had just informed him that his co-starring partnership with pretty Doris May had come to an end. The pictures for Paramount Aircraft, which the two were engaged to make, had been completed and the Powers That Be have the papers locked in the safe, you know; had decreed that henceforth they should be separated.

And Douglas MacLean, who has probably done more to establish comedy of the stuntless, slapstickless variety than any other one man, is to be an independent star. The second year option that Paramount held on his services has been exercised and he is at present deep in his first starring vehicle, "The Yanacana Yilles." (I know. I felt exactly that way about it. I may be wrong. But after I'd had it repeated three times and spelled twice, I was afraid they'd make me walk home so I shut up.)

"Yes, it's hard to lose a good wife, even just a professional one," went on MacLean. "And Doris has been a good one. As a film wife, she is par excellence. Now it's all ended. Oh, I daresay I shall have other good wives. I have had some good ones in the past. But I shall always remember Doris."

There was a note of sadness in his voice. Outside his swiftly moving dramas he looked and acted as little like a comedian as anyone I ever saw. (That in a world where everyone in comedy wants to do tragedy and a lot of tragedians do a lot of comedy.) He has brown eyes of the kind that lady novelists describe as "nice and honest." Minus a little twinkle, they would be soulful.

"You are married aren't you, Mr. MacLean?" I asked, since the conversation seemed to be running on things matrimonial.

"Oh yes," said Mr. MacLean enthusiastically.

I have been forced to ask that question of a number of men a number of times professionally—professionally. Some answer it dabbly, as if they were agreeing with a rich aunt.

(Continued on page 123)
A sweater for every frock
—now that you can wash them yourself

"I do believe that's another sweater, Betty! You have more sweaters than any other three girls I know."
"Well, as a matter of fact, my dear, it isn't a new one—it's just washed."
"That fuzzy, woolly sweater washed? I simply don't believe it!"
"Of course it's washed, goosey. In Lux suds just the same as your blouses. It does look new, doesn't it?"

Lux whisks into the most wonderful suds. You just swish your sweater around in them and squeeze the rich lather again and again through the soiled spots. There's not the least bit of rubbing. Rubbing hard cake soap on wool is simply fatal, you know. Either you get the tiny fibres all mixed up and matted, or else you pull them so far apart they never can go back. And of course when you scrub the soap out again, you're scrubbing the pretty colors out, too!

The Lux way is so different. It's so careful and so gentle with the delicate wool fibres. You can trust the brightest Shetland, the fuzziest Angora to these pure suds.

Your newest gay golf sweater with its short sleeves and big checked scarf that rucks through the belt and floats away—don't let it grow loose and baggy, nor get ridiculously small and tight. Launder it the Lux way. It will come out soft and shapely, fit just as perfectly as the day you bought it.

Lux is so easy to use, so wonderfully quick. And it can't possibly hurt any fabric or color that can be trusted to water alone. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

HOW TO WASH SWEATERS

Use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water and then add cold water until lukewarm. Work your sweater up and down in the suds—do not rub. Squeeze the suds again and again through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze the water out—do not wring. Spread on a towel to dry in the shade.
This was one of the most romantic of the 250 stereopticon slides that made up "Miss Jerry." The lovers are William Courtenay and Blanche Bayliss of 25 years ago. "Miss Jerry" was a newspaper reporter. The "still" below shows her out on a "sob" story. Note how the "sets" were made in those days.

The Grandpa of the Movies

RELEGATED to the limbo of the past is the remembrance of most of the early efforts that helped bring the art of motion pictures to the high plane it has reached today. Even now, many maintain, the possibilities of the film are only beginning to be realized, but it is interesting to look back just a quarter of a century when Dr. Alexander Black was seeing visions as he looked into what then doubtless seemed a far, far future.

On October 9, 1894, William Courtenay and Blanche Bayliss appeared as the first motion picture stars, in Dr. Black's moving stereopticon, "Miss Jerry," a tale of love, newspaperdom and Wall Street.

Dr. Black, now a noted novelist, was a newspaper man with an interest in photography years ago. It occurred to him that ordinary stereopticon slides could be slipped in and out of the then popular stereopticon lantern in such a way that they overlapped—thus causing them to dissolve into one another in a way which suggested motion. He experimented, found his idea worked, wrote the drama called "Miss Jerry" in 250 scenes, engaged actors and made it with rough—very rough sets. His second drama was called "A Capitol Romance." Grover Cleveland, then president, posed for it. Dr. Black's motion picture dramas took forty-five minutes to present. He stood beside the screen and told the story as the picture appeared. He toured the country and made a great hit. The Paramount Magazine, in a recent issue, showed Dr. Black's invention.
You don't carry it; you wear it—like a watch.

The Vest Pocket KODAK

With a "Vest Pocket" you're always ready for the unexpected that is sure to happen.

Your larger camera you carry when you plan to take pictures. The Vest Pocket Kodak you have constantly with you to capture the charms of the unusual. It is small in size but lacks nothing in quality.

The price is $9.49. Film for 8 exposures is 25 cents. Both prices include the war tax.

All Dealers'.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City
Murdered Brain Children

Being a small portion of the docket in the Great Assize Court, in the case of the Scenario Author vs. the Producer, Director, Cameraman, Scene Artist, Cutter, et al.

By RANDOLPH BARTLETT

Decorations by Norman Anthony

SUPPOSE you were the proud father of a newly born infant. To you it was the most wonderful thing in the world. It was beautiful, exhilarating in sweetness and light.

The least movement of its small hands, the least flicker of its eyelids denoted intelligence of a precocity that almost frightened you. At once you were overcome with a sense of your responsibility to this splendid off-shoot, and were determined that it should be reared to manhood in such wise that all the world should bow to this, your child.

Suppose now that you showed it to one whom you had considered a friend, not so much to get his opinion as to permit him to gaze and admire, and suppose he said:

"Ugly brat! Why let it live?"

Suppose, feeling only contempt for a person so blind and ignorant, you showed the wonder child to another friend and he looked pityingly at your head and said:

"What is it? The missing link?"

Still the pride of paternity persisted, but one after another those whom you had long regarded as good friends cast skyward noses at the child. This did not weaken your own love and faith in the infant's destiny, but merely made you bitter toward all the world. And that is why scenario authors become pessimists.

Every man, woman and child who has written moving picture scenarios has some favorite scene, some delectable brain-child, not necessarily the main part of a plot, not the theme of a drama, nor the big scene, nor the supreme thrill—but just some fragment of fancy that its mental parent knows is one of the most exquisite things ever given to a wartime world. It would embellish any picture, fit into any story, perhaps, and so with magnificent persistence the father of the idea writes it into every script, only to see it foultly murdered by one or another of those autocrats through whose hands each picture must pass.

The producer thinks it is over the heads of the public, and slays it; the studio manager thinks it would clog the action, and decimates it; the casting director says the right type cannot be found, and garrottes it; the electrician foules the light effect and smothers it; the cameraman throws it out of focus and gibbets it; the director decides it would be too much trouble, and stabs it; the star doesn't like her close-up in it, and strangels it; the editor needs footage and guillotines it; and if, by some twist of luck it should pass all these perils, the negative will be lost in the cutting room. This is the history of, not one, but many scenes, of which a few have been compiled. Here, for the first time, these favorite sons shall see the light of publicity, and you shall decide whether or not they belong upon the screen.

One of the most populous of the private graveyards is that of Charles E. Whittaker, author of numerous shadow tales for Paramount, Clara Kimball Young, Maurice Tourneur and others. The germ of the collection, the most tearwashed of all the tombs, is this:

A French actress, after a terrible tragedy at home, comes to America, and living quietly in the country makes friends with a young American boy, about ten or twelve years old—a dreamer, not a roughneck; polite, not flip; clear-skinned, not freckled; romantic and decently clad. In the actress garden is a statue of Pan, and she tells the boy of the love symbolism of the ancient deity and his pipes, giving the lad a whistle which he learns to play for her. She finds her romance, but tragedy again comes to her, and she goes back to her garden, where she finds the boy's whistle, broken.

"They told me it was too highbrow," moaned Whittaker, as he sketched the fable.

Luther Reed, now in the Thomas H. Ince scenario department, tells of the following crime perpetrated by another concern:

"A fright woman of Paris, tired of her companion, a wealthy munition maker, is about to leave him for a vulgar liaison with an apache, when she meets a blind sergeant, now dependent upon the government for his living. For the first time in her life she is stirred by a worthy passion, and she takes the blind man to her (Continued on page 100)
Drink

Coca-Cola

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

The Coca-Cola Company  Atlanta, Ga
PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant. Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why the leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use

**WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it. Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage. You can get Watkins Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

"Splendid for Children"

Each Bottle Packed in a Carton
MARY D. LOS ANGELES.—Bert Lytell is a lucky man. If one woman was ever true to me for five years, I'd—but why speculate? It could never happen. Do you like Lytell better in pictures than you did on the stage? “The Right of Way” was my favorite Lytell piece. Bert is five feet, ten and a half inches tall; weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Haven't his age. He is married to Evelyn Vaughn; they have no children. He's signed up with Metro. Come again.

LORAYNE H., MILWAUKEE.—It was a bad day when I got your letter—bloomy inside and out. But what mere male is not susceptible to flattery? Not this one. You cheered me considerably. Viola Dana was born in 1889; she is a widow; her husband John Collins, the director, died of influenza. Yes, Tom Meighan is married to Frances Ring. Jack Barrymore was born in 1882. He was divorced from Katherine Harris Barrymore, an actress in his sister Ethel's “Declasse” company. Do I like blondes or brunettes? Yes.

M. D. S., NEWTON CENTER, Mass.—The spirits are certainly kept busy. I suppose the Shade of Cheopatra is the most popular. I don't mind confessing to you that I'm ouija bored. No—I can't tell you my favorites, and I've never talked with Miss Elsie Ferguson. So now I suppose I am relegated to the limbo of lost and forgotten things, said he sorrowfully—and inaccurately.

FRIEND, HIMALAYA.—I am young but that isn't why I make you laugh. You are young—that's why. Dick Barthelmess undoubtedly will get around to your letter in due time; he's a very busy young man. Friend, and there may be a thousand letters ahead of yours. I don't want to discourage you or anything. Pearl White has red hair and, yes, she wears a blonde wig.

G. C. T., SULPHUR SPINGS, TEX.—My head still aches from that violent green. You girls love to torture me, don't you? There's nothing about stationery in all its most ghastly phases that I don't know. Lillian Gish is not married. She has left the David Griffith company to star for Serrill, or the Frohman Amusement Corporation. Alice Brady's first two Real-art releases were “The Fear Market” and “Sinners.” She is working at this writing on “The Dark Lantern.” Viola Dana isn't married to Lieut. Omer Locklear. But some busybody saw him fly away with her—in his airplane—and jumped at conclusions.

A. N., OAKLAND.—So you saw Wallace Reid in “The Rotters,” the legitimate play, and would much rather see him in pictures. Yet I have had better letters. I wish raved over Reid in his part of the chauffeur in this spoken production. James Caine played with Alice Brady in “Sinners.” You say their love scenes were so realistic. No wonder—he's her husband.

D. D. FOSTER, OHIO.—Many a true word is said carelessly. That man who once said the public be stunned upon its head, in a prophesy. I don't have jaw on my bread, any more. Elsie Ferguson will probably be in Japan when you read this. She's going to rest, not to make pictures. She was born in New York, and she stands five feet, six inches, in her stock. I mean in her heels-slipers. Whew!

D. D. BUFFALO—Yes, prices are terrible. Everything I go to shop to buy, a tie I come away from, the price and agree with the clerk. Then I leave in a hurry and go somewhere else and pay more. Dorothy Gish is five feet, tall. Bobby Vernon stands five feet, two inches. He's with Christie comedies. Con-stance Talmadge isn't comedies. Yes, now there are rumors. Charles Rye's wife was Miss Grant.

CONNIE MILLER, LONDON, ENGLAND.—Norah Talmadge's latest release is "The Brandled Whit." Miss Talmadge conducts the Fashion Department in Photoplay and has signed an article illustrated, every month Watchout for them. Thank for your good wishes. Please write soon again.

C. M. L. SHEFFIELD, PA.—One way to judge an educated woman is how much she borrows you. I heartily approve of higher education for women, for instance, in the matter of dress, coiffure, and carriage. Niles Welch is married to Dolly Boonis Welch is a freelancer, meaning that he is not contracted to any company but plays engagements here and there. He is the leading man in "The Captivity of Red Smoke."

H. M. W. MILLER, N.Y.—Grace George is Alice Brady's stepmother. Miss Brady's own mother, William Brady's first wife, died years ago. Miss George is one of the leading figures on the American stage. She has a son. Mary Fuller has been retired for a long time now. I doubt if she'll ever return to active participation in pictures.

Katherine, Moorefield, West Va.—You think I deserve a pat on the head? How and Wanda Hawley? No—but I'd like to. However—Miss Dorothy is heart-wool and fancy-free. Wanda Hawley is very much in love with Miss Hinkle. Miss Hinkle has been her husband for some time. Wanda is a Ralston star now and so is Bebe Daniels, who was Harold Lloyd's lead- ing woman before she went in for dramas. Are Harold and Bebe married? Well—

O. C. RUMY, SILLY BRENNER has been married, but obtained a divorce. Her husband was an Australian theatrical manager. I hear there is a report that Miss Bremer is engaged. She has the leading female role in "Vih- lec" and Frank film picture Doris May.

JULY, FLORENCE—You have a fine list of favorites. Yours are mine, too. Henry B. Walthall, always remembered as the "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation," appears in Allan Dwan's production of "The Splendid Hazard." He does fine work in it. Mary Thurman may be reached in Allan Dwan's company. The same Mary who used to be such an ornament to Bennett comedies is now a well-defined dramatic actress—and a good one. Mary decided sensibly that beauty wasn't everything. Thil she put on a pitch in and began to learn a new technique. She's certainly made good.

M. D. S. WILLIAMS-PORT, PA.—June El- vidge, that statuesque brunette, may be reached in care of Mayflower Pictures, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York. She plays in Charles Miller's production, "The Law of the Yukon." Edward Earle, remembered from Edison and Vitagraph-O. Henry days, and Nancy Deaver, a blond newcomer, share honors with June in this northern tale. Miss Elvidge is Miss Elvidge now: she has been married.

HARRY M. F. WASHINGTON, D. C.—I am very sorry, but we have no record of Ted Lorch. Does anyone know Ted?

T. R. K., NEBRASKA—l would suggest that you write directly to the Talma-
gas upon his autobiography. Wongo who's writing it for him? He's much too busy himself. Beside, love is still in my teen.


It is safe to predict that unless they discover an everlasting motion picture film in the next hundred years, the animated libraries of 2019 will have a terrible time keeping stocked up with reels of the popular novels of the Elmar Glyn type. We are presupposing that a mere century or so may not make any great difference in men. Dickens and Dumas will, no doubt, have the same nice, steady, constant, respectable following as today. And unless putting them into pictures pegs them up into more lively form, it's dollars to doughnuts that the ones containing Professor Huxley's works of science will remain dust-covered and unasked for in the vault marked "H."

Is there any one who can answer these questions; but if these high prices don't come down, won't be my bread and butter any longer? I'll be lucky if I have a crust to nibble. It only some of your girls would come through with the cakes you were going to send me! Any Scotch-Irish girl who can write such a good letter has hopes of getting there in anything she wants to do—even journalism—to Norma or to Constance, because Natalie is abroad right now—and put it up to them. You know it can only give information as it is given to me. Louise and Harry--are they vampires a few years ago. She's still playing vamps, but she has her own company now.

BERNARD B. HENSHAW, NEW YORK CITY.—I'm not the Editor, child. You can de- pend on that. If I were, I'd never have discontinued running pictures of screen (Continued on page 198).
You won't need to worry about getting your hair wet while in bathing this Summer—or waste precious hours with old-fashioned curling irons and night curlers—if you own a Nestlé Home Outfit for permanent waving. Salt water, shampooing, hair tonics—nothing mars the natural, wavy beauty of the Nestlé wave.

The Nestlé Home Outfit is an exact copy of the process used in the famous Nestlé Fifth Avenue establishment. It is absolutely harmless to hair and scalp and will last a lifetime. It is in use in more than 10,000 homes, and every woman can obtain one virtually on trial.

On receipt of $19.00 we will send you the Nestlé Home Outfit complete, subject to your approval within seven days. You can use materials enough for five permanent curls, and if dissatisfied return it within seven days and we will refund you $17.00. We could not afford to make such an offer if we were not fully confident that you will want to retain it for the lifetime of service it will give you.

After using the Nestlé Home Outfit on trial, you can test the permanency of the Nestlé waves by washing your hair with soap and water. If the simple directions have been followed, the soft luxuriant waves will in no way be affected; they will remain until new hair grows in again—a period of four to six months. Send for the Nestlé Home Outfit today—or for further information write for our illustrated free booklet. Please address Dept. K.

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Largest Permanent Hair Wavers in the World
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Do You Want To Be Irresistible?
A delightful warm weather formula.
Wash or bathe with Mavis Soap and luke warm water. Rub dry with a rough towel and apply Mavis Toilet Water generously. It will dry very quickly. Then dust Mavis Talc on arms, neck, and shoulders. Massage the face gently with Mavis Cream—apply a bit of Mavis Rouge if you need color—then powder with Mavis Face Powder. Always have a bit of Mavis Sachet scattered among your waist and underthings. And just a tiny drop of Mavis perfume upon your handkerchief will complete your Mavis toilette. You will be amazed at the difference a complete Mavis Toilette will make.

Have You Heard The Mavis Waltz?
A beautiful melody that expresses the fragrance of Mavis. It will be sent you for 100 cent in stamps. Hear it on the Edison Record, No. 1017.32 for sale at all phonograph shops.

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

In summer, especially, you will appreciate Mavis. The fragrance of the Toilet Water—the sense of satisfaction as it caresses your burning skin—the very delight of its refreshing coolness will tell you the reason why millions of women prefer it.

And Mavis Talc! Of course Mavis Talc has become a very part of your summer existence—but do you know all the ways it can be used? There is so much fragrant comfort packed in each can of Mavis that it is no wonder more of it is sold than any other talc. Be sure you insist upon MAVIS TALC.

Perfume    Talc    Compacts    Soap
Toilet Water Face Powder Rouge Sachet

Irresistible!
The Professor Uplifts

By RALPH E. MOONEY

O the Editor of The Photoplay Magazine,

Dear Sir:

It is with trepidation that I take up my pen to compose this letter. To be plain, sir, I fear for the result. You have been most kind in suggesting that I, Erasmus Samuel Weatherbutton, professor of the conte or short-story at Wallingford University, might have a Higher Mission in the uplifting of the Motion Picture Industry. Yet I find myself able to make but a poor return for your interest. For, sir, as I write, I find myself in a condition of such hopeless befuddlement that I am totally unable to fulfill the mission you propose for me. I have visited a picture theater, but remain, nevertheless, wholly at loss to suggest a program for the Uplift and Improvement of the Photodrama as an Art Form.

You suggested that I fill the post of Critic Extraordinary for your journal; that in such post I review the productions on exhibition; and that, having reviewed them, I indite criticisms of them and letters of pleasant chatter concerning them, not with the simple intention of decanting upon the productions from the public's or the critic's viewpoint, but with the Higher Motive of Uplift, as explained previously. This, I agreed to do. This, I have attempted, but I fear I have failed.

Your note of instructions informed me that I was to review the performance at the Palladium on the same evening. It was to be a premiere or first night production. Now, although I have long been aware of the existence of motion pictures, I have never found time to witness them and, accordingly, was in somewhat of a dilemma as to how to go about the matter. A friend, who is accustomed to social procedure, informed me that it was customary to wear evening clothes to dramatic openings.

I was put to considerable inconvenience while en route. Being the result of a personal investigation by Professor Weatherbutton for the enlightenment of Photoplay readers.

Firstly, my silk hat had never sat me well and, indeed, I have been informed by a reliable haberdasher that my head is extremely hard to fit with any style of hat. Secondly, while in the army I was so bullied and badgered for neglecting to salute officers that the thing has become mechanical with me. Going to the Palladium, I met two captains and a lieutenant. I knocked my silk hat off three times.

At the box office I requested the critic's seats and was told there were none. I tried to explain, but was so jostled by folk about me and so shrieked at by the young woman in charge, that I waived the point and placed money before her. A ticket snapped out from a slot so suddenly that, what with the jostling, I lost my hat again and, stooping to recover it, lost my nose glasses. When all was set straight, I proceeded to the door of the auditorium amid much ill-mannered laughter.

At this point, let me remark that I was misinformed concerning the wearing of evening clothes. Mine were a subject of constant and audible remark.

Furthermore, the theater provided no cloak room, a fact which forced me to hold my coat on my knees and to place my silk hat beneath my chair.

As for the evening's production, I found it chaotic and confusing, with little to hold the interest and certainly with no logical conclusion. It was, I grant you, somewhat Dickenonian in concept, but the producers had failed just where Dickens is strongest—in linking the assorted plots together and making the conclusion the direct and inevitable outcome of the previous actions of the characters. Another fault is the too great dependence which motion picture makers place on printed legends explaining the matter in progress. It is a terrific inconvenience to the critic, busy as he is with note book and pencil. I was constantly raising my eyes to glimpse a fading
caption and I missed so many of them, while noting down important thoughts, that I was often entirely at sea as to what was going on. I merely mention the details and leave it to others to correct them. A critique may be suggestive, but never conclusive.

And now I shall try to describe each detail of the performance as it impressed me. From this, the managers, who, as you say, are eager waiting my message, may be able to draw inferences that will help them.

The opening of the evening production I found to be meritorious, impressive and understandable. I heard the noise of the picture machine, raised my eyes and saw before me an inscription which read: "General Pershing Reviews Overseas Veterans." A splendid sight and excellently produced, except for the fact that the infantry companies did not keep so good a front as we were accustomed to in my old regiment.

I saw the purpose of this at once, I flatter myself. The author was sketching in his atmosphere. This is undoubtedly a good enough technical usage, but, as time went on, I observed the man was overdoing it. For example, instead of proceeding from his "atmospheric" opening to his story, he laid out more background, depicting a line of battleships under steam. And when he went on and supplied us atmosphere from a Philippine cigar factory and a reception to the Archbishop of Sensa and a sketchy view of the natives of Mozambique, I felt it was going too far.

Valuable parts of the production were wasted because of its creator's fever for detail. Without previous explanation, an unfortunate, enfeebled woman was shown, back bent above the washing machine, with the clothing in one hand, the unfinished garment in the other. She collapsed into a nearby chair. Thereupon, with nothing to indicate why or wherefore, her husband peeped roundly through the doorway, winked, and proceeded to enter the room, followed by two delivery men bearing the contrivance known as a washing machine. The woman revived, clapped her hands, and kissed her husband.

A caption was displayed, as follows:

"Be Good to Your Wife. Buy Her an Automotro Washer."

After which the woman in question was shown sitting in an arm chair, reading a book with an infant in her arms, while the washing machine performed its salutary functions. This, I submit, was technically wrong. If it was intended as a moral for the picture it was stated too soon. The end of the performance, after the wife's trials and troubles have been outlined, after her soul has been laid bare, is the proper time to state the lesson of a motion picture. If, on the other hand, it was intended as a motif, it was again wrong. The motif, or theme-expression, has its uses in Music, but I do not believe it can be applied to motion pictures advantageously.

Then, wholly without preparation, we were plunged into what I take to be the author's comic underplot. A succession of ludicrous characters here indulged in various forms of horseplay which ended in their be-smearing each other liberally with pastry. Good enough for dull wit, but as "The Comedy of Errors" is to "Twelfth Night," in relation to real humor.

On the heels of the comic underplot came the depiction of the author's main plot. This, based upon the theme-question, "Should a Husband Know?" was melodramatically interesting, but dealt with everything else under the sun. The answer to the question. It told a story of a young man who was nervous and who smoked cigarettes visiting a pretty wife. Her husband, who was strong and smoked cigars, found out about it. He began to hold his head.

A friend of mine who frequents motion picture exhibitions, tells me there are three types of serious photoplays: (1) That in which a man holds his head all the time, (2) in which a woman holds her hands, (3) in which they both hold their respective heads. This was of the first type. The strong husband attempted to kill the nervous young man and held his head; he was persuaded not to do it by the wife—and held his head; he dismissed them and, when left alone, held his head. Then all three progressed through various stages of dissolution and poverty until the nervous young man ran away. He then attempted to get back home, but was saved by the husband, who effected a reconciliation with her and then—just at the very last—would sit near her and hold his head. Leaving us to infer that a husband should not know? Or merely that some husbands should not? Who can tell?

All of this was confusing enough, but you may imagine my puzzlement when at this point the author jumped in again without preparation to a secondary main plot. This was a rather indecorous affair dealing with a gentleman who, when born, was so affected by a thunderstorm that ever afterward he suffered temporary amnesia when it thundered. The gentleman married the only daughter of an enemy and avowed that she should be the last of her line. No issue should she begot by him.

However, during a thunderstorm she took advantage of his amnesia—but why go into details? A baby was born. The angry gentleman held his head and suspected his wife. She convinced him the child was his own. Thereupon he lost his fortune and went away to work. The neighbor, under pretext of investing the remnants of the woman's personal fortune, contrived to provide her with riches.

Of course, when the husband had made another fortune and returned to his home, he was suspicious of the luxury in which she lived. He held his head, then announced he would leave her and take his little son with him. Whereupon, in order to keep the child with her, she convinced him that the boy was not his. Then the neighbor explained his investment proceedings, the wife was forgiven and—she convinced that incredible husband that the baby was his after all.

And then—then what? Then the grand climax? The intermingling of all the plots in Dickens' best style? The final disposition of the characters of the plots? No. None of this.

With the completion of the third plot, the performance was brought to a summary end and we were dismissed with no knowledge of what followed in their several careers.

Information was afforded that those who came late might remain to witness a duplication of the material already witnessed and I departed, hat in hand.

I carried my hat of necessity, because of the efforts of a tobacco eater who sat behind me.

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Her Alibi

She had read, "She had one ambition to succeed as a film star. But had she not been assured, time and again via the printed page, that to succeed in the films a young girl must be willing to sacrifice everything? Simply... everything!

So she went to the City, and warned her way in to see someone in authority at her favorite studio.

"I am willing," she said soulfully, "to do anything—anything—to succeed!"

The authority seemed unimpressed. "No place right now," he replied.

She tried another studio, bringing photographs and arguments.

"I am willing—again—I don't care what it is—I'll do absolutely anything to succeed!"

They said they'd put her name on the waiting list. She tried others, each time using more heart-throbs in her voice, more transparent stockings, more rouge on her lips. But everywhere she met with the same answer: "Nothing for you."

Finally, she became discouraged; besides, her money ran out. When she got home she told the folks, "It's not worth it. Some girls may do it, but I never could sell my soul to succeed!"

And they believed her.
The most humiliating moment in my life

When I overheard the cause of my unpopularity among men

A CHICAGO girl writes to me: "Oh, if I had only read one of your articles years ago! Many times I have heard women criticize you for publicly discussing such a delicate personal subject. But I know what I would have been saved had I known these facts sooner, and I know that many of these women who criticize you would benefit by taking your message to themselves.

'I learned the facts about myself, as unpleasant facts often are learned, by overhearing two girl friends talk about me.

"'Why don't the men dance with her,' one of them said." Here came a few words I couldn't catch, and then —of course she's unconscious of it, poor dear, but she does suffer frightfully from perspiration.'

"It was the most humiliating moment in my life! I, who had prided myself on my daintiness, had overlooked what men could not.'

An old fault—common to most of us

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

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active.

The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands.

They use Odoron, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

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

Odoron is an antiseptic, perfectly harmless. Its regular use gives that absolute assurance of perfect daintiness that women are demanding—that consciousness of perfect grooming so satisfying to men.

The cause of both the moisture and odor of perspiration.

Use Odoron regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Saves gowns and cleaners' bills

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odoron complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Address Ruth Miller, The Odoron Co., 514 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 5c, 60c and $1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Address mail orders or request as follows:

For Canada, to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont.; for France, to The Agence Americaine, 38 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; for Switzerland, to The Agence Americaine, 37 Boulevard Helvetic, Geneva; for England, to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W.C. 2; for Mexico, to H. E. Gerber & Co., 2a Gante, D. Mexico City; for U.S.A., to

The Odoron Company
514 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
THE FORTUNE TELLER—Robertson-Cole

The poor directors do have a time of it. Not so long ago they were being called to book because they were too free in their exaggerations of the stories from which they took their plots. Now they appear to be awfully extreme and following the plot too closely, particularly in the case of the stage play they reproduce on the screen. "The Fortune Teller" was a failure as a play largely because it was not reasonably filled in. The prologue introduced the heroine as a dishevelled fortune teller travelling with a circus. As a young woman she had been turned out of her home by the hus-band who had unjustly accused her of being too friendly with another man. The circus plays the old home town and the fortune teller's son, whom she left as an infant, comes to her for a reading. She discovers that he, too, is in trouble and is able to help him. To be near him she quits the circus and stays in town. In two years she is established as a famous psychic, without her son knowing her real relation to him. Exposure threatens and she is about to leave rather than jeopardize her son's future, when a satisfactory explanation is made possible. The picture goes back of this episode and shows the original quarrel with the hus-band, but it does not in any way develop the episodes concerned with the gradual regeneration of the fortune teler or the real drama of her efforts to help her son and still keep her great secret, wherein the real suspense of the situation lies. Neither are the titles properly utilized to make clear the lapses. Marjorie Rambeau gives an effective performance as the mother as the scenario and the director permit, but she is pretty severely handicapped.

DOLLARS AND SENSE—Goldwyn

The World end Goldwyn could, if Goldwyn wanted to, adopt a general title for all the Madge Knudsen comedies. Call them "Just Like Madge," and add an explanatory subtitle. That for the current showing would be "She Runs a Bakery." In this picture Vivace wades gracefully into those easy picture-making channels in which a succession of attractive scenes takes the place of a soundly reasoned logic. In "Dollars and Sense" she starts as a chorus girl, is stranded, sidesteps the temptations offered by a rich man who considers stranded chorus ladies fair game and accepts a job in the bakery of a young philanthropist who had rather give his bread to the poor than sell it. She quickly puts the bakery on its feet, and falls in love with the proprietor, but their romance is halted when he is taken ill. Then, to help the plot, the bakery suddenly becomes bankrupt and Madge is forced to reconsider the sale of her zood name in order to raise funds to pay the youth's bill at the hospital. She is willing to make the sacrifice, but the man who would buy is not such a rotter as she thought him, and instead of taking advantage of her predicament he arranges for her marriage with the baker. A pleasant little short story in five reels. Miss Kennedy is daintily effective, as usual, and has a personable hero to play opposite her in young Kenneth Harlan.

AN EASTERN WESTERNER—Rolin Pathe

If the only Charles Chaplin does not hurry back to the job he is likely to find that the only Harold Lloyd has replaced him in the affections of that vast public that don't disease on the rough but often riotously amusing comedy of the screen. Lloyd's "An Eastern Westerner" presents that agile youth at his best, and its first reels are a perfect sample of how legitimately funny a farcical comedy can be made on the screen. Harolf's attempt to avoid doing the "shimmy" in a dance place where the wireglove is forbidden, and his later experience in trying to sneak into his room without arousing the family, which he would have succeeded in doing if he hadn't stopped on the cat, are real bits of unforced comedy. Later his adventures in the West are more wildly exaggerated, and less effective in comparison, though the comedy tricks of the usual pursuit and capture, escape and recapture, are full of laughable incidents. A burlesque poker game is also ineptly built up in Chaplin's successor, this bespectacled youth is striding forward in seven-league boots.

THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD—Robertson-Cole

There are more wonders twixt heaven and earth, and within reach of the recording eye of the camera, than were ever dreamed of in the stuffy offices of the scenarists. The record of Sir Ernest Shackleton's search for the lost Pola, as reported in the two-part film, "The Bottom of the World," is one of the fine achievements of the screen, comparable only to the thrilling adventures of the ill-fated Scott's dash northward some years ago. The director of the local theater who gave it the featured position on his program exhibited excellent judgment, and the decision to show it in two parts, holding over the second chapter from one week until the next, displayed good showmanship. It is far more holding in its interest than ninety-eight out of a hundred feature films, and more instructive than any number of ordinary educational films. It bears the stamp of authority and of actuality. It literally brings the day by day living conditions, the hardships and the compensations of the explorers' lot, to the auditorium of a theater. And the fact that the spectator knows most of the pictures were carefully posed for his entertainment, does not rob them of their fascination. It is a promise of the finer achievements of the screen that will come to view as time goes on and the intrepid camera men push their way into the weird and allegedly inaccessible corners of the world.

By Photoplay Editors

THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE—Vitagraph

Of those tales of the rugged North with its red-blooded men and its brave women. I don't know why the men should be any more red-blooded and the women more brave in the rugged North than in the rugged Middle West, but they undoubtedly are. You don't mind it when the woman is that weird and wistful nite, Pauline Starke, and then it's a pity. And then the red-blooded hero comes to the rescue of the savage fellows, emerging a very real actor. It's a James Oliver Curwood story, as you probably guessed by the direction by David Smith.

LET'S BE FASHIONABLE—Ince-Paramount-Arclait

As if prohibition weren't enough, along comes Thomas H. Ince to rob us of one of our next-best things. To make it all
The Shadow Stage  
(Continued)

...the harder, the sweeter song of those cupids of comedy. Douglas McLean and Doris May, is their best picture since "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours Leave." Luther Reed has made his funniest scenario from a story supplied by Wilfred Conisdine. Reed's sub-titles are sure-fire; they scintillate. You're with the newly-wedded Langdon from first to last, thanks to him. Douglas McLean is again a younger and handsome Willie Collier—only more so. Doris May in pajamas is the Month's Best Optical Moment. Any grabbed critic who can sit through this without laughing right out, must be either blind or insensible. As the exhibitor's report will say, "You can't go wrong—don't miss it."

THE GARTER GIRL— Vitagraph

Every now and then some write hope is hailed as "the new O. Henry." And then he fades out. That there is only one O. Henry is attested to by this screening of his "Memento." Faithfully translated into scenario form, very well directed by Edward Griffith, a youngster out of Uncle Sam's service who is going to show them all some day, and naively acted by that baby-star, Corinne Griffith, it is fine entertainment. Corinne is Rosalie Lee, a vaudeville girl who turns down her well-meaning partner to find love in the country and clergyman's garb, only to discover that you can't always tell who has the garter you flung into the audience as part of your act. Rod La-Roe as the disappointing young clergyman who is fond of garters, could not be bettered. Earle Metcalfe, an old Lubinite, comes back with a wallop as the actor. While Miss Griffith herself is a complete surprise. Here is one young woman with great beauty and charm who becomes a better actress with every new picture.

BY GOLLY—Mack Sennett-Paramount

The month's dreariest comedy. Anyway, that's what the program calls it—a comedy. Charlie Murray worked hard and so did Baldy Belmont. Harry Hammond looked prettier. But the result was one of those things you like to forget as soon as possible. Mack must be asleep at the switch.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM —  
Paramount-Arcaft

Another one of those serious attempts to be very, very funny. If Bryant Washburn, one of our best real comedians, and Wanda Hawley, one of our best real blondes, were not in it—but they are, and you've no idea how they help things along. A plot that is mostly "business," a fat man who has been played by Walter Hiers, who is funny if you like him, Wanda and Bryant—and there you are. Take it or sleep through it.

THE DEVIL'S CLAIM—  
Robertson-Cole

There is a good deal of hocus-pocus about "The Devil's Claim." The combination of Greenwich Village and Hindu atmosphere is like eating Italian spaghetti and chop suey in the same meal. Hayakawa is seen as an intellectual vampire who steals bright ideas from bright young girls and then sells them (the ideas, not the girls) to the magazines. As usual, he is better than the story. Colleen Moore makes a charming Hindu ess, which proves that a lady's ability need not be limited to her name.

August Nights

Will bring to millions

Bubble Grains in Milk

Don't put aside your Puffed Grains when breakfast ends in summer. Children want them all day long, and there's nothing better for them.

The supreme dish for luncheon or for supper is Puffed Wheat in milk. The airy grains—puffed to eight times normal size—taste like food confections. Yet every morsel is whole wheat with every food cell blasted.

The finest foods ever created

Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs are the finest grain foods in existence.

Never were cereals so enticing. The grains are fairy-like in texture, the flavor is like nuts. They seem like tidbits, made only to entice.

Yet they are a major foods, with every food cell steam-exploited, so digestion is easy and complete.

They will take the place of pastries, sweets, etc., if you serve them all day long. And at meal-time they will make whole grain foods tempting.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

The Three Bubble Grains

On ice cream

Puffed Grains taste like airy nuts, and they melt into the cream. The dish is made doubly delightful.

Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. They are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. Serve all three kinds, at all hours, in all the ways folks like them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers
FORBIDDEN TRAILS—Fox

A COWBOY is named as a guardian to a beautiful girl. The cowboy is Buck Jones, and the girl is Winifred Westover. We never saw such a trouble-prone child. She is continually getting mixed up with bandits and kidnappers. The cowboy should have checked her in on a orphan asylum. But he doesn't. He marries her. A lively picture, but, as Sherlock Holmes might say, elemental.

THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY—Selznick

EUGENE O'BRIEN in a George Barr McCutcheon story. A picturesque young author hides from the madding crowd in a Swiss castle. A lovely lady (played by Ruby De Remer) tries to get gorgeous specs for protection against her cruel husband. The lady is an American heiress and the husband is an Italian count. That's why he is cruel. Pretty romance, pretty snow scenes and a pretty fight between the author and the husband. And, as we have said, Eugene O'Brien in a George Barr McCutcheon story.

JUST A WIFE—National Picture Theatres

JUST a Wife. Just a film. Eugene Walter's stage play is not a great success in its warmed-over form. Perhaps this elaborately devised plot belongs to the stage. It has dramatic situations. You might appeal. It is still and unnatural. However, we will give three silent but well-meant cheers for Leatrice Joy, who makes emotional acting positively painless—to the audience.

"NO. 99"—Hodkinson

NAIVE and merry entertainment. J. Warren Kerrigan is still seen as a convict, who with the help of a pretty young woman, walks into a houseparty in gray and emerges a gray-haired guest. We were all set when the lady knew all along that he had been falsely accused of the crime that put him under such a cloud during the first reel. But "No. 99" is harmless entertainment. Mr. Kerrigan wears a monocle.

WOLVES OF THE STREET—Artograph

DO you remember when the man who owned the movie theater took the tickets? Do you remember when the girl in the booth was also the chief soloist? Do you remember when pink, blue and green slides were used for the illustrated songs? Do you remember when Tom Ince was making Indian pictures? Do you remember when Tom Ince was a face and not a name? Do you remember the sort of "thrillers" that were shown then? When you see Wolves of the Street you will think of these happy days before the war tax and the super extra deluxe special. This picture was made in Denver by a new company and there is a chase and a knock-down fight in every scene. Just like the good old days.

THE THIRTIETH PIECE OF SILVER—American

THIS is a film version of the old name, "button, button, who's got the button? A collection of quilts, each signed by that values above all others. No wonder: it was the thirtieth piece of silver given to Judas for the betrayal of Christ. The gentleman also has a wife, whom he prizes highly. He lives in fear of losing his two hundred dollars and his wife. In the end, the wife is constantly threatening a domestic row. The picture is foolish, but not dull. Marzara Fisher and King Baggott have the leading roles.

LOVE'S HARVEST—Fox

LOVE'S Harvest is a light romance that has walked right out of the covers of a story book. It is straight from the never-never land of popular fiction. Shirley Temple plays a girl who wakes up in time to slip into the arms of the hero in the last reel and tell him that love is the most wonderful thing in the world. A dog named Buddy figures prominently in the story. Buddy does tricks and so does Shirley.

THE FLAPPER—Selznick

A PERFECT nut sundae jag is "The Flapper." It is all about the goings-on of a silly, harmless and charming boarding school flapper who never thought to care and doesn't care how many ice cream sodas she drinks. It is a regular banana frappe of a picture; amusing without being inane. Olive Thomas is that most delectable flapper that ever evaded a chaperone. Her tiny step-sister has an important supporting role which she plays enticingly.

THE MIRACLE OF MONEY—Pathé

WHEN Hobart Henley passes the age of forty-five, we hope life will be good to him. For he is a staunch champion of middle age. When all the other directors are demanding youth, he turns his camera on the people who have had their fame and deal gently with these bachelors and spinsters. Do you remember "The Gay Old Dog"? "The Miracle of Money" is its successor. Two old maids go on a hunt for life, love and happiness. Their quest is told with touches of humor and sentiment.

THE ONE WAY TRAIL—Republic

EDYTH STEVENS is a lively young woman in "The One Way Trail. Just because she spells her name with a "y" instead of an "i" you need not think she is all lady-like and refined. In a story of the lumber country, she is in the thick of the things. It is a conventional melodrama but there are some interesting details that make the picture entertaining.

THE TERROR—Fox

MORE Tom Mix stunts and more Western thrills. This time Tom Mix is a sheriff and it is his duty to go out and get the bandits. He leads a gang of bandits who escaped from the mines. Chases and gun-play keep him fairly busy. Mix must stay up nights thinking of new ways to break his neck.

THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES—Selznick

IN movie stories of twin sisters, why is one sister good and the other one bad? Why does the good sister have to suffer for the misdeeds of the bad one? Why do we consider each of the twin roles picture a necessity in the screen career of any actress? Answer these questions and we shall tell why "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes" came to star the inimitable Elaine Hammerstein, who always seems to have common sense and a good disposition, does her best with an unconvincing material.
The Shadow Stage
(Concluded)

BURNING DAYLIGHT—Metro

This tale of Wall Street and the Klondike is served up in Jack London's best fashion. After a great run of Western stories you realize that Jack London possessed an art that is not easily imitated. For "Burning Daylight," outwardly, just like many other tales of the East and West, has an inherent story value that makes it better than average picture entertainment. Mitchell Lewis plays the role of the miner who nearly meets his Waterloo on Wall Street. Helen Ferguson is a charming heroine.

SCRATCH MY BACK—Goldwyn

Rupert Hughes' comedy is as original as its title. Moreover, the title isn't just a bit of diplomacy. It has something to do with the story. And what's the story? It is too good to describe.

"Scratch My Back" is something new. It is told with a combination of artlessness and sophistication that is enchanting. The subtitles win the floral horseshoe that goes to the person who can write captions that are funny without being obnoxious. Mr. Hughes may be an Eminent Author but let us not hold that against him so long as he can be so merry and bright. Sidney Olcott helps a lot with his direction. T. B. Barnes makes his screen debut in this picture and Helene Chadwick is the leading woman.

Just this much about the story: a gentleman who always does what he wants to do scratches the back of a strange lady (or the strange back of a lady), as she is sitting in the theater with her husband. Does she have him arrested? No, she is grateful. Does she rid herself of her husband and marry the gentleman? No, she does not, nor does Mr. Hughes hint at such a thing. It is a picture that is different.

NOTHING BUT LIES—Metro

A William Collier farce that has been transferred to the screen and to Taylor Holmes. It is too mechanical to be amusing, even though Taylor Holmes does his best to please. Justine Johnstone (ask any man about-town, and Justine Johnstone is) brings her blonde beauty to the production. It is her first appearance in the deaf and dumb drama. We prefer to see her on the stage.

EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH—Universal

It is not a sequel to the Taylor Holmes picture. It is just another clanking farce that jumps around like a Mexican bean. And, like the Mexican bean, it gets nowhere. However, it is told in sprightly fashion and it has fairly amusing subtitles. And there is plenty of Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran.

THE PATH SHE CHOSE—Universal

If you think this is another "Why Girls Go Wrong" melodrama, you are wrong. It is a sensible and human interest story of why girls go right. The heroine is a girl who emerges from a sordid family life in the slums and makes a success in the business world. Her story has true-to-life appeal. The girl is pleasingly played by Ann Cornwall.

NEXT to Barthelmess and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, Constance Talmadge is probably the most "reported engaged" person in the world. Once she was even reported engaged to Dick Barthelmess. Then to Irving Berlin. A rich tobacco merchant is the latest "fiance," but Miss Talmadge's intimates say there is nothing in it.

Priscilla Dean

Universal Star Delights in Wearing

Bonnie B Veils—from France

Bonnie B Veils embody all the delicacy, flattering charm, beguiling designs and soft silken meshes, favored by the smart Parisienne. The slender silk elastic keeps it trigly in place —without tugging, pinning or knotting. A wonderful convenience, especially when motoring. Fascinating designs in chenille and silk embroidery. If you have never worn a Bonnie B, get one today and experience a new veil joy.

Prices 10c, 15c, 25c and 50c.

For sale at Department Store and Drug Stores everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you send 25c for the Veil Mail Order circular. Pat No. 769.

The Bonnie B Co., Inc., 222 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Also Importers of the famous Bonnie B Hair Nets

Bonnie-B VEIL

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

"Just Slip it on!"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
DID you know that even Swedish movies have dialogues at least one foreign language? Generally they’re Swedish.

A YOUNG man should kiss a girl on either the left or the right cheek, says a writer on hygiene in a weekly paper. Whereupon Mr. Fish remarks that, as the option of either cheek is given, many young men will no doubt become involved in the two.

A CHEER up! In Budapest drunkenness is “under certain circumstances” punishable by death.

SAY, Harry, we’ve got to come out some way to get back that stock we’ve been selling.

“What’s the idea?”

“I just got a telegram saying that old property really has all on it.”

DO you dream at night? Then you’re all right. And here’s something else for our doctors to worry about. For criminals do not dream.

They are essentially men of action whose minds never wander from their pursuits to nothing, and consequently their sleep is disturbed by any interruptions.

A bunch of investigators got busy on this and established it as a fact. Their records show that of one hundred and twenty-five criminals under observation not one was disturbed in any way in his slumber.

And you always thought they were haunted at night by their crimes.

T H E former infantry major, now in crèches, scattered into the barbershops. Eight barbers slapped out of restful postures and stood stiffly by their chairs. The major hesitated, feeling there was something he should do about it. Then it all came to him in a flash.

“As you were!” he bellowed.

—American Legion Weekly.

Olly! It’s harder and harder to live within one’s income these days, but suppose one had to live without it?

YOU fellows who are being rushed to the goal this year, just suppose you lived in New Guinea. Every day is a Long Year there.

The men consider it below their dignity to make women at all, much less haughty adventuress of marriage. Consequently the proposal is left to the men. And, yes, there’s a string tied to it.

When the New Guinea woman fails of love with a man she sends a piece of string to his sister, or to another nearby relative, who tells the favored one that the particular woman is in love with him. No counting calculus, however, for such a present is considered a slight of time. If the man thinks she should not be in love he replies her above he decides whether to marry or stop the string.

POSSIBLY it was in New Guinea that the theory originated about the anthropomorphizing young woman, who was asked whether, after he had told her a dozen stories, she loved him. She said: “I cannot tell, but if you should come home an hour earlier than usual I shall know.”

WHEN the projected bar from Australia to New Zealand was ordered to Port Darwin, it competed with the idea that the ship would be, probably, the first steamship journey in the world.

The greater part of the route lies through a desert region, practically devoid of life, and utterly uninteresting.

At present, however, the inevitable distinction rests with the portion of the Southern Pacific Railway, which runs through Arizona and Southern California. Here, for a distance of nearly 1,000 miles, the traveler sees might save what will be, probably, the shortest journey in the world.

The greater part of the route lies through a desert region, practically devoid of life, and utterly uninteresting.

WHILE thousands are sitting on shipping boards waiting to board the down mail, the following is a letter from the writer of the passage above, who states that he has just arrived at the terminus and is now being welcomed by the natives.

SUNKER Ahuja Bissey, a Hindu, scientist, has invented a self-working clock which is made of steel and contains a series of instructions which a clockmaker following will wind it up and set it.

WHILE millions are passing over the tables in a rate of a billion and a half a month.

W HILE the writer of the above passage was sitting on the deck of a ship, watching the other ships go by, he noticed a monster at five minutes to eight.

S U P P O R T I N G, I give you our word. I don’t touch any woman without her knowing it. It is also an absolute bar to all temptation.

MADAM,” said the watchman, “I'll give you a opportunity as soon as a lady walks up to this door.”

The woman thought a moment, then came in, and said: “I love you.”

—London Advertiser.
To make milady more beautiful, Nadine has created six toilet preparations. They are Nadine's gifts to lovely women, to meet every toilet requirement.

And the assistance they give milady will enhance her beauty, giving her a delicate rose-petal complexion of bewitching fragrance.

Milady will have a soft, smooth, velvety skin, with just a tint of color, protection from sun and wind, with never a hint of harm, and a delightful charm which will linger in the memory.

Millions of discriminating women have learned the old, old secrets of endearing loveliness from Nadine. And, if you wish, you, too, can learn these secrets.

You can satisfy your Nadine needs at your favorite toilet counter, or by mail from us.

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY
Department "C.P."  
Paris, Tennessee

Nadine Preparations

Truly a dainty vision of loveliness and pleasing fragrance.

Nadine Talcum ................. 30c
Nadine Face Powder ............ 60c  
(Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White)
Nadine Flesh Soap .............. 30c
Nadine Rouge Compacte .......... 50c  
(Light, Medium, Dark)
Egyptian Cream ............... 60c  
(Help and Whiten)
Nadinola Cream (2 sizes)  
(For clearing complexion)  
60c and $1.20
Unusual deliciousness, purity and quality—these are the features which have made Ward's Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush so popular everywhere.

The exclusive Ward process blends the delicate, fragrant oil pressed from the actual fruit with finest sugar and citric acid, the natural acid of all citrus fruits, to produce the inimitable flavors of Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush.

*at fountains or in bottles*

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago
Laboratory, Los Angeles
Send for free book "The Story of Orange Crush"
PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

CAL. YORK

PUBLIC sentiment is a chameleon. And never more so than in that romance which culminated in Mary Pickford's marriage to Douglas Fairbanks. At the rumor of its budding public sympathy seemed to be with Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks—until, as soon as she had obtained a divorce from Doug, with a reported monetary compensation of something like a half million dollars, she married James Evans. Mary Pickford's followers, particularly those of the Catholic faith, received a real shock when she divorced Owen Moore, whom she had married at seventeen. Her marriage to Fairbanks capped the climax of public disfavor. But now, with the Nevada court instituting proceedings to investigate the Pickford-Moore divorce, the pendulum has swung again, in favor of the famous newlyweds. Says Old Public Opinion: "They're married now—let 'em alone!" And we hope the matter will rest there and that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks may be permitted to have a real-life honeymoon that will last a long, long time.

PRESIDENT WILSON has become a most adored movie fan. During the long days of his illness, nothing entertained him so much as a reel or two of film. Hardy one day passes now that he does not call for his projection machine and operator to read him off the latest comedy—for comedy is his preference, and one good one is always shown at every performance. But if Woodrow Wilson likes one form of screen drama better than another, it's a detective film full of thrills.

CHARLES ABBE, a character actor, who is playing a pauper in a forthcoming production with Corinne Griffith, came down one morning in the elevator of his hotel in Charleston where he was on location with the Griffith Company, with his make-up on and dressed in the nondescript dilapidated attire of "Old Hank Dane!"

Several prosperous looking Southerners were in the car. One of them studied Abbe closely, trying to reconcile his refined, clean-cut features, framed by his Racinesque white hair, with his poverty-stricken attire. As Abbe stepped from the elevator the Southerner remarked to his companion: "Say, Jim, this old clothes scheme is a great thing to beat the high cost of dressing. I think I'll put on overalls, too."

The answer to Mary Pickford's advertisement for an equine wreck: Lavender, who appears in "Suds." So fat did he become from good fare that toward the end of the picture he had to be made up to look as if he were really on his last legs. It's a new Mary in this adaptation of "The Opposite Thumb."

AFTER the war was over, Robert War- nick walked into a film office in his uniform, his Overseas cap, and his Sam Browne belt, and singlehandedly signed an advantageous stellar contract with Famous Players-Lasky for $8,000 a week. Now he is suing that company for $82,644.23 for alleged violation of contract. The story goes that Warwick's pictures failed to get over in proportion to the salary he received. The powers of Paramount offered him an alternative: would he take a salary cut and play supporting roles? Warwick would not. Famous decided it couldn't lose any more money in a legal suit than on Warwick's pictures, so they simply let him go ahead and litigate to his heart's content.

MRS. MAY PRESTON DEAN has discovered a unique way of adding to her fund for the Los Angeles Orphans. Her daughter Priscilla was married a few months ago to Wheeler Oakman. Both are professionals and therefore temperamental. So Mother Dean made a rule. It was, "Everyone Priscilla and Wheeler have words, the party who started things must place one dollar in the bank on the mantel." And although the Oakmans are happier than most married couples, you'd be surprised to know how much that little old bank is holding!

JUNE WALKER, the brune baby vamo of Clifton Crawford's stage comedy, "My Lady Friends," has been signed for film service, as photoilly predicted sometime ago. She will be Bobby Harron's leading woman in that young man's first starring vehicle. Miss Walker is not new to pictures; she was an extra at Essanay in the good old days.

Of the many film folk booked for foreign trips, only a few really sailed. The whole Talmadge family, including Mother Pat, Constance, Natalie and Norma Talmadge Schemck announced their intention to depart for Europe early in May but only Mrs. Talmadge and Natalie got across. The rest of the family, swamped with work right now, may follow later. John and Anita Loos Emerson have postponed their scheduled sailing. While Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, who had made all plans for an early voyage, were forced to cancel their bookings and stay at home. Their manager says it's because they must oblige United Artists with new releases. Gossip says it's because Mrs. Charlotte Pickford didn't like to be left at home. She has been ill, but accompanied the honeymooners to Manhattan. Mary's mother, comrade and guardian until Fairbanks came on the scene, naturally finds it hard to play only an atmospheric role in one of the world's greatest romances.

PRISCILLA DEAN has uttered against the overall craze. She doesn't think it will last; what's more, she doesn't approve of blue denim for girls.

"Personally," said Miss Dean, "I should just as soon see a woman walk down the street in a bathin'-suit as in a pair of overalls.

"I'd sooner," remarked Hoot Gibson, who overheard.

WILL ROGERS is one of the few motion picture stars whose mail is not cluttered with requests for autographed photographs, scented notes and other flattery usually received by film celebrities. For one thing, he boasts of his love for his wife and their four children. And besides, he isn't the matinee idol type of hero.

Not long ago, however, a large square envelope came to him by special delivery. He opened it and read:

"Dear Mr. Rogers:

"All my life I've been the butt of my family because I'm the homeliest man in town. They are all pretty good looking folks, but I'm a sort of throwback that don't seem to belong. Now, they tell me you've got a reputation alone that line, so I'm writing you to send me a large photograph of yourself to hang next to my shaving mirror for consolation.

"Sincerely yours,"

(Name deleted to spare writer's feelings.)
JAP ROSE

For centuries, soap has been known for its cleansing properties. It was once a staple in every household, used for everything from washing clothes to preparing food. However, its popularity began to wane as modern cleaning products took over.

But now, a new type of soap is making a comeback. This soap is not just for washing clothes or dishes. It's designed to nourish and protect the skin, leaving it feeling soft and smooth. And it's not just any soap — this one is infused with natural ingredients that are good for your skin.

The soap is made with a blend of essential oils, including lavender, rosemary, and chamomile. These oils are known for their anti-inflammatory and anti-aging properties, making this soap a perfect choice for anyone looking to improve their skin's health.

But don't just take our word for it. Many people have already tried this soap and have reported great results. They say it leaves their skin feeling refreshed and rejuvenated, with a natural glow that lasts.

So why wait? Try this soap today and experience the benefits for yourself. Your skin will thank you.
Plays and Players

(Continued)

TEDDY SAMPSON created, directed and starred in a personally conducted serial drama that might be entitled "Running the Border" or "How I Assaulted a Policeman," the other evening at Tia Juana, the famous resort just across the line from San Diego. Teddy and Lottie Pickford made the trip to see the ponies run and watch the green tables and the numbered wheel. Along about the witching hour in the evening when courage is high, Teddy disagreed with a Mexican gendarme about something and emphasized her feelings by slapping his face.

When part of the Mexican army arrived to arrest her, Teddy had disappeared, and they failed to locate her.

As a matter of fact, the diminutive star hid in a food cupboard in the kitchen, until the lights were out, when a couple of Los Angeles men of influence, who knew her and didn't wish to leave an American girl in such straits, disguised her as a boy and "ran the border" with her.

Now Teddy has decided to let the Mexicans run Mexico any darn way they please.

COSMO HAMILTON, who is working with William DeMille in the preparation of his new novel "His Friend and His Wife" for early production, says he is going to teach his daughter to darn his socks and consider it a privilege. If he means it, he'd better keep her in England. If she comes to Hollywood, where a good many women earn salaries of enormous proportions, he may get away with the socks but he'll have an awful time with the privilege.

MARY ALDEN, who has just completed the leading role in "Milestones," is planning a trip to England in the early fall. Whether she will make pictures there is not yet known, but she says since so much of her mail comes from that section of the globe, she wants to go over and get acquainted.

ARTHUR NELSON MILLET has been granted a divorce from his wife Neva Gerber, on the grounds of desertion. Jane Novak is suing her husband, Frank Newburg, for divorce. The Newburgs have a three-year-old daughter.

We have discovered the meanest man in the State of Pennsylvania. He is not a censor, but the man who robbed a little girl of her shoes while she was watching a picture. The little girl had come into the theater to see her particular celluloid idol, but it must have been one of those long and Capitol programs because while the little girl was waiting for her idol to appear, she fell asleep. Her shoes were unlaced and stolen before she awoke. We don't know how she got home.

MRS. ELENAHOR, author of "Polyanna," which Mary Pickford has immortalized in celluloid, died at her home in Cambridge, Mass., the last of May.

DURING her husband's absence in New York on business, Florence Vidor was loaned to the Thomas Ince company to play a leading role in "Beau Revel." King Vidor has purchased Clare Kummer's stage play, "A Successful Calamity," for early production, and Mrs. Vidor will appear in it.

JAMES HALLOCK REID, better known as "Hal" Reid, veteran playwright and father of Wallace Reid, died at his home in West New York, N.J. He was fifty-six years of age and had written more than 200 stage plays. Reid is survived by a wife and small child, besides his first son, Wallace.

Hires For the Nation's Homes

Hires, a fountain favorite, is now everywhere available in bottled form also. Hires in bottles for the home is the same good drink that you have found it at soda fountains.

Nothing goes into Hires but the pure healthful juices of roots, barks, herbs, berries—and pure cane sugar. The quality of Hires is maintained in spite of tremendously increased costs of ingredients. Yet you pay no more for Hires the genuine than you do for an artificial imitation.

But be sure you ask your dealer for "Hires" just as you say "Hires" at a soda fountain.

THE CHARLES E. Hires COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Hires contains juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries.

Hires in bottles

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Plays and Players
(Continued)

Ever since his "Frog" in "The Miracle Man" Lon Chaney has been sentenced to a nightmare career. You see him, here, getting into the harness which transforms him into a cripple. He can wear it only ten minutes at a time.

ELSIE FERGUSON will not be seen on either the stage or screen for some time. She is going to the Orient for a rest. But on her way home, she may stop in Los Angeles and make one picture. She always insisted that she never would make a picture in the West as she dislikes the Coast colony. But she apparently has changed her mind.

THINGS to worry about: Alice Delysia, a French beauty and actress, signed a contract to come over here to act for Morris-Gest and make pictures for William Brady on condition that her wine would be furnished. Georges Carpentier has signed with the film company that launched him as a silent star for three more years.

WHAT Mary's fabled little lamb was to Mary, K. Tanaka was to Douglas Fairbanks. Wherever Doug went, there was Tanaka, for he was Fairbanks' "man." But sometime ago he disappeared. Search was made for him—but no Tanaka. Imagine, therefore, Fairbanks' astonishment when he showed up the other day, with several of his countrymen and a card inscribed, "K. Tanaka, Tohoku Motion Picture Corp., Tokyo, Japan." He's a full-fledged movie magnate, dresses the part, and says he has been making pictures in the land of cherry blossoms right along.

WHILE we're talking about Doug; watch out for his new picture. Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin are in it, although you won't see their two distinguished names in the cast. In the Monte Carlo scene, Mary and Charlie took part as "extras," neither turning toward the camera. Mary may be recognized by the lack of her golden head. Charlie appears also in a street scene in a very emotional role as a passer-by. You can't see his face, but if you watch closely you'll spot him; you can't possibly mistake that walk. Mary Fairbanks and Charlie received $7,500 each for their services.

DON'T miss 'em!

MARGERY WILSON, the "Brown Eyes" of "Intolerance" and since then rather obscured, has started a company. She will direct comedies and later branch out into features.

HARRY LAUNDER, the Charlie Chaplin of kits, will make a series of two-reel comedies for Paramount. We have yet to discover if his Scotch burr is as attractive in canned comedy as in canned song.

A NEW legal suit involving prominent members of the film colony is not exactly rare, but Helen Holmes started something never before attempted when she got herself sued by her manager, Harry M. Warner, for $36,000 for "temperament." Warner says his serial starrer Miss Holmes cost $50,000 more than it should have cost because she was busily late for work, keeping the company waiting, and that on one particular occasion she refused to work at all because of an extra girl in the cast, demanding $5,000 before she went. Altogether they are having a merry time of it. Well, three hours for lunch & a little too much.

TOM SANTORCHI, the fighter of "The Spoilers," who is working in Goldwyn pictures now, is commonly described as "that tall fellow who is so funny." He is so much over six feet that he says if it all the same he'd rather tell his height in yards instead of feet.

The other day he met an elderly woman of his acquaintance who is an ardent worker for the Anti-Cigarette League. Santorchi threw away a perfectly good cigarette, but that did not satisfy her and so she began to talk to him on her hobby. "After all," she said, "you must admit we have a lot of arguments on our side, and you haven't one really good one on yours. Now, have you? I challenge you to tell me one advantage there is in smoking.

Santorchi drew himself up to his tallest and gazing down on the little woman, said: "Well, it might stunt my growth."
Plays and Players
(Continued)

FAIRE BINNEY, that smaller sister of "Constance"—in other words, one of the "Fair and Warner" Binneys—is playing the leading feminine role, opposite Georges Carpenter, in that French idol's first motion picture. There is a rumor that Realart may star Faire as well as Constance, one of these days.

WHLDA BENNETT, a graceful bruntette who has been a musical comedy favorite, will make her film debut with the Metro. Miss Bennett, who toured the country in "The Only Girl" several seasons back, was the prima donna of the play-with-music, "Apple Blossoms," which had a long run on Broadway. You pronounce it Wild-a—with a long "i."

THERE will be a good many regretful exhibitors and patrons when they learn that the co-starring team of Douglas McLean and Doris May is to be dissolved. From their first appearance together in "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours Leave," these two young-timers dragged picture-goers and the almighty money into the box-offices of the country. But Thomas H. Ince evidently has decided that Mr. McLean is just as big a drawing-card without Miss May, and he will star the young man alone. It is not said what work he will assign to Doris May, or whether she will even remain with the Ince company.

WILLIAM COLLIER, Senior, is going to try it again. If you remember, his previous film for Triangle wasn't a huge success. But he was on Broadway last season in "The Hottentot," which a good many Manhattanites were paying top prices to see. So evidently the picture people thought him a good bet. At the same time his son, Willie Collier, Jr., known as "Buster," joins the juvenile ranks at the Lasky studios. Buster made a real hit in a Thomas H. Ince picture called "The Bule Call," some years ago.

TWO popular plays of last season—which are still running, either on Broadway (meaning the real White Way or any one of the innumerable theater streets that branch off it) or the subway circuit on tour—have been sold to the screen. "Wedding Bells," in which Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddington, the comedians of the stage, scored, has been purchased for Constance Talmadge. And "Smiling Through," Jane Cowl's successful semi-spiritualistic vehicle, will be used for Norma, as soon as Miss Cowl has exhausted its money-making powers on the legit.

BRYANT WASHBURN has left Paramount and it is rumored he will be a star under the management of A. J. Callahan, who "presents" Bessie Love. Both actor and manager were with the old Essanay company in Chicago.

THE fiancée of Sylvia Breamer, who had been given up for dead, has returned from two years overseas. He is Lieutenant F. C. Lewis, of the United States Army Intelligence Corps, who was gassed and reported killed. He returned to Los Angeles in April.

"TWIN BEDS" has reached the screen at last. The Carter DeHavens—Mr. and Mrs.—recently severed their contract connections with Paramount, came East and bought the farce, which will be produced at once and released as one of the four-year productions of the Carter DeHaven company.

For You, Also

Teeth that glisten—safer teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

You see glinting teeth wherever you look today. Perhaps you wonder how the owners get them.

Ask and they will tell you. Millions are now using a new method of teeth cleaning. This is to urge you to try it—without cost—and see what it does for your teeth.

Why teeth discolor

Your teeth are coated by a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It dims the teeth, and modern science traces most tooth troubles to it.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush fails to end it. As a result, few people have escaped tooth troubles, despite the daily brushing.

The film is aluminous in matter. So Pepsodent is based on Pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has found a harmless activating method. Now active Pepsin can be daily applied, and forced wherever the film goes.

Active pepsin now applied

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

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now they remove it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a film combatant. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Millions of people have watched its results.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste is made to in every way meet modern dental requirements.

Two other new-day methods are combined with this. Thus Pepsodent in three ways shows unique efficiency. Watch the results for yourself. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

This test will be a revelation. It will bring to you and yours, we think, a new teeth cleaning era. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

10-Day Tube Free
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY.
Dept. 637, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
Hermo 'Hair-Lustr' 
(Keeps the Hair Dressed)

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The hair will stay dressed after Hermo 'HAIR-
LUST' has been applied. No more mussed, un-
tidy looking hair. Adds a charming sheen and
luster, improving the life of the hair, as well as its
beauty. Dress it in any of the prevailing styles,
and it will stay that way. Gives the hair that
soft, pleasant, well-groomed appearance so becom-
ing to the owner of the smile and screen.

Two Sizes—50c and $1

Send $1.00 for five 25c bottles.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antibiotic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

And sprinkle in the Foot-Bath. It takes the sting out
of corns, bunions, elisters and aches, and gives rest
and comfort to hot, tired, smarting, swollen feet.

More than 1,000,000 pounds of Powder for the feet were
used by our Army and

Naval Forces.

Allen's Foot-Ease, the Powder for the Feet takes
the friction from the

Foot, Frees the Feet and makes walk-
ing a delight.

Nothing relieves the pain of tight or new

shoes so quickly or thoroughly. Try it today. Sold everywhere.

Ask your exhibitor when he is going to show the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement—Glimpses of the Players in Real Life.

Although Bill Hart is corolling a little culture in a studio off-hour, he likes to keep his saddle handy. He was seriously injured recently in a fall from his horse. A report says he will retire from the screen upon the completion of his present contract.

JEWEL CARMEN, a star whose radiance has been considerably dimmed by litigation, will come back as the feature of four productions a year to be made by Roland West. The first will be titled appropriately: "Out of the Darkness."

The role in "Way Down East" that was originally assigned to poor little Claire Seymour is now being filled by Mary Hay. Miss Hay is a Folllies luminary and had been singing and dancing in Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic, and when Miss Seymour died, Griffith chose her for the part. Miss Hay also caused a ripple in filmdom when it was rumored she was engaged to Dick Barthel-

ness. Like all the other Barthelness marriage rumors, it was gracefully denied by

both parties. But just the same people who should know are whispering that while the wedding ceremony is not yet scheduled, little Miss Hay already has said yes and it is only the extreme youth of both parties that is postponing the public announcement for a year.

MADGE TITHERAGE, a popular per-
nage on the English stage, recently came to this country and appeared in motion pictures. Did you know it? Neither did we until an item from London quoted Miss Titherage as being discussed with Ameri-
can producers and off the whole boomin-

industry. Miss Titherage says that out in California they asked her to wear an ev-

enigown in the morning and that some-
times she had to appear in a ballroom scene before luncheon.

TOM MOORE has always denied vehemently that his devotion to his small
daughter Alice has kept him from disciplin-
ing her when the need arose. Of course, he
could not have concealed the fact that putting her to bed in the daytime or refusing her ice-cream and for spanning her—well, the mere suggestion makes him shudder. No,
says Moore, the thing to do is to reason with the child. A few days ago, while

Moore was working at the studio, his chauff-

eur came dashing up with the news that Alice was lost. Moore ran out without his coat and with make-up enough on his face to cause a sensation anywhere except where studios flourish on every corner. Reaching home, he found his daughter there before him, smiling at him and quite surprised that her father was not smiling as usual. Tom took her on his knee and told her this story:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl just your age who went out in the woods to look for nuts, without asking permission of her nurse. She lost her way and although she walked and walked and walked she couldn't find the right road. It came night and she was hungry and thirsty and her feet were sore and her head ached. She was scared, too, and the ground was hard but all she could do was to lie down and try to sleep. Her father and mother were alarmed when she did not come home and finally the whole town turned out to hunt the little girl. All night long they went through the woods calling her name, but it was not until the next day they found her. They took her home and she was ill for a long time, but she promised her parents never to go away alone again."

Moore stopped, thinking he had made the desired impression. But to his consternation, Alice, cuddling down in his arms, instead of dwelling on the moral of the tale, said only these words:

"Did she find any nuts?"

RALPH RUSHMAN is no longer a comed-
ian. Following in his father's footsteps, he has gone from comedy to drama with the facility of any flapper. He is a member of the cast of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Empire Builders."

Plays and Players
(Continued)

Ethel Barrymore will do "De-
classé" for the screen Paramount Art-
craft, which was to have presented all
three Barrymores in a screen version of
"Peter Ibbetson" will present, sometime in
the future, this individual success of Miss
Barrymore's latest season. Reasons for
dropping the "Peter Ibbetson" plans have
been given by Mr. Lasky. He says he
thinks the public wouldn't be much inter-
ested in seeing a brother and sister in senti-
mental sequences on the screen. So when
this play is finally produced, it probably
will contain only one Barrymore—John.

Here is hard news, so prepare your-
self for a blow. William S. Hart says
he is going to leave the screen for good
and all. Five more pictures and then all
is over between him and the public. After
that, it's the long trail. Hart was badly
injured in May when he was thrown from
his horse while riding at breakneck speed
past the camera. He broke several ribs and
was considerably shaken up, but is reported
to be convalescing rapidly.

Al H. Woods tried to capture Hart for a
stage production. Mr. Woods has been
making so much money with Theda Bara's
play that he has decided to go in for screen
stars with the same intensity with which he
cultivated bedroom tares Mabel Norm-
and is also mentioned as another Woods-
possibility and so is June Elvido. It is
said that Mr. Woods has zone a gunning
in the studio, and has succeeded in interest-
ing several celebrities in stage contracts.

All who know her will testify that Alice
Joyce is probably the most crowd-
day star in motion pictures. She was in
New Orleans on location recently, stopping
at the leading hotel of the city. Her ar-
rival was heralded in advance and she was a
center of much newspaper comment and
compliment. The result was that she was
stamped by fans, and the rush became so
great one day that she had to ask the man-
agement of the hotel for a guard.

Mothers with children who were certain
to be great picture stars waylaid Miss
Joyce in the lobby, they waited by her
car and they even got past the sharp-eyed
cops and soon announced at Joyce's door.
One of these, a be-damneded lady, became very indignant when Miss
Joyce's maid informed her that the star
was dressing and could not receive visitors.
"I do not see why," snapped the woman
"Miss Joyce is a public character and public
characters are public property."

Exit lady, angrily, and Alice learned
something new about the law of possession.

Doris Keane, statuesque star of
"Romance"—more than 2,000 of them—is
an ardent fan of Mary Pickford. An
English cinematic like to tell how
Doris came into his office about four years
ago when she had just arrived in London
to play in her great success.

"I want to know where I can see Mary
Pickford's pictures," she said.

The manager found her schedule and told
her where she could go. It was far from
the fashionable West End, but the actress
took a taxi and went to the little theater to
find Mary. Incidentally the Englishman re-
lated how "Romance" was almost a failure
but the star had a great manager, who held on until the tide turned—and Ed-
ward Sheldon's play and Doris Keane's act-
ing ultimately registered a wonderful suc-
cess. It was in London that she first met,
later loved and married, Basil Sydney, her
youthful acting husband. Rumor has it
that she could have married any one of a
score of Dukes, Counts, and Lords, but she
preferred Basil.

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Mary Miles Minter has won her suit against the American Film Company for alleged arrears in salary. She was awarded $4,000 by the court, while American lost its counter suit for $200,000 damages. So what good did it to say Mary was twenty-six years old, anyway?

Eric von Stroheim has announced his engagement to Miss Valerie Germonprez, who played with him in "Blind Husband." Von Stroheim first met his fiancée about eight months ago at Universal City, where he was directing and she was acting.

Gladys Brockwell has severed her connections with the Fox company. She has been with this organization for a long time, rising to stellar heights under its management. Future plans unknown, except that she plans to take a long and much-needed vacation.

Our own census bureau reports that during the past three years, nine out of ten press stories have been in this fashion: "According to a recent announcement made by James Fishback, president of the Frantic Film Corporation, George K. Davidson's next vehicle will be 'The Dawn Man,' adapted from the widely read novel by Remington Underwood. Augustus McMezaphone will direct the forthcoming super-production and the plot will be scenarized by Helen Rubbertamp."

Our census bureau further reports that any woman figuring in a taxicab accident at four o'clock in the morning, any woman named in a divorce suit, any woman arrested for shop-lifting, or any woman accused of deserting her husband and children is described in the newspapers as a "prominent motion picture actress." Once we recognized the name of one of these women and recalled that she occasionally played small parts. And, oh yes, another one appeared as a dancing girl in "Intolerance."

Priscilla Dean started something when she married Wheeler Oakman, her leading man. Josephine Hill, also a Universal luminary, recently announced her marriage to Jack Perrin, a serial performer for the same company.

Enid Bennett and Fred Nihlo have left the Ince kindeigarten to try their wings in the independent or grammar grade of pictures. Enid was at first directed by her husband, the "Fews" or "Specials" to do. Now Miss Bennett will have a separate company for herself, releasing medium not yet divulged, and so will Nihlo. Mr. Ince, you know, has no further use for stars—he is one himself. With Maurice Turner, Allan Dwan, George Loane Tucker, Mack Sennett, and Marshall Nellon, he formed the "Big Six."

And speaking of Woods, here is the very latest Theda Bara rumor. Out in California they claim that the real Theda is dead. That she died at the time rumor had her dead. That the present Theda is really Esther Bara, who has nobly consented to step into Theda's shoes, camp and all. The same rumor says that Fox tried to put Esther Bara on the screen but found she didn't measure up to Theda's standards—such as they were. The only thing wrong with this rumor is that it isn't true. Esther and Theda have been seen together. Esther doesn't look enough like Theda to fool the public. And then there is only one Theda. She isn't dead. She is on the road with "The Blue Flame."
Plays and Players

(Continued)

QUEEN MARIE of Roumania had about made up her mind to appear in motion pictures when she decided that $50,000 for one production and ten per cent of the profits wasn’t enough money. And so she held out for a raise. However, you can see she has the makings of a star.

WALLACE MacDONALD, popular young juvenile, was accosted by a second-hand clothes man the other day.

"Have you any use for your old clothes?" he asked.

"Yes," returned Wallace, "I’m wearing ‘em!"

WILLIAM WALLACE REID, JR., received an automobile-coaster for a recent birthday. "Bill" was elated and promptly took it to the front walk of the Reid home in Hollywood, to try it out. Five minutes later he came running into the house.

"Dad," he inquired breathlessly, "what are the speed laws? I don’t want to have all the trouble with the cops that you’ve been having."

Winifred Westover has gone to Sweden to play in pictures there. Wouldn’t it be nice if the Swedish Biograph would rename her Signe or Solveig? It seems a pity for a girl with a face like a Swedish sunrise not to have one of those fine old Scandinavian names.

It has always seemed to us that the star of any George Bernard Shaw play, in screen translation, would be the caption writer. All of the epigrammatic Irishman’s works are soon to be seen in celluloid. We can’t help wondering if the producer who bought the rights has ever read the plays.

LOS ANGELES has been for some days in the grip of a "No Parking" law, which prohibits parking automobiles on any important down town streets between the hours of eleven and six. Protests from all sections are filling the air and none more vigorous than those from the motion picture lots, where stars and the purchasing and publicity departments have united in a wall. If the ordinance is not repealed, the Hollywood Board of Trade, which recently issued a statement to the effect that the picture industry had tripled its population, business and values, can triple again, since many of the activities that hitherto have been taken to the center of the big city will move out to Hollywood, where you can park your bus without paying a large fine.

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Murdered Brain Children

(Continued from page 80)

home. Through braving happiness into bility she finds her own regeneration. Blinded as he is, the helpless sergeant sees the deeper side of those with whom he comes in contact, and through the plot is woven the betterment not only of the woman, but also of her previous companion and the apache. What did they do with the story? They made the soldier, a famous sculptor sweet as New Orleans mossbub, and affected the regeneration of the musician and the apache by having the former shoot the latter and then commit suicide. I should have been happier had the child not been the daughter of a murderer outright and not compelled to live mutilated thus.

You may have noticed that when the heroine arises from her down couch to greet the dawn or the hero as the case may be, she is always immaculate, and her toilet is a perfunctory affair. The chief ambition of Anne Christine Johnston, of the Ince staff, is to show the trouble a girl takes to make herself presentable for her beloved. This is how she has offered it for screening:

"SCENE 13: IRIS IN ON BOUDOIR OF SHERO. She is asleep in bed. She wakes in a very plain nightgown, the usual moving picture lacey variety—she is spending all her money on hats with which to dazzle the hero and therefore economizes on clothes. She doesn't see, like night-gowns. Her hair is done up in curlers—those dreadful uncom- fortable iron things. She is sleeping on one, which evidently sticks straight into her scalp.

"She wakes, makes a wry face as she rubs the spot where the curl-paper hurt. She has spent a night of torture, but it is all for the sake of the hero and she smiles. She raises, covers her face with cold-cream, then applies lemon on one hand and boiling water with the other. She shaves. The Tortures of the Spanish Inquisition have nothing on the modern beauty treatment. But SHERO smiles dreamily into the mirror, knowing that she will emerge, radiant, beautiful and the hero will certainly fall for her this day."

"I'm going to change that boudoir scene," the director tells me. "We'll take a silhouette shot of her in the moonlight, with her hair flowing down around her lacy pajamas."

"But the best," said he, "is that the hero is making herself beautiful for him."

"Nonsense! We'll shoot a scene of her kissing a letter or a glow lamp, or something."

"But girls don't do that," I am crouching by now. "When a girl loves a man she concentrates everything on her looks. She suffers agonies of beauty treatments for him."

"But the audience doesn't want to see the star in curl papers and cold cream."

"The women would be tickled to death to find their own men—but the hero—men—it's time they learned what we undergo for them.

"But the director turns a pitying smile upon me and hurries off. Sometimes I see the ghost of this dream child in the shape of the heroine brushing her perfectly marcelled locks, standing in a lacey nightie, but the curl papers and cold cream never get beyond the scenario department."

Edward T Lowe of the Goldwyn staff has a standing kick against the clinic at the finish—the inevitable emotional hufffinish that has come into producers as the only way a picture can be permitted to end. Says Mr Lowe:

"How many times have you seen the criticism which berates the immorality of the scenario writer for inevitably ending the..."
Murdered Brain Children

(Concluded)

story with a clinch between hero and heroine? Well, in at least thirty stories which I can recall off hand, the general average of the last scene would run about like this:

"Scene 313. Closeup of William and Mary for artistic lighting effect as William looks into Mary's eyes and sees the answer to his question. Mary starts to hang her head shyly and as John starts to take her in his arms, IRIS OUT before they clinch.

"But why, or, WHY? does the last scene usually appear like THIS?

"Mary starts to hang her head shyly and as John puts his arm about her, she shruggles her head contentedly upon his breast. Then he raises her face to his and as their lips meet in a kiss, he strains her to him, IRIS OUT."

Frank M. Dazey, who is furnishing the scripts for Anita Stewart and Mildred Harris Chaplin, confesses to a weakness for a certain buttonholing incident as follows:

"My favorite d—d (director deleted) sequence comprises some fight scenes between two trolls. My argument for them is that they are animal-like, interesting, and that the screening of two trolls alternately protruding and withdrawing their ugly heads to take vicious but hopeless snaps at each other's thin bodies would be an amusing novelty. The directors—to date—have protested 'It can't be got—and trolls don't fight anyway!' To this my reply, always rejected as inadequate, is that I've seen 'em And there the matter rests."

Rex Taylor, of the Goldwyn staff, has a subtile in his system that you will see on the screen or off. He will commit the hero if his health and strength hold out. The idea is that the hero, in hardluck, goes into a small town hotel and settles himself in a chair. The clerk is closing up for the night and suggests that the hero take over the night. Now comes the big title. The hero replies: "I've got insomnia so bad I can't sleep," and settles himself for the night.

"A lot of directors have told me that this isn't funny," says Taylor. "I think it is, and I'm going to see how it goes with the public some day, if I have to conspique this department to do it!"

What has sent Albert Shelby LeVine of the Metro staff, up in the air more than once is this, in his own words:

"In the picture I suppose I've had to use an airplane some ten or more times for various purposes. The hero or the heroine had to get some place in a hurry; or the villain had to run the works by being first on the job; or there was a military situation; or it was just a stunt that characterized the person doing it, as a bit reckless and sporting and a bit of a gagging comedy, as a cutie to flight scenes particularly when the plane was doing a loop, or the falling leaf, or a tailspin or any one of the numerous anti-prohibition moves a plane can make to amuse the world-weary pilot. I always have had the mental picture of a worthless, absolutely good for nothing indolent negro watching the aerial antics.

"As a matter of fact the first outfit I can recall to me there when the lazy coon was jokingly asked how he'd like to take a ride in the sky-tumbling craft. "He looks up at the plane with eyeballs which is the base of sinal yellow—that shakes his head decidedly no—and says: 'I may be a lazy dawg—but I ain't no sky-terrier.'"

"On one occasion this was eliminated because the director didn't think it funny; another time the star thought it was and, since the said star didn't have the gag-line, deemed it had better be cut out; again, the scene wasn't funny; on another occasion, the cutter didn't like darkies on the screen anyhow; once more it was eliminated for footage. But I'm not downhearted. My childhood still remains."}

Gerald C. Duffy of the Goldwyn scenario department has a pet scene that he has written four scenarios around, sold the—scenarios, and still the scene has never been produced.

"I have given up hope for production," he says. "so I'm sending it to you in hope that, at least, it will enjoy publication and be of my mind. It will never, NEVER be aimed at by a movie picture camera. It offer it to you in the boat in which it died:"

"SCENE? AUDRY'S BEDROOM:

Pop is in a terrible fix. The tie has at last been placed around his collar, though his disordered arrangement makes it resemble a splottered blot of ink. The hip is holding up the tuxedo and waiting impatiently for Pop to make up his mind to get into it. In proportion to Pop's regular clothes it appears to him about the size of his vest. He eyes it in disgust for a moment and then, realizing there is no alternative, punches his arms into the sleeve-holes and draws it around him. He wiggles in anguish.

INSERT TITLE:

YE CANNOT BE BOTH GRAND
AND COMFORTABLE

BACK TO ACTION. Pop feels like plum that has outworn its skin and is about to burst. His collar saws his neck, his Adam's apple hangs against the barrier for freedom, his clothes smother him.

This is a curious companion piece to Miss Johnston's picture of the girl dollying up for conquest. The male of the species has his sartorial tortures.

Jack Cunningham, who turns 'em out for Robert Brumton and George Loane Tucker, is not a modesty-prevalent gentleman in private life, yet lists:

"I have had some pet ideas that I never have been able to foist upon an unsuspecting producer. One of them is a title that I am going to bring to the fervor of Bill Nye's famous mule—to see spread across a hurried twenty-four sheet: And that is—"

"Murdered at Midnight!!!"

"I have thought up, I don't know how many, howling melodramas and, at the top of the first, or title, page of each and every one, I have set down the thrilling words: Murdered At Midnight." No one will have it. One or two of the melodramas have been sold—maybe only one—I am unused to figures when talking about the number of stories I have sold. But, some way or another, probably an accident, the title has been lost.

"At last, I have given up in despair, and now freely hand this pet title: Murdered At Midnight—to the world, unless the one who reads copy on this symposium dislikes it and shoves in some aemic designation like, 'Sudden Demise at Twelve o'clock!'"

The state of Jack—In print at last. We shall take great pleasure in watching the screen for the appearance of any of these murdered children, dragged from their tombs by borrowers of ideas, and while the original parents thereof will, perhaps, be glad to see them brought to life, it will be interesting to see whether this exposure of the slaughter of the innocents, will result in belated rec

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**Questions and Answers**

(Continued from page 84)

You'd know without being told that when Roscoe Arbuckle bought a new car, he would have to have it made to order. An ordinary kind of car that anyone could use, wouldn't appeal to him. So when he left off slapstick and went in for comedy-drama, he celebrated the event with a new Pierce-Arrow, a touring car with special body, which set him back just $25,000. "Fatty" took Bebe Daniels—beside him—and Lila Lee, in the tonneau, with him when he "tried her out."

Follies girls, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, and Harriet Hammond are great upholders of the American drama, it seems to me. I can't tell you the number of the house in which Norma Talmadge first saw the light of day. I can only tell you it was in Brooklyn.

C. L. R., Fredericktown, Mo.—I have a smattering of five languages and a slight knowledge of some dead ones. Why? Did you want to write to me in Sanskrit? It would be as intelligible as some letters I receive. I'm sure. Cullen Landis, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. Jack Mulhall and Tom Forman Lucky studio, Hollywood, Cal. Landis and Forman are both married—and both fathers. Landis has a little girl and Forman became the daddy of a son on May 4 last.

Mary C., Corvallis, Oregon.—Dorothy Gish always answers her letters. She has blue gray eyes and blonde hair. Not married. Her latest pictures are "Remodeling a Husband" and "Her Majesty." The latter may be renamed for release. Constance Talmadge's latest are "The Love Expert" and "The Perfect Woman." They have bought "Wedding Bells" the Selwyn stage comedy, for Constance's future use.

S. L., Schenectady.—A bomb-proof cellar is out of date. It's the bum-proof cellar we want now. I can't give you a list of the ten greatest actresses. Some worthy one would be sure to miss mine and I would be accused of favoritism forever after. Pronounce it Na-zim-own, with accent on second syllable. Bebe Daniels pronounces her name Be-vor, but doesn't object if you call her Baby.

Ellen B. Rogers, Ark.—You say that was an expensive suit of Mary's—$30,000—and you would like to see her wear it. I think that's a pretty bum joke. Marjore Miller isn't in pictures, but is with Ziegfeld Follies, address her at New Amsterdam Theater, New York City. Ann Little, Lasky, Jeanie Eagle, Playhouse Theater, New York. Hazel Dawn, care A. H. Woods, New York. Others are very much out of my line.

M. H. T., Decatur, Ill.—You can best judge a woman by the men who make love to her. I don't know who is most popular of those seven actors you mention. Each has his share of boosters. Why, Bill Hart is still very popular. So is Douglas Fairbanks. And I don't notice that the Talmadge sisters have been falling off any. Read Norma's fashion articles appearing monthly in this magazine. Maybe you can understand them better than I, who am one of these mere males who can't make head nor tail of a fashion plate.

Jest Bea.—Can't give you the name of the actor who has worn a mustard-sauce fifteen episode of "Hands Up!" I am sorry if he is very tall, very dark, and very romantic-looking. Write me again when you have recovered.

Florence, Washington.—A chap may have a degree or two or three in scientific research, but that won't help him to find a good job. Bill Hart's first picture for himself was "The Toll Gate." Alice Joyce is with Vitagraph, working in their studio in Brooklyn and occupying a stellar dressing-room next to Corinne Griffith. All the Vitagraph stars seem to be pretty friendly. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde and a Fox contract.

K. K., Ashland, Nebraska.—Some inspired scenario writer ought to utilize the new theories of grafting goat glands. Well, if that aviator who flew seven miles towards the sun came through with no ill effects, soon we'll have chapter thrillers filled with bold Martian heroes and pretty little Venus heroines. Louise Huff has signed with Selznick for five years. Marie Walcamp with Universal. Lola Fisher is not on the screen but on the stage. Vivian Martin has her own company. Eamie Hurst may be reached in care of Cosmopolitan Production.
Artistic Efficiency —
That's Dwan
(Continued from page 37)

commercializing Art is the bunk. What, in the last analysis, does commercialize mean? It means to cash in on, doesn't it? As a matter of fact, pictures that are uplifting, that make people happy, are commercial pictures.

"The great problem of the pictures is the welding of art and business. Waste is not artistic. Indecency is not artistic. "

"The director is the man who has control of the money. The director is the man who can make or break a picture financially and artistically. Most directors are not business men. Therefore the films have had to arrange for business managers, for men who, when the director had laid out the thing artistically and outlined the results he could achieve, will find out how it can be done at the lowest cost. These men contract for material, set salaries, tend to all the commercial delay.

"When harmony can be completely established between these two factions, pictures will become better, because there will be no waste."

"A dollar is a dollar to everybody but a director. He may know it when he meets it in private life, but professionally, it isn't within the range of his acquaintances. But a dollar is a dollar, and it takes a lot of dollars to make it worth while to make pictures. And if it isn't worth while, the most artistic director in the world won't get to make any.

"If you haven't made your lemons yet, you will. But there are always some sure fire appeals that may tide you over — a child, or an animal. Sex, of course, is the most universally interesting thing in the world. As a matter of fact it is the only universally interesting thing. Eve invented it, and Cleopatra perfected it, and now it's safe in the hands of the movies. Its more universal than patriotism or the League of Nations, because after all, the League of Nations is only to prevent wars, and everybody wants to prevent wars so the men won't have to go and leave their women any more. (It isn't safe, anyway.)"

"Pictures must be made fast. If you mould around with them, you lose your clear vision. You cannot hurry art, of course, but you can hurry commercial production. Get your art in hand before you start to produce and you'll save a lot of time and trouble."

"I've just one prediction. The day of the book, the published story, is done. The original story has come back, is coming back, must come back."

Dwan is now making his own production for the Mayflower. He has just completed three pictures, "The Splendid Hazard," "In the Heart of a Fool" and "The Scoffers."

Of a Different Color

"O THEODORE, how's you-all?"

Theodore Kosloff looked askance at the slouching negro who accosted him at the American Legion benefit in Los Angeles Saturday evening.

But recognizing the black man, he shied off.

But when he saw the Ethiopan pick up a saxophone case lettered "W. R." he realized he had been "sold." For the fresh colored person was no less than Wallace Reid, in the make-up used by his Jazz Band.

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millinery people, and I am going to discuss it with you next month as well as do a little talking on the kind of hat that makes each type of woman look prettier.

For a long tramp in bad weather one may now be just as smart as when the skies are bright. There is a new twill that is guaranteed to be rain-proof and that does not lose its shape after encountering a violent storm. For added practicality the skirts of these sports suits are devised so that they may be turned into divided skirts, making them especially valuable for the woman who does mountain climbing to her other accomplishments.

The raincoat, too, is a totally different garment today from the raincoat of former years—that dull, drab garment that was for utility alone. One of the smartest new raincoats is a white rubberized silk enhanced with stitching in bright scarlet silk. To be worn with this is a jaunty little sports hat of the same material that shows off the white crown and the brim entirely covered with rows of the scarlet stitching. Add a scarlet umbrella to this suit and you have a costume that will enliven the rainiest day imaginable.

For the woman who travels considerably—and that means most of us in these nomadic days—there is a suit that has the skirt knife-pleated in the machine pleating that will withstand any amount of hard usage. One may sit in a train all day or carry this skirt in a suit case on a long journey secure in the knowledge that your pleats are proof against all such contingencies.

The Last Word

HAROLD LLOYD) and his battery mate, Harry (Snub) Pollard were talking over some of the old-time pictures they have worked with them in Los Angeles. The name of one Jimmy Patton came up during the conversation.

"I last heard o' him," said Pollard, "last I heard he was dead down in Texas."

"That's usually the last you hear of anybody," Lloyd remarked.

And Harry is still thinking about the answer he ought to have had ready—but didn't.

The Proverbial Chip

It isn't every four-year-old boy who gets a check each week for services rendered, so perhaps it is little wonder that Jimmy Rogers feels just a wee bit important when the cashier out at the Goldwyn studio pays him each week for supporting his father W. W. in pictures.

There is nothing crude about Jimmy's sense of importance; he never brags or compares his bank account with that of the other children in the Rogers family. Yet he evidently looks upon himself as a man of money. A few days ago his father said to him, just after their salary envelopes had been handed to them:

"Want to trade, Jimmy?"

"Without a moment's hesitation, Jimmy answered:

"Not without knowing how much you have in yours."

Wear America First

(Continued on page 51)
beauty is good fortune bequeathed by kindly fate and is woman's most precious possession. Protect it. Use only

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Pure, wholesome, delightful.
All over at all counters 5c. Double the quantity of old 4c. 30c. 1.00 & 2.00 a box. Min.
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A very simple way to remove hair is to wash it off with El-Rado sanitary liquid. This liquid is easily applied with a piece of absorbent cotton. In a few moments the hair can be removed. After shaking on a little talcum the skin appears soft, smooth and dainty.
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Canadian Makers THE AMHERST SALES CO., Dept. P.
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The Hope that Springs
(Concluded from page 39)

brave, too cheerful, too full of some spirit of helpfulness won from their precarious existence.
In nothing else was this spirit so clearly revealed as in the way they all crowded about me with warm interest and encouragement.
"Now just take it easy and don't get nervous," Sally of the almond-shaped eyes kept saying to me. "I just know you're the kind that's going to film fine."
By the time we all had got into our evening clothes everybody was excitedly admiring everybody else.
"Honest, Sally, you look like a thousand dollars," someone said out across the room.
"Where did you get that swell dress?"
"Rich cousin," retorted Sally laconically.
"And her sister give me lots of things. If they didn't I couldn't be an extra. Where would I get the money to buy new evening dresses and wraps? Isn't it lucky, though, that I can wear anything from a thirty-four to a forty-four?"
She always say I got a regular poor relative's figure.
It was now twelve o'clock. Most of us had risen six hours earlier. Those six hours were only a prelude, however, to the real day's work. Not until half-past two did we finally summoned to the studio where the carpenters had been busy constructing the lobby of a big New York hotel. In the meanwhile a lunch of sandwiches, coffee, and pie had been served. I learned that this was almost as unforeseen as manna. For, although some of the studios possess lunch-room facilities other dispense refreshments such as we had today, the timeliness and the presence of food is so uncertain in the movie world that the average extra expects as little sustenance as a camel in the midst of the desert.
"There are two things you have to learn to do without, once you get to be an extra," remarked Sally, swinging her golden-slippered feet from the big table upon which she was sitting. "One is food and the other is the back of a chair."
As she dispensed this sunny philosophy my own back ached. I remembered that I had been sitting here on this same bench for more than two hours and a half. Heavens! And I had conceived the extra's work to be merely sitting at a cabaret table or standing on stage in the second floor!
Even so, however, I had as yet no idea of the discipline involved. I was to get a further revelation when we all descended the two flights of stairs to the hall outside the studio. Here we were met by the director. He had decided that, after all, he would make this a day-time scene and would we all kindly change to our street clothes. I imagined any other class of women receiving the news that hours of primping have been in vain! Yet my fellow martyrs accepted this announcement quite as a matter of course.
"Well," said the fat girl who feared balconies as, pulling her brocade evening wrap about her, she began her ascent of the stairs to the dressing-room, "I might be known as the "grinder," as I heard the girl, call the camera. was as pain-taking as a miniature painter. Seven times I repeated my own "action"—the involved one of walking across the lobby to the hotel desk and back to a big leather settee. For three hours we waited and acted and dreamt that this might have been somewhat trying even in the temperate zone. But this studio was so hot that an electric cabinet would have seemed little climate. In fact, I was swathed in the long squirrel coat I had worn on my trip.

At last, at six o'clock, we were dismissed. I heard my companions congratulating themselves on the earliness of the hour. It might so easily have been eight or nine, they said. But, as for me, I was unprofitably hungry. I had never been so tired. I was prostrated as an Eskimo in the tropics. And as I dropped into my little room on Madison Avenue that evening, I envied each person who had ever come forward with the zephyr suggestion, "Why don't you go into the movies?" Never, never would I try being an extra again.
Yet I did try it. Whenever I got a day's work I took it. Some of these days, I may add, were much easier than the one I have just described. Others, on the contrary, infinitely harder. Often I put in fifteen or sixteen hours. Often I went without food. And it frequently happened that I spent more than a dollar on the phone in the intervals of waiting for me a five-dollar job. But I persisted and after some months I got my reward. Perhaps it was my looks, which proved to be the kind that did film well. Perhaps it was my wardrobe. At all events, I was given a small part in a big picture and the director is most encouraging about my future.
This luck of mine is not, however, the common fortune. As a rule, indeed, the movie star does not become the movie star. She—or he—can look forward to nothing much save days such as I have described. For this reason the person who wants to be a movie extra must regard it merely as an income extra. And it is not strange, therefore, that the ranks of supernumeraries are made up of four leading types.
One of these is the chorus girl or man who wants to make a little money on the side. The second is the actor or actress of the legitimate stage waiting for an engagement. Next comes the woman who is bored with life. And last is the wife or daughtcer of the small-salaried man, who uses the screen and radio to bring her the gold-bug, the ostrich plume, or any of the little frivolties that Home Sweet Home will not provide. However, much as all of these may resemble the steps between them and stardom, they are all unconsciously sustained by hope. Some day some director may notice a particular bit of promise in face or feature and select a small part that will be given them in which they have a chance to show their real fitness. For hope is more active in the movie world than anywhere else. It is just this which makes one across the screen of one's consciousness.
So, even now, I myself am looking forward to the day when I can boldly open my own dooryard upon a three thousand dollar check.
Dante Was Wrong
(Concluded from page 31)

You see, Louise Huff does. That was what we were heading at. Louise Huff knows absolutely what love is, because she loves some one and that some one else loves her back, and there's no question in the world about it. That some one else knew he was going to love her the minute he laid eyes on her, and she knew she was going to love him. (One of his fraternity brothers brought him along one day to a luncheon party so that there would be an even number.) And they were married a few months ago, and in spite of the fact that he is the president of the company that manufactures hydraulic engines (and is only 24 at that) and has such a practical name as Stillman, and she can't tell a valve from a radiator, they understand each other perfectly.

Like Fanny Hurst, she is going to go on leading her own life and doing her own work—but she expects to keep the dew on the rose and the dust on the butterfly's wing with seven breakfasts a week with her husband, instead of two.

Then there is this difference, too: in Louise Huff's case there is Mary Louise, in other words Miss Jones, or in still other words, her young daughter. Miss Huff was married before when she was very, very young—too young, it is to be feared, to know what love really was.

Louise Huff says she hates to tell how it was that she went on the stage, because it is just like every novel that was ever written about any Southern girl. "The family fortunes having dwindled away, she suddenly found that she must earn her own living. She had been trained to do nothing—what could she do to earn her own bread?"

The case of the dwindled fortune, the lack of training, and the necessity to earn bread were true. So she went on the stage. The play was "Graustark." Louise received the sum of twenty-five dollars a week without expenses. "It was a good thing we played in the South," she says, "because I had kinfolks in every town we played in. They didn't approve of my being on the stage, but they did take me in and helped me. Heavenly knows I couldn't have made ends meet on that salary if they hadn't."

From "Graustark" our brown-eyed heroine went to a road company of "Ben Hur." She played "Father"—with a Georgia accent. That lead to New York stock, and stock to pictures with Lubin in Philadelphia.

Miss Huff's last regular work was with Jack Pickford, until she came back a few months ago after an absence of two years, as a Selznick star.

Louise Huff is a simple, unaffected, studious young person with a mind as well as pulchritude. She is always studying something—botany, astronomy, history or something equally deep, and she says that when she finishes pictures for good she wants to go back to school. She was only 15 when she went on the stage, and she never has had all the schooling she longs for. She also wants to write, and perhaps some day she'll write a handbook on Love.

Just at present Miss Huff lives in a big apartment house on upper Fifth Avenue. Very soon she is to have a house in the "upper Five-seventies," and if you will look in any New York social register you will know what that means.

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ARTIST

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Room Only." Ladies may do their window-shopping and gentlemen enjoy tea, chess, and conversation while comfortably seated in the
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— William

Fuller and Pauline Bush are
rt'lircd.
Irene Castle is seven inches over
Her
five feet tall and weighs 115 pounds.
eyes are gray and her hair is brown. Norma
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Photoplay Magazine
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"The Riddle Woman" from the stace
is
play which was enacted by Bertha Kalich.
Lou Tellecen will not act with Farrar in
this, as he has opened in a new play of his
own, called "Underneath the Bough" at the
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present writing. Farrar is an American, born
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Her father. Sidney FarShe is a most
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Out of the Kitchen
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stories.

Jennie. Delawanna. I am sure Robert
will be distressed when I tell him
Of
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You won't, anyway. Gorthat about me.
don may be reached right now care \'itagraph studios. Brooklyn. X. Y., where ho
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Miles Minter of the Realart company is
working at the Lasky Hollywood -tudios.

Gordon

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side as well as Eve's and no one could deny that she had managed about it. "Yes," she answered, "but tomorrow only. That must be the last time."

SINCE Eve had obtained no satisfaction from her interview with Becky she did what she had threatened; she went to Tom's office straight from the house, arriving at his office building just as he was stepping into his car to drive home. Eve told him that Becky and Fred had been together practically every day for the past two weeks. Tom took it lightly, told Eve that she and Fred were a couple of naughty children who should be spanked.

However, when he turned the corner about two blocks from the house, he saw someone who looked suspiciously like Fred coming out the front door. Though he tried to forget Eve's talk as merely that of a jealous wife, he found himself a trifle upset.

Becky was waiting for him in the living room, curled up like a harmless kitten on the couch, and trying to look as innocent. She sprang up and threw her arms about Tom's neck, but his evening kisses were less ardent than usual.

She noticed his attitude at once, and pulled him down beside her on the couch. "What's the matter, dearie? Don't you feel well?"

"Becky, I've just seen Eve."

Becky was startled.

"Oh, has she been weeping on your bosom, too?"

The two of them laughed, and for the moment Tom's doubts vanished. He drew his wife to him.

"I love you better than all the world," said Becky. Tom knew that what she told him from her own lips was entirely for the moment. Then the thought of Eve and what she had told him, and the remembrance of Fred leaving his house crept like a serpent into his garden of happiness. "Becky," he held her face between his hands, so that he could look into her eyes, "Becky, have you been seeing Fred Lindon every day?"

Confusion routed the expression of contentment from Becky's face. Her lip twitched a little nervously, her eyes avoided those of her husband for a moment, then widened into vast surprise. "Why—no! Certainly not!" she answered.

Tom could not miss her confusion, but he did not want to understand it. He did not want to believe that Becky would lie to him.

"Becky, didn't I see Fred Lindon leaving the house as I came home?"

"Why no—at least I didn't see him," Becky avoided. "You—you see I just got home from the bridge party."

Tom frowned.

"Becky, I want you to answer me truthfully. Is Fred Lindon trying to make love to you?"

"If Mr. Lindon should try to make—any advances to me, that's a compliment to you, isn't it?" she answered indignant, unaware in her anger that she was answering Tom's question.

Tom stood up and took Becky's hand, and looked at her solemnly.

"I have every confidence in your motives, Becky, but no woman can have the friendship of a man like Fred Lindon long, without paying the highest price for it. No matter how well you knew, and those who love you knew that you had not danced, all the same the world would make you pay the piper."

There was something so protective about Tom. Becky sneezed down happily in his arms. Now that he knew that she had been seeing Fred, she felt all happy and safe.

"You don't expect to see Fred tomorrow?" Tom asked suddenly.

"No," answered Becky. "And you promise me that if he should come, you won't see him?"

Becky nodded her head up and down, and crossed her heart.

At this juncture Jenks entered the room with a telegram for Mr. Tom Warder. It was from Becky's father, Stephen Roland.

"Impertinent you send me $50 by special messenger. Good things. Can't lose."

Becky looked worried, and handed the message to her husband.

"Not another cent this month, Becky." Tom spoke firmly. "We must put a stop to your father's gambling."

Becky pouted just a tiny bit. She knew she was wrong, but she did feel sorry for her father. She turned away from Tom, but he came to her and put his arms about her. As he did so, an inspiration seemed to flash over Becky's consciousness. Her face lit up, and she grasped the lapels of Tom's coat.

"Oh, honey," she cooed, "I—I couldn't resist a hat today—the dullest little hat. It was all yellow!

Tom was relieved to be out of the unpleasantness of refusing money to Becky's father so easily.

"How much?"

"Fifty dollars," Becky answered.

Tom shook her slightly. "You can't be taking this way of getting money to send your father when I don't want you to," he asked.

There was no need for reply, for at that moment Jenks entered with a huge hat box, telling the messenger he was waiting for the money. Becky gave Tom a hug and a kiss, then a gentle push, and told him to go and ready for dinner.

Left alone with Jenks, she whispered to him: "Say Mr. Warder is sorry, but that Mr. Warder does not like the hat, so she cannot have it."

The next moment she was holding the telephone receiver in one hand, while she started to write a note with the other. She called Fred Lindon's house. When she got him on the wire, she said coldly:

"I'm very sorry, but our engagement is off. For good." Then she hung up before Fred could reply.

"Dear Father," began the note she penned. "I am inclining the fifty. Please be careful. With love."

"Becky."

EVE LINDON decided that she was gaining nothing by staying away from home. So she went back the afternoon following the scene at Becky's house. Fred was not glad to see her. He was ugly and insulted, having been imbuing high-balls all day to drown the injury to his vanity caused by Becky's repulse. Becky was ready to fall on her knees at his feet. He did not even greet her. He simply snapped:

"You've minded in my affairs once too often. You've gone and frightened Becky Warder away. She was just getting interested. I had an engagement with her this afternoon, but you went and killed that. How do you suppose a man could love a woman who is always butting into his affairs? Get out of here."

And Eve "got out." She put on her things, climbed into her car, and drove straight for the Warders'. Tom had on his golf clothes, and was preparing to leave for the links. Becky was dividing her time between letters and her husband. Jenks' announcement that Mrs. Lindon was at the door and would like to see Mr. Warder startled them.

"I wish to talk privately to Tom for a
“This Way, Please, To Win a Satin Skin”

Dear Reader: Everyone admires a satin skin. Its captivating daintiness lures glances that linger longingly. Just think, you can have this skin. The discovery of Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder offers the one way, the fulfillment of deferred hopes, the only way to secure a satin texture skin. Satin Skin Cream is a balm to bless. an unselfish, unregretted effort. As dew refreshes the flowers, Satin Skin Cream brings new life to the skin, a wondrous satiny softness of alluring attractiveness. There are two kinds of Satin Skin Cream: First, “COLD,” second, ‘‘GREASELESS.” Both different from other so-called creams and you need BOTH. The “cold” for night use, the “Greaseless” for day use and to hold powder.

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The Truth (Continued)

moment.” Eve ignored Becky's proffered hand. “Don't do anything I wouldn't do.” Becky called lightly over her shoulder to Tom, and went into the game. She didn't want to believe it.

Tom drew up a chair for Eve. “I only hinted at the truth of what has been going on between Fred and Becky the last several weeks, she said. “Why, she had an appointment with him for today. She broke it by telephone, and Fred was furious about it. He blamed me.”

Tom slapped the table with his open hand. “Eve, I don't believe a word of it. And I don't want to hear about it. You're a spoiled, jealous woman.”

“Here's your proof.” Eve threw down the reports of the detective agency on Miss Raymond.

Tom went to the door and called Becky. “Eve tells me that you have been seeing Fred practically every day,” he said, searching Becky's face.

“Don't you mean to deny it? It's like a trial isn't it?” Mrs. Warder answered lightly, trying to make herself feel more easy than she was.

“Did you break an appointment to see Fred this afternoon by telephone?”

This time Becky was cornered. She decided to play to time, until some new sort of evidence presented itself.

“The whole thing is false. If you think I'm a home-breaker, Eve, you've made a mistake. What do you mean coming to my precious home to make trouble?”

“You know what I mean,” Eve replied. “I must go—I'll leave the papers for you to look over, Tom.”

For the first time, Becky seemed to realize that the paper—Eve had brought might have anything to do with her. As Tom saw Eve to the door, fifty thoughts crowded into her mind—she would take them, tear them up. Tom came back and sat down beside her.

“I want you to be truthful, my dear,” he spoke deliberately. “You've married a man who has every confidence in you. My faith in you is the best thing in my life—but it is a live wire and neither of us can afford to play with it.”

As he finished he reached for the papers on the table. Becky, frightened, tried to hide them.

“Tom, dearest,” she said, embracing him, “truthfully, I love you, and you are the only one I have ever loved.”

Tom looked into her eyes.

“Becky,” he said, “I tell you frankly that I do not know what to think. I believe that you do love me, but I want to see to the bottom of this sickly mess. Eve tells me you telephoned Fred not to come this afternoon.”

“Eve never could tell the truth,” Becky flung back.

Tom picked up the papers and began draping them over. Becky looked over his shoulder. She had never really grasped the full significance of them before.

“Becky,” he said, “I tell you distinctly. “Oh, this is awful. You don't mean—and Eve hired—the suspicious cat.”

“Becky, how could you have gotten into such a mess? There was anguish in Tom's voice.

“Eve wanted me to come and try to bring them together again. Tom smiled rather wistfully at this. Then Tins came in to announce that Mr. Weld was at the door to take Tom to the golf club. For the first time in their married life, Tom went out of the door without kissing Becky good-bye.

The importance of always telling the truth was becoming to permeate into Becky's disturbed mind. "Oh, if I hadn't..."
the messenger had hardly gone, when Becky's father, jovial, flabby and nattily attired, with the air of a gentleman with no responsibilities in the world, arrived.

"Well, little daughter," said he, kissing her affectionately and tweaking her cheeks, "aren't you surprised at my arrival? Mix me up a little old whiskey and soda, my dear, and I'll tell you what it's all about.

Becky went to the cellarette. Mr. Roland drank his drink, smacked his lips, then chuckled.

"My dear, it was a great joke on me. I meant to ask for five hundred—not fifty, though I appreciate the fifty.

"It's a quarter of five hundred or a new Mrs. Franklin," he said.

Becky started.

"Father, you can't possibly owe your landlady that much money?"

"Oh, no, I haven't paid her for two years.

Becky's father settled himself, as if for the afternoon.

"I wish I could ask you to stay for the afternoon. Becky said nervously, "but, you see—I—I am to meet a girl friend."

Mr. Roland gave no outward expression of any intention to understand Becky's hint. Becky became more nervous every minute. What if Fred should come?

"I've got time to drive you to her house if it's not far," he said at last. It made no difference to him that a taxi was waiting outside, for he knew that Tom Warder's money would have to settle.

Becky shook her head. "I'll set there all right. You stay here," and as she went out her father settled himself in more comfort on the couch.

Becky ran lightly down to the corner and stationed herself behind a hedge, where she could look upon the street, and the same time not be seen from the house. She would stop Fred Lindon before he could reach the house.

She had chosen her place when she was astonished by the approach of Weld's car from the other direction. It drew up alongside of Roland's taxi. Tom jumped out, threw the hired car a glance, and went down the street. In a few minutes her father came out and rode away. Becky, from her hiding place, was just making up her mind to go back home and face the music, when she saw her father in the car from the other direction. It held Fred Lindon. As it passed her she called out to him, but he did not hear her. The car drew up suddenly at the curb in front of the house, and Fred ran up to the house three steps at a time. Becky wrung her hands in distress; her heart dropped; she felt very ill and miserable and unhappy. She walked in dread and anxiety for what should happen. She did not know what Tom would do to Fred. She was afraid. In a few seconds her husband walked out of the house. Becky prepared for flight when she saw him coming, but he went in the direction from which he had driven a few minutes before. When he was quite out of sight, Becky summoned up courage enough to go home. Lindon was seated comfortably on the sofa, reading and smoking. He felt very well satisfied with himself.

On arriving, he had met Tom Warder, who had told him that Mrs. Warder would be sorry that she had been away when he called.

"But I don't understand," Lindon had said. "She wrote me this note. And he produced Becky's message.

Tom, thoroughly disgusted, had gone off to his office saying he had some important papers to look through. He had left the house to Fred.

Becky did not see her visitor when she entered the living room. Sick and fearfully she leaned against the door. Fred heard her, went to her with the greatest confidence, drew her into his embrace and kissed her.

"You beast!" Becky jerked herself away violently.

"Didn't you send for me?" asked Fred.

"What was it? What that you found that you cared for me?"

"Yes, I did send for you," Becky's voice was very bitter, "but it wasn't because I wanted you to come. I had been a fool, and you're a cad. I want you to know that there is only one man I love. That is Tom. There is only one I despise—that is you. And to think that you made believe you were an abused husband! Please go. I don't ever want to see you again."

Fred Lindon knew when he was whipped, and with an air of indifference he left the house. Becky had just found it necessary to inform Becky that he had shown to her husband her note urging him to come to the house, and Becky, in her own blundering way, because Tom had in no way committed violence on Fred, believed her husband had in some way misused seeing him when he was in the house.

Becky Warder's emotional resiliency was remarkable. No matter how black one moment might seem, given time, her optimism was back in full swing. The lower her state might have been, the higher it went when reaction set in.

Perhaps it was the same quality which so many women possess—that same inability or constant refusal to look things squarely in the face—that had caused so much of Becky's present state of affairs, and which dragged her into the belief that everything was all right.

By ten-thirty in the evening she had gone through the dryness of despair and had climbed through the various processes of self argument, until now she was in amazingly good spirits. Jenks had told Tom to go to the office. At about eleven she called him and asked him to come home. One hardly could have suspected that there had been a serious situation the entire day, from the looks and voice of Becky when Tom entered her bedroom. The softly shaded lights enveloped her in a rosy glow. Her cheeks were pink; her eyes sparkled brilliantly; her hair, a sort of black, tricolor, was softly twisting and clinging to her forehead.

"I was only Tom who showed signs of mental strain and unhappiness.

"Becky called to him gaily as he opened the door. She ran to him expectantly, but he pushed her away.

"Why Tom, dear?" Becky spoke with
surprise and concern. "You look all fagged out. Are you just tired?"

Tom ignored her question. He motioned to her to sit down. She sat on the edge of her bed, and he dropped down on the edge of his.

"Have you had any callers today?" he asked, looking her directly in the eye.

Oh, habit, habit— the trickster! How it chases us when we do not want it to!

"Why—only father. I'm sorry you missed him," answered Becky. And she had meant so much more never, never, again to tell a lie.

"I did see him," came Tom's response.

"He told me about the money you sent him— from me," then caustically— "where's the new hat?" He glanced at him for a moment as if looking for something, then brought his stely eyes back again to Becky's face.

"Was Fred Lindon here?"

Becky was caught.

"Well, I'll be truthful for once. Fred Lindon was here, but I did not ask him. I excused myself at once."

Tom's expression was not pleasant for Becky to look upon.

"Oh, indeed! It happens he showed me your note asking him to come! I don't suppose you know—"

There were no more possible lies for Becky to hide behind, so she became very, very angry.

"I did send for him. It was about those abominable papers that Eve gave you."

"And I don't suppose you kissed him."

Tom grew whiter at his own suggestion.

"No, I didn't," Becky snapped back. "He kissed me. How could I help it? I didn't know he was there—he was in the living-room when I came in."

"Of course away. Of course not. How could you resist him?"

There had been little family spats before—the nice kind that end in kisses, but up until this moment she felt the significance of this present difference in opinion between herself and Tom had not struck Becky. There was something in the deadly pallor of Tom's face, in the tension of his lips, in the manner in which he went to sleep, that she recognized as if to be away from her, and stood looking down at her, which sent shivers of fright through Becky. She was no longer angry. She was frightened by the way Tom to forget what had happened and to take her in his arms and comfort her—as he had always done before. Sobs rose up in her throat.

"You don't have to believe me," she wept. "I told you why I was seeing Fred Lindon. I told you that I was trying to bring him and Eve together. Oh, dear! I wish I had never been born."

Becky fell back in a little shaking heap.

But Tom, usually all concern at such a moment, was, was—

"Go ahead and cry all you want to," he said, "I'm through. The money to your father! This rotten evidence of Eve's that you've been meeting Fred right under my nose, and me unknowing and me foolish all the while! You couldn't help his kissing you! Lies—dammable lies, and another dozen to try and save yourself! I'm through, I tell you!

Becky's torrent of tears dripped up the blaze of Tom's anger. She sat up and looked at him through blurred eyes.

"You don't mean you—" she could not say the word.

"Yes, we separate— divorce if you wish it. I tell you I'm through. You don't know what that is. I can't stand your lies any longer."

And it came that Becky Warder, the next day, entered her father's habby writing room with a couple of suit cases and the announcement that she was to visit for a while— "while Tom is away."

But there was something about the droop of her tiny red lips, the wistfulness of her eyes, the hint of tears in her voice, that told her father instantly that there was something back of her visit that she had not confessed. He suggested as much. Soon her head was nestled on his checked, yet fatherly breast, and she was sobbing out her heart Narrative. There! There Father would fix it. Father understood.

When Becky was asleep, tied out from her heart ache and her sleepless night, Stephen Roland slipped out slyly to the nearest telegraph station.

"Thomas Warder," he wrote on the yellow sheet, "Becky very ill. Nervous collapse. Advise you come at once."

And though Tom Warder had sworn, not twenty hours ago, that he never wanted to see Becky's face again, in less than one hour after receiving her father's telegram he was on his way, sick with anxiety lest something happen. Becky awakened to find her father tip-toeing noiselessly about the room, pulling down the shades, setting medicine bottles on the dresser, and making the atmosphere of his bed chamber into that of a sick room. He explained to her what he had done.

"You gotta play you're awfully sick, my girl. That'll get him quicker anything else," Becky's tired eyes closed again and she sank back into her pillows. She did not awaken until late in the evening. Then she was conscious of being helpfully walking in the next room. She could hear her father's hoarse voice— "She's a sick little girl. You must be real quiet. I'll go see if she's alive."

And then she heard Tom's "All right."

It was true that Becky was far from well. The strain had been very hard on her. Her head buzzed and her eyes burned. There was a hazy, misty film that seemed to be between her mental consciousness and the world. But Becky was not too ill to know that the thing that Tom had written to Baltimore was a lie. It was a little white lie, perhaps—and Becky had not told it. But if she lay there in bed and let Tom think she was dangerously ill, she would be doing a lie. But dealing in untruths, be they told or acted, forever—really done.

A moment later Becky entered the living room. Her steps were unsteady as to her footing, but she was not unsteady as to purpose.

"Tom," she spoke deliberately and determinedly, "I am not ill. The telegram was only another lie to get you here. I am not a nervous wreck. I think I have learned my lesson—but I am glad that you are here, for I shall tell you now, truly, that I love you and I want you."

Her husband looked at her almost shly for a moment, then swept her into his arms. "My very own dear," he whispered tenderly.

"Of course Stephenson and Miss Crisp- ingy were in the room to see the reconciliation, but they slipped out very shortly, and held a little reconciliation in the kitchen of their own. With a light smile, Becky's lips, the kind hearted old gentleman who had so long evaded the bonds which the widow had long been laying for him, came into the peaceful knowledge, that he was new to face the unaccustomed unpaid board bill, and that he would never have another one to worry about."

"And Tom," whispered Becky against his husband's left shoulder protectively. "I shall never, never, never, tell another lie—not even a white one."
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Murine Eye Remedy Co., 9 East Ohio Street, Chicago.
right arm and fingers for a king's ransom. One evening Abraham came home full of good news.

"Guess who I saw? Solomon Ginsberg, the fellow that used to sell me brases in Allen street." As his father prattled along of Berg, Leon listened attentively, eagerly awaiting a word of Gina. At last it came.

"And that daughter of his that's studying music, I say, she will come back soon. In the tall she goes to sing by the stage, maybe."

Leon pretended to be highly abstracted. He bent himself to Kansas and the old farm home for the summer and the Kantors went to a cottage resort in Maine. It was not a success. In that typical community Leon alone was socially welcome.

Then came the thunder clap of war in Europe.

To Leon came only one thought—Gina was in Vienna—how would she get away? The papers printed sensational accounts of the difficulties of American tourists. Europe was a boiling cauldron.

Hancock came rushing East. He was full of the anxiety that best everyone. The Kantors gave up their Maine cottage and hurried back to the New York suburb that they called home.

Leon was glum and silent through the days. His heart was heavy.

At last in an afternoon paper he found the paragraph that had been his seeking for days. There it was—Gina Berg, the singer, was safe aboard ship and coming home. His face lighted up. There was no need to tell his mother; she read it in the evening papers.

"Money, money, does it anything? What's a thousand for a steamer cot for Sol Berg?"

When the great boat docked Leon was in the crowd that stood about the pier, eagerly watching. But, to his disappointment, it was Gina, and Gina only. Gina was one of the first to touch foot on shore and swiftly she was borne away in her father's car, while Leon vainly waited.

When evening came Leon wandered disconsolately home. He found the house bubbling with talk. Gina Berg and her father had been there, and he had seemed disturbed not to find Leon.

"What did they want?" Leon could think of nothing else to say.

"Why you—are'nt you going to see your mother?"

His question had carried no cover for his feelings. His mother knew him too well.

Then Leon motored alone out to the great home of the Bergs in Morristown. Gina came down to greet him. Their hands met as the hands of those who understand.

And now you're back Gina—what will you do?

"I shall go on with my work—of course."

There was a note of surprise in her voice.

"I think if you have any sort of a gift and keep at it long enough you will succeed."

"But it's not necessary, is it, Gina?"

There was pleading in his tone.

"Not for my worldly self, Leon, but for me it is."

Gina! Leon's voice was vibrant and low.

"I've been hoping ever since those days in Rome that you'll change your mind. I have never changed since that day of the picnic, Gina, and all the time I want you. Always I—I—I—"

"Oh Leon! You mustn't talk that way— you make it so hard for me."

"But, Gina. I can't help myself."

Leon stood up with his hands held out to her. She faced him with tears in her eyes.

"Leon, I can't— not yet."

"When, Gina?"

"After the war, Leon."
Humoresque

(Continued)

A letter from Leon came through. It was months old, but certainly he was all right then. Impatient, his father and mother went to Washington and battled with the red tape of many departments. No news. Then it came in a cable—speaking of Leon as slightly wounded.

The terrible anxiety of it! Mother Kantor called Gina Berg, who fastened to the Kanto house. She read and re-read the cold, formal notification—"slightly wounded."

"You don't think—it surely can't be his arm, his violin fingers!" Mother Kantor moaned in agony for fear for her son.

"Let's hope not. Let's hope not, pray not. Gina was doing her best to be reassuring. But it was only a hope.

Then as the dark days dragged on the Levitanath with its burden of wounded was reported on the seas. At night tall it arrived off Sandy Hook. Another sleepless night in the Kantor home. Another tossing night of dry-eyed anguish for Gina.

In the ruck and jam of motor cars at the pier when the great transport docked was one carrying Abraham and Sarah Kantor. For two terrible hours they waited as wounded men limped down the gangplanks, as hospital attendants carried off men in litters. There seemed no end of it.

Mother Kantor cried out. There was Leon walking alone.

He came to them, with a look on his face that his mother had never seen before. His right arm was hanging useless at his side. Abraham gulped back a sob and leaped to the ground beside his son. The mother greeted the boy rapturously.

"Your arm?" Abraham managed to ask when they had Leon seated in the car.

"No good," said Leon. His voice was cold with apathy.

"Can't you use it again?" the mother gasped.

"No."

Sarah Kantor leaned far back in the car and tried to cry silently.

The homecoming at the Kantor house on Fifth avenue was a sad one. His mother took Leon to his room to make him comfortable. Abraham telephoned to summon the city's greatest specialist, an authority on shell shock. The doctor's call was brief. His trained eye saw the answer. Abraham followed the physician out.

"You should tell me, doctor—will he ever play again?"

The specialist shook his head as one in grave doubt.

"He doesn't think so—but someday maybe a great mental shock will restore him to himself. It is possible. Meanwhile, see that he eats regularly, rests and is not annoyed."

Gina Berg came. It was a heartbreaking moment. Nothing mattered to Leon anymore—not even Gina. She offered words of cheer. She drew her chair up beside him and took his limp hand in hers. It lay there, inert.

"There is nothing left, now," he said in dull tones. "They have taken away my music. There is nothing left."

"Oh Leon—nothing—not even me? You don't mean me?"

Leon arose. He forgot momentarily, that his right hand was doomed to uselessness as he took her slender fingers in both his hands and pressed them against his breast.

"I am sorry Gina—I can't allow you to sacrifice yourself to a cripple."

The girl went out with a smile for Leon. But outside she told sobbing into the arms of Mother Kantor.

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Humoresque (Concluded)

The mother repeated the words of the specialist. For weeks Gina and the mother planned and sought the word, the thought that might awaken Leon to himself again. It was in vain. Nothing could break the drab chill that had settled over the genius of Leon Kantor.

Then Hancock came. He did not trust himself to speak to Leon. As he left the reception his Berg.

"Well, what are you going to do?" Hancock demanded abruptly.

"I?" Gina looked at Hancock in astonishment.

"Yes, yes!" Hancock reiterated. "You can make him play again."

"Tell me how! Oh tell me how!" Gina smothered her resentment for the hope in Hancock's words.

"The doctor said he might come back if he got a shock. You shock him somehow. Take his violin to him and when he refuses to play pretend you are going to smash it—smash it if you have to do it to make good."

"When?"

"Now!—this is as good a time as any."

Leon was sitting listlessly when Gina entered.

"Leon," she spoke firmly, almost gaily. "I have been thinking it over and I think you are right—you can't play any more."

The violinist—that was shock his head. "You remember before you went away you played Alan Seeger's 'I Have a Ren- dezvous with Death?' Leo nodded. "You wouldn't play it again would you?—because I am going to do something I know you will like."

Leon looked at her with an air almost expressive of interest. Gina ran from the room and returned with Leon's priceless Stradivarius, the instrument of his many triumphs.

"I know you wouldn't want any one else ever to play the violin you have made so famous—"

Gina raised the instrument over her head.

"—So I will destroy it."

With a cry, Leon leaped to his feet and with his right arm seized the girl's wrist. Swiftly she handed him the instrument and bow.

"Abstractly, mechanically, Leon nestled the violin under his chin and swept the bow across the strings. But it was not the pitch he had played before he went to war. The notes of the 'Humoresque' came' rainymun, soft, as the patter of showers in an orchard. Leopold's violin was a Consul. Hancock opened the door. Sarah and Esther tiptoe'd in.

They heard the composition through, frozen as they stood lest the charm be broken.

When Leon dropped his bow a new light shone in his eyes. He had come back. Sarah and Esther went out as silently as they had come in.

Leon drew Gina to him.

"Now I have a rendezvous with life."

And as he spoke Hancock softly closed the door. For Hancock was a most excellent manager.

Real Recognition

They tell it on the film Rialto that Maurice Maeterlinck, before his depart-ure for the Coast as a new Mec-in-Picture, was chided with a picture producer who was not a little interested in the Bel- gian's venture. The producer slapped the great white-haired poet on the back, looked him earnestly in the eye, and burst out.

"Good bye, Mr. Maeterlinck: I know you'll make good!"

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Divorce a La Film

(Concluded from page 76)

who believed in the 13th Amendment. Some reply coldly and haughtily, as though admitting German ancestry. Some giggle.

But MacLean was enthusiastic. Later I met her and discovered why. He'd better keep her in California or the Folks will get her, that's all. She's non-professional but something of a woman artist, I am given to understand.

Dorothy a good sport. One day in the Morasco Theater in Los Angeles, where her husband was playing before he went into pictures, some matinee girls asked her if she thought Douglas MacLean was married. She said sweetly, "Oh, I'm sure he isn't. He looks too young, don't you think?"

Her conversation, however, was like holding forth with Major General Nathaniel P. Banks. He played with her several seasons and his admiration of the great actress amounts only to worship. In a modest sort of way she intimates "everything that I am or ever hope to be as an actress I owe to my experience with Maude Adams."

"Oh, how I did want her to make 'Peter Pan' in pictures," he said. "But she wouldn't. At first she called them 'those dreadful pictures.' Later, when they had become so wonderful, she said to me, 'Ah, Douglas, I cannot. Because they say that the camera is very, very kind to people who are forty and a bit.' You see, that was a line in a sketch we did, and it means forty and just a little bit more.

But really, Maude Adams is one of those persons who are ageless—without any time on their work."

MacLean likes comedy and expects to stick to the clean, brilliant sort of thing he has been doing in Philadelphia. He is a college graduate, he came to the screen from a successful stage career, and was a leading man, playing opposite Mary Pickford, in 'Capt. Kidd Jnr.' and "Johanna Enlists," before he joined hands with Doris May for Paramount.

Japanese Humor

GEORGE MELFORD, the director, is laughing over a sample of Japanese wit as revealed by Georae Kuwa, the Japanese actor, who played the part of the Chinaman in "The Chinaman's Tale," partially shaved head, and all.

In order to become a convincing Chinaman, Kuwa was required to shave off a rather imposing head of hair. This he did without demur, remarking earnestly: "For you, Mr. Melford, I am doing this."

Thereafter for several days Kuwa studied about the lot with a small package in his hand, chuckling to himself and sometimes laughing outright. His merriment became so pronounced that Melford demanded an explanation.

"Well, when Japanese die in foreign countries," explained Kuwa, "friends cut off hair and send to family."

"At this point Kuwa was overcome by laughter. When I cut off hair for picture I save—and send to friend in Japan—good joke!"

"Some joke," commented Melford. "Must be a Japanese joke."

"Yes, Japanese joke," agreed Kuwa, "laugh all time."

Did you ever hear of the "Wood family?" Neither did we, until a friend of ours—a theatergoer—came back from England.

"Whenever," he told us, "whenever a cinema performance or a legitimate play isn't a success, they say it's playing to the Wood family—meaning the rows and rows of empty seats."

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orrenkHeeghts, Mich — So your teacher said she was glad when you
\n

didn't go out of school, because you asked so
many questions. Your teacher and I must be
keeping you in bad spirits—souls. It's hard to
get away from the idea that you're a boy—speech,
ain't it? But it's always best to let the dead past—etc. White Pearl, according
to the best records, is thirty-one. She works
for Fox and should be addressed there Eastern studios. You're welcome.

R. N., KANSAS CITY — The companies are having a merry time with stories. Metro bought "Alias Jimmy Valentine," for Bert Lytell but theirs is not the original
screen production of this crook play. Maurice Tourneur directed Richard Dix
in it when both were with World. Harold Lloyd has a car, but I don't know
what make it is. Is it absolutely essential that you should know?

H. R. L., KINGSVILLE — You would never
make an art director on a modern maga
zine if that picture of Renee Adoree you cut
from Photoplay and pasted on your desk
doesn't make you work. You should see the
top of the biggest of the old Answer Man! Renee played in Fox's "Clementine,"
Doctor; later in "Melodie," a "still" of her kept you from work. What would
moving pictures of her do to you?

PIOTIER, MIAMI — You don't have
to have any pull to get an immediate answer
from me. Truth is, there aren't anyone who
gets a thing like that. You see, no matter
how soon you think you write, there is always
someone else whose letter gets there first.
Your simplicity had to await its turn. History has a right to repeat itself so
that the Answer Man—when flappers ask for help—will be right in his
positions in every mail. I don't like it better than you do, but it's my duty, me child.
Roy Stewart made a Western or two for
an independent company or two after leaving
Triangle. Lately he appeared in Benjam
in Hampton's picturesque "Desert of Wheat," renamed "Riders of the Down." Now he is Betty Compson's leading man in her latest picture. I hope you're satisfied. Better write to him and ask him that other question.

OBSCURE ASSOCIATION, ANN ARBOR —
You were a bit careless in your request. If you
had read the rules at the top of this department
you would know that a stamped addressed envelope is required for a reply
by mail. If you read the Magazine you would
get the names of the leading producers from the Studio Directory, which
always occupies a column somewhere in the
front of the magazine. We would advise you to consult this Directory.
Caroline, Chicago—I can tell you that Alice Joyce and Tom Moore are divorced—Miss Joyce married again, James Reegan—but I don’t know the name of the fuzzy-haired girl you mention. There are so many fuzzy-haired girls in pictures.

Jack, New York City—Thanks for taking all that trouble. William Farnum in "The Orphan Of The Orient" for First National pictures. New picture is "The Mollycoddle." Charlie Chaplin is not divorced from Mildred Harris Chaplin but they say the king of comedy is less of a heel and as not so hand as they might be. Mrs. Chaplin is making First National pictures. Charlie is a United Artist.

Gale, Tulsa—Dorothy Dalton was once married to Lew Cody. Mr. Cody is not married right now; neither is Miss Dalton. Her latest is "Halt an Hour"; his, "The Butterfly Man." Dorothy Gish will send you her picture and write to her care Griffith studios in Mamaroneck.

Harold R. G. Monteyvedo—You was a most interesting letter. You say in a contest held by a Buenos Aires film magazine, "Hearts of the World," "The Birth of a Nation" and "The House of Hate" (serial) you adjudged the best pictures in the order named. You make a good point when you say that American producers should be more careful when writing titles in the Spanish language; they are often incorrect and even foolish and people down there know better. Please come again; I like to hear from you.

Greg E. Abot, Manilla.—Another fine letter. Louise Lovely is married; she was with Fox but is forming her own company now. Further details will be given later. Bebe Daniels played in several DeMille pictures, notably "Why Change Your Wife?" She has also done leading business with Wallace Reid for Lasky. And now Raft, a branch of the Paramount-Artcraft company, is going to star this little brunette who used to be Harold Lloyd’s feminine foil in his comedies. Mildred Davis is the blonde who took Bebe’s place; she is very much liked. In "Haunted Spooks," "The Western Wastener," "Hill and Dry" and all the future Lloyd releases, Mabel Normand’s latest is "The Slim Princess," from George Ade’s play, so you can see she is still doing comedy. You want a picture of Snub Pollard.

M. F., Tacoma—Of course I liked "The Miracle Man." The principal players included Thomas Meighan, Betty Compton and Lon Chaney—he was "The Frog." Meighan is now star and so is Miss Compton. Meighan is good in "The Prince Chap"—watch out for her. Marguerite Clark is not going to retire, but she will play for some other company than Paramount, I believe. She’s Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams, as I’ve told all of you so many times.

Taxi, Salina.—Most of your questions I have answered many times. It was Con- stance and not Norma in "A Virtuous Vamp." Constance while Norma is an emotional actress. Conway Tearle has been divorced, but he is married now to Adele Rowland and I have heard rumors of impending separation. Mrs. Tearle is now singing and dancing in "Irene," a New York musical comedy. Harri- ford Ford isn’t married now; he is a regular leading man, appearing opposite Wanda Hawley in Realart’s "Miss Hobbs."

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Questions and Answers
(Concluded)

G. C. M., Paramarip.—If you think I am hard-shelled, you should have an Answer Man who drove army nukes for two years. I am really very sweet-tempered. I'll look that up for you. Rolf Armstrong has never done a portrait of Madame Olga Petrova for play. Petrova is coming back to pictures soon, she says.

JIMMY, Denver.—Some men spend half their lives raising whiskers to conceal their youth and the other half dying them to conceal their age. Lou Tellegen is married to Geraldine Farrar, with whom he played in Godwyn's "Flame of the Desert" and "Woman and the Puppet." Tellegen is on the stage now in a new play, Cullen Landis, Goldwyn, Culver City, Theda Bara, in "The Blue Flame," an Al Woods production for the legitimate Theda's sister is not an actress.

POZZY W., Shenecotyp.—It's all right for you to eat once and one-half pie of lemon-cream pie for luncheon, I suppose—that is, if you can stand it—but why write me about it? I haven't had a really good lemon-cream pie for months—and have been trying to forget. Susse Hayakawa's new picture is "The Devil's Claim." Nice little title. Her wife, Tsuru Aoki, is twenty-eight years old. She is in Japan on a visit right now. Mad- laine Traverse was born in Boston, but won't say when.

C. M. B., Washington.—Your questions were rather vague and decidedly gossipy. Don't believe half that you hear or anything that you overhear, my friend. Mary Pickford is as popular as ever.

Barbara, Battle Creek.—All of your questions have been answered before, but since you are such a little girl I don't mind answering them all over. Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess will not appear together any more; Dick is a star himself now. Mary Miles Minter is "Be Good." Ralph Graves opposite Dorothy Gish in "Her Majesty's Double." Tam-madge is married to Joseph Schenck; Constance and Nude-taie are not married. You weren't a bit of bother, child.

Cleveland, M. S.—Short and snappy, yours. You only want the birth-places and dates and present addresses and matrimonial intentions of a dozen stars. Can't give you all of that, but here are some: Conway Tearle, Selznick; married to Adele Row-land, Bela Lugosi, and Katherine Mac- Donald, Louis Mayer studios, Los Angeles. Mary Pickford is really Mrs. Rudolph Cam-eron, Elsie Ferguson, (Mrs. Thomas Clarke, Paramount Artcraft.

Straight Rufold Hair, St. Paul.—I agree with you, but I'm pretty hair controversy! I can't help it if an actress whom I said was bobbed, let her hair grow. Shirley Mason has short hair, and depended her hair, but is letting it grow again. I interrogated Faire upon this delicate sub- ject myself, so I know it's true. I can't tell you one costume from another; I only know what I like.

Mary, Welles burg.—Nice letter. Mary A cabin built in a neighborhood of that actor you mention. Sorry.
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IV Song of the Shepherd Left
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V Symphony in F Minor, No. 4
Boston Symphony Orchestra

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John McCormack

VII But the Lord is Mindful of His Own
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Ernestine Schumann-Heink

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TAKE a pencil and jot down the things you would like to have, the things you would like to do, which could easily become realities if you were to double your present salary.

In you could double your present salary the high cost of living would solve itself—wouldn’t it?

You could buy pleasures for yourself or your family which now are impossible; you could associate with business men among whom you now feel ill at ease; you could enjoy many of the good things of life which always accompany success.

You can never double your salary by continuing in the work and sticking in the job you have today. The only way you can double your salary and earn promotion and success is to prepare and train yourself to fill a position in which you can earn more money.

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Thousands of other ambitious men have proved it. Are you paying the price for a little spare time? You surely are willing to invest a few of your evenings at home to gain a big increase in earning power.

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1,150 people, including 450 trained business
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During your enrollment and after you have
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Exercise Means Increased Life

Exercise builds up and increases the tissues. It gets the system into action, making better blood, nourishing the organs, and making the heart stronger. Exercise is nature's greatest tonic. It makes the blood circulate, and makes the system work more vigorously. Exercise is the foundation of health. It makes stronger the heart and other vital organs. Physicians claim that the greatest asset a man or woman can have is a strong, healthy body. Exercise is the beginning of all health.

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How to write, what to write, and where to sell.

Dr. Esenwein, for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts, brings you the first book of the new publishing age. Calibrate your mind. Develop the art of self-expression. Make your space time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

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Learn how to write. We will accept your manuscripts for criticism.

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Salesmen, Bookkeepers, Clerks, Stenographers, can increase their earning power thru a knowledge of Commercial Spanish. The South American field, now opening up on a tremendous scale, offers splendid inducements to men and women who understand Spanish. The LaSalle Home Training Course gives you a mastery of Spanish in a surprisingly short time. Instruction can be carried on during your spare time without interference with regular work. Every week you will receive a lesson in the language, and in about a year you will be able to easily learn Spanish and qualify for a responsible position with some large American exporting firm. Enroll and obtain all the literature you desire. Write for catalog.

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FOR THE HIGHEST PRICES send us false teeth, jewelry, platinum, diamonds, watches, old gold, silver, War Bonds and Stamps. Cash returns in 10 days if you're not satisfied. Ohio Snelling & Retting Co., 384 Lennon Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

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“Keep Your Eye on Jim!”

“It’s not alone what a man does during working hours, but outside of working hours—that determines his future. There are plenty of men who do a good job while they’re at it, but who work with one eye on the clock and one ear cocked for the whistle. They long for that loaf at noon and for that evening hour in the bowling alley. They are good workers and they’ll always be just that—ten years from now they are likely to be right where they are today.

“But when you see a man putting in his noon hour learning more about his work, you see a man who won’t stay down. His job today is just a stepping-stone to something better. He’ll never be satisfied until he hits the top. And he’ll get there, because he’s the kind of man we want in this firm’s responsible positions. You can always depend on a man like Jim.

“Every important man in this plant won out in the same way. Our treasurer used to be a bookkeeper. The sales manager started in a branch office up state. The factory superintendent was at a lathe a few years ago. The chief designer rose from the bottom in the drafting room. The traffic manager was a clerk.

“All these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them ten times as much money as when they came with us.

“That’s why I say that Jim there is one of our future executives. Keep your eye on him. Give him every chance—he’ll make good!”

Employers everywhere are looking for men who really want to get ahead. If you want to make more money, show your employer that you’re trying to be worth more money. If you want more responsibility, show him you’re willing to prepare yourself for it.

For 29 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men and women right in their own homes after supper, or whenever they had a little time to spare. More than two million have stepped up in just this way. More than 110,000 are studying now. Ten thousand are starting every month. Can you afford to let another priceless hour pass without making your start toward something better? Here is all we ask—without cost, without obligation, mark and mail this coupon. It’s a little thing that takes but a moment, but it’s the most important thing you can do today. Do it now!

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A thousand separate joys

Each serving dish of Puffed grains contains a thousand separate joys.

Each grain is a bubble, thin and flimsy, puffed to eight times normal size.

A hundred million steam explosions have occurred in each, blasting every food cell.

The airy globules are crisp and toasted. They taste like nut-meats puffed. The morsels seem like fairy foods, almost too good to eat.

Yet, these are the utmost in scientific foods. Two are whole grains, with every food cell fitted to digest. They are the foods that children like best, and the best foods they can get.

Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with your berries. Float in every bowl of milk. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoon.

They are nothing but grain foods. The nutty flavor comes from toasting. The flimsy texture comes from steam explosions. The delights are all due to scientific methods.

Serve morning, noon and night in summer, between meals and at bedtime. The more children eat, the better. What other food compares with whole grains puffed?

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The new pancakes
Now we have Puffed Rice Pancake Flour, self-raising, mixed with ground Puffed Rice. The Puffed Rice flour tastes like nut-flour, and it makes the pancakes fluffy. This new mixture makes the finest pancakes that you ever tasted. Try it.

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CREATE HAPPY HOURS

To secure these stars who have won your favor was only half the battle. But the battle for picture supremacy has been won by presenting these stars in productions exactly suited to their individual talents. Selznick Stars are all different—Selznick Pictures are all distinctive.
Your complexion tells a story to the world

HOW fearlessly, how confidently, the girl with a fresh, soft, lovely skin meets the eyes of the world! Nothing to conceal! For almost always a clear, radiant complexion is an indication of a buoyant, well poised nature, healthful living and fastidious habits.

Nothing so quickly creates an impression of your personality as your skin. By keeping it soft, clear, radiant—you can make it speak instantly, unmistakably of fastidious freshness and charm.

Don’t let your skin tell a story of neglect or thoughtless habits. Even if through the wrong kind of treatment your complexion has lost the smoothness and freshness it should have, you can give it back the color and clearness that make other girls’ complexions so attractive.

For your skin is constantly changing. Each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. And you will find that this new skin, it given the care its particular need demands, will respond instantly and gratifyingly.

Perhaps you suffer from that embarrassing fault of so many complexions—an oily skin, and a nose that will get shiny. To correct this excessive oiliness use this special treatment:

Every night with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury’s Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment regularly every night, and see what an improvement it gradually makes in your appearance—how much firmer and drier your skin becomes under this care.

**Special treatments for every type of skin**

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for improving the skin. Get the booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap and use the treatment for your individual type of skin.

Woodbury’s Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. Get a cake today—begin your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

“Your treatment for one week”

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of Woodbury’s skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first the little booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch,” then a trial-size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury’s Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury’s Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 509 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 509 Shebrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.
SYLVIA BREMER, born the daughter of a British ship's commander, came from Australia and is now gracing our films. And she proves that she is an internationally-minded young woman by her subtle facility in any kind of exacting role.
We have lost one of our most charming leading women—but gained a new star. Wanda Hawley, who has been the partner of Wallace Reid and Bryant Washburn in screen domestic dramas, seems to have found herself as a light comedienne.
ROBERTA ARNOLD first scored on the stage in "Upstairs and Down" and is now repeating that success in "Adam and Eva." A gifted girl with a sense of humor, she is, besides, the wife of one of the screen's best bets—Herbert Rawlinson.
THAT tragic child from old Fine Arts; Bessie Love, has blossomed into a star.  The debutante boss of her own company, she is doing the sort of thing she likes best: tales of young love in its most refreshing and humorous aspect.
IRENE RICH is the wholesome young woman you have seen with Will Rogers. She's the sort of a girl who always makes Will feel—just before the satisfying final fadeout—that sometimes it is decidedly worth while to be a homely man.
DOROTHY DeVORE of Christie is an apt illustration of the new era in screen comedy. She never wears a one-piece bathing suit, and seldom serves as a target for custards—yet somehow or other you always like to see her pictures.
ENID BENNETT has formed her own company, and so has her director-husband, Fred Niblo. Enid's progress—since she first appeared in celluloid for Thomas Ince—has been a record of real achievement. We have Australia to thank for her.
YOU may have wondered why any girl with more than her share of beauty and charm should want to be a good actress. Go to see May Allison and find out. Do you remember her as leading woman for the late Harold Lockwood?
Great Themes—Great Photoplays

No photoplay can be greater than its theme.

In the age-old discussion as to the comparative merits of story, acting and direction, the story has won its rightful first place, but the time has come when we are thinking back of the story—or beyond it, as you choose.

"Theme" does not mean "sermon." Dramas primarily intended as ethical lessons usually fail, as they should. Unless an artistic work intrigues the senses—to put it more plainly, unless it entertains—it is not an artistic work at all.

The themes of the photoplays that have been memorable, from "Stella Maris" to "The Miracle Man," from "The Birth of a Nation" to "Madame X," have been based on the deep-down things which are every man's inheritance; the simple things which it takes neither book-learning nor artful accomplishment to appreciate and comprehend.

American life, we admit, was once lived too easily, too superficially. But we are no longer a childishly happy, snugly contented nation; we are a nation in manhood as resolute as it is restless, bearing our share of the world's burdens and sorrows, as well as partaking of its fruits of victory.

The day is past when we can consider as "good stories" many of the mechanical contraptions of young love, hero and villain, small complication, easy triumph and happiness forever, which were, quite honestly, "good stories" yesterday.

We have, as we said, gone beyond childish things, and as men and women reaching maturity we see that the fundamentals, the greatnesses of life, are always simple, old things that have been with us always, even while we kicked them aside in our search for new sensations.

The trust of a child, the devotion of a mother, the faith of a wife, the grim determination of honest ambition—these are among the foundation stones of humanity, which endure unchanged from age to age, while the shallow waves of society, luxury and fashion advance and recede, and the clamor of war dies and comes again and dies once more.
The Day of the DEB

Youth is being served in the persons of Constance and Faire Binney

By ARABELLA BOONE

Constance danced her way to recognition, then became the satisfying ingenue.

"There they are!" exclaimed the woman with the red hat, in Delmonico's, "over there, at the corner table. Constance is the older—but they look almost the same age, don't they? No—you'd never dream they were actresses. They don't look at all theatrical. Such nice girls—the Boston Binneys, my dear!"

 Conjuring a mental vision of two nice little girls who never tore their frocks, never got their faces dirty, never had to be told to wear their rubbers in bad weather—one is given a most distressing portrait of those bantams, the Binneys. Now listen:

Two little girls from Boston went on the stage. One of them danced her way to recognition; then, when it had come, stopped dancing and became the satisfying and never saccharine ingenue of a perfectly nice play written by another New England lady. The other little girl followed in her footsteps and found a place, too. And then both of them came to the screen—because all little girls from Boston who go on the stage must come to the screen eventually. And they came to be known by people—perfect strangers—to whom they had never been introduced; and the mailbox of the New England home in the East Sixties in New York began to receive letters from others than intimate friends and polite creditors and relations.

And now the debutante or even sub-deb Binneys—at very early ages indeed—are famous. And Constance, the first little girl, who danced, is a film star whose face is known from the Atlantic to Alaska; and Faire is travelling along the glory road as fast as her little feet can carry her.

It is Constance who has been the directress of the Binney destinies, who is the First Binney, the young conqueror of Manhattan. She might have been another Marilynn Miller, the idol of Mr. Ziegfeld's costly entertainments in and on top the theater; but after a trial she decided she didn't like it and started all over again in something different. Something different proved to be "30 East." That she made good in it, is attested to by the fact that she has just returned from a lengthy season "on the road" with it, and is soon to do it in pictures.

She came home to the transplanted Boston household with a plain cold. I didn't know stars ever had plain colds; but Constance said she had and then proved her place among the immortals by tilting a nose that was not red, and using a voice that was not muffled. You have to be a Boston Back-Bay Binney to do that.

"I was in Chicago," she said quite clearly, "the guest of honor at a ladies' luncheon. All very nice ladies, you understand. But fancy having to eat a quantity of food for which
I have no appetite and answer a lot of questions that are silly, anyhow! Women who have seen perhaps one moving picture will ask me how it feels to be a movie actress and don't I have a queer feeling when I see myself on the screen. And others will wonder if I use make-up and does my director beat me. Women," concluded Constance, "who have nothing to do, and pity me because I have something to do! It is hard to imagine an idle existence. I couldn't live without work."

JUST a little past twenty, she has only been working for a very few years—but by youthful nerve and verve she has climbed until she is very near to that shining thing called Success. It wasn't "pull" that got her there; it wasn't the family name or fortune—it was young Constance herself, who, bubbling over with optimism of the less offensive sort, and inspired by her own good spirits and good looks, stormed the defant citadels of theatrical Manhattan and emerged a tiny Winged Victory—with two perfectly good and perfectly beautiful wings.

Constance says—and believes—that the day of the youthful actress, the actress of unspoiled viewpoint and wholesome philosophy, is here.

"You don't have to be a tragedy queen to succeed nowadays, necessarily," she says, "or you don't have to be a comedienne of the kind the press-agents call 'sparkling.' The young girl of today who possesses a fair amount of good looks and talent, and common-sense who wants to win recognition on the stage or in pictures—with circumstances being fairly favorable—should not find it hard to do so. It's youth they want—natural and unspoiled youth."

Well, anyway, Constance ought to know. She has the composure of middle-age but hardly the sophistication. She is naive as well as poised. She superintended the entrance of Faire into the theater, but Faire, in her short apprenticeship, has become shrewder and more sophisticated than Constance will ever be. Both provide in their joint career one of those wonderful and simple chronicles of conquering youth whose struggles have been easy to meet because the prospective rewards have seemed so great. To Constance, the stage has become a pleasant and profitable way of earning a luxurious living. To Faire, the theater and its steps and found a popular place, too.

Faire followed in Constance's footsteps and found a popular place, too.

(Continued on page 116)
Of course there is only one Mae Marsh—but did you know there also are a Leslie Marsh and a Mildred Marsh? Mae followed her big sister Marguerite into films; and now her own cousin Leslie and her younger sister Mildred are following Mae in! Just before Mrs. L. L. Arms—to speak of Mae in formal fashion—left for the Coast to begin her first picture since the arrival of little Mary Marsh Arms, Mildred decided that beaux and dates and lessons were all a bore—that she would simply expire if she didn’t do a picture. You see, Mildred had acted in several pictures with Mae, and was not new to the camera. So when Dorothy Gish was looking for a maid of honor—for the wedding scene in “Remodelling Her Husband”—Mildred applied; and being a chum of Dorothy, got the job. And Leslie, who is a very little girl indeed, played the flower-girl. Mildred is a beautiful blonde with gray eyes and red-gold hair and an ingratiating giggle—she looks like Mae. Some day we may have two more Marsh stars—well, the more Marshes the merrier! And here they are.
An Interview with a Baby

Future applicants for infants should read what this new arrival has to say.

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Is this the William Desmond residence? I asked respectfully.

"Yes, miss," said the butler.

"I wish," said I, "to see Miss Mary Desmond."

The butler raised his eyebrows until they registered well-bred surprise.

"Oh, no, miss," he corrected coldly, "I daresay it's Mrs. Desmond you want to see."

"Oh, no indeed," I said positively, though I am rather afraid of butlers, "Miss Desmond, Miss Mary Johanna Desmond."

She was curled up like a pink kitten in a rosebud bassinet that absolutely frothed with lace and frills and ribbons. I think she was taking a wee nap, but when I approached she opened one blue eye and cocked it up at me inquiringly. Then she opened the other and smiled—actually—and such a toothless, companionable, interesting smile you never saw.

The butler had disappeared. The nurse, in her white apron and perky cap, was sitting in the next room. We had things quite to ourselves, Miss Mary Johanna Desmond and I.

"Tell me, Mary Johanna," I began softly, "how in the
world did you happen to select movie folks for your father and mother?

"Well," said Mary Johanna, taking a comfortable wet thumb out of a mouth that curled up into dimples at the corners, "if you really want to know, I'll tell you all about it.

"Of course I want to know," I said impatiently. "Why do you think I climbed up to the top of this mountain if it wasn't to ask you that very question? Lots of babies all over the world will be interested."

The day I got ready to come down here, about five weeks ago," began Mary Johanna, wriggling one pink toe in an infinitesimal bootie until it stuck out from beneath the pink silk quilt that was tucked about her. "there were a lot of applications. While I'm the last person in the world to talk about myself, I dare say I could almost have had my pick. Everybody up there in Babyland thought I ought to do very well, there's such a demand for pretty girl babies with curly hair and blue eyes and dimples.

"Personally, I never could see why there's such a crush for the pretty babies. We're asleep so darn much of the time, and the pretty ones grow up uglier oftener than not. And I can tell you the second time they send up, they're much more fussy about the disposition and the comfortableness than they are about the looks."

And Mary Johanna chortled gleefully.

"Why, there was even a Princess sent for. Of course Princesses aren't up to what they used to be, but this was quite a good one, very secure in a social way, and not so apt to get kicked out as some. That wasn't bad, you know. But still, in some ways it's a great handicap. While you're a great swell, nobody takes much time to love you, and after a while they marry you off to just anybody and I shouldn't like that. I'm a great believer in marriage through choice myself.

"There was one woman who wrote most of her application about the layette. It certainly sounded luscious. Everything handmade by the dozen, with crepe de chine nighties and Italian silk shirts and a white satin coat with ermine tails on it. I nearly fell for that. But as a matter of fact they aren't half so comfortable. This woman had such a lot of money and money is nice, isn't it? But it's not everything."

Mary Johanna wrinkled her button of a nose in a way that I knew she had caught from her Daddy already.

"To tell the truth, though, I didn't like the father she had picked out for me."

"Then there was a famous suffrage leader sent up and wanted a girl. My goodness, she wanted one bad. She had its college all picked out, too. But she didn't say a thing about looks and it seemed such a good chance for one of the homely girls. Besides, we slipped in a boy, too, just to see how she'd take it. We didn't want her to get narrow-minded."

"There were several nice—just average ones, too. But some were poor and some were dull and some had a lot of children already. Everybody in Babyland said I had a pretty good dispositions, but still I'm not goody-goody like Angel nor noble like Baby Bunting, to stand poverty and having other babies use my things."

"I just couldn't stand a family where they shoved you off in a silly, tame old nursery where you had to look at a blank wall all day, and never had any excitement or gossip or saw any people. Heavens, don't they think a baby ever gets bored? Not talking all that first year makes it even worse. That's one thing I adored about this place—the nursery."

"Look at these sweet walls, with all the stories and pictures about Bo-Peep and Little Miss Muffet and the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. See the lovely birds and butterflies."

"One couple sounded nice, but they were awfully young and I was afraid they wouldn't know how to bring me up. There wasn't any grandmother there, either, and I couldn't think of a place where there weren't any grandmothers."

(Continued on page 111)
All those disputes as to whether Gloria Swanson's oriental head-dresses or Gloria Swanson herself is responsible for that young star's success, will be settled as soon as this page is in circulation. Take one look at the picture directly above. Yes—that's Gloria—but not the Gloria of the peacock coiffure and Far-Eastern gowns. Remember when she smoothed her hair back in "Why Change Your Wife?" She completes the transformation in Cecil DeMille's "Something to Think About"—a new problem-play of purpose rather than passion; sincerity, not sex. Those lovely beckoning eyes are sunken; those smooth cheeks hollow; while that coiffure—there's nothing left of it at all. Now that Gloria has successfully settled the argument as to her acting, we hope she'll keep right on in gowns like that at the upper left—a mole-skin affair with ermine tails and the usual glittering train. You see the real Gloria at the left, below, with Elliott Dexter in a scene from the picture which marks Mr. Dexter's screen return after his long illness—and Gloria's last appearance before her temporary retirement as Mrs. Herbert K. Somborn.
HORATIO ALGER'S newsboys who became great men and millionaires single handed have nothing on the gentlemen on this page, from the heart of our own little motion picture industry. Take Adolph Zukor, for instance, president of Famous Players. He counts the week lost in which he does not sign up somebody for a million or so. He began life the son of poor parents in Hungary. At 16 he arrived alone at our shores, got a first job sweeping fur scraps out of a fur store, invented a patent fur snap, saved money enough to go into the Penny Arcade business, and from that to the pictures was only a matter of time.

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH, when a mere boy, was a canvasser for the "Baptist Weekly" and covered the hills of Kentucky in quest of subscribers. Born near Louisville Mr. Griffith found it necessary to "go to work" at an early age, as his family with many thousands of others never really recovered from the impoverishment following the Civil War. From his job as reporter on the Louisville Courier Journal he entered the theatrical profession, and it is interesting to note that he earned $5 a day as an actor at the Biograph before he became the chief director there.

PAIRING gloves in a glove factory may not be such exciting work as chimney sweeping, but it offers as many opportunities to a bright boy to climb up in the world. Samuel Goldwyn found so much time to think as he measured glove tips as a boy that pretty soon he thought himself something better to do. At 38 today he is head of a several million dollar corporation bearing his name and he tells Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rex Beach and Maurice Maeterlinck what sort of picture stories he'd like to have them write, and Will Rogers, Mabel Normand and Madge Kennedy how he'd like to have them act.
If Zukor was store Sweeper, and DeMille a carriage washer, perhaps there's a chance for you.

Cecil B. De Mille's father was a partner of David Belasco and a playwright, but that didn't keep Cecil from going to work early. He quit school and went into the army before he was 18, but his mother didn't think the army was the place for a boy destined to become one of the motion picture industry's snappiest directors. She exposed his age, and the army authorities did the rest. This made her son so mad that he started washing carriages in Jersey out of revenge. Later on he went to art school and college for a while. Now, with a corps of able assistants, he thinks up titles like "Why Change Your Wife?"

The first job of Richard A. Rowland, president of the Metro Pictures Corporation, at the age of twelve was as his father's assistant in a Pittsburgh theater playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." From his post in the gallery, center, young Dick was required to keep his calcium trained on Eliza while she kept ahead of the leashed blood hounds. When he was eighteen his father died, and the young man drifted to motion pictures. He then struck up a partnership with J. B. Clarke, starting a system of exchanges in a small way, laying the foundation of the chain of motion picture theaters they now control.

J. D. Williams, Manager of the First National Exhibitor's Circuit and Associated First National Pictures Inc., started his meteoric flight toward fame and fortune in the motion picture art by practicing the motions of a grocery clerk taking and filling orders for beans, sugar, eggs and stick candy in a store at Parkersburg, W. Va. His entry into the motion picture world consisted in his chartering the curtain of the local motion picture theater, and soliciting ads. He eventually became ticket chopper, assistant doorman, usher, operator and eventually manager of the said local movie before he became a film broker.

Samuel L. Rothappel—in other words "Roxy"—was a cash boy in a store at 13. But he wouldn't stay put. So he joined the marines, became a book agent, sold insurance and eventually found himself bartender at Forest City, Pa., where he became father of de luxe presentation in motion picture theaters. He believed that pictures set to good music and artistically presented would be worth more money. He tried it out in the dance hall back of the saloon and quit bar tending. His idea later brought him to Broadway, where he is recognized as the peer of picture showmen. He presides over the Capitol.
Mrs. Morgan Belmont is American society's first contribution to films. She is seen here, at the left, with Lillian Gish, whom she met when both were appearing in Griffith's "Way Down East."
Society in the Films

A FRIEND called the residence of Mrs. Morgan Belmont, prominent member of that exclusive circle known as the Four Hundred in New York society, Mrs. Belmont's butler informed the friend that Madame was out. "Madame is working today," he said. "What?" gasped the friend at the other end of the wire, "working?"

"At the David Wark Griffith Film Studios," came the urbane voice of the family butler.

There was something sounding like a muffled, well-bred shriek from the other party; a receiver clicked—that's all.

It was almost as bad as the scorn of an aristocratic family going in for trade! Friends couldn't believe it. Other people, not so fashionable but no less skeptical, brandied the announcement from the Griffith offices that "Mrs. Morgan Belmont is appearing in 'Way Down East!'" as a press-story. But it proved to be true. Mrs. Belmont is working in "Way Down East," playing the part of the Boston society woman; Mrs. Belmont is made-up every morning and on the set at eight o'clock and often works until midnight. What's more, Mrs. Belmont loves pictures and says she intends to go in for them. What do you think of that?

A queen was Griffith's star and innumerable Countesses and Duchesses and Ladies have posed for his camera in England. But American royalty never capitulated to the lure of the camera until Mrs. Belmont set the style. Now it would not surprise us to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor are to co-star in a domestic drama written especially for them; that Clarence Mackaye is going to do a race-horse story, or that the entire Vanderbilt connection is appearing in a serial written by Mercedes D'Acosta, direction of George Gould, with artistic effects by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

Society's first contribution to films was Margaret Andrews, daughter of Paul Andrews, distinguished millionaire of New York and Newport, before she married Morgan Belmont, son of August Belmont. She has an enviable position in that upper strata so-called "society," she has wealth; she could spend her time in London as the house-guest of half the nobility if she had a mind to; she can live in Manhattan or she can pack up her jewels and take one of her many motor-cars to her luxuriant "country" place on Long Island. But Mrs. Belmont says she is having a better time working in pictures than she ever had in her life before, although the hours are long and the rehearsals hard.

A great admirer of Mr. Griffith, she proved herself a particularly apt pupil under his guidance, acting with the greatest ease and naturalness. The assembled company watched her with ill-concealed curiosity. What would she be like? Would she be "up-stage?" Would she hold herself aloof from the regular thespian strugglers or ignore them completely?

She would not.

She met them all. She became a friend of Lillian Gish, playing Anna Moore, the little country girl who comes to the Boston lady's house. Mrs. Belmont learned that Lillian possessed as much dignity and charm as any New York or Newport debutante, and infinitely more brains than some. She liked to talk to her; asked her many questions about her work.

(Continued on page 103)
The Misfit Wife

By NANON BELOIS

Peter and Gilsey, being men, and men of the world, were aware that roses even more beautiful and sweet than grew within the confines of their own social borders blew along despised lanes and in simpler meadows. But they never mentioned their discoveries at Gilcrest.

Even Peter’s utter worthlessness, his selfishness, his absolute lack of serious purpose were excused in the society in which he had grown up. He was young. There was time for him to sow his wild oats. When he was settled down there would be plenty of young women, rich young women of the most exquisite bringing up and breeding, who would welcome him, not only for what the Crandall name meant in society, but for Peter himself. Peter was abominably good looking. Peter was fascinating. There were many hearts in the vicinity of Gilcrest that sighed for dashing Peter Crandall.

And Peter went out and threw away all this family glory and position. Peter put a knife in the hearts of his mother and sister Edith and disturbed the snug complacency of his sister’s husband.

Peter married a manicurist—a manicurist from Paris, Wyoming! And her name was Katie—Katie Malloy!
It happened logically enough. One morning Peter did not show up at the breakfast table. Had it not been for the fact that Peter had not shown up at the breakfast table for several weeks previously, the members of his family would not have been particularly annoyed about it. As it was, Peter’s inclination to late hours and dissipation and heavy sleeping it off in the mornings was beginning to get on the family’s nerves.

After the meal, Gilsey went up to Peter’s room. He was disgusted at what the harsh morning light, streaming in through the closed windows, revealed.

Peter, still clothed, lay in a heap on the counterpane of his bed, heavily asleep. The air was charged with the odor of stale liquor. On the floor, where it had slipped from Peter’s pocket, tiny heel pointed in the air, lay a brazen gold slipper.

“Come on, old man,” Gilsey said sharply, propping Peter up against the pillows. “I’m going to tell you a few things.”

Henry Gilsey did tell Peter a few things, and the upshot of the whole interview was that Peter Crandall departed next day for the town of Paris, Wyoming—since Paris was the name that first met his gaze on looking at a map. He departed amidst the tears of his mother and his sister, and the earnest supplication of his brother-in-law that he buck up, make something of himself, and learn how to be a man.

Katie Malloy—like Peter Crandall and his immediate relatives—was also the victim of an inborn attitude toward life. Katie was an orphan. Her parents had been as fine and self respecting a couple as ever left the ould sod. They had left her nothing but her pride and a ready wit, and the knowledge that if you are to get anywhere in life you have to work, and work hard. Katie believed in work. She liked it. She despised everyone who avoided it.

Katie Malloy never associated with persons she considered beneath her. She was continually reading, studying and trying to get ahead. As a matter of fact, it was her ambition that brought her to Paris, Wyoming. She had gone to work in a laundry so that she might earn enough money to take up the manicuring business. She was an excellent ironer, but one day she became so interested in her "Instructions on Manicuring," which she always kept handy so that she could snatch a few sentences here and there, that she left the iron standing on the silk shirt on which she was at work. Not even the smell of scorching fabric distracted her from her reading. But the foreman called her attention to it soon enough.

“You’ll pay for this, and you’ll get out. You’re too smart for the laundry business,” he sneered, while the other girls gathered about.

Katie Malloy looked in horror at what she had done. But no situation was too much for her long. With a maddening little twist, she put one hand saucily behind her head, and the other on her hip, and looked the foreman in the face.

“You needn’t be worrying,” she said. “I’ve been saving my money to go to Paris.”

She drew several bills from a safe hiding place, threw two of them on the ironing board, took her hat and coat down from the peg on the wall, and walked out.

Katie’s arrival at Paris, a few weeks later, set that dusty little town agog. No queen ever descended with more regal dignity from her throne, than our Katie, togged out in new clothes from sailor hat down to buckled slippers, stepped down from the Paris depot bus when it pulled up before the Travelers’ Rest Hotel.

The Paris gentlemen who gathered about the vehicle gasped openly and unashamed, too overcome, at first, to move. Then there was a general scramble, led by Duff Simpkins, for her suitcase and her camera. From that moment on, Duff Simpkins considered that the "manicurist lid" was his girl. He helped her get her nook established in the corner of the lobby at the Travelers’ Rest. And he saw to it, too, that none of the rough, uncouth men who crowded about her table disclosed too personal an attitude toward her, though Katie her-

*Stamping angrily through the door and up to the table she denounced the card sharp and dragged the stupefied Peter to her room.*
KatIE was firmly established in Paris when Peter Crandall arrived. It was a case of love at first sight—on KatIE's part. From her corner of the lobby she saw Peter approach the wooden desk and ask for room and bath. She heard the laughter of the men gathered about to listen to what the stranger might say, and flied through the skin on Duff Simpkins' hand as she watched. Duff demanded a kiss for the hurt. It was Duff's little way of making it clear that he would not stand for any interest in a new arrival. KatIE refused the kiss, whereby Duff proceeded to take one. But as he reached out for her, he was jerked from his feet and whirled backwards to the floor over a pair of strong young shoulders. Simpkins leaped angrily to his feet again to face Peter Crandall, who looked him calmly in the eye.

"After this when I'm around, I beg you not to kiss young ladies who object. There is so little satisfaction in it. It isn't being done," Peter advised mockingly. Peter prided himself on his chivalry.

Duff reached for his gun, then changed his mind and turned on his heel, muttering all sorts of vengeance as he strode from the room.

KatIE Malloy looked with undisguised rapture on the face of her defender. The other Paris gentlemen drifted out of the lobby after Duff, leaving Peter alone beside her table. He asked her many questions about herself, and KatIE told him, and they were friends.

In the days that followed, Crandall might have become broken beyond all hope in the rough mining town had it not been for KatIE Malloy. When he came back tired, miserable and disgusted, with blistered hands and aching feet, from his first day of shoveling dirt, KatIE was there to greet him and cheer him on, and put healing lotions on his hands. When the miners and the cowboys made fun of his city ways, she flung herself at his defense.

When she saw through the swinging doors into the bar room one night that card sharps were taking advantage of the fact that Peter had been drinking to cheat him out of his money and valuables, she stamped angrily through the door and up to the table, told the men in no uncertain terms what she thought of them, and dragged the stupefied Peter to his room. There, before his eyes, she proceeded to pour out the contents of several half empty bottles.

So day by day, almost hour by hour, Crandall came to depend on the slip of a girl who was the only true ally to the cause of Peter Crandall—a cause that Peter himself had not yet learned to espouse.

She shamed him into refusing to accept money from his relatives, who, now that Peter was gone, were wiring frantically for his return or for him to permit them to send him funds. At times she pled with him to make a man of himself. At times she lashed him with her tongue and ignored him for his weaknesses. At times tenderness laid the wounds inflicted by her eagerness to make him realize the unworthiness of himself.

"Oh God," KatIE would pray at night, "he's a good boy, but he hasn't had a chance at all with this fool rich family of his that wants to spoil him. Don't let him go to the dogs."

In time the girl and her prayers and the great outdoors, which is a healer and a leveler as well, did for Crandall what all the power and wealth of his family and home environment could never have done. From one who scorned work and felt himself superior to those who were born less privileged than himself, he came to see how weak and futile his life had been, how inferior he was to those who had met life honestly and with determination.

One evening he learned that KatIE had advanced money for his hotel bill so that he would not be thrown out. She had told the proprietor that Crandall had given the money to her to keep for him. That was the real turning point in Crandall's career. He went to KatIE's door, the proprietor's receipt in his hand. He could not find words to tell her how he felt.

"Oh, that's all right," KatIE laughed. "That was only a loan. You don't need to think I was giving it to you. When you have the money handy you can pay me back."

"Mother," Peter's eyes plead with her to understand. "This is KatIE, my wife. Edith, this is your new sister."
She laid her hand on Peter's arm. Her eyes were like two stars.

And until that moment Crandall had not thought of Katie Malloy as a woman—a real, live, warm, lovable girl. He had not even thought of her as a person. But there outside her door, with her hand on his arm, and her eyes like stars looking up into his, his heart beat uneasily. Of a sudden, his inherited notions about family and breeding and wealth, which had come down to him from long lines of stern ancestors, were forgotten.

Peter Crandall, the son of wealth, without premeditation grasped the slender arms of the manicurist and ex-laundry worker in his two strong hands.

"Katie Malloy," he choked, and he was as astonished as she was when he said it, "you are going to marry me just as soon as I am worthy of you."

Katie did marry Crandall, of course. Duff Simpkins kept pretty quiet during all the preliminary days, which was a bad sign, as every one who knew Duff should have recognized.

On the evening after the wedding ceremony, when Peter and Katie returned to register as Mr. and Mrs. Peter Crandall at the Travelers' Rest, Duff Simpkins, standing near them, pretended to drop his gun. There was a loud explosion, and Peter toppled over on the floor.

Katie, as she thought it her duty to do, wired to Gilcrest that Peter had been hurt. On the next train Dr. Merton and a trained nurse left for Wyoming to fetch Peter back with them.

At the desk of the Travelers' Rest, the doctor learned the story of Peter's marriage.

A few minutes later, at Peter's bedside, he was introduced to the new Mrs. Peter. Katie realized when she looked into the unsympathetic face of the Crandall physician, and felt the disapproval of his attitude, that the tide of affairs in her young life was taking a new turn. She refused to leave Peter's side, though she was actually worn out, until Peter himself, believing that it would smooth matters out if he could explain the circumstances of his marriage, asked her to go and rest.

It was late at night when Katie's exhaustion spent itself, and she awakened with a sense that something was wrong with Peter. She slipped on a negligee and ran to his room. It was empty. Taking advantage of her exhaustion, and an unconscious spell that came over Peter, the doctor had surreptitiously started back to Gilcrest with Katie's bridegroom on the evening train.

Katie Malloy Crandall had ideas on matrimony. It was her creed that when two persons married, they got married to stay married because they loved each other and needed each other and wanted to be with each other. She did not intend that a stuck-up city doctor and a putty-faced nurse should take her own husband away from her.

So the eastbound special out of Paris, that evening, bore her away forever from the little manicure desk in the Travelers' Rest lobby into a life that she had never dreamed of.

ACCORDING to the standards of the Crandalls and their set, it was much more disgraceful that Peter should have married a poor, self-respecting manicurist with ideals and am-
It was a first night, a new kind of first night; just as brilliant as any premier of the legitimate in a Broadway theater and with a well-dressed audience—but the actors were silent, and there were no calls for "author—author."

It was the first night of "Humoresque," Fannie Hurst's story put in pictures by Cosmopolitan. In the black mass of the audience were many celebrities: Morris Gest, of the theater; Matt, the only unmarried Moore, with a nice, quiet, dark-haired girl who slipped her hand into his when the lights went down; Rosa Ponselle, the dusky prima-donna of the Metropolitan; Gail Kane—and countless others. I sat between a smartly-dressed woman of mature years and a very tired business man. The business man, three times in the course of the picture, took out his handkerchief and blew his nose noisily. The woman at my right sent out a faint lilac fragrance as she used a bit of lace to wipe away a stealthy tear. Came the satisfying finale with Leon Kantor in the bosom of his family—the closing scenes of a great picture.

The audience cleared its collective throat. The tired business man sat up in his seat and tried to look bored. But there was a sort of gleam in his eye. The woman at my right sighed. The theater began to empty for the next performance. Someone in front of me clutched her neighbor.

"There he is!" said, pointing rudely.

The woman at my right followed the direction of the pointing finger and so did I. And pretty soon everybody was looking at a young man with curly hair and an unspoiled grin coming up the aisle. He was acclaimed by friends on both sides. He clasped hands in all directions, blushing a bright red as he countered such compliments as "Fine picture, Frank!" "Great stuff!"—and more like that.

"Frank Borzage!" confirmed the original Columbus in front of me.

The woman at my right looked again. "Not that kid!" she exclaimed incredulously.

He is only twenty-seven. His record is unique even in an industry where rare records are common-place. He has had much to contend with and his achievements have been many. But that isn't the remarkable thing about Frank Borzage. It is that, after his early discouragements and heartaches and hard work and hard knocks, he could still direct such a homely, human story as "Humoresque" and make it live.

Later on, I told him all about it. I should like to tell it to you as he told it to me, but I can't. Nobody could. To begin with, he has a sort of crinkly hair that, if it belonged to an ingenue, male or female, would be called red-gold. He has deep-set eyes of the same shade that crinkle, too, when he laughs—which is very often. He has white teeth and dimples, which might annoy some of our best-known matinee idols if Frank ever decided to return to acting. He is, in short, an extremely boyish individual whom you might mistake for a juvenile if you didn't know better.

He came from Salt Lake City, Utah. He was one of a family of fourteen children of Italian-Swiss parents. His father and mother will someday provide living portraits for one of Frank's pictures; his accounts of them are tender and human to a degree. He was only thirteen when he left school and went to work in the Park City mines. His father was...
Frank Borzage often receives that appellation—but he hopes to live it down.

By DELIGHT EVANS

stone-cutter and contractor and Frank was expected to follow in his footsteps. But they reckoned without Frank. He wanted to get out and see the world—preferably as a member of the theatrical profession. So at a rather immature age he informed his father and family that he was leaving home. He packed his few possessions and made ready to go. His father accompanied him to the door.

"Frank," he said, "if you go into this play-acting business, you may never call me father again." The boy looked up and saw that his father meant it. He wavered—but only for a moment. He turned to go. "But Frank," his father called him back, "here is fifty dollars. I don't want any son of mine to be in want. If you ever need any more money, let me know!"

Frank says the finest portrait in his gallery of recollection is of his father as he stood there with tears in his stern old eyes, bidding his son goodbye, yet loath to see him go. Another—of his mother, whom he kissed for the first time in his life at the station where she was waiting to welcome him home—after he had become well-known as an actor and his home town was proud of him. Even his father was at the station to welcome him. Frank looked over the shoulders of the crowd of former neighbors and acquaintances who wanted to shake hands with him—and saw his father, looking on. He had come and gone from the station no less than ten times, trying to make up his mind to welcome his prodigal son home!

But we have been skipping. On his first engagement, Frank received one dollar from the management. Later the management went broke and asked Frank for a loan. "How much you got, kid?" "Fifty dollars," beamed Frank; pulling out all his money. He had to walk home.

He started out again, and this time met with better luck. He got a job as general utility man with a repertoire company. The manager was perpetually drunk; the other members of the company were in various stages of b. p. joy most of the time, and at all times lazy. Frank wanted to learn. He did. He made up as a clown for the show, rustled props, was sole stage-hand, managed transportation, said his ten lines, scattered "dolgers" from door to door. When the other actors didn't feel like working, he learned their lines and doubled and tripled for them. In short—Borzage learned to "troupe."

He is one actor who would be justified in writing "The Story of My Life." It's some life. Before he was through he had played every part from butler to burglar and grand-duke to grandpa. He has slept in parks and petrified holes—meaning empty sewer-pipes. He has partaken of free-lunch in Denver and lived on five cents a day in El Paso, Texas. He knows the West and Far-West like a book. What is more, he has learned human nature and turned himself out not a cynic but a philosopher.

Finally, after a long, hard apprenticeship, he became identified with character parts. And it was as a character man that he first went into pictures—at the ripe age of twenty. Thomas Ince, then making pictures for the old Kay-Bee, looked him up and down. "You're no heavy," he declared, "you're a leading man."

Frank, much against his will, was assigned to heroic roles and had to display his even, white teeth, his crinkly hair, and his dimples all for the delight of young ladies throughout the United States, who still remember him as

(Continued on page 113)
Harold astounds the musical world with his genius.
As the essential materialist in "The Miracle Man," holding his girl by sheer brute instinct and sex magnetism, Tom Meighan and Betty Compson.

Confessions of a Caveman
As Told by Thomas Meighan
to Adela Rogers St. Johns

"Mother Eve invented the alibi. She was the kind of a lady who liked her champagne, but could put up a good line about its being ordered by the doctor.

Tommie Meighan leaned over and tapped one finger emphatically on the broad arm of my chair.

"And that," said Tommie, with a bit of Ireland peeping out of his eyes, "is the secret of the rough lover. He's a combination alibi and recommendation, that's all."

Now, Tommie is naturally supposed to be something of an authority on rough lovers. He's treated more ladies rougher than any other man on the screen. From a "King in Babylon" who tamed a beautiful slave and then threw her to the lions, to the essential materialist of "The Miracle Man," holding his girl by sheer brute instinct and sex magnetism, he has shown motion picture audiences a character almost Balzacian in its frankness.

Out in Los Angeles the other night in a packed theater that watched this handsome young man with his sullen eyes and his smiling mouth back an intentionally-enticing woman against the wall and make her like his kisses, a woman in the audience fainted—possibly from the dramatic suspense of the picture.

Be that as it may, the world and his wife—and not even especially his wife—have signified vast approval of the caveman sort of lover that Tommie Meighan has given the silent drama. Therefore it seemed safe to assume that they would like to know something of the philosophy of his work.

The confessional was the most delightful room in the world—William DeMille's library out at the Lasky lot. The studded walls, the old books, the candles under their yellow parchment shades, the paneled windows added just the right touch of inspirational background. And Tommie Meighan in a brown suit that matched his hair and a brown shirt with one of those smart collars that match, lounging in a big brown leather chair in the pale, bright light that sifted through the scarlet curtains, a cigarette comfortably alight between his fingers.

(Life—even that of an interviewer—has its compensations)

"I want you to understand," he said quietly but firmly for such a very pleasant, human, good-natured sort of person, "that, personally, I don't know a darn thing about women. I've been married to one woman for so long that she won't let me
is as welcome as a bottle in the American Sahara. The caveman that just grabs her and shows her—and everybody else—that she hasn't got a chance to get away from him, is the one prize excuse for returning to the dear departed days of her slavery.

"Of course, there are lots of advantages to the view from a pedestal, and she generally can't make up her mind to climb down voluntarily, but in a wicked world nothing is so lonesome as unappreciated virtue and it's apt to get a bit tiresome up there. If anybody will rock the altar and tumble her down into a good strong pair of arms, she's naturally grateful.

"Constant posing, masking of emotion, veiling of thought, even from herself, has been the portion of woman since time began. It is her method of protection. And the protection of woman will be necessary just so long as the propagation of the race is necessary—don't forget that. Therefore, she pretends ignorance and innocence concerning things that are as easy for her as the prohibition amendment for Sing-Sing. That's merely again her method of self-defense, since while man is credited with many potential virtues, woman has only one that appears to be worth losing.

"The caveman forces her to do what she actually desires to do, but has not the courage to do without the excuse of coercion. He wins nine times out of ten because her real nature and feminine instinct are his allies.

"Nobody can deny that the court of last appeal declares that woman was made 'for man.' And she is still for him.

"The myriad laws of convention and custom, which she will never be strong enough to lay wholly aside, have made things very complex for woman, who is naturally exceedingly direct and simple, and whose desires are exceedingly strong and undeniable. Therefore, the best of them turn with unconscious relief to the man..."

"Them's the breaks. Meighan won her, too.

...believing in that there's a bottle in the American Sahara. The caveman that just grabs her and shows her—and everybody else—that she hasn't got a chance to get away from him, is the one prize excuse for returning to the dear departed days of her slavery.

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whose force makes the decision not only easy but unavoidable. It saves such a lot of time, stress, and suspense—not to mention some disappointments.

"The most active fear of the woman who says 'No' is that you will take her at her word.

"Most of woman's tears are shed over sins she never committed.

"Then, again, woman is expert in the thought of love, but her execution is poor. She is too self-centered through the very object of her creation to fear being thought ridiculous, but she is—among the so-called 'good women' intensely afraid of being thought immoral. Man, on the other hand, doesn't care how immoral you think him, he doesn't want to be laughed at. In fact you can do anything in the world to a man but laugh at him, anything to a woman but take her seriously.

"The purgatory of the female is the state of the unsought—of the male, the state of the unseeking.

"Emotion for the sake of emotion is the aim of all women; emotion for the sake of action is the aim of all men. But women forget that the basis of life itself is the desire for expression. They have the subtle ecstasy of omission, men the crude privilege of commission, in matters of love. And a woman's love happiness may have to be forced upon her.

"Understand, of course, that everything that can be said concerning the type that has been familiarly styled caveman must apply where there is a mutual, possible attraction. No man can force unpleasant or entirely impossible advances upon a woman.

"The truth is that women are actually much more innocent than men believe them. They have less knowledge of sex wherewith to defend themselves from the terrific power of love that men direct against them."

Meighan as Gloria Swanson's husband in "Why Change Your Wife?"

"Personally," says this handsome young caveman with his sullen eyes and his smiling mouth, "I don't know a darn thing about women.

"If woman surrenders her prerogative of yielding, she surrenders her greatest weapon and she makes the love game a sort of a 2.75 affair. The modern woman abrogates her greatest strength in denying her weakness. It is only the sweetness of her continued surrender that sometimes holds a man forever from that state of pursuit, which is his natural one.

"Unconsciously realizing this, woman today accepts the old role of the mastered with good grace, glad to relinquish the trying compensations of her emancipation. Woman knows that she has sold her birthright for a mess of theories and traded a master who was her slave for a thousand masters who are her equals.

"The domestic virtues have no relation to romance. Conscience has no more to do with love than it has with—art. A woman longs for a man who can demonstrate this forcibly. She is naturally intensely impatient in love affairs. She is impatient
of the longer game of sparring, subterfuge, attentions. She is in constant fear lest the methods of self-protection, which society has taught her, may prove effective. But she is adept at concealing what isn't there, so she must wait for the man to use force in breaking down the barriers.

"But it is the marvellous, unparalleled flattery that he uses which is the actual club of the caveman.

"Nobody ever heard of a bald-headed woman being dragged to anybody's cave by the hair of her head. An unattractive woman is pretty safe from the rough methods, you'll notice.

"The end and aim of woman's existence is to charm, to delight, to give pleasure. Why else was she created so beautiful, so exquisitely more delightful than man? heavens, what more could she ask? But the burden of proof that she has fulfilled this aim rests upon her. The caveman convinces her—and everybody else—that she has achieved her destiny. The unleashed, uncontrollable or slightly controlled emotion which she has aroused is more flattering to her than an immortal sonnet.

"The danger of the widow's attractions are historical. Incidentally the divorcee is always in the money somewhere. Usually she has the advantage of coming well recommended.

"To the intellectual woman, boredom is the dread spectacle. There can be no ennui in anything so intensely personal as passion. The primitive is the last resort of the cultured.

"To the average mind, the caveman lover is a perfect medium of expression.

"To the girl, he is the open door to the unnamed mysteries that lure and fascinate her, but to which she can give no name, even to herself. He is the vibrant answer to all her questions.

"But the man who uses the caveman method must always remember that if woman has a narrower sense of life, she has also a finer sense. Those inner visions, even when the most earthly, have a soft, clear, beautiful radiance that man never knows. She owns from the day of her birth what few men can hope ever to achieve—the beauty of service to mankind. We men are apt to smile at what seem to us subterfuges on the part of woman, without realizing that she is able to lose herself in a cloud of blankness where she can actually refuse to know, to understand, to acknowledge, what seems most obvious.

"The truth is that women are actually much more innocent than men believe them. They have much less knowledge of sex wherewith to defend themselves from the terrific power of love that man directs against them. This betrays them much more often than wickedness. This is one of the chief holds of the caveman—his method arouses the impulse of life and love which this unfeigned ignorance leaves a girl utterly unable to combat.

"The type of man who is a 'rough lover' generally needs reforming somewhere along the line. All women are naturally reformers. The only kind of a husband that would be fatal to most women is a perfect one. They wouldn't have a darn thing left to do."

"What is the defense—if there is one—for the caveman stuff?" I asked, as he paused.

"A sense of humor. No man can get rough with a woman who laughs at him."

(Continued on page 107)
The Scoffer

An account of the adventures of a man's soul and the triumph of love and a simple faith.

By GENE SHERIDAN

As I sit me down in these days of 1920 to make record now for the first time of the full and true account of the curious experiences of my friend Stannard Wayne, I find persistently arising these time-honored words—"Faith, Hope and Charity—"

All of which, indeed, nave a meaning of exceptional significance in the affairs of our tale. And which of them, I wonder, signifies the most? Of Faith there was much in the beginning, less later. Of Hope there came to be little. Of Charity there were times when there was none in the hearts of any, except, mayhap, one woman. She, beautiful, young and beloved of God, was either too young to know better, or else not yet old enough to have lost her wisdom, like the most of us.

Still these are questions, being purely matters of understanding, which I must ask each of my readers to decide, each for himself. If at times the accounting seems faulty and the way of our narrative tediously beset, I must beg of you to bear with me as one tracing obscure paths through the valley of the shadow, where the torch of faith flickered pale and feebly, guttering in the winds of distrust, deceit and contention. Eventually we shall find our way back to the Land of Belief, with a bright and shining faith reborn.

It was in 1914, as I recall it, that the events which concern us most began and the place was a certain midwestern metropolis. There, each a success in his own light, were three professional men, still young enough to be bound to each other with the friendship of college days spent together. I can see them now while they sat chatting together as the curtain rises on our story.

First there was Dr. Arthur Richards, physician and, perhaps, a bit of a social darling. Dark, alert and dapper. There were whisperings about him, even then; his name went about in low voices wherever women sought to evade the natural mission of their lives. But of such things as that friends are always last to hear.

Stannard Wayne's faith ended with the verdict that sent him to prison for five years with hate in his heart for all mankind.
Then there was Dr. Stannard Wayne, a scientist of attainment and with skill of more than local renown, a man of earnest belief. His towering stature, clear skin, crisp blond hair and clear blue eyes told their story of clean life and clear thought. Wayne rejoiced, as the servant of God, when he ushered a new pink little soul into the world. And that was the contrast between the two men.

Third in the group was Carson-the-Parson, a two-fisted dis- purser of religion, practical and sound.

Dr. Richards had kept a secret from his conferees, the physician and the parson. That secret was Alice Pern. She was neurotic and quarrelsome and there were stormy evenings indeed in her velveted apartment.

Alice Pern was forever asserting an ownership over Richards with the found increasingly distasteful and inconsistent. That there should come an end of it was inevitable. And one night it came, with little warning. There were tense words over trivialities. Alice strode the floor, flaming with impatience and anger.

"You know I am nervous—yet you do everything to upset me!"

Richards, swept with annoyance to desperation, withered her with contempt.

"This is the end—I won't be back." And he was gone.

Alice, distraught with her ails—alls of soul and mind and body—sought the ministrations of Dr. Wayne, neither knowing of the other's acquaintance with Richards.

Wayne ministered to his new patient with all his professional zeal and his usual success. His treatment was mostly psychotherapeutic. Slowly and mostly by his faith, the shadows lifted for Alice Pern and her soul was healed. And as those shades of disordered depression vanished the beauty of Alice Pern revived.

Out of the relation of patient and physician grew something deeper. All that was spiritual—not much, it is true—responded to the qualities of Wayne, the man of exceeding faith.

There was drama in their meeting that day when Alice appeared at Wayne's office and he pronounced her cured. She stood swept with emotional gratitude and her eyes told a story that Wayne was eager to read. He stood before her in an attitude of vast tenderness and questioning silence. At last he spoke.

"I love you—if those tears are for me—I love you."

So at Stannard Wayne's home they were married quietly. It was a day of great joys for them both.

It was not long after that Arthur Richards came back from abroad and of course at once heard of the marriage of his friend Wayne. Richards naturally was very eager to make the acquaintance of the bride. He had not expected this romantic step from his solemn and saint friend Wayne. This would be interesting, he felt.

It was at a bit of a party at Wayne's house that the discovery came. In a hallway apart from the guests Richards and Alice Pern came face to face. They stood staring at each other, he curious, she defiant.

"What are you doing here?"

She answered him with simplicity. "I am Mrs. Stannard Wayne—do you know him?"

"Yes—"Richard's eyes narrowed as he spoke. "He's my friend."

Alice shuddered then supplicated with her eyes as she squared herself to face Richards.

"His friend—then, of course, you won't tell him about—about us."

But before their honeymoon days were over Alice Pern was caring less for her husband. She was disturbed by the echo of an old emotion and she was worn with the monotony of her husband's idealism. If Arthur Richards had stayed away forever perhaps she might have grown into a deeper appreciation. But Richards was back with all his wiles and guiles.

The trio of Richards and Carson and Wayne had gathered again one evening when Alice yielded to the old impulse. She excused herself and left the room. Richards, with casual pretext, followed. Where they stood they could overhear the voices of Carson and Wayne as they talked.

"I tell you, Carson, when these hands of mine reach to the dying, I know they are the instruments of God. "Stannard," and Carson leaned over, aglow with excitement as he spoke, "your faith is beautiful."

Alice stood bored to pain. It was to her the same as a disease.

Her eyes told her feeling and Richards, hovering over her, sympathy for her in one moment, his scorn for the next.

"Arthur, Arthur, I can not live without you. She turned toward him. "Take me away."

Richards caucused Alice in his arms and held her to his breast.

"Wait."

The one word was a promise of deadly import. Richards resumed his practice, like the deadly night. Alice's withering, destroying, killing, the studied and premeditated deed of the unborn. His perilous trade had its perils. Richards' paths followed devious ways. There came a crisis when an unhappy woman hidden away alone troubles in a suburban cottage died under Richards' ministrations. With swift stealth he left, formulating a plan to cover his crime.

Richards paused at a telephone booth and called back Stannard Wayne, addressing him with a disguised voice, a borrowed identity, with an appeal to help a woman in trouble.

He gave the number of the house where his victim lay.
"And hurry, doctor, for it's a case of life and death."
Wayne would go; Richards knew he could count on that. With watch in hand, the plotter waited, then again addressed the telephone, this time calling the police.
"Never mind who I am—investigate this. I suspect a criminal operation."
The police arrived in time to find Stannard Wayne standing over the scene of death. His protests, his good name could avail him nothing, and Stannard Wayne went to a cell accused of the criminal operation, bearing the smile of his boundless faith. His lawyer, be it said, was not a man of such limitless faith and belief.
"The Coroner's verdict is 'Death from an illegal operation.' It will be difficult to square you."

"I have no fear—the law will protect me."
The lawyer turned his head away.
"I hesitate to tell you, Dr. Wayne, that your wife has gone away with Dr. Richards."
Wayne writhed under that. His lawyer was trying to be tender. He waited a long time to speak further.
"She was—she was his mistress before she married you."
"I see—thank you." Wayne threw himself down on his cot and turned his face to the wall.
"It may be some satisfaction to you to know that the postal authorities will get Richards for sending injurious drugs through the mail," the lawyer continued, but Wayne was not listening.
And a letter was handed to Wayne.

Dear Stannard:—
I have always loved Arthur Richards—long before you came into my life. I am going away with him, God knows where, but I am happy. Forgive me.

Alice.

Wayne stood crushing the letter in his powerful right hand. He raised his hands to the light streaming in the grated cell window.
"Oh God! And I believed in you!"
The trial came quickly, which was its only merit. The evidence, circumstantial as it was, was damning and final in the mind of the jury. The sentence imposed was five years. And that was the end of the faith of Stannard Wayne. Before his commitment to the penitentiary Wayne was visited by Carson, the minister friend since boyhood.
"Stannard—do not lose your faith in Him." Carson was sympathetic and earnest. His admonition brought a burst of hate.
"Faith in Him? A fool's faith! What has it brought me?"
Wayne stood hopeless with outstretched arms.
"Never again shall I raise these hands for God or man."
So with hate in his heart and his world in ruins, Stannard Wayne went off to prison for five long years.
Boorman went inside and stood, hat in hand, watching the completion of the operation.

Out on the northwestern coast of America was and is the meager, lonely settlement of Buena Vista, a community of simple, God-fearing, superstitious people. Back of them stood the forest, deep and mysterious, and before them lay the sea. It was a healing land of the out-of-doors, destined to be the setting in more stirring scenes of the eventful course of our romance.

In diligent years gone before, John Hadden founded and brought to prosperity the North West Company, dealing in general merchandise with a series of outpost stores serving the woodsmen and trappers.

John Hadden had died and left his thriving business to his daughter, young and engaging, with a hard little head for business and a big, soft heart for the world. She was patient with the profligates, kind to the needy and cheerful to everybody. She represented the spirit of things good in the settlement.

On the other side of the equation, and on the other side of the street, was the saloon of the Albany Kid. The Albany Kid was a rat-eyed slicker, given to audacious raiment and poor liquor.

Somewhere between the two in value to the community was Old Dabney, medicine man and faith healer. Dabney was full of good intentions and faith, but he had no medicine of moment. However, since the folk of Buena Vista lacked a regular physician, Dabney and his curious treatment of charms ministered to their ills. At least it did not keep natural processes from making people well; and enough recovered to sustain his reputation in the circumstances.

Among the victims of the Albany Kid’s dispensary of social poison was one Boorman, a great towering hulk of a woodman, a gentle ox in normal state, a raging Berserker when drunk. And it happened on the evening of our concern that Boorman was exceedingly drunk. He went staggering home to his cabin in a state of violent eruption. For reasons trivial or none he knocked down his wife, beat his boy Laddie, and set about wrecking the home.

And so in the night Mrs. Boorman, carrying her injured boy, ran to the home of Margaret Hadden for refuge and aid. Boorman, a destroying demon, followed after. Intent on nothing but the destruction of wife and child, Boorman broke in, in the face of a lashing from Margaret’s riding quirt, and she hurried the imperiled mother and child out to lead them to new shelter and hiding.

On the way through the woods in the night, along the high trail that led to Old Dabney’s cabin, Mrs. Boorman’s dazed and terror-stricken brain went adrift. Following a memory phantom of another day when Laddie had been in danger, she went stumbling over the cliffs and down into the precipitous sea below.
Photoplay Magazine

Margaret stifled her horror and hurried the boy to Old Dabney’s cabin. The aged medicine man, perturbed but kind and professionally mystic, swung open the door and bade them in. No one ever questioned Margaret Hadden in Buena Vista.

“Hide Laddie—he’s hurt—don’t let anybody know he’s here. Boorman’s drunk again and Mrs. Boorman fell over the cliff.”

All of which was explanation enough for anybody.

Out on the cliff Margaret found Boorman, gesticulating, battering the trees with his great fists and cursing at the sea. He staggered up to her.

“Where is the dog?” Boorman thundered.

Blanching white, Margaret faced him, and then turned to point over the cliff.

“The waves carried him out,” she said.

At last the truth filtered into the liquor-steeped mind of the woodsman, and he fell on his knees, staring at the windswept sea. Margaret went back to her home and the store to set things in order again and so ended the night. For the time at least Laddie was safe from his father’s outbreaks and Mrs. Boorman was beyond his power to harm.

Out in this primitive region, lost to the accusing eyes of the law and those he wronged, was Dr. Arthur Richards, a doctor no longer and now the manager of oulling stores for Margaret Hadden’s North West Company. It was Richards’ day to report to Margaret. Clad in frontier fashion, with little about him to suggest the dash and pose of other days, he made his way to the Buena Vista store.

“Youre wife is ill again. She fears that she is dying.” That was the first message that greeted him. For Alice Porter had fled with Richards into this wilderness. The flight that had put Stannard Wayne and his wholesome influences behind her had left her prey again to the nervous ills that once had made her his patient.

The mystic ways of Fate were still at work. Five years had elapsed since that day when Stannard Wayne had faced the court and received his sentence. And now he came through the forests along the sea into this primitive region, sick of soul at the veners of civilization and with hate in his heart at its injustices. He sought the healing of open places.

Stannard Wayne was not a broken man. He walked as one rebuked by experience, cold, aloof, hard. The hate of all things was in him. He looked about him with the same level, grey-blue eyes, but the glint of a frozen despair was there. He had believed in God and with reverence; and that God had let him go to prison blackened before the world for another man’s misdeed. That was the final answer in the mind of Stannard Wayne. He had enough of God and Man.

His first contact with the village of Buena Vista was significantly eventful. As Wayne turned a corner and found him-

self in front of the North West Company’s store he came upon Margaret Hadden bending over an injured dog in the street. Quite automatically he stepped up and regarded the little patient. A moment later Margaret and Wayne were bandaging the dog’s broken leg while a gallery of almost the entire population of Buena Vista looked on.

“That guy’s a regular M. D.; don’t let ‘em tell you different,” was the sage observation of the Albany Kid.

Their task of mercy done, Margaret and Stannard Wayne stood looking at each other. She murmured thanks.

“Oh, don’t thank me. I did it for the dog.” he replied crisply. “Now I want to get lodging—not a hotel, I want to get away from people.”

Margaret looked at Wayne thoughtfully and decided that here was a man who knew exactly what he wanted and would have it. Also she thought of crippled Laddie Boorman, lying paralyzed at Old Dabney’s cabin.

“Perhaps Old Dabney will take you in,” she answered Wayne. “He’s always trying to be helpful.”

They were interrupted by the approach of a group of village folk. A crippled man was among them.

“Say, doc, patch up Pete’s arm, will you?”

“I don’t mind helping a dog, but I wont stoop so low as a man.”

The crowd recoiled at Wayne’s response. He shook his head firmly and waved them away. Then he turned to Margaret, who stood puzzling over this enigma-man, kind to dogs, cruel to men.

“Would you be so kind as to direct me to this Dabney person you mention?”

Margaret led the way to Old Dabney’s cabin. She led him in to the bed where Laddie Boorman writhed in pain.

“His back has been hurt; he can’t walk,” she explained simply.

Wayne turned away apathetically and picked up a bit of swordfish jaw he found laying near.

“That’s Dabney’s charm; he cures people with it,” she said. (Continued on page 118)
Constance Talmadge
A Date with Connie

A double-barrelled interview with the lady on the cover, who is sailing for Europe soon.

BY EDWARD S. O'REILLY

That time I went callin' on Miss Constance Talmadge—" say, I can scarcely wait to get back to Texas to tell the boys about it.

You see Miss Constance is mighty popular with the cow hands down in the Big Bend country and when they hear that I actually went visiting at her house they'll elect me sheriff or something.

It all happened because of a wild notion that hit the editor the other morning.

"Got a job for you," he says, "Want you to go over to the Savoy hotel and interview Miss Constance Talmadge." I started to kick, but it didn't do any manner of good. This fellow is a regular Pancho Villa among editors and most usually gets his way.

There's two things I admit I'm no good at; one is writing interviews and the other is talking to women. Somehow I've always been afraid of the ladies. For years I've tried to conquer this bashfulness, mingled freely with them, read all about them in books and got a lot of advice from men more experienced than me, but it don't seem to help much.

So, in obedience to orders, I set out the other morning to find Miss Constance. First I went to the Talmadge studio, where a mighty nice young lady named Miss Livingston agreed to act as interpreter and body guard on my visit to Miss Constance. We went to the Savoy hotel, which is bigger than the court house in El Paso.

An admiral in a lot of gold braid piloted us upstairs and a maid opened the front door to the apartment. We wandered down a couple of hundred yards of corridor into a room big enough to break a horse in, and there we found her, curled up in a big chair.

Right then I realized what a job I'd tackled. It would exhaust the languages of the world, and bankrupt the imagination of Bill Shakespeare to do half justice to that gracious little lady.

In my best parlor manner I shook hands with Miss Constance, backed up gracefully and knocked over a chair, dropped my hat and stepped on it; then sat down jauntily in a chair which was about a foot nearer the floor than I'd figured.

"Won't you have something to drink?" she invited.

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," I says, "if I don't refuse."

"What will it be, tea or coffee?" she asked.

"Coffee," I gasped, trying to conceal the sorrow in my voice.

So they brought a cup of coffee, and from then on I had my hands full trying to talk and juggle that cup.

It was up to me to start that interview or die trying, so with my usual tact I said the wrong thing first.

"How old are you?" I asked, tryin' to smile blandly.

"Oh, not so very old," she laughed.

"But you are not to interview me," I have orders from the editor to interview you.

The trail of that editor is sure hard to anticipate.

"They tell me that you have been a cowboy," she went on.

"How did you happen to select cowboyin' as a career?"

"Well, it was this way, Miss Constance," I said daintily wristing up my coffee with the spoon. "My family started to move across Texas in a wagon when I was a (Continued on page 102)
I WAS on Fifth Avenue
One Day in June, when
I Noticed a Crowd at the Corner.
Pedestrians were
Pushing Each Other and
People in Motors were
Leaning Out and
Others on the Buses
Were Craning their Necks.
The Traffic Cop
Almost Forgot to
Give the Signal, and
A Little Girl
On the Edge of the Crowd
Began to Cry.
"I Want to See!" she Said.
So I Knew
That Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks,
Of Beverly Hills, California,
Were in Town,
On their Honeymoon.

I WENT to the Hotel
To See Mary; and
I was in the Lobby when
Mary's Husband Came Out
Of the Elevator.
He Said "Hello" and
Two Boys were
Sitting There
And One of them
Was Saying,
"They Wouldn't Let Me
In," and the Other Said
"I Told them
I Had an Autographed Picture
Of Doug One time, but
They wouldn't Let
Me In, Either," and
They were Both Talking Away
When Mr. Fairbanks Heard them;
They didn't see him, and
He Picked Up One of them
By the Collar, and
Grabbed the Other One
By the Hand, and Said,
"Howdy, Boys—
How are you?"
One of them
Just Set There and
Stared at the Other
Almost Fainted.
When we went Up
To the Bridal Suite
And Doug Told Me
How he and Mary
Stopped at the Hopi
Indian Reservation
On their Way to New York
To Show the Indians
Doug's New Picture
I
Like Doug—
Always Have—
But
I Wanted to See Mary,
And Could Just Catch Glimpses of her
Through the Half open Door
Into the Bedroom, where
She was Showing Someone
Her Trousseau.
"Yes," Doug was Saying,
"The Mighty Happy
In Stock of a Happy Guy.

Mary and Doug: At Home.

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

Anyhow, And—"
I Saw Mary
Holding Up
A Pink Neglige.
"And Have You Seen
Bull Montana Lately?"
Bull's Great, I Think
I'll Have him
Run for President
Of the United Artists."
Just then
Paul Rainey Came In
And he and Doug
Wanted to Talk About Africa—
Rainey Shoots down There—
Pictures and Lions—
So I Got Away and
Went in to See Mary.

SHE Sat Down
On One Twin Bed and
I Sat on the Other, and
She Showed Me
All those Lovely Things
Of Georgette and Lace, Close-Up—
And I Wondered if any Bride
Ever had Such a Nice Trousseau—
And Mary Said
She's Going to do
"Little Lord Fauntleroy."
Playing both the Mother and
The Little Lord himself.
She Told Me
About "Suds" where she is
Made-Up Homely—she says—
All the Way Through,
And Mrs. Pickford—
Mary's Mother—
Said Douglas was Just Like
Her Own Son, and
Always Sent her Orchids
Whenever she Sent Mary Some.
Then Mr. Fairbanks
Came In—
Mary Calls him
Doug, and
He Calls her
Dear—
And they Talked
About their House in
California, with its
Own Swimming-Pool
For Doug and
Projection-Room
For Mary—and
Their Mutual Malamute Dog—
But they Don't Fight about it.
And Maybe, they Said,
Looking at Each Other
Just Like any Ordinary
Bride-and-Groom—
Maybe, Someday.
If they Can Get
A Good Story,
They will Play Together.

NEW YORK
I Went Back to Normal
When Mary and Doug
Sailed; Yes.
They Sailed, but
Not for their World Tour; just
Jumped Across
For a Month's Vacation.
"If a wife is going to keep her husband's love and respect," says Miriam Walsh, "if they are going to accomplish things together, she must be his playmate as well as his helpmate."

Above, the Miriam Cooper of "The Birth of a Nation;" below, Raoul Walsh, her husband; at right, the Walshes at home.

**Dual Lives**

The average woman would have nothing less than contemptions if she thought her husband was leading a dual life.

And Miriam Cooper helps her husband lead one.

But unlike Fannie Hurst and some other very modern ladies who believe that husbands and wives should lead their lives—whether double, triple, or quadruple—indepedently and should meet each other only by appointment, Miss Cooper leads her husband's dual life with him.

When a man is willing to let his wife criticise his work without getting (1) hurt, (2) angry, or (3) insulted—

When a woman is willing to listen to her husband say, "Darling, your acting is rotten this morning," and be as pleasant about it as if he were telling her that she put Sarah Bernhardt in the shade—They'll get along!

There are other proofs that Miriam Cooper, her husband's leading woman, and Raoul Walsh, his wife's director, are worthy and extraordinary young people.

During those hours and days when they are at work on a picture they do nothing but eat, sleep, breathe, talk, think motion pictures and forget that there is anything else in the world.

On Sundays, holidays mornings before nine o'clock and "between films" they golf, fish, entertain, buy clothes, read and refuse to admit that pictures mean anything at all in their young lives.

"A wife should see to it," says Miss Cooper, "that her husband's personal life and the life he gives his work should be as different as night is from day—just on the 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' theory. And if she is going to
keep her husband's love and respect, if they are going to accomplish things together, and if she's a wise girl, she'll insist on being a playmate as well as a helpmeet (an old-fashioned term but still a very good one) to her own husband."

AND so, if some Sunday you overhear a dark, good looking young man with a ruddy skin and Irish eyes, on one of the golf links near New York City, snap his determined jaws together and say, "No, we will not talk about motion pictures!"—ten to one it's Raoul Walsh.

And if there is a slim, dark-eyed, serene-faced young lady with one of those faultless profiles and a brow like a madonna's, in a bright colored sport sweater, with him—then it is Raoul Walsh and the young lady is Miriam Cooper.

The Walsh-Cooper alliance is a development of the earlier Griffith days. Raoul was an assistant to some assistant director to Mr. Griffith, and later became a first assistant. Some times he played parts, too—such as that of John Wilkes Booth in "The Birth of a Nation." Miriam belonged to the Mae Marsh, Constance Talmadge, and Gish sisters school of Griffith actors. She played in "The Birth of a Nation," too, and was the Friendless One in "Intolerance." After "Intolerance" was completed Miss Cooper and Mr. Walsh were married and came East, where Mr. Walsh became one of Fox's star directors. It was he who guided Theda Bara through the vampish mazes of "Carmen." It was he who first directed his brother, George Walsh. Miss Cooper played in many of these pictures, her most notable performance, perhaps, being "Evangeline."

Today Raoul Walsh is a director for Mayflower, under an agreement to make four pictures a year in the East. Recently he completed "The Deep Purple." Miriam Cooper had the most important role.

The feminine lead of the Walsh-Cooper domestic drama might not meet the approval of the matrimonial ultra-modernists in still another way. She prefers having her husband the star of their combination, and has turned down more than one perfectly good offer that would make her a luminary in her own right, to remain in her husband's company.

"The best results in any pictures are obtained when the director and the leading members of his cast work harmoniously together. My husband knows me well enough to get the best work out of me, and I understand him so well that I know what effect he is striving for before he tells me. He is the best director I could possibly have, and of course I think he is the greatest—director—he and Mr. Griffith," says Miriam.

"She is the easiest person to direct I have ever worked with," says Raoul. "She's not easy to please, though. She is a harder critic of me and my work than any one else. That is one thing Mr. Griffith does for people who work for him—he develops their critical faculties by having his people sit with him in the projection room and find fault with his pictures as they are being completed."

So you see there is every indication that the Walsh-Cooper alliance will be a permanent one.

And there is another thing that enters into their happiness together. They both love children and often find themselves sad because they have none. So one day Miriam ran across a tiny little boy—a beautiful child with a winning smile, a sunny disposition, a sturdy little body and fine mind. She brought him home.

"We're going to have him adopted," she announced to Raoul. "I've always wanted a baby—and here's a boy who's just begging to be ours."

Did Raoul agree? He was just as eager to welcome the child into their household as Miriam was. And today the boy calls Miriam "Mother" and Raoul "Dad." Some day we may see him in pictures, who knows?

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**How Do They Do It?**

THE heroine of this little scene—one of those familiar situations in which the harassed maiden cries: "Don't come near me or I'll jump!" to a desperate villain—our heroine, we say, is not such a heroine after all. This view not only shows the actress about to keep her word and plunge off the precipice—but also the net stretched to receive her fifty feet below. Across the ravine may be seen director Jacques Jaccard with his Universal camera men.
HAROLD LLOYD would make an acceptable hero, but he'd rather be funny. Lloyd is one comedian who behaves naturally in slapstick situations.

AS the champion of Anita Stewart's screen adventures, Ward Crane found many followers. Now he performs creditably as leading man for Allan Dwan.

FRANK is the third Mayo to become an actor. But he left the legitimate theaters for good to do his acting in the open air of the California film studios.

WITH a name like that, Norman Kerry was bound to succeed. He supported Uncle Sam—but came back to make silent love to Anna Q. Nilsson.
ROSEMARY THEBY's apparent displeasure is not brought about by the fact that her dinner-table for two is only half a table supported by rough boxes and boards. She simply cannot get along with Conrad Nagel. Sidney Franklin is directing.
MEASURING Mary, for the camera's requirements. We didn't need Allan Dwan and his assistant to tell us that Mary is a perfect thirty-six. We bet more people have looked at her than at Venus — and with a great deal more satisfaction, too.

Mary Venus—sometimes called Miss Thurman—may be said to have completely mastered a new technique. You remember, of course, when she was a decided adornment to comedy; then she decided that pulchritude wasn't everything and went, or was washed into drama. She has more than made good, although some people still persist in commenting on her looks as well as her acting. At the right, you see Mary with two supporting canines in Allan Dwan's picture, "The Scoffer." Teddy, a well-known performer, has a twin, Jack, who is lame. So they doubled in the scene where the brute kicks one of them, "breaking" the dog's leg, which will rouse all good members of the S. P. C. A. until Mary assures them, here, that it was only a clever trick of the cameraman.
INTRODUCING Mrs. Harry Carey, the real boss of the Harry Carey ranch—and of Harry Carey. She is a golden-haired little girl who used to be in Universal pictures herself—her name then was Olive Fuller Golden.
CLOSE-UPS
Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

The Moral Force. Hundreds of ministers who attended the annual conference of the Southern Baptist church held in Washington recently have returned to their homes with a somewhat modified aversion to the motion picture. For it develops that the motion picture entertainment is not responsible for the alarming prevalence of the divorce habit in America—no less an authority than the committee on temperance and social service of the South Baptist Conference having so decided.

As a matter of plain unvarnished statistical fact (for we must turn to statistics once in a while), the motion picture has been one of the greatest antagonists of divorce, the saloon, and vice in general, and most ministers are prompt to admit it. Half the divorces that clatter our courts find their first incubation in a husband being fed up on his wife, or a wife being bored to tears by her husband. The adjacent movie palace offers surcease from humdrum homes. No observing citizen will dispute that even before the enactment of the 18th Amendment, the movie theater was pulling away the sit-around-and-laugh-and-drink—another kind of customers the saloon needed in its business.

Our young men and women, eager, restless spirits, have found their natural craving for adventure, excitement, and romance satisfied with the motion picture.

M. Honnorat's Proposal. M. Honnorat, the French Minister of Public Instruction, proposes government endorsement for the art of the photoplay.

According to the New York Times, which published this news, M. Honnorat's Twentieth Century Conservatoire would develop pantomimic play scientifically to its highest point, study the replacement of spoken words by gesture, business and general pictorial detail, engage in experiment and investigation along all the mechanical lines in picture-making, and provide for a congress of the best writing, consulting and directing opinion from all over the world. Although his would be a governmental institution, the minister would not saddle any new taxation on the public to maintain it; its expenses, he believes, ought to be divided between the great picture concerns of France.

This is no more than just, for the established firms would be first to reap pecuniary rewards of an officially fostered art.

All this is interesting. Now let's see if it comes to pass. In the meantime, let us not forget that the first genuine photoplay endorsement in the world was in America, and came from an American—George Eastman.

A New Eruption. A few years ago the shiny new prosperity and over-night importance of a certain type of photoplay favorite manifested itself, mostly, in freak attire. Chromatic shirts, shouting knickerbockers, flowing collars, mushroom or toadstool caps, "puts" which their owners probably wore to bed, and positively dangerous scarfs were to be encountered at every Hollywood corner.

The latest exccessence is by way of change, as the seasons and styles change. It goes deeper, wider, and farther. It affects not so much the delicious and delicate one's personality as his intimate surroundings.

One celluloid gentlemen in Hollywood has added a barber-chair to his bathroom, and an alleged English valet so necessary to his mahsater that that person is said to have forgotten how to comb his own hair. When he rides abroad it is in a benzine-burning contraption equipped for "two men up"—i.e., coachman-chaleur in front and footman behind, both in a most liverish livery. Yet another keeps several dog experts and a veterinary, as a staff for his kennels. One young woman, long an equal rage in Tarrrytown and Timburtooo, is acquiring a national collection of maids: she already has French, English, Scotch and Italian hair-curlers crowding her boudoir, and since we are a bit conciliatory to revolutionary Germany, she will probably be adding a fraulein before summer.

The Root of All Film Evils. The Christian Herald has been very fair toward pictures compared to the attitude of some papers of the religious field. In a recent issue it declares the film companies are digging their own graves by the continued production of salacious pictures. It says:

"The real beginning of the bad film is in the mind of the scenario writer, who outlines his plot and produces his scenes and situations without much consideration for the probable effect on the mind except so far as it may stimulate the imagination and lead to a sensation towards which he is constantly striving. And the sensual is the easiest way to produce the sensational effect he is after."

"Why blame the lieutenant? His superior is entirely to blame. As PHOTOPLAY has often said—a picture is no better than its source—and back of it all, its source is the producer."
Ostrich feathers and monkey fur provide the decorations for this very smart street hat shown above. Miss Talmadge thinks of hats in terms of her own individuality.

One of the advantages of the American type of face is that it looks best when the hat is simple. On the left is a girlish hat of taffeta with a fluted edge.

A Page of Hats

Every woman could not wear the French creation shown above. If you are past the thirties and want to look your best, avoid hats with harpangles. This one is trimmed with wooden beads.

A youthful hat—for the very feminine woman who has a good complexion. A hat like this sets off any costume, lending just the right air of distinction to one's ensemble.

A hat that turns squarely off the face is hard to wear, but Miss Talmadge has accomplished it in this hat of her own design. It is of taffeta, with a charming design embroidered in gold.
It's the Little Things That Count

The screen's authority on fashion discusses those accessories that may make or mar Milady's wardrobe.

By NORMA TALMADGE

I was trying on hats one day in the shop of a woman to whom millinery is a science, when I heard a customer across the room from me indignantly exclaim:

"But why can't I have this hat? I like it."

The milliner turned and answered, shaking her head.

"We could not sell that hat to you, madam," she said firmly. "I am very sorry that you like it, because it is really not becoming to you."

After the customer had indignantly departed, I said to the young girl who was showing hats to me:

"Why couldn't that woman have the hat she wanted?"

"Accessories never sell a hat unless we are sure it will improve the appearance of the wearer," came the surprising answer.

I couldn't help wishing as I went away that all makers and sellers of clothes might adopt that creed.

After all, there is no middle ground about clothes or hats—they either improve or detract from the appearance. Haven't you all seen the fat lady who attempts to wear floppy, flower-trimmed hats? Or the thin girl who will wear stripes running up and down her tall person? Or the girl with a sallow complexion who dons an emerald green sports hat?

Yes, we've all seen them. And that is why I want to chat with you today about the things, the "little things," that may so easily make or mar one's appearance.

Say the word "clothes" to the average person and in nine cases out of ten they will mentally conjure up the vision of a dress. Yet one's dress alone, no matter how handsome, will not give that well-dressed appearance that some women always have and that others, apparently, can not attain.

I used to meet a girl on the street near my home last summer who always struck me as being very smart, although her suit was at least two seasons old. Her hats were plain, but they were always well brushed and poised on her head at just the right angle. Her shoes were always polished and the heels perfection. The result was style and never showed rents or careless adjustment. Finally, it dawned on me that her smart appearance was just the sum total of a hundred little things—the thought and care that she gave to accessories.

In this day of high prices one may not be able to afford many pairs of shoes each season, but the one or two pairs should visit the shoe-shining place frequently. Turned-over or worn heels on one's shoes will ruin the smartest costume, and keeping them perfect means only the expenditure of a very small amount of time or money. A small piece of adhesive tape placed in the back of low shoes will prevent slipping up and down, with the usual wear on stockings. And, returning to the matter of shoes for just a moment, do you know that you may double the life of satin shoes by keeping them in a box when not in use? There again is where dust works havoc. Trees in the shoes when they are not in use will preserve the shape until they are worn out, and the five-and-ten cent stores carry these trees in all sizes.

So much depends on personal appearance these days that I

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Such little things as a sash, a headdress of pastel shades, and the new double-strapped sandals help this costume along.

Photo by Marceau
Goldwyn and Frank Lloyd have extracted a fine picture from the story of "Mae X." It is tremendously effective and Pauline Frederick's finest screen performance.

It is amazing how a little thing—or a couple of little things, to be exact—can throw a great big city out of its stride. We were going along fairly well in New York, so far as surface indications could be counted. We had solved a lot of traffic problems, for one thing, particularly the problem of Fifth Avenue, where we had erected tall skinny towers from which the continuous streams of motor cars moving north and south, east and west, are not directed. You may not know it, but in the old days to ride from 23rd to 59th street on the famous avenue strongly suggested a cross-country gallop on the back of a grasshopper. You might get two blocks and you might get three, but usually you were hopping along a block at a time. Now, when the man in the tower gives the signal the traffic of the entire street moves in two steady streams and continues to move for two or three minutes before it is stopped to let the cross streets have a turn.

We had, as said, just solved this problem and were going along nicely, when along came Mary and Doug and stopped at the Ritz. Every time they went anywhere they had to cross the avenue, and every time they crossed the avenue the street crowds gathered around their car and the traffic policemen forgot their signals. With one crowd gathered, other crowds farther down the street, thinking there must be a fire or a fight, began moving toward the original group with the consuming curiosity of all sophisticated books until frequently the whole street was choked with people and the new traffic system for the moment thrown completely out of gear. If his jumping highness and his youthful consort had stuck around here another week there is no telling what they might have started. Three or four days of these street receptions, however, a dozen or so newspaper interviews and they were smiling their way up the gangplank of the steamer that carried them overseas.

Mary and Doug were with us in spirit and closeups, however, for quite a spell. First, Douglas was shown at the Strand as the hero of "The Mollycoddle," and a fortnight later Mary came in as the heroine of "Suds." Without any desire to start trouble in the Fairbanks household, but in the cause of truthful reporting, I must say that Douglas had considerably the better of the argument in comparing these two pictures.

One thing you must credit this young man with, and that is the possession of a working set of brains. He knows as well as the next fellow, and probably a little better, that if the Fairbanks pictures are to retain their popularity they must come to stand for something more than a series of stunts. His jumping days are not over, by several years, and he may find a few new leaps in Europe, but he has pretty well covered those in his own, his native land. Therefore I think he was a wise Douglas to do "The Mollycoddle." It indicates his determination to stand on his own as an actor as well as a handsome athlete.

He isn't much of a mollycoddle, really. When the American tourists find him in Monte Carlo, an expatriated American who has forgotten what his homeland is like, he wears spats and a monocle, but there isn't much that is suggestively English about him except the titles. And when he lets the society diamond smuggler slip his face without physical protest, you know he is just doing it as a sort of joke on the camera. But his unclaimed Arizonan is a workmanlike attempt at definite characterization and lays the foundation for other and better types.

"The Mollycoddle" has those characteristic touches of
comedy that always distinguish a Fairbanks picture—the hero's experiences as a coal passer, his escape through a fish house, his pursuit by the village cats and his shimmy with a Hopi Indian belle; it boasts a bit of originality in introducing a Bray camera effect in the elucidation of the plot and it goes as far as realism can go in presenting a Hopi Indian village as a background for the latter half of the story. It has the best landslide effect, coupled with the best rough and tumble scraps, with Doug and Wallace Beery mixing it ad lib, that our experience of the screen recalls. Discounting all the tricks of the camera, whatever that man Beery is paid he earns. In this instance he is dropped through the branches of a tall tree, into the center of a sliding mountain and over the edge of a fair-sized precipice into a rushing mountain torrent, the while Doug claws the heart out of him and simply ruins his best suit of fighting togs. The support is adequate, Ruth Benick playing the heroine and Charles Stevens a bad Indian, despite a Carlisle past. The reservation shots are interesting and splendidly filmed and the whole picture good screen entertainment.

SUDS—United Artists

M'iss Pickford's Amanda Afflick, the pathetic drudge of "Suds," is the better performance of the two. Her histrionic instincts are truer than Doug's, and she has a better sense of character. But I found the picture not particularly good entertainment. The pathos, for one thing, is laid on a bit thick, forcing the suggestion of its unreality. It is all artistically screened and beautifully pictured; the dream of the little laundry girl, who sees in the clouds of suds that rise from her tub visions of the grand young gentleman who is one day to raise her from her lowly estate, is amusingly set in the narrative, and kept in key with the slightly extravagant tone of the story. And the broader comedy incidents of Amanda's turning her room over to Lavender, the poor old delivery horse she saved from the glue factory, delight the children. But "Suds" is an effort to compromise between the real and the unreal, and to me such compromises are never entirely successful. Little Mary proves herself a fine little actress, however, and perhaps that is triumph enough for one feature. Neither curls nor sniffs nor Pollyanna aids to sympathy are dragged in to help her. nor is she granted the solace of an altogether happy ending. Jack Dillon did the directing and the supporting cast is competent. The story was taken from the one-act play, "Op o' My Thumb," which Maude Adams played a dozen or fifteen years ago.

MME. X—Goldwyn

GOLDWYN and, more particularly, Frank Lloyd, the director, have extracted a fine picture from the story of "Mme X," which would not surprise me in the least to see better all the records made by "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It is a conventional picture in its approach toward the big scene, as the play itself but it is tremendously effective once the big scene is reached. It is also Pauline Frederick's finest screen performance, a characterization aided mightily by the situation in which the heroine figures, but one which a less skilled actress could easily have ruined. As Frederick plays the unhappy mother, arrested on a charge of murder after she has been turned adrift by her husband and sunk to the gutter as a drug addict, later to be defended in court by her own son who believes her to be dead, she does not depend upon the pathetic situation in which the woman is placed to carry the scene. To the contrary, she invests it with a spiritual quality that reaches through its physical ugliness. Nor is she suffering the pure overlay of an emotional actress' tricks. She is convincing in the sincerity of her performance and in the discretion she employs in the most telling of the episodes. Her court scene is splendidly played, and as effective melodrama as the screen has offered. The fact that a second unusually good performance by Casson, Ferguson as the son does not take the scene away from her, as the sons frequently did in the acted drama, is a further tribute to the actress and her director. Excellent performances in support were those of William Courtleigh and Maud Lewis, and the photography was especially good. The detail of the court scene being particularly well staged and handled. I think you should see "Mme. X."

(Continued on page 72)
Mrs. Richard Barthelmess
Ever since 1918, there has been only one girl in the world for Richard Barthelmess. He married her in June—and here they are.

Dick's New Contract

Mr. Barthelmess is Mary Hay's leading man for life.

By FRANCES DENTON

It all happened just as Richard Barthelmess had planned. He wanted a nice, quiet, formal wedding and he got it. He got it in spite of all the rumor experts who insisted on having him engaged to different girls at intervals of every six weeks. He got it in spite of tons of letters from girls who begged him to consider "yours the undersigned" as the "one and only" in the world. He got it in spite of indiscriminate feminine admiration that would have driven most men to polygamy or the monastery.

Ever since 1918, there has been only one girl in the world for Richard Barthelmess. She is eighteen-year-old Mrs. Barthelmess,—formerly Mary Hay, and before that Mary Hay Caldwell.

To get right down to brutal facts, the marriage took place on June 18th at the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York City. It was a most proper and correct wedding. Miss Hay and Mr. Barthelmess were married by Dr. Herbert Shipman, the esteemed and conservative rector. The Church of the Heavenly Rest is squeezed in between office buildings on Fifth Avenue in the Late Forties. It is scarcely less fashionable than St. Bartholomews' and less spectacular than St. Thomas' where so many society weddings take place in the presence of the Deity, many guests and a force of detectives to guard the jewels.

Only the intimate friends of the bride and groom were invited. The bride wore the conventional white, the groom the conventional black. It was more like an exclusive society wedding than the marriage of a movie star to a Ziegfeld favorite.

Misses Dorothy and Jane Caldwell, sisters of the bride, were the bride's only attendants. Mr. Barthelmess's best man was H. Montgomery Smith, a classmate at Trinity College. David W. Griffith was among the guests. He had "personally supervised" the romance.

Richard Barthelmess's engagement to Mary Hay had been rumored about a month before they were married. Both Miss Hay and Mr. Barthelmess denied it. Mr. Barthelmess afterward explained his little fib.

"It wasn't anyone's business," he said. "I wanted my marriage announced in the usual way. When the bride's family send out the announcements to their friends, then it is time enough for outsiders to know about the ceremony. Marriage is a personal affair. It is most embarrassing for everyone to ask if you are going to be married. And it is bad taste to start any sort of engagement rumor until the girl's family makes it known."

You see, Mr. Barthelmess is old-fashioned. He doesn't believe in elopements or "trick" weddings. And when he was hounded with engagement rumors, he felt like a young millionaire or the Prince of Wales. And it made him mad.
As for Miss Hay, she, too, is old-fashioned; she believes that getting married is serious business. And, in every other way, she embodies all that Mr. Barthelmess likes in a girl. She is quiet, charming and well-bred. She has good manners and she is well educated. She is not theatrical in her dress or bearing. Although she has been a member of the Ziegfeld Follies company for more than a year, she hasn’t become stagey. Not that we mean to insinuate that Mr. Ziegfeld has a way of turning a little daisy into a night-blooming cactus. We merely want to say that, after several seasons in the chorus girl’s Paradise, Miss Hay neither looks nor acts like a chorus girl.

And Mr. Barthelmess likes breeding and good manners in young women, old women, stenographers, telephone girls and interviewers.

Miss Hay is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Frank Merrill Caldwell. Her father is a graduate of West Point and that means that he belongs to the army’s aristocracy. Mary was born at Fort Bliss, Texas, and has spent a good part of her life in army camps. As daughter of a colonel we may suppose that she had plenty of advantages. Daughters of army officers, like daughters of diplomats, acquire their social education when they are still in their ‘teens.

But Mary wanted to be a dancer. So she went to Los Angeles and studied under Ruth St. Denis at Denishawn. The Denishawn dancers, as you know, are often called upon to appear in motion pictures. The Westerners do not naturally turn to them when they want artistic dancing scenes.

Miss Hay is a D. W. Griffith protege. She appeared in “Hearts of the World.” It was then that she met Richard Barthelmess. The director selected her from all the Denishawn pupils to appear as the little dancer in the French duf-out scene. Griffith liked her work and encouraged her to become a screen actress. But he told her to go on the stage and get a little experience before audiences. So Miss Hay came East and obtained an engagement in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1910. She had a small part. If you saw the Follies of that year, you will remember her as the little girl who came out and did tricks with a “dog.” The “dog” was Phil Dwyer.

The astute Mr. Ziegfeld saw that Miss Hay had both personality and charm and gave her an engagement in the Nine O’Clock Frolic on the New Amsterdam Roof.

When little Clarine Seymour died suddenly, Griffith needed another actress—a small, dark girl—to play her role in “Way Down East.” Miss Hay told him she had gained her stage experience and reminded him of his promise. She got the part. Mr. Barthelmess will be seen in the same picture. He is the farmer boy hero. The heroine is—no, not Miss Hay—but Lillian Gish. Miss Hay is said to have made such a success of her role that the fact that she is Mrs. Richard Barthelmess will not be her only claim to screen distinction.

As in all stories about weddings, the bride is getting all the attention. Even when the groom is Richard Barthelmess, you cannot expect him to hold the center of the stage.

But we shall be just. The groom deserves a few lines of credit.

Do you remember the old-fashioned matinee idol who was afraid to get married because he wanted to be single-hearted and fancy free? He just loved to tantalize the girls by remaining a bachelor. And do you remember the other sort who thought it was “bad business” to let the public know he had a wife and three children? He was the sort of actor who picked his roles for the same reason that he chose his clothes—because they made him look young and slim.

Richard Barthelmess has had enough admiration to turn him into a matinee idol of the most obnoxious sort. But he would rather be an actor—a good actor. Flying in the face of the tradition that says a screen favorite should be married only after the thought marries. And the wedding took place just before Mr. Barthelmess left Griffith to begin work on the first picture that made him a star on his own.

At last, all perhaps all the flattering letters from girls about his soulful eyes did not mean much. Perhaps all the admiration was merely the foam on top of a cold cream soda. When he left Trinity College, in Hartford, and became Marguerite Clark’s leading man, he probably got a little bit of excitement from the first few letters. Then he got a little tired of them. And then—well, he deliberately entered into matrimony with the girl he had known all along—Catherine Devlin. And before he was one of the greatest responsibilities of Mr. Burleson’s mail service.

Being target for all sorts of matrimonial gossip made Mr. Barthelmess extremely wary. And it also made him particular. He hates theatrical gossip and scandal.

“Stage people are as moral as the public will allow them to be,” he said. “Most of them like to be left alone so they can enjoy their home life in peace. You see, I know how nice theatrical people can be. My mother is Caroline Harris, an actress, and she is also a mighty fine mother.

“Even if you do happen to work in a studio instead of an office, you can have a quiet, domestic life. If you and your best when you are working, you are entitled to freedom in your personal affairs. Miss Hay and I have the same ideas on the subject. I know we shall be happy because—well, because this is the right sort of marriage.

“And in my new pictures, I am going to try to get away from ‘type’ parts. Mr. Griffith taught me that all roles should be character roles. When I was offered the part of the Chinese man in ‘Broken Blossoms,’ my friends warned me against it. They said that my ‘following’ wouldn’t like to see me as an Oriental.

(Continued on page 123)
Why his downcast eyes spoiled her evening

Has this ever happened to you?

What a good time she was having! Every minute she was growing more elated by her success. Her partner was absorbed in her conversation, charmed with her chic, enthralled by her beauty.

Little by little she grew conscious of other eyes. She glanced to the right. The man at her other side was gazing intently at her hand.

Quickly she doubled up her fingers. How long had he been staring at those nails? Had other people also noticed them?

Gone was her peace, her unconscious gaiety. Every eye seemed fastened on her rough cuticle—on that one wretched little hangnail. What a horrid evening!

You can never know when people are looking at your fingernails. Every day, often when you least suspect it, you are being judged by them. People no longer excuse ill-kept nails. They know that nowadays it is very easy to keep your nails lovely.

Fifteen minutes' care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails looking always well groomed.

But do not cut your cuticle. The more it is cut, the thicker and tougher it grows—the more sore and unsightly it becomes.

You can keep your cuticle smooth, firm and even if you manicure your nails the right way. Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange-wood stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back any dead cuticle. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

You can get Cutex at all drug and department stores. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Today send two dimes with the coupon below and we will mail you a complete Introductory Manicure Set large enough to last a month. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. 709, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City
MADONNAS AND MEN—Jans Pictures Inc.

THE features of "Madonnas and Men" that, aside from the title, will attract attention to it are its "big" scenes, and these, as we frequently have had occasion to contend, are the weakest foundation on which to build a picture. There are so many "big" scenes shown on the screen these days that without a convincing story back of them they have little value. Griffith's "Intolerance" was two or three times as big as Griffith's "Birth of a Nation," but the one had a convincing story and the other had a battering ram and the walls of Babylon. And one made millions and screen history and the other made thousands and is already practically forgotten.

Everything that money could buy has been bought to make "Madonnas and Men" a sensation. Its private showing in New York, preliminary to its release, was perfect in its arrangements. A large theater was engaged, a numerous orchestra played the incidental score, there was a treadmill chariot race to intensify the atmospheric appeal, a reception committee to invite the guests, and embossed programs to acquaint them with the parties responsible for the production. But soon the story shifted from ancient Rome to the Twenty-fifth Century, in the vision of an ancient soothsayer, who was peering into the future to convince the son of a brutal Roman emperor that the super-race yet to come would not debase the women nor indulge those "unrestricted moral standards" which were responsible for the decline and fall of Rome. He proved it by showing that the super-race was, in fact, revelling in these very sins, and the minute he did the story, became no more than another attempt to pump up interest in that which was not true. The further fact that in the vision of a widowed father, the son took his son into his confidence when he sought to be revenged upon a woman who once had jilted him by abducting and forcing her daughter into marriage with him was a further weakening factor. Yet, as we say, the big scenes, which are well handled, and the exceptionally competent cast, which includes Anders Randolf, Edmond Lowe, G. Von Seyffertiz, Raye Dean, Evan Burrows-Fontaine, Faire Binney and Blanche Davenport, may save "Madonnas and Men."

THE BRANDING IRON—Goldwyn

A SECOND fine picture to come from the Goldwyn studio last month was "The Branding Iron," which offers further illustration of what applied intelligence can do to make interesting even the most familiar of screen majects. The story here is that of a girl upon whom the sins of her mother have been visited. Imprisoned in a mountain cabin by the dissolute father who sought to keep her from contact with the world, she is rescued by an uncouth but basically noble mountainer who grows suspicious when she learns of his past. Returning to the cabin to find that another man has been taken out of a storm and befriended during his absence, he accuses his wife of unfaithfulness and in a drunken rage proceeds to brand his cattle upon her shoulder, that all the world may know her to be his woman. From this scene she is taken by a city pagan who shoots the drunken husband and later convinces the girl that he is dead. The husband recovers and finally traces his wife and the man with whom she has been living to New York, and there learning the truth, yet blaming himself, for the consequences of his brutality, he forsakes her. The improbabilities encountered in the telling of this story are so skilfully handled as never to weaken its holding quality, and so well is the suspense sustained and so intelligently are the various characters played that not until the end of the picture is the outcome absolutely fore-shadowed, which I insist is the test of a good picture's adaptation and direction. I am not easily interested in this type of plot, but I thoroughly enjoyed "The Branding Iron." James Kirkwood gives another of his forceful, human and technically finished performances as the mountainer, Barbara Castleton is excellent as the heroine, and Russell Simpson a fine character actor, and Richard Tucker strengthen the cast greatly. The photography is beyond criticism. Percy Hilburn being the camera man in charge, and Reginald Barker's direction does him much credit.

THE WONDER MAN—Robertson-Cole

DRESSES clothes cannot a gentleman make, nor muscle arms a star. Not that is, as a general thing. But Georges Carpentier, champion pupilist of Europe, is an exception. As the (Continued on page 74)
For her exquisite blouses

—the most careful laundering there is

A TAILORED China silk rides out with her before breakfast. Then she's off for the links with a frilly, fluffy one under her low-cut sweater. Her afternoon suit is but a poor, plain, dark affair without its favorite georgette. And even dinner condescends to a costume blouse of coral chiffon and embroidered filet.

For her blouses so distinctive she could not tolerate ordinary washing! A bit of hard rubbing and their delicate charm would be forever ruined. But with Lux she never knows a moment of worry.

Delicate, transparent flakes that whisk into a wonderful lather. No hard cake soap to rub on. Just bubbling suds to dip the fine things up and down in.

Rich lather to be pressed again and again through the soiled spots.

In half an hour the most intricate blouse is ready to wear!

Not a thread pulled out of shape, not a color dimmed—for Lux cannot harm any fabric or color that pure water alone will not hurt.

Every chic little blouse is a miracle of freshness! Each tiny handmade tuck serene in its proper place. Every lacy ruffle soft and whole. These blouses have been known to deceive even you, yourself—you cannot believe that the adorable ones have actually been washed.

The grocer, druggist or department store has Lux always ready. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to launder fine blouses

Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a bowlful of water. Whisk to a lather in very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip blouse up and down—squeeze suds through—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters and roll in a towel to dry. Press with warm iron.

White lingerie fabrics—use hot water for washing and rinsing. Dry in sun.
lively hero of "The Wonder Man" Georges is a good deal of a screen surprise. He is good looking, he is modest, he does not try to "act," he has an intelligent face and a good presence. Furthermore, those who put him on the screen were wise in that they selected a reasonably good story for him, and surrounded him with a competent cast. As the special agent of the French government on a secret mission to America, he waded through the opposition, fought a good fight with the club champion who was seeking to show him up, and gave Faire Binney, as the heroine, reasonable excuse for loving him. Robert Barrat was the opposing fighter and a good one. John Adolfi did the directing. Joseph Farnham the scenario and Daniel Carson Goodman the story; all creditable jobs.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN—Numa-Goldwyn

I AM not sure "The Return of Tarzan" should not be listed with the educationalists. Certainly in no other picture can one learn how best to kill lions with the bare hands and feet. Seriously, have you the least idea of what to do if you should come face to face with a lion in the jungle? No, you haven’t. Well, in the first place you glance steadily at him, while you shift from one foot to the other to distract his attention. Then you maneuver until you are either able to get in back of him or in a tree above him. This accomplished, the rest is comparatively simple. Leaping suddenly upon the animal’s back, you apply what the wrestlers know as the body scissors by winding your legs around him and at the same time place both thumbs directly back of his ears. Then you lower him gently, and press the thumbs nearer and nearer the base of the ears, which is the most sensitive spot on a lion’s body. In a moment the animal’s struggles are over. The tickling of the thumbs so amuses him that he just naturally laughs himself into a state of coma, where you leave him until the next reel.

The adventures of Tarzan are all exciting. In "The Return," the ape man is back in civilization and a good looking fellow. But he has a natural gift for getting into trouble. Soon he has inspired the enmity of a card sharp and is accused of being the lover of a lady he merely hoped to befriend while her husband was absent. Later the villains push him off a South African steamer, and when he swims boldly to shore he recognizes his old jungle. Soon he has found himself a leopard’s skin and established communications with his old friends, the monkeys and the elephants. Then the heroine is wrecked, fortunately near the same island, which makes it possible for Tarzan to rescue her two or three times and finally to return home with her. The thrills are carefully staged and guaranteed and the acting and direction are as good as need be. Gene Pollar is the lion tickler, Karla Schramm the heroine and Armand Cortez a persistent villain.

HUMAN STUFF—Universal

UNIVERSAL has wasted good talent in using Harry Carey as the star of "Human Stuff." It is a sketchy little story that does not hold well together and the audience is forced constantly to fill in with its imagination. It concerns a somewhat youthful (and not so喜) cowboy in Carey’s cast who is banished to the West by a father who objects to his drinking and staying out nights. In the West the boy establishes himself as a "sheep herder" according to the script, though he really was a sheep man who employed sheep herders (they hate sheep herders in the West), and then sent East for a wife. His father induced a girl who had always liked Harry to go West and buy a ranch, hoping the two would decide to marry; but when she arrived there was one of those silly misunderstandings that could have been cleared up with a single sensible speech that had to be scrupulously avoided to keep the story going and provide two more reels. Carey does what he can with the yarn. The Western exteriors are attractive and the cast and direction are adequate.

SAND—W. S. Hart Productions

A BETTER Western than "Human Stuff" is William S. Hart’s "Sand," but this, too, is below the Hart standard—the standard, at least, established by "The Toll-Gate." There is intelligence and good entertainment value in all the Hart pictures, because the star is not only a good actor,
ALMOST any “eight” is a good performer. For the multi-cylinder principle operates like running oil—smoothly and silently.

That’s what everyone requires. But—

Has it occurred to you that there are radical and fundamental differences in eights?

The Apperson design gives to the world eight-cylinder performance, plus.

For this motor, while possessing all the virtues of the Eight, operates with the thrift of the Four.

It’s all in the design. Eighty parts have been eliminated.

For example, there is but one cam shaft and only a pair of cam gears meshed direct. There is no chain.

This motor is two small, simple fours merged into one at the base.

Result! A rare combination of Eight smoothness with the advantage of the strictest Four economy.

Drive an Apperson first—then decide

APPerson Bros, Automobile Company, Kokomo, Ind.

Export Department: One Hundred West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City

The Apperson is one of the few fine cars built complete in one plant. The Apperson ideal is thus carried out to the smallest detail.

Apperson bounds in high from 1 mile an hour to 40 in 20 seconds. From a 40-mile speed comes to a dead stop in 4 seconds. Turns in 38½ feet.

APPPerson
THE EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Kidnapees Gown Free Of Charge

In "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo" with Douglas Fairbanks, when Marjorie Daw is kidnapped by bandits, she is wearing a suit; when we see her again in prison she has on a black dress with a Spanish mantilla over her shoulders. Do western bandits kindly supply kidnapees with complete outfits?

V. H. Verneb, New Jersey.

An Educated Arab

In "The Auction of Souls" a band of Arabs came up to the door of the monastery. A monk looked through a hole in the door. It showed the Arab on the other side and as his lips moved one could see that he spoke, in perfect English, "Open the door."

George M. Morrissey, Seattle, Washington.

Insult To Injury

A SCENE in "The Cup of Fury" shows Sir Joseph under arrest by British secret service agents. He asks permission to tie a few clothes in his bag. His request is granted: he goes into another room, and beckons to his wife to join him, whereupon they both take poison and die. Later on in another scene his adopted daughter is shown in America, visiting friends in Virginia. There is a guest from England who denounces her as "the daughter of Sir Joseph who was shot in the Tower." Poor Sir Joseph: not content with his death by poison, they must needs take him to the Tower of London and shoot him!

D. Franklin Fisher, Norfolk, Va.

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D. Franklin Fisher, Norfolk, Va.

Fifty Reported This

Whoever directed "In Old Kentucky" certainly never was in Old Kentucky. The character of the Kentucky Colonel was overdrawn; besides, a Kentucky Colonel has never been known to drink a mint julep in one gulp. A colored jazz band, with trombones, furnished the music for the reception scene. But the worst blow came when, after we have seen the villain set fire to Queen Bess' barn and Anita Stewart lead Queen Bess from the burning building without having blindfolded the horse's eyes, mind you—after that, the same barn is shown later intact, even with the same roses growing 'round the door.'

George DeDroit, New Orleans, La.

We Never Even Noticed It

Far be it from me to quibble over trifles but in "The Miracle Man" Rose arrives in Fairhope clad in fur-trimmed velvet, and is driven straight to the sun-bathed cottage of the Patriarch, where the rose-bushes are blooming. Later, Claire arrives on the scene in a heavy cloak weighted with fur, and is met by Rose, in sheerest organdie. What do you think of that?

D. G. B., Toledo, Ohio.
Made to fit the foot IN ACTION
The secret of smart shoes that stay smart

It was once said of a celebrated French actress that each night she appeared on the stage wearing a pair of new shoes.

"Ah, the new shoe—it is so beautiful!" she exclaimed to inquiring friends. "So chic, so graceful, so shapely—but alas, here today and gone tomorrow!"

That was many years ago. The art of shoe making since then has advanced wonderfully, yet even today we hear bewailed the short-lived beauty and shapeliness of the modern shoe.

So trim and dainty when you wear them first, so beautiful of line...and then, all too soon, an unsightly crease here, a bulging there—and your shoes have "lost their shape!"

And what causes the trouble? The shoes are still good, the material unmarred, the seams intact.

What moving pictures show
The strip of moving picture film shows the foot in action—the successive positions it takes in completing a single step.

It illustrates how your foot changes, how different it is from your foot at rest.

It is the strain and stress of the foot in action that distort the line and alter the shape of shoes.

The secret of real and lasting shoe style
The designers of The Red Cross Shoe recognize the principle of the foot in action as the secret of the beautifully shod foot.

They base their measurements upon a study of the moving foot.

By means of hundreds of photographs of the foot in every possible position, they have learned how the foot in action differs from the foot at rest.

Then they test each style thus created—on live models in continued action, for weeks, before its final acceptance.

The result is a shoe that retains its beautiful lines and shape and moves naturally with every movement of the foot—

Permanently trim-fitting, graceful models that stay trim-fitting and graceful as long as you wear them.

And wonderful comfort, too
The Red Cross Shoe is as comfortable as it is lastingly beautiful. Made to fit the foot in action, there is no pressing and cramping—it needs no "breaking in."

And coupled with this is the famous "bends with your foot" feature of the Red Cross Shoe—a sole so flexible that it "gives" with the step as a perfectly fitting glove yields to the hand.

The new styles are ready
At Red Cross Shoe stores everywhere the smart new models for fall await your selection.

Among them you will find just the model to give your foot the chic daintiness you want for it.

Perfect comfort—from the first! Perfect style—to the last! Straight through wearing qualities! Such is the footwear satisfaction you can obtain—today—at the Red Cross Shoe store in your town.

Write for the Footwear Style Guide
—sent without charge. Illustrates and describes the correct models in all materials. With it we will send you the name of your Red Cross dealer, or tell you how to order direct. Address The Krohn-Fechheimer Co., 810 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Red Cross Shoe

610

Model No. 610a. The "Ou-
fonde." A snappy, sporty up-and-coming model. It is a beautifully rich copper Russia Calf Brogue, made on a new low heel walking last that gives you comfort.

614

Model No. 614. The "Sop-
ner." Quite the refini-
ed little shoe on the boule-
vard. Because it is made, like all Red Cross Shoes, to fits the foot in action, it holds its shape. In dark brown kid.

613

Model No. 613. The "Col-
lege." A combination of style, comfort and wearing qualities; original. It is designed in style and yet has an up-to-the-minute air. In Havana brown kid.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Sheila Rocker, Manchester, England—Films in this country are released soon after they are made, in most cases. The companies have schedules far ahead. A star is the individual luminary of a picture, one who enacts the best—meaning the finest and also most virtuous—and highest-paid part. A feature player is the actor most prominent in the star's support and usually is mentioned in the billing. Mary Pickford is a star, Elsie Dexter and Gloria Swanson—when she was with DeMille—are not stars, but featured players.

M. W., South Vancouver.—If the kiss is the language of love, how does it happen that our drama is silent? Mary Pickford is of Irish descent; she was born in Toronto, Canada, but has lived and worked in the United States. Billie Burke is married to Florenz Ziegfeld, the man who presents the "Ziegfeld Follies." I always knew Mr. Ziegfeld's taste was perfect, but when he married Miss Burke I was doubly sure. They have a little daughter named Patricia, and they live at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Manhattan and at Burbkly Crest, Miss Burke's country place on the Hudson. You're quite welcome.

Fresh, Memphis.—You are very skeptical, aren't you? Too bad, because you skeptics get so little fun out of life. You must rival Ben Turpin in vision; you see things in my pages that I never wrote. Better be sure your criticisms are correct in the future. Now that I've lectured you, let's get on with Eugene O'Brien; it is not, and never has been married. Conway Tearle's wife is Adele Rowland. Theda Bara is abroad at this writing, on a vacation and for the purpose of looking over the European play market. Her sister, Lora, had a romance on the ship that carried them across, she is now engaged.

Harry, from Birmingham, (Steel City).—You sound like a dime novel. Never mind, dime novels have been known to sell. Don't set you-ell up as a reformer—reformers are so unpopular. Besides, they seldom have any effect. Calvin Coolidge vetoed the long-disputed Massachusetts censorship bill, so you can understand why that film man you mention is boosting him. Isn't he? I am no theatrical authority, but I can tell you that the play you mention is worth seeing. Norma Talmadge in "Yes or No?"

Ila, Washington, D. C.—There are three plays on Broadway now featuring as many Chinese ingenue who say "damn." All three plays are successful, so I suppose our favorite film ingenue, dressed in oriental pajamas, will soon be reciting "dams" and "hells" to entranced audiences via the sub-title. Doris May, who played with Douglas MacLean, is the same Doris Lee who played with Charles Ray. Thomas Lawrence changed his name for film purposes. So you don't like that heavy Fox sex stuff in warm weather. No need for you to leave your happy home for Richard Barthelemy. He's married now.

The Technical Director (''Around Our Studio'')

He makes most intricate designs
And worries over curves and lines.
And while the supers roll the bones,
He's puzzling out the shades and tones.

If there's a trap-door that they need,
They call on him for double speed.
What hats they wore in '04—
He knows all that and much, much more.

He works so hard on every fillim,
His tasks, I fear, will some day kill him.
And when the picture's done and ended,
The people say, "The star is splendid!"

—Marie Rukey

Cherry, Lynn, Mass.—Sydney Chaplin's first five-reeler comedy has not yet reached release. It is called "One Hundred Million," and parts of it were taken abroad. Syd is married. He doesn't look like a comedian ought to look; he is a polished and witty chap—a good friend of mine Yes—Charlie's brother.

Jess Marie—The man who doesn't think airplanes will ever come into general use is the grand-dad of the man who didn't think automobiles would ever be popular, or that moving pictures would ever last long. Here is the cast of "Little Women," produced by William A. Brady: Mr. March, George Kel- son; Mrs. March, Kate Lester; Jo March, Julia Hurley; Jo, Dorothy Bernard. Meg, Isabel Lamon; Beth, Lillian Hall; Amy, Florence Flinn; Hannah, Mrs. And-erson; Laurie, Conrad Nagel; John Brooke, Henry Hull; Mr. Laurence, Frank de Ver-nton; Professor Beebe, Lynn Hammond. Can't you give the addresses of all of these actors, as Miss Bernard and Miss Lamon are not in pictures just now and Miss Flinn is on the stage. Lillian Hall, care Edgar Lewis Productions; Conrad Nagel, Lasky Hollywood.

Savona, Portland.—It was Sir Philip Sidney, "the flower of chivalry," who said, "Give it to him; his needs are greater than mine." on the battlefield when he gave the water to the wounded soldier. Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. There will be a story about Bert soon. Nazimova is Mrs. Charles Bryant. Viola Dana is in California.

Thirteen, Chicago.—I am sorry, but I do not look in the least like Conway Tearle. But after all, you need not worry about my looks; you know: I am not in pictures and if you should ever happen to come into the office when I am there. I'll hide under my desk and you will be spared the disappointment of seeing me. Ruth Roland is appearing in serials for Pathé. Clara Kimball Young is divorced from James Young. Her latest picture is "Mid-Channel."

I M. R., Sioux City.—I never got your letters. I've never heard our post-master speak, but they say he has the same slow delivery. I hope it didn't inconvenience you to be kept waiting to know that Helen Fergus-son is not Elsie's sister, that Natalie Tal-maide played Doris Wightrop in "The Love Expert," her sister Constance's comedy: that Robert Gordon was Dan in "Dol-lars and the Woman," and Louise Lowe was Bill Farnum's leading woman in "The Orphan."

Irwin Scott, Newnan, Ill.—Do actors marry just pretty actresses? Sometimes. And then sometimes they marry plain actresses and sometimes they don't marry actresses, and sometimes they don't marry at all. Niles Welch is thirty-two.

(Continued on page 98)
A Perfect

TISSUE CREAM

fragrant with

Mary Garden

Perfume

This fragrance enriches the entire series which includes

Breath Pastilles
Brillantine
Cold Cream
Eau Dentifrice
Eye Lash Beautifier
Eye Brow Pencil
Extract
Face Powder
Greaseless Cream
Hair Tonic

Lip Rouge
Liquid Soap
Nail Polishes
Powder (Solid)
Sachet Powder
Shampoo
Sachet Powder
Talcum Powder
Tissue Cream
Toilet Water
Tooth Paste
Vanity Case

Rigaud
16 Rue de la Paix
PARIS
Perfumed with the Wonderful New Odor of 26 Flowers

What Makes This Lovely Powder Stay On So?

Why doesn't it blow off? Or brush off with every passing touch? What makes it give your complexion such a smooth, clear, brilliant look?

Examine this powder, and you'll quickly find out the reason—

Face Powder Jonteel has body. A delightfully firm—not coarse, but exquisitely fine—texture. Body is the only word that describes it.

Body is what makes Face Powder Jonteel adhere so evenly and smoothly, removing the shine and blending into the color of your skin.

Absolutely pure—no harmful chemicals. Try it. Sold exclusively by

The Rexall Stores throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. 8000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.

N. B. Obtain a generous sample of Face Powder Jonteel, by sending 10c to Liggett's - Dept. 1656, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York City. State whether you desire flesh, white, or brunette.

OTHER JONTEEL BEAUTY REQUISITES

Odor Jonteel, $1.50
Odor Jonteel concentrate, 50c
Talc Jonteel, 25c
Combination Cream Jonteel, 50c
Cold Cream Jonteel, 50c
Soap Jonteel, 25c
Manicure Set Jonteel, $1.50
(In Canada, Jonteel prices are slightly higher)
He went quietly off to war, and when he came back, everybody asked—

"Metcalfe? Who's He?"

THERE was a little boy with black hair and blue eyes who lived down in Newport, Kentucky, in the later '80s. He was a bright little boy, and his mother was very proud of him. She used to send him to Sunday school. One day, she ran across his teacher.

"How is Earle Metcalfe getting along?" she asked.

The teacher looked puzzled. "Metcalfe? Who's he?"

He would be given pieces to learn to recite. He would learn them, all right, but when called upon to get up and deliver, he would slouch down in his seat and pretend he wasn't there. The same way later on, when Earle was at the high-school and awkward age of the "first long ones." His instructors had a terrible time with him. They wrote notes to his mother. "Your son," they said, "is a bright boy. He would get good marks. But he simply will not get up and recite!" His mother smiled. She had given up long ago. She knew he was too bashful.

This bashful, blue-eyed boy, some years after, went to war. He enlisted with little ceremony, was sent across with less. For nineteen months his world—the theatrical world—heard nothing of him. He came back, a lieutenant, having spent one year in the thick of it in France, a member of the Fighting Sixty-ninth.

He made the rounds of the theatrical offices.

"Earle Metcalfe? came the question, "who's he?"

And Metcalfe, blushing brightly, would give a most incomplete and sketchy account of his years of achievement. When he left, the offices knew less about him than they had before.

He is re-established, now. But it wasn't the rosette in his coat lapel, or his military title that re-established him. He doesn't count those among his business assets. He happens to be the kind of hero who would stammer when asked for an account of his thrills abroad. He confesses the biggest thrill he had over there was when—after those squeaky French train whistles—he heard a genuine shriek from a Real American Locomotive. "Boy, that sounded good to me!"

Earle Metcalfe can't explain why he ever went on the stage in the first place. Perhaps he did it because it was the last thing on earth anyone expected of him. Besides, anything was better than having to get up and be graduated in front of a lot of people. So he ran away in pursuit of the elusive thespia at the age of sixteen. An agent took all the boy made for the first year. At the end of that period he was earning the rather munificent sum of $18 a week, which he had, to spend or to save, all by himself. His training he got in stock, where he learned make-up and to prefer to play old men parts and characters. Now he would rather play characters than leads, but try—if you are only thirty—to make any money playing characters!

Perhaps you have read Pearl White's story of her life.

"Just Me." Perhaps you remember the story of how Pearl, on her first theatrical adventure, alone and lonely, and hard up besides, ran into a nice boy with a friendly smile who lent her money and helped her out. That boy was Earle Metcalfe. It was his first really big engagement, too, and he hadn't any too much money himself.

Over in France he saw Pearl White about once a week, in her serial incarnation. And now he works in the same studio that harbors the White company—the huge new Fox plant in Manhattan. He played the leading role in "While New York Sleeps," which sounds like a typical Fox melodrama, and is now working in an eight-reel picture of the American Legion—a really big thing that is taking six months to make. It will be a part entirely to Metcalfe's liking. Besides these two

(Continued on page 116)
-like oranges? Drink

ORANGE-CRUSH

AS A DRINK in itself, Ward's Orange-Crush is irresistibly delicious—an ideal thirst-quencher. But did you ever try an Orange-Crush ice-cream soda? Here, is a treat of surpassing delight. Put a portion of ice-cream in a glass. Pour a bottle of Orange-Crush over it—or ask for Orange-Crush ice-cream soda at any soda-fountain.

Two more happy suggestions: Orange-Crush malted-milk or Orange-Crush sundae!

Ward's Lemon-Crush is equally delicious.

The tempting flavor of these drinks is from the delicate oil pressed from the fruit itself, combined by the Ward process with purest sugar and citric acid—the natural acid of citrus fruits.

in bottles or at fountains

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THE 

Squirrel Cage

by

A. GNUTT

DID you know that it would take a train, traveling at a snail's pace, 19,863 years, 2 months and 19 days—not allowing for stops—to make a trip coming from Salt Lake City to the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of 2,452 miles? Because of the difficulty of obtaining a permit to borrow the coal, however, it is doubtful whether this computation will ever be verified.

For fifty years after the death of James Watt, the man who made the steam engine a practical possibility, the garret in which he worked remained unoccupied. And, today, it is exactly as he left it.

The piece of iron he was last engaged in turning lies on the lathe. The ashes of his last fire, where Watt used to do his own cooking because of his wife's objection to seeing her husband "smoking like a blacksmith," are in the grate; the last lump of coal is in the scuttle. The Dutch oven is in its place over the stove, with Egyptian mummies thousands of years ago have been planted out in the Twentieth century and have germinated in the ordinary way.

Microbe Methuselahs have been found in documents dating back into ages of the past. Dr. Galileo, in his famous treatise of Science, announces that in Egyptian papyrus twenty centuries and more old be has found living microorganisms. These were subjected to the usual test of heat and although the temperature was carried to 250 degrees was returned the alarm about like two-year-olds in spite of their 2,000 years.

There is fear now that those germs of centuries ago might convey the old Egyptian plagues or the Black Death—the most terrible epidemics in the history of the world. But don't lose a lot of sleep over it. They may not.

PANSY, Philadelphia—Thanks. Thought of you July 1st. No, I didn't show your picture to my wife. If you'd sent one with your play—but you didn't.

CAROLYNE, Asheville—Yes, with the possible exception of the Talmadges, Gloria Swanson, Marjorie Field, Katherine MacDonald, Mary, Clara Kimball, Hilda, Hollywood, Molly Malone, Olive Thomas, Ethel Claxton, Alice Brady and a couple score of others—Theda is our favorite actress.

SHE—Pansy! A man with your income, and I've only one decent dress. I'd rather have it to good use; you'd wear it—again.

A T last the very smallest things in the world have been discovered. At least the scientist says they have, claiming to have measured them, although they are too tiny to appear upon the field of a microscope—and the microscope reveals objects so minute that more than a million billions of them could be crowded into a cubic inch. Each of these objects is composed of millions upon millions of molecules, every one of which contains two or more atoms.

What, then, possibly, could be tinier than an atom? Until recently it was thought that nothing could. The atom was divided into subdivision of matter, it taking at least twenty billions of atoms to make up the smallest particle of matter that is to be seen under the most powerful microscope.

But we are progressing. We now know that an atom is a veritable sphere in which thousands of lesser particles are revolving. These are called electrons, and they are in perpetual motion, flying hither and thither through their atoms or darting madly from atom to atom. Those "little drops of water" are as oceans and the "little grains of sand" as vast continents by comparison. But, as insignificant as the electrons may seem, when should we be it not for them? For they are the basal substance out of which all matter is built.

AND just as the German let go of his machine gun, and howled "Kamerad" I recognized him as an old restaurant waiter.

"Oh, and what then did you do—a lot of things—"

I tossed him a bomb and told him to keep the change.

HAVF you a little "slightly moist plank" in your home?
Marie Doro: An International Ingénue

The answer to the question "Where is Marie Doro?" She is in Europe making pictures for Herbert Brenon. Here, the ivory goddess is supporting a column of a theater 2,000 years old.

She is truly an ingénue of all nations; she has been filmed in the best locations the continent affords. Her leading man in Italy was Alexander Salvini, grandson of the great actor.

Photographs: Gilford J. DeRidder.

With the last crumbling ruins of a glorious Greek day for her back-drop, and a view of the sapphire seas from Taormina, Sicily, for inspiration, Marie Doro's charm is more elfin than ever.
Dainty Irene Castle, film star and dancer, is now Philipsborn's Designer. The new Philipsborn Style Book brings you hundreds of her lovely Style Creations—garments actually designed by Irene Castle herself.

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The School House

A heart to heart talk with the Family Circle

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN I was a little kiddie in school I had a teacher who boasted a certain talent that had to do with blackboard and white chalk. I know, now, that she could only draw indifferently well—but then she seemed a great artist to me! And I was wont to gaze at her wide-eyed—with the respect and deference that are the due of all great artists.

The first day of each month was a red letter day on the calendar of our class. For on that day teacher always suspended lessons and, with her pupils gathered about her, drew pictures upon the blackboard—pictures that we naïvely suggested, pictures that told the story of the month.

Perhaps that is why, even now, I never think of March without seeing, in my mind's eye, a crudely sketched child with her umbrella blowing inside out. Perhaps that is why May means to me a group of boys and girls—also crudely sketched— picking violets. Perhaps that is why July will always be connected with a prematurely exploding firecracker and a startled youngster in overalls—the overalls smudged, a bit, by too much ceasing. And perhaps that is why September comes with the vision of a box-like school house and a line of over-eager children waiting to be ushered in. That is why, as I start to write an article for the September issue of Photoplay, the picture of the school house is in my mind—and the message of the school house is in my heart.

YESTERDAY, the lady who manucures my finger-nails told me that she had always wanted to be an actress. "You'd think," she sighed, "that it would be awful easy to get on th' stage or in th' pictures. But it ain't!"

"What?" I questioned, "have you done about getting on the stage—or in the pictures?"

"Oh," said the manicure lady, "I've been to a whole lot of studios an' agencies. But th' agencies turn me down—they say I ain't had experience—an' th' men in th' studios don't give me no encouragement. They tell me that, "praps, I could get on as an extra—but who wants th' 18 extra? Look' all th' girls that have regular parts; that git 't be Stars right off—"

I interrupted.

"Mighty few girls," I told her, "get to be stars right away. Mighty few girls get even small parts without a good deal of very hard, disagreeable work."

The manicure lady looked at me with quizzically raised eyebrows.

"Don't you believe it?" she said firmly. "Those women that play leads—they gotta pull with some director—every one o' them has! Don't you tell me—I've heard how every good job is give out to some personal friend o' some big guy. There's no chance for a girl with nothin', but talents to recommend her."

"If," I said, speaking quietly, "if a girl has real talent nothing can really keep her down. But she's got to go to school, first."

The manicure lady laughed, a shade scornfully.

"School?" she questioned, "What kind of a school?"

"The school," I told her, "of experience. And of grit. And of purpose. The school of determination to get ahead and real ambition and worth while motives. The school of things stopped, suddenly, and regarded a bleeding finger with rueful eyes."

"Sorry," said the manicure lady. "She seemed to speak almost bitterly. "You were talking about schools, weren't you?"

But I didn't go on. I swung the conversation, more or less skillfully, into safer channels.

The manicure lady was ever so wrong in her assumption that getting to be a star is easy work. And so are many other people who think as the manicure lady thought. Being a success in anything is seldom easy work. It means a great deal of school. And everything must go on, and on—even after the success is attained!

I read an unpublished interview with Mary Pickford not long ago. In it the interviewer had asked numerous questions of the star—questions pertaining to her playtimes—her pet amusements. The answer to these questions was something of a surprise to me for I, with a great many other people, had pictured Mary Pickford's life as one long, idyllic period of earning huge salaries in a rather easy, joyous way—and of spending them just as easily and joyously. But—

"I don't have many playtimes," answered Mary Pickford, a shade wistfully. "I'm busy all through every day. Making pictures is hard work, you know—hard physical work as well as hard mental work. Of course—" one can imagine here that she brightened a bit, "of course, I go shopping sometimes and have pretty frocks. But I don't have very much chance to wear them. I'm too tired for parties when the evening comes."

To see an athletic young actress romping through a sunlight-splashed picture—well, it looks easy! But there is mighty hard work behind the apparent fun and ease of the thing. Back of each star lies a long period of preparation—weeks, months, and sometimes years—of doing extra work and toiling tirelessly over small parts. Even after the stellar dignity has been attained there is, I reckon, an hour of rehearsing for nearly every second of picture. And there are always bits of bad film and spoiled negative to be remade when the actress is tired and out of the right mood.

That's way, too, with any work. To be a good musician requires daily hours of practice. To be a successful writer one must study one's job—and keep on studying. A painter can never dare to be really idle—not any more than a professional ball player can afford to get out of splendid physical condition. Even a good stenographer must learn a great deal before she can become efficient—and she must keep on her toes always so that she will not lose that efficiency. For efficiency is the easiest thing in the world to lose.

Some folk think that popularity, once gained, is always kept. But they're wrong. If an author's first enthralling novel is followed by a series of commonplace ones he will soon lose his vogue. If the painter of a charming picture does a series of cheap clams they will kill the charm of his former work. And if an actor makes more than one bad picture he will drop very far in the public's esteem. The school house must go on.

ALWAYS, when I think of September, I find myself picturing a box-like school house and a line of over-eager children waiting to be ushered in. That is why, I reckon, that I'm writing today about lessons and studying.

But, after all, the school house idea doesn't apply only to September. It should go on, really, through the whole year—through the whole of one's life. For, in the last analysis, what is the universe but a gigantic blackboard? And, when the Great Teacher takes a bit of chalk in hand, what are we but children—more or less crudely drawn and, perhaps, a bit over-eager—waiting to be ushered in to the School House of Life?
How to overcome the havoc wrought by sun, wind and dust

The khaki-colored complexion, the nut-brown V of skin at the throat that you so blithely acquired this summer will gradually pale and disappear.

But the exposure that caused this tan often inflicts deeper, more permanent injury on the delicate cells of the skin.

Repeated sunburn over-stimulates the oil glands and gives the skin a greater tendency to shine. Wind coarsens the texture of the complexion. Dust works deep into the pores and irritates them.

However, with a little intelligent care you can overcome these ill effects.

How to overcome the tendency to glisten induced by sunburn

To overcome the tendency to shine that repeated sunburn brings, you must counteract the over-secretion of oil. This oil may be absorbed and discouraged by constant contact with a good face powder. But to bring results you must apply the powder in such a way that it will stay on the face. If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear.

Pond’s Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. The moment you apply it, it vanishes never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder take just a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face; now powder. Pond’s Vanishing Cream holds the powder to the face twice as long as ever before.

How to overcome the coarseness due to the wind

The coarseness due to the wind may be gradually overcome by the use of a special greaseless cream during the day to soften the skin and protect it from further injury.

Pond’s Vanishing Cream contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening effects. Before every outing, apply a bit of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened and protected from further injury. It will make your skin finer and finer in texture.

How to remove dust from the pores

Dust is the worst enemy of your skin. It quickly works deep into the pores, darkens and irritates them. Worse than this, it often carries into the skin various germs which cause skin troubles. To restore clearness to the skin and bring it back to normal, you must give the pores a deep cleansing. For this you need an entirely different cream—a cream with an oil base—to dissolve the dust. Pond’s Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. Before you go to bed and whenever you have been exposed to unusual dust and grime rub Pond’s Cold Cream thoroughly into the skin, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. In a few weeks your skin will be clearer in color, finer in texture.

About once or twice a week, massage your face with Pond’s Cold Cream. It has just the smoothness that makes it perfect for massage.

Stop today at any drug or department store and get a jar or tube of these two creams. Every normal skin needs both. You will be surprised to discover how quickly they will enable you to overcome the injury of sun, wind and dust.

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TEX O'Reilly, that quiet chap who wrote the Constance Talmadge story in this number of Picture Play, is in a fair way of becoming a film celebrity himself. He is making some of the best and truest "Western stuff" ever put on the screen, working down in the Big Bend country on the Texas border. His associates are Bob Townley, who directed Irene Castle's serial, "Patria," and who is now supervising the O'Reilly pictures, and the greatest bunch of cowpunchers that ever rode together. Several of them have six notches in their guns. O'Reilly himself—who used to be a cowboy—plays the heavies. Named by some magazine editors as the logical successor to O. Henry because of the striking simplicity of his short stories, he is trying to get out of his magazine contracts to devote all his time to pictures. If you see "Free Grass" or "Crossed Trails," two of his completed productions, you'll understand why.

Last month it was announced that Mary and Douglas Fairbanks were not going abroad after all. But they changed their minds at the last minute and sailed for a month's vacation. John and Anita Loos Emerson assured us their European trip was postponed indefinitely—but then John was elected to the presidency of the Actors' Equity Association, and had to go abroad on Equity business—and he took his demi-tasse wife with him. David Kirkland crossed too, and Norman and Joseph Schenck and Constance Talmadge joined Mrs. Talmadge and Natalie in London in late summer. Norma may make "The Garden of Allah" over there. Bryant Washburn, who is "through" with Paramount, parked his two sons in Hollywood with their grandparents, took Maxell Forrest Washburn and went to England to make a first picture for his own brand-new company.

THAT honeymoon trip of the Fairbankses, in the way, was a series of ovations London turned out en masse to greet them; everywhere they went, a crowd followed—a crowd that acclaimed Our Mary as their Mary, too, a crowd that shouted to see "that million-dollar smile of Douc's." Visiting royalty, presidents or premiers never made a more triumphal tour. But Mary and Douglas said they were mightily glad to see the Statue of Liberty again.

Harold Lloyd has joined the big league stars in contract as well as popularity. Associated Exhibitors bought his release from Pathé for something like a million dollars. Lloyd is expected to make six two-reelers a year for Associated for a period of two years; then he will in all probability enter the feature field. Since Pathé promoted him from one to two reels, the young man has worked hard, his clean fun and unique characterization of the spectacle and serious chap proving a welcome diversion to a public fed up on slapstick. Lloyd has been mentioned more than once as the successor to Chaplin's previous popularity; and his rise is gratifying not only to his audiences, but to professional fun-makers, such as Roscoe Arbuckle, one of Lloyd's most enthusiastic fans, and many others.

Frederick Rogers, three-year-old son of Will Rogers, died of diphtheria a few weeks ago. Rogers' two other sons, Willis and Jimmie, who appear in pictures with their father, were also dangerously ill, but recovered. Rogers' devotion to his family is well-known, and the sympathy of everyone is extended to him and Mrs. Rogers in their loss.

Joseph Schenck has more than one iron in the film fire. Besides the supervision of the Talmadge family, he is associated with Albert Kaufman in Kaufman's contract with Mr. and Mrs. Allen Holubur (Dorothy Phillips) and director Sydney Franklin. He is said also to be "back" of Whimat Bennett, who manages Lionel Barrymore productions. It is rumored that Schenck has his eye on Dorothy Gish, as that little comedienne's contract with Paramount expires soon, and she will not renew it. Neither does she care to continue under Griffith's supervision, it is said. Dorothy is "Connie" Talmadge's very best friend, and Connie is Schenck's sister-in-law, so it's all in the family, you might say.

Justine Johnstone is now a star. Realart is presenting the young lady whose blonde beauty dazzled Manhattan when she was a member of the Folies, other musical entertainments, and the hostess of that famous Little Club. Justine, you see, married Walter Wanger; and Walter Wanger has been appointed production manager of Paramount, succeeding Whitman Bennett. Realart is a step-child of the Zukor family—so there you are.

Doraldina, who deserves the credit—or blame—for introducing the hula-hula to an unsuspecting American public, and who is said also to be quite adept in the performance of the shimmy, has gone to California to make pictures for Metro. Miss Doraldina's films are guaranteed to be as frank as her dancing. Anyone who witnessed her speaking performance in Thomas Dixon's "The Fall of Piall," will be more than glad to hear that she will do her future shimmying in silence.

Among late releases we have noticed: "Siin" (Fox) "Sinners" (Realart) "Sons of Men" (Fox) "The Sin That Was His" (Selznick)

Someone wrote to Tom Moore the other day as follows: "It was a pleasure for me to learn that my favorite movie actor had written so fascinating a poem as 'Believe Me It! All Those Endearing Young Charms.' It has also been set to music and is sung here very often, allow me to congratulate you."

Tom is willing to take all the congratulations he can get on that poem and song. The Tom Moore who wrote it only died about 22 years ago.

Robert W. Chambers had a town house and a country-place, many motors and a lucky fortune tucked away—but he wasn't satisfied. International Films, half-brother of the Hearst Magazines, had essayed some screen versions of Chambers' stuff, without much success. So he formed a film company. A film company all his own, to give to the world in celluloid form his own version of his sexy novels. Messmore Kendall, one of the owners of Manhattan's huge Capitol Theater, is associated with Chambers.

(Continued on page 9)
In Sweet Lavender

A story of sweet memories hovering about a blue georgette dress

By Alice Kane

"There's mystery in that chest."
I laughed, but I meant it, too. There was mystery in that odd little Japanese chest of Lola Kirk's. I had never seen the inside of it, although I was intimate enough with Lola Kirk to be in her home at least once a week. Always, I had the unexplainable but nevertheless thoroughly real feeling that that little Japanese chest was more than merely a Japanese chest to my friend.

Lola smiled wistfully.
"It's so, isn't it?" I asked, with just a little insistence in my tone.

"Well, not mystery," she replied softly. "Just sweet lavender—I mean memories."

I like memories; memories are old dreams dreamed all over again.

"Secret memories?" I questioned.

For reply, Lola flitted eagerly to the chest and opened it. The fragrance of sweet lavender floated out from a georgette dress. And then she held it up with a caress in her touch—a delicate filmy thing of light blue.

"My little blue dress in sweet lavender," she said simply.

"That's not just any dress, is it?" I asked.

Something tender came into Lola's eyes. "It's the dress Tom fell in love with," she said. "That's literally true, I'm sure. I had been mad over Tom for ever so long, but he just didn't seem to care—until he saw me in this dress. I remember he said to me, 'How beautiful that dress looks on you!' And my heart beat fearfully because he had never said anything like that before. And then, after a terribly silent moment, he said, 'I think it's not the dress at all; it's just you, Lola, that makes the dress seem beautiful.'"

"And Tom is an awfully good husband, isn't he?" I asked jokingly.

"But I've kept an awful secret from him all this time just the same," Lola said. "It was really the dress, and not I at all. For I made that dress myself just after I had learned how to design costumes and sew. In my course in costume designing, I had learned how to create charming original styles. I had learned how to design a costume in just the lines and in just the colors to conceal every slight defect and intensify my best features."

"The dress Tom fell in love with was made for just me and nobody else in the world. I planned every single line of it to beautify my figure and express my personality, and I chose the colors to set off my complexion and the color of my hair and costume design, including dressmaking, the other in millinery design and practical millinery. I am sorry to say I haven't as yet a Japanese chest and a georgette dress packed away in sweet lavender. But Fashion Academy has already meant a great deal to me just the same. Not only have I learned just how to dress in order to show myself at my very best, but I have become a professional costume designer, $55 a week, I think, is pretty fair pay for a person with only a few months' experience at her work.

"And the beauty about these courses is that you don't really work on them at all; the whole thing is just like playing—the lessons are so interesting and so wonderfully simple."

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WILLIAM WALLACE REID, Junior, is generally called "Bill" by his mother, father, and friends. The other day he was playing in a neighbor's yard with the neighbor's little boy. Mrs. Reid--Dorothy Davenport--sent the maid to call him to lunch. The maid came back, reporting that Bill said he was too busy to eat. So Mrs. Reid went to the back door and called firmly: "William!"

"No answer.

"William Wallace, come here!" she called again. Then she heard Bill regretfully part with his playmate in this fashion: "Well, Jim, I gotta go now. When Mother calls me by my regular name, she means business!"

GLORIA SWANSON is remaining with Paramount after all. She will be an individual star in the future instead of a DeMille actress. Her husband, Herbert K. Somborn, is no longer president of Equity Pictures Corporation.

THAT active young man, Craig Kennedy, will hereafter conduct his scientific de- tections under the auspices of the Arthur B. Reeve Pictures, Inc. Reeve is Craig's literary papa. Just who will succeed Arnold Daly and Herbert Rawlinson as Kennedy's screen incarnation has not been decided, but Goldwyn will release the results.

PAUL CHALFIN, prominent architect and interior decorator, has given up his exclusive clientele in Manhattan to go West, where he will act in a supervisory capacity to Cecil DeMille. We thought the DeMille drawing-rooms were about the best in artistic effects that could be obtained, but now that Gloria Swanson has left him to be a lone star, DeMille probably can use all the additional decoration he can get.

THAT handsome villain, Irving Cummings, is a villain no longer. He has become a hero under a new contract, which provides that he make six features and three serials of fifteen episodes each. Query: Will Irving's interesting eyebrows and wavy hair continue to thrill when his admirers can no longer say with delicious shudders: "Isn't he the wickedest man you ever saw?"

THE latest lucky little girl to win first honors in a film beauty contest is Gertrude Olmstead, of La Salle, Illinois. She was adjudged the most beautiful girl in the Six-thousand Elks-Heart-Universal contest, held in Chicago. Carl Laemmle, one of the judges, had a trial test made of her and said she screened like the proverbial million. Miss Olmstead has gone to Universal City, California, with her mother, where she will eventually star.

CAPTAIN BOGART ROGERS, of the Royal Flying Corps, who returned from a year's service at the Front with two decorations for distinguished service, has been added to the publicity department of the Ince Studio, under Hunt Stromberg. He is a brother of Adele Rogers St. Johns, who writes those entertaining stories for Photoplay.
As a matter of fact

Your first R-E-A-L cigarette pleasure will come with Camels!

YOU’LL swing into the Camel procession as easily and as delightedly as any of the thousands of smokers who have found these cigarettes an absolute revelation in quality, in refreshing flavor, in mellow mildness and in body!

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Camels fit in with your cigarette desires just one hundred per cent! The satisfaction they impart to smokers is simply joyous.

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Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents, six ten-packs (60 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply, or when you travel.

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GIRLS! GIRLS! Purify and Perfume Your Skin With CUTICURA

The most fascinatingly fragrant and healthful of all powder perfumes. Antiseptic, prophylactic, deodorizing, fragrant and refreshing, it is an ideal face, skin, baby and dusting powder. Convenient and economical, it takes the place of other perfumes for the person.

A few grains sufficient. One of the indispensable CUTICURA Toilet Trio for keeping the skin clear, sweet and healthy.

- Soap, Ointment and Talcum are everywhere.
- Sample each free by mail. Address post-card: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. C, Malden, Mass.

KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY HIDES LARGE JOINTS

As a matter of fact, this poor little Ritz girl has nothing to be so up-stage about.
Today she may be Besie Billions, daughter of the buckwheat king; but tomorrow she may be cast as a beggar child. Anyway, Viola Dana borrowed sister Shirley's slippers when she visited Miss Mason's studio for lunch.

NAZIMOVA has discovered that overalls are a very convenient garb for cutting a picture and started the Metro studio the other afternoon by appearing in them. Madame, however, can be dignified even in overalls.

BETTY BLYTHE, who recently married Paul Scardon, declares that her wedding might have been filmed to serve for a shimmy ceremony.

"I was so scared," said lovely Betty, "that I actually shimmied all the way down the aisle of the church."

ANN MAY. Charles Ray's leading woman, has the distinction of having the smallest bathing suit in the motion picture colony. And it isn't only because Ann is such a little girl, either.

"I may get pinched," remarks Ann nonchalantly. "But I'm always getting pinched for something—parking on the wrong side of the street, or letting my tail light go out, or driving more than ten miles an hour, so what's the difference?"

CHARLES BLACKTON, small son of J. Stuart, who has an important part in his father's picture, "Passers By," was taken to the Capitol theater to see himself on the screen. In the lobby he was recognized and surrounded by women who all wanted to kiss him. When finally Charles managed to escape the crowd, he said:

"Wasn't that a terrible woman?"

"What woman?" asked his father.

"Why, that funny woman who tried so hard to kiss me," said Charles. "Then, with a grin, "She had a face like an elephant, so when she tried to grab me I crossed my eyes like Ben Turpin, opened my mouth, and when she saw all my teeth were out, she ran away!"

GEORGE B. SEITZ, the energetic young man who writes, directs, and stars in Pathé serials, is taking a company to Spain to make a feature there. His first venture in the longer form of film entertainment will present Seitz and June Caprice as co-stars, and will feature Marie Therin Courtois.

(Continued on Page 64)
She never knew how close she came to happiness

Between the lines of his letter I read the whole unfortunate story

SOMEWHERE there is a girl who will never know why "Dick" (which is not his real name) suddenly stopped coming to see her—when he so apparently had been quite interested. Perhaps she wonders sometimes what it was—but he could not tell her and she will probably never guess.

He wrote me the story and it made me gladder than ever that we have dared to publish these articles about perspiration. In spite of the sharp comment they have aroused!

She was, he said, a pretty girl and an intelligent one. She knew how to dress and was blessed with personal charm. But—she had overlooked one weakness.

A moment's impression several times repeated and the thing was done. Never again could he think of her quite as he had before.

How many girls, without knowing it, have had a similar experience?

An old fault—common to most of us

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

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

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

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

Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 515 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada 35c., 60c. and $1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Address mail orders or requests as follows: For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont. For France to The Agenie Americaine, 59 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris. For Switzerland to The Agenie Americaine, 17 Boulevard Helvetique, Geneva. For England to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W.C.2. For Mexico to H. E. Gerber & Co., 2a Gante, 19, Mexico City. For U.S.A. to

The Odorono Company
515 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
There are places where the bibulous may still crook a wicked elbow. One of them is Tia Juana, Mexico, where Edith Roberts, her mother and director recently went on location. The gentleman with the white carnation is a musician at Sunset Inn, lecturing on the Eighteenth Amendment.

TIA JUANA, that famous Lower California resort of rare wines and races, is certainly very popular with the moving picture stars. If you say, "He isn't working," somebody immediately replies "Oh, he's gone to Tia Juana." It has solved the problem of vacations to some extent.

Speaking of vacation, King Vidor, just returned from a few days rest, following the completion of "The Jack-Knife Man." But he says next time he's going to wear false whiskers, or else stay on a movie lot, to get away from "shop."

"I went to a famous hot springs in Northern California," said Vidor. "All the way up people tried to show me locations, the hotel keeper had written ten scenarios he wanted to read out loud, the postmaster had a daughter who was the coming Mary Pickford, the waitress at my table had worked extra in a picture once and the chauffeur wanted to be a cameraman."

"So it didn't do much good to leave Hollywood."

RUPERT JULIAN is making four specials a year for Arthur S. Kane Pictures. He will star as well as direct, which should not be any effort for the creator of that horror of the late war, "The Kaiser, The Beast of Berlin."

ALICE BRADY is always having trouble with her press-agents. They recently issued an announcement from Realart that Miss Brady was giving up the stage to devote herself exclusively to pictures next season. This Miss Brady emphatically denies. She will, she says, make pictures and appear in a new play as well. After working in the studios all day and the theater at night, Alice would find time hanging heavily on her hands if she gave up one or the other. She and husband Jimmy Crane seem to be as devoted as ever.

GEORGE WALTH will go through his athletic exercises for First National in the future instead of Fox.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Desmond (who was Mary McVor) have purchased a beautiful new home in Hollywood and have instigated Sunday afternoon "open house." One Sunday Bill Hart occupied the seat of honor, with his two bounted ribs, chaperoned by his charming sister, Miss Mary Hart. The calling list for the afternoon included Lew Cody, Tony Moreno, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Louis Weadock, the scenario writer, and his wife, Jacques Jaccard, Hayden Talbot, Ann Forrest, Mrs. Harry Mestayer, wife of the well known actor, who is visiting her mother in Hollywood, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid, with their small son, William Wallace Reid. Perhaps the fact that the cellar is one of the best furnished rooms in the house has something to do with the success of these afternoons.

HARRY MOREY, who has never acted for any other company than Vitagraph, has finally left the Albert Smith organization. It is thought that he will form his own company.

BILL DESMOND has been loaned to the Carter DeHavens for an important role in their screen adaptation of "Twin Beds."

WILLIAM S. HART has received the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Hood River County, Oregon. Hart has notified his boosters that he will be glad to accept the nomination if he can still live in Los Angeles and fulfill his duties by periodic visits to Hood River. Bill ought to make a good sheriff; he has outwitted so many of them in his good-bad-man pictures.

AFTER directing fourteen successes for Charles Ray, Jerome Storm has quit the Ray company. The star and his former director parted without hard feelings. Storm's complaint was with certain officials of the new Ray organization. Now the director may form his own company. It's a habit with directors.
Plays and Players
(Continued)

WELL, mates, it is an awful blow and maybe Al Christie and Mack Sennett are to be blamed for it. At all the seaside bathing resorts within the corporate limits of New York, to say nothing of a number of beaches along the California coast, the edict has gone forth that no matter how delightful their lines, all feminine lower limbs, in the manner of speaking, must be duly stockinged henceforth. There are those who aver that the generous display of—aah—feminine lower limbs in the moving pictures of such distinguished pickers as Christie and Sennett is the cause of the ban on bare legs. Others see a base and brazen plot of the silk stocking trust to add to its increment by this enforced false fussiness. No, the ban will have no effect on the future productions of Messrs. Christie, Sennett, et al.

WILL IVAN ABRAMSON, J. Parker Read, Jr., and William Fox kindly rise and sing Ed Wynn's song: "Keep the Vampires Earning?"

HERE is a story that comes from England. A writer, noted for his whimsical sense of humor, gave a garden party. Among his guests were men prominent in politics, women of title and social position and a group of well-known writers. The party was a huge success and was oh, so jolly, Bohemian and informal. The guests enjoyed themselves hugely. But—The next day some of the statesmen and ladies of title learned that the author with a sense of humor had stationed several motion picture cameramen in the shrubbery. In spite of the proverbial English fog, the doings of the guests had been filmed with great accuracy. The picture has never been released. The author still has it. Perhaps the producer who gets the motion picture rights to his works will succeed in capturing it.

EVERYBODY in Hollywood is raving about Betty Compson's gorgeous new limousine. The first day she rode down Hollywood Boulevard in it there was almost a riot. It's a royal blue Cadillac with a special built body that suggests equerrity in lively announcement "Her Majesty's carriage awaits," you know. The upholstering is a royal purple velvet and the windows are executed plate glass. What with Betty's blonde loveliness framed in its blue grandeur, and Anita Stewart's brunet beauty inside a mahogany, velvet lined, mobile limousine that runs it a close second, it's no wonder that traffic conditions in Hollywood and Los Angeles are causing the C. of C. a lot of concern.

MISS LORO BARA, sister of the immortal Theda, is the heroine in a real-life romance. While on board the good ship Vestris with her sister, on her voyage from New York to London late in June, Miss Loro was wooed and won in jig-time by Frank Getty, a New England newspaper man. They are to be married soon, it is reported. Getty comes from a "prominent Winchester, Mass., family," and served in the Aviation Corps during the war. Loro—well, she is Theda's sister.

RUINOS concerning the engagement of Edna Purviance, the blue-eyed, pearly blonde who plays opposite Charlie Chaplin, to a wealthy young polo player of the Los Angeles' smart set, a war hero, too, by the way, are being strenuously denied by the young lady. Too strenuously, say many of her friends. Certainly Edna would make a June bride that anybody might commit matrimony over.

High Living
which costs only one cent per dish

The Quaker Oats breakfast is the height of good living, for the oat is the greatest food that grows.

Practically every element the body needs is there in right proportions. And in a luscious food. No price could buy a better breakfast for the grown-up or the child. Yet you serve a large dish for one cent—the cost of a bite of meat.

Quaker Oats yields 1,810 calories of nuatinment per pound. It supplies sixteen elements in well-balanced form. A pound of round steel yields 890 calories, and of eggs 635. One cup of Quaker Oats contains as many calories as a pound of fish.

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Note how foods differ in the cost per calorie. These comparisons on necessary foods are based on prices at this writing.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
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<td>Quaker Oats</td>
<td>51.5c</td>
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<td>Average meats</td>
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<td>Hen's eggs</td>
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85% less for breakfast

A Quaker Oats breakfast saves 85% compared with the average meat breakfast. It supplies supreme nutrition for the first meal of the day. It saves the average family about 35 cents toward costlier foods for dinner.

Quaker Oats
The choicest one-third of the oats

In Quaker Oats you get just queen grains flaked. All the puny, insipid grains are discarded. A bushel of choice oats yields only ten pounds of Quaker. Yet these rich, flavorful oat flakes cost you no extra price. Be wise enough to get them.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover.
Mrs. Fred Talmadge, and daughter Natalie, received something of a shock recently on their arrival in Paris when they learned that David Kirkland, who directs Cont-tance Talmadge, had run afoul of the law. Mr. Kirkland sailed for Europe a month before the Talmadges with a special camera to take photographs of certain famous historical spots to be used later as a guide in the building of sets. The director, however, was unacquainted with European laws, one of which makes it a very serious offense to take photographs in certain public places in France without a permit. Kirkland hired one of those picturesque open hacks of Paris, set up his camera on it, drove around from place to place taking pictures as he went. All went well until he arrived at the Tomb of Napoleon and placed his picture taking apparatus in position. Just as he was about to “shoot,” a gendarme tapped him on the shoulder and placed him under arrest. The Talmadges, however, arrived in time to support the statements of the director that he knew nothing of the French laws governing photography, and that in America there were no such restrictions. Thus Mr. Kirkland escaped jail and got off with a judicial reprimand.

Richard Bartlelmes and Mary Hay made their wedding too exclusive to please the press agent of the D. W. Griffith organization. Just before the marriage, the press agent wrote letters to all the newspapers asking them to cover the wedding and also intimating that photographers would be welcome. But when the well-meaning reporters arrived at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, they were informed that they were not welcome. Naturally the news gatherers were surprised, because they had been received with open arms at the Vanderbilt-Littleton wedding, which took place only a few months before.

Which only shows that motion picture and theatrical persons can teach society how to be really exclusive.

Mrs. Fred Talmadge, who is trying to sell stock for her husband, pointed out the big profits in the industry and heralding his acquisition of Miss Gish to prospective stock purchasers. The little blonde says she went out on her own because she ‘wanted to keep mother and myself out of the Old Ladies’ Home. There was a time when mother and I thought if we had $500 and a black silk dress, we’d be alright. But my ambitions have broadened since then.”

Lillian told Mr. Griffith of her more ambitious plans for the future, and he said he would help her all he could, but would not try to dissuade her, as he has won his reputation as a director who places the picture first, never the player. Consequently Albert Grey, manager for and brother of D. W., let it be known to a few persons that Miss Gish’s services were available, and before anyone else had time to think, William Sherrill came forward with a contract, according to which Lillian will receive over $200,000 in the next two years, and $200,000 more during the third year if Sherrill exercises his option on her services.

“I’ve been working in pictures a long time, and have very little to show for it,” says Lillian. “As for leaving Mr. Griffith, I don’t like even to think about it; I don’t know how I shall get along without his direction. But I’m hoping I’ll have success.”

And everyone who knows the real Lilian Gish—the conscientious, sincere actress, and the gentle girl—hopes so too.

The first story from the Famous Players-Lasky studios in London was to have been Marie Corelli’s novel, “The Sorrows of Satan.” Miss Corelli, however, is said to have suffered from a burst of temperament and so the company decided to allow Satan’s sorrows to remain untold. Instead, “The Great Day” will be produced as the first of the English productions.
Plays and Players  
(Concluded)

Harold Lloyd has signed a new contract, which insure the success of this young comedian. We wonder if little Mildred Davis—the sweet screamer at the top of Harold's ladder—will continue to be his leading woman?

William Fox is cutting down on his list of stars. Madlaine Traverse, Gladys Brockwell and Buck Jones are some of the players said to be leaving the organization. Vivian Rich, suddenly elevated to stardom, has also been dropped, it is said.

Following the lead of Thomas Meighan, Elliott Dexter and Eugene O'Brien, Conway Tearle is going to stop being a leading man and in the future will be starred in productions for National Picture Theatres. Mr. Tearle's salary demands have been mounting at such a terrible rate that he has become too great a luxury to be classed as mere "support."

The Sign on the Door," Channing Pollock's play, which has been running all season in New York, has been sold to Norma Talmadge for $75,000. Mr. Pollock originally wrote the play as a scenario and sold it to a large producing company for $1,000. The company shelved it and, after two years, Mr. Pollock bought it back and made it into a melodrama.

Rita Weiman had the same experience with "The Acquittal." The story was originally published in a magazine. Several companies bid for the motion picture rights, but the only company to which Miss Weiman was willing to sell it refused to consider it. Now that "The Acquittal" has made a hit as a drama, the company is anxious to purchase it at the author's price.

You can make your own joke.

Some women seem to think that Mrs. Wilson films better than Mrs. Harding. Also that Calvin Coolidge is a better camera subject than Senator Harding. It is important that the political parties select candidates who film well.

Ann Forrest, the little blonde whose work in "Dangerous Days" attracted favorable attention, is Cecil DeMille's choice as successor to Gloria Swanson in the leading feminine roles of future DeMille dramas. Forrest Stanley will be leading man.

When young appetites and any N. B. C. product meet—both quickly disappear. And wholesome nourishment follows great enjoyment.

Zu Zu Ginger Snaps
Round, crisp, spicy morsels that whet the appetite as no other ginger snap ever did.

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Crisp, golden squares of nourishment that appeal to the most delicate appetite.

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The world's best soda cracker, whether measured in terms of crispness, flavor, nourishment, or popularity.

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The nation's dessert wafers. Delicious accompaniments to fruits, ices, beverages, sherbets.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
Ten years without a corn

Countless people boast that record now. Years ago they started using Blue-jay. Never since has a corn pained twice. And never has a corn stayed a week.

You can quickly prove that corns are needless. Millions have already done it.

Think what it means.

No more paring, no more pain, no more unsightly pads. Dainty shoes without unhappy hours. Apply a touch of liquid Blue-jay or a Blue-jay plaster. The corn pain will end. And soon the whole corn will loosen and come out.

The action is gentle but sure. Blue-jay is the scientific method, created by this world-famed laboratory. It is not like the methods which are harsh and crude. Try Blue-jay on one corn. Buy it tonight from your druggist. Live the rest of your life without corns.

Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender
BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Questions and Answers (Continued from page 72)

DOROTHY, RACINE, ILL.—Well, I don’t know—are you a good cook? I don’t know whether the modern kitchens can come up to those of ancient times, but I do know that the Waldorf Astoria in New York City has a kitchen that can cook dinners for more than 3,500 persons at one time. The Bon Marche in Paris has a roasting pan that holds no less than 100 turkeys and yet that holds twelve hams and sixty fowls. Whereas the wealthy ones of the world can eat in these plares, all the Answer Man wants is somebody to make him a good lemon-meringue pie. Perhaps you people think I have forgotten that some of your promised to make me that pie; but I haven’t seen it yet. Marion Davies, Cosmopolitan Productions; Vioa Dana, Metro; Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn; Ethel Clayton, Lasky studios, Hollywood.

E. E., BELMONT, MASS.—So you think PHOTOPLAY has ignored Jack Warren Kerri
gan. I’ll have to tell the Editor about that right away. He’s a Kentucky and unmar ried. (J. W. K., I mean.) Why? I were a Kentucky; but if I were I suppose I’d be an actor or a model for a collar ad and not an Answer Man, and then who would answer questions about Kerri
gan?

MARY N., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—What a mix-up! Lila Lee and Doris Lee are not sisters anyway. And Frankie Lee is not their brother. Because you see that isn’t Lila’s real name, nor Doris’ either. Doris Lee is now Doris May; both are noms-de-theatre. Lila Lee is really Augusta Apel. Lilt’s Frankie is not related to any one in pictures that I know of. Sylvia Bremer is not dead; whatever gave you that idea? She’s with Syd Franklin’s company playing “Athlete.”

FRANK J. L., TOLEDO.—There was a story about Senna Owen in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY that is the first real story ever published on this elusive lady. Delight Evans has nothing on me; I met Senna, too. If I had written the story, I’d have said less about her career and more about her eyes. Andie King is older than the studio. Corinne Griffith is with Vitagraph—eastern. Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, and Harriet Hammond are all with Mark Sennett. The latest Sennett feature, not a two- or a five- weeker, is “Down on the Farm.” Louise Fazenda, Ben Turpin, and Marie appear in it, to say nothing of Teddy the dog and Pepper the cat and a lot of trained mice.

MURIEL, PRESQUE ISLE, MAINE.—Do I think it’s better to act in pictures or be a chorus girl? It depends upon how you act. However, if it must be one or the other, I’d undoubtedly choose the pictures, for the work—providing you get it—is less arduous. Suit yourself—you will anyway. Anita Stewart has light brown hair.

HELEN, CINCINNATI.—Harold Bell Wright is not associated with Rex Beach in any film venture, or in any other way for that matter. Beach is the Junior Author of that Eminent Authors Corporation, which releases and produces through Goldwyn—a branch of Mr. Sam Goldwyn’s organization. Harold Bell Wright is the Junior Author of Sound Beach, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Leroy Scott, Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes, and Governeur Morris. “The Girl from Outside” was a Beach adaptation, made in an excellent manner by Larry Cebere. Trimble made that fine old classic of the screen, “Old Dutch,” with Florence Turner, in Eng land years ago. Also, he likes dogs; also, he likes Answer Men. He’s a friend of this one. You’re welcome.
Questions and Answers

(Continued)

MARY-AT-PIEDMONT.—I'm not like the man who said, when asked to meet the brightest girl in the senior class at—college: "Oh, I wouldn't care to meet anyone so homely as that." When are you sending me that picture of yourself? Don't blame you a bit for liking Charles Ray. As Burns Mantle said, "I have come to the point when I ceased thinking what to write him a love letter—or words to that effect. So your brother wants to write to Natalie the most thoughtful of the three Talmadges. He can reach her at the Talmadge studio in New York; she may answer him, and then again she may not.

BLUE BIRD, TROY.—William Farnum is married; he has a little adopted daughter, not a son. Eugene O'Brien doesn't play with Norma Talmadge any more because he's with Schenck and she's with First National.

MISS M. M. W., OKLA.—Eugene O'Brien has reached thirty-six and so far escaped marriage. Rather an achievement—what? Pearl White whizzed through the "Perils of Pauline" with her usual happy abandon. The McDonalds you name are not related. Sylvia Breamer is divorced, Gloria Swanson is engaged in her second matrimonial venture. Some men are as coy about announcing their ages as women; so this will have to me out on Thomas Meighan. Of course I could guess, but then you're as good at this game as I would be. Women have been keeping men guessing for centuries.

JUST LIZ.—Shucks, Liz, don't upset me again with so endearing a salutation. Theda Bara has vamped a score of men (on the screen), but this scarcely justifies you in crediting her with the murder of a husband she never had. Harry Morey is married, but there are no little Moreys. Carol Halloway tells the census man she was born in 1893. Of course Sylvia Breamer is as good looking off the screen as she is on. Which is quite a pulchritudinous record. Norma Talmadge is older than Constance. What makes Jack Mulhall so good-looking? Oh, ask some real authority like the iceman.

ANTHONY JR., NEW ORLEANS.—I can't tell you to whom Constance Talmadge is engaged as she didn't ask me to announce her engagement for her. I don't know that she is engaged to anybody. You'll hear about it soon enough if she is. Lila Lee isn't, and that's a fact. This brunette youngster is working at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, California, playing opposite Paramount-Aircraft stars. Olive Thomas will send you her picture; address elsewhere. Call in anytime you like.

M. H., HEMPSTEAD.—I'm sorry I disappointed you by not answering your letter. But perhaps if I had answered you'd have been even more disappointed, so why worry? Like Pollyanna, I can always find something to be glad about. The one thing I find it hard to be joyful over is the fact that I have to work on such a small salary. But I suppose if the Editor raised me, I'd become so cocky I would refuse absolutely to answer any more matrimonial questions. I sometimes wonder if all you people appreciate the way I aid andabet you in breaking the rules? Antrim Short was that cute boy in "Please Get Married," but when you write him, care Metro in California, don't call him that. He's very young, having only recently graduated from small-boy to juvenile roles; and accordingly, from knickers to longs.

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All Paris knows the loveliness of these flattering Veils. And now the four leading members of the Florodora Sextette find in them a charm which supplements their own beauty. These are the famous Veils which you "just slip on!" No tying—no pinning—no knotting.

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Questions and Answers
(Continued)

J. G., SEDALIA, Mo.—It disrupts my day, I tell you! I'm sick and tired of it. I assure you that when I'm at a loss, it makes me feel like I've put my mind to keep married, and I learn of it—you will be the first to know, but you tell me you read me every month—and then when I want to know if Gene has entered the holy bounds of matrimony NO! Blanche Sweet has made several pictures for Jesse Hampton, releasing through Pathé. They were, “Fighting Cressy,” “The Deadlier Sex,” “Simple Souls,” “The Girl in the Web,” and “Object Matrimony.” Blanche isn't married, Bill Hart is single. William Courtright, Jr., is dead. Wallace Reid, Lasky, Hollywood.

M. L., NEW YORK—Yes, I am stationed in Manhattan now. I am higher up than I've ever been in my life, and find it hard to accustom myself to it. From my office window I can see Selznick's sign, God's Hudson River, and, when it's dusky, the lights twinkling on the opposite shore. That's Jersey. Ever been to Jersey? So was I—often. Nazimova never makes "personal appearances" except on the legitimate stage, in Ibsen or other drammas. I hardly believe she writes letters to her admirers. It would take up so much of her time, don't you know. Stars seldom divulge their home addresses; why should they? As I have oft remarked before, the poor souls are only human and crave, as some private persons don't get much, goodness knows, New York; however, is generally immune to celebrities; the names so many, they have ceased to be impressed. Of course, if it's Mary Pickford, or President Wilson, or some Prince or something, they turn around and take another look. Bill Hart is a great guy: I know him and like him. Gladys Leslie is married. Geraldine Farrar is Mrs. Lou Tellegen.

Ada W., OHIO—We don't say any more that a man is after a girl's money; he may be after her vote. And, if he will spend a good idea if they like the idea. It's up to you to get the good idea and put it on paper, then to select the company whose needs might induce him to buy it. Further advice I cannot give you.

HARBIETT, LOS ANGELES.—One of those rare beings; a film-curious resident of the City of Studios. Bebe Daniels's, Lasky studios, Hollywood, Clara Kimball Young, Garson Pauline Frederick, Robert Cole, Owen Moore, Selznick, Charles Ray, his own studio, your town; Mae Melson, Metro.

M. B. H., COLUMBUS—I don't usually straighten out plot entanglements, but in this case I can tell you that, in "The Woman in the Su'case"—Ince-Paramount-Adracta picture—Charlie McDowell played Moreland's wife, while Emil Bennett was his daughter. Does that make it clearer to you?

NOMBY PLUM, EVANSTON.—I haven't that red-haired stove-piper any more. And if you had known her you never would have called her "titan hair" red. How do you know that my office chair squeaks? I just had it oiled. John Barrows more "Mr. Hval" was indeed horrible but very well done. Sorry if I muffed your French. Perhaps it was because I couldn't understand it. Come again, won't you?

FSELLE.—It must be another Mary, rav as Mrs. Dick Rash and was born on the Fort Bliss, Texas, and he lived in Los Angeles and New York. They were married June 15th, in New York.
Questions and Answers (Continued)

BARS, DENVER.—Yes, there's a lot of love on the screen; but I have seen a lot more in the audience. One of the hardest questions I have ever refused to answer is your:—

"Compare the Gish sisters in beauty,"

Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joseph Kaufman, who was an actor and director of Miss Clayton's pictures for Lubin. They were to have formed a star-director combination for Paramount. Miss Clayton is abroad right now; she will make a picture in London, I think, for Paramount.

FRANCES, BERKELEY.—I don't know that Theda Bara has bobbed her curls because I didn't know she had curls. In "Romeo and Juliet" she wore long dark curls, though, didn't she? But she didn't have curls the last time I saw her. They would scarcely seem to fit in with Theda's personality. She is nothing if not a vampire. Alice Joyce has long locks; she has never been bobbed. Natalie and Constance Talmadge have bobbed hair. Anita Stewart has not. I should think bobbed hair would be most convenient in the good old summer-time. Why don't you try it?

FIRELY, LANCASTER.—The only waves I am acquainted with are heat waves, also those in the city pavements. I envy you at your mountain camp, where mere males are not allowed and the beaches rival Mr. Sennett's. Rescue Arbuckle is not working in Niagara Falls, but in California, at the Lasky studio. You can't call him Fatty any more. His new picture is a feature, Irvin Cobb's "Life of the Party."

JESSIE, CORSOVA, N. S. W.—So you are sixteen and wish you were older. When you have gained your wish, you'll make another to be sixteen again. Conrad Nagel is twenty-four; he is with Paramount, playing at the Lasky studios in Hollywood, California, and is happily married to Ruth Helms, a non-professional.

L. M. B., OAKLAND.—It is interesting to note that Tokio laborers are threatening to strike if they don't get 15 cents a day. I suppose Japanese Answer Men barely get enough to live on. Tom Moore is thirty-four. Alice Brady weighs 108 and Margaret Clark tips the scales at 100.

R. M. S., CANADA.—You had always pictured me as a very old man with a long beard and white hair, but guess you were mistaken. You were never more so. I cannot send you my picture or tell you my name. Anonymity is my curse, although chaps like Dick Barthelmess and Wallace Reid would call it a blessing. Dell Boone is Mr. Niles Welch; she sometimes appears in pictures. Beatrice Prentiss was Mrs. Harrison Ford; they are divorced. Charles Ray's new pictures are "45 Minutes from Broadway" and "Peaceful Valley."

Corporal J. R., CAMP TRAVIS, TEXAS.—Jessie Bartlett Davis died at the age of forty-four, May 14, 1905. She was on the stage for years, in "The Bostonians" but never appeared in pictures. Many thanks for your letter; I don't have poetry dedicated to me very often. I get a lot of limericks and reams of rhymes but very little poetry.

JANE MARGARET, CLEBURNE.—You needn't have added that postscript, "I want to be a movie actress." I knew it without being told. There was something about your letter—Juanita Hansen is not married. Since "The Lost City" she has made a serial for Pathe not yet released. Write her care Pathe in New York.

(Continued on page 109)

Baked for You

By Van Camp's in a Palatial Kitchen

The Van Camp kitchens are the finest ever built. Our latest kitchen cost $1,700,000. They are directed by scientific cooks—men with college training—masters of the culinary art.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans is a masterpiece of cookery. Able experts devoted years to perfecting this ideal dish. Modern apparatus aids in every process. This dish has given millions a new conception of Baked Beans.

It comes to you ready-prepared, in three sizes. It makes Baked Beans a delicacy. Yet it costs about one-third what meat costs for the same nutrition.

The expert way

The beans are selected by analysis. The boiling water is freed from minerals which make skins tough.

The baking is done by modern steam ovens, so high heat can be long applied without cracking or bursting the beans. So the beans are whole and mealy, yet easy to digest.

The flavor is kept intact by baking in sealed containers. The sauce is a supreme creation with a zestful tang. And we bake it with the beans.

This dish is distinctive—not like other baked beans. Compare it and see how it differs.

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Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

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One of 16 kinds—the finest soups created.

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A Date with Connie
(Continued from page 55)

baby. There were ten or twelve children in the family and I was one of the runts of the bunch.

"Out west of the Pecos I fell out of the wagon and they drove on, never missin' me for three or four days. I got in with the coyotes and for a long time I thought I was a coyote too. Used to run around with them and sit howlin' on the hills at night.

"When I got to be a good sized youngster I met a man one day and he told me I was a human. "I know better," I told him. "I'm a coyote and I'm goin' to stay with my own people."

"He got help and they hoo tied me and brought me down into town, an', sure enough, it was a long time before I found out I was a human. So I lived among these humans from then on, and kept skinnin' lower and lower until finally I became a cowboy."

Miss Constance, however, she kind of doubted me, but she was too polite a young lady to impute my veracity.

"Now, Miss Constance, won't you tell me somethin' about yourself," I asked her.

"What are your plans for future pictures?"

"Work? I'm not thinking of work. It's vacation that is on my mind," she laughed. "I think, I am going to Europe as soon as we finish the present picture."

"My mother is over there now and I am to join them in about six weeks. Naturally, I am wild with impatience, as I have never crossed the water before."

"What kind of work do you like best?"

I queried, determined not to let her do all the hard work of this interview.

"On that class of stories—working in present—light comedy," she replied. "Although it times it is a little rough," and she ruefully displayed a blue bruise on her elbow.

I had been watching that elbow for some time, but was scared to ask about it. Tho'ught maybe she had been in a fight, and when I remembered the way she put up at the Mountain Maid in "Intolerance," I felt sorry for the other fellow.

"In the picture we are making now I have to fall through a coal hole," she went on to explain. "One can fall through a coal hole cautiously. When they suggested a double for the fall I refused and did it twice, but it did bruise me something scandalously."

Some of those directors ought to be shot in the foot. If that coal hole had to be fell through, why didn't he fall through it himself?"

Speaking of "Intolerance," that picture has always stood out in my memory like a Pike's Peak amok picture. I first saw it in Chisholm, Montana, and it frightened me to wonder, like the first glimpse of the Grand Canyon. The one feature of that picture that I admired most was the work of Miss Constance Talma for the Mountain Maid.

It was hard for me to realize that the Mountain Maid was sitting opposite me, chatting in friendly fashion of her work.

There is no need to ask me about Miss Constance. She knows as she talks and there was a suggestion of the tomboy in the way she bounced around the room, dancing from chair to chair as she talked.

She is the very spirit of sunny-hearted American girlhood.

As she talked she made constant reference to her family, her mother and her sister Miss Norma and Miss Natalie. The Talma family is evidently a mutual admiration society. Mother and daughters are good chums.
A Date with Connie

(Concluded)

The European trip seemed the subject of most interest to Miss Constance.

“Our vacation is to be a real family celebration,” she said. “Mother, Norma and Natalie have already sailed. I am to follow when my picture is finished. Then for a month we are just going to play around together. We are not going to do any work on the other side. It is my first trip across and I want to see it all.”

Personally, I think it would have been a fine idea to have sent Miss Constance over to the peace conference. The delegates couldn't have developed so many gourmets.

For some minutes I had had a growing feeling that I had visited long enough. Adroitly, I signaled Miss Livingston and she came to the rescue. So we stood up to say goodbye.

With a splendid gesture I upset the coffee cup with my hat and retired toward the door in picturesque confusion.

Miss Constance shook hands in farewell, and said:

“You must come to see me again.”

“When?” I asked eagerly.

“Oh, when I return from Europe,” she replied hastily.

So you see, I got something wonderful to look forward to. If that boat don’t sink, or a horse don’t fall on me, or anything happens, I got a date with Miss Constance—when that ship comes in.

Society in the Films

(Concluded from page 37)

Once when they were enjoying a between-scenes chat in the studio, Mrs. Belmont produced from her bag a gold-and-jeweled lipstick with which to freshen her make-up. Lillian exclaimed with delight at the pretty trinket.

“Please accept it,” said Mrs. Belmont eagerly. Lillian demurred, but was finally persuaded to possess the stick, which is a real treasure.

Mr. Andrews made a trip to Mamaroneck to find out what was so interesting to his daughter. He became an interested spectator, and soon decided he would like to be in pictures, too. As a result, you will see a real “millionaire clubman” instead of an actor made up to look like one. Mr. Andrews invited several friends to see him work and it wasn’t long before they were in it, too!

It is really one of the property men who can give you the best “line” on the actors from society. An ex-sailor who has a “game leg” that bothers him in bad weather was trudging along the road to the studios one stormy day. A motor stopped and a voice called, “Hop in.” Pete Props hopped. His benefactors were a pretty woman who sympathized with his affliction, and a genial man. When Pete got back he told somebody about it.

“Why, that was Mrs. Morgan Belmont, that society dame, and her dad,” he was informed. Pete Props was stunned.

“I’ll be—!” he remarked. “Well, they’re regular guys, anyway!”

She Travels Fastest—

MARION DAVIES has gone to Los Angeles, where she will make one picture. Except for three maids, a cook and a chauffeur, she was all by herself.
The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 74)

but a sane one as well. He is seldom guilty of silly lapses. His hero on this occasion is a railway telegrapher who is fired from his job when he interferes with the plans of a village crook who secretly double as a Mexican outlaw and doing a little train robbing on the side. Hart traps the gang, and catches them in the act of robbing a train by forcing his faithful pinto pony to leap from a high cliff in which the hero's love for his horse is overplayed a trifle, but his love for the heroine is genuine enough to earn him the clinch and fadeout. Mary Thurman is the lady emaciated, and the cast includes G. Raymond Nye, Patricia Palmer, Hugh Jackson and William Paton. Lambert Hillyer did the adapting and directing; President Wilson liked this one.

THE GREAT ACCIDENT—Goldwyn

THIS may or may not be a "Goldwyn year," as the letterheads of that firm insistently proclaim, but it certainly has been a Goldwyn month with this occasion also liked Tom Moore's "The Great Accident" immensely. It is a trifle extravagant as a story, but basely it is human and it has an original idea to help it matter in the entertainment. The careless son of a straight-faced father takes to liquor rather strenuously after prohibition has been declared in force, having the blindest regard for the best of the private cells. Only a "great accident" can save this lad, and the accident happens when father is nominated as a mayoral candidate. By substituting his "junior" for "senior" on the ballot, the boss of the opposition elects Tom, and that surprised young man wakes up after an election night debauch to find himself mayor. Tom throws him out of the house, which hurts Tom's pride and stirs him to action. He goes after the boss who perpetrated the joke, and the other "wets" of that town with a vengeance, cleans out the traffickers in rum and proves his worthiness as Jane Novak, who is always worth any hero's flight. Moore, to me, is advancing as fast as any of the young men of the screen, and I expect to see him doing a really picturesque soon. Andrew Robson, Ann Forrest (another potential star) Lillian Langdon, Edward McBride and Willard Louis are in the cast and all good. Ben Ames Williams wrote the story.

MARRIED LIFE—Sennett

THERE is no reason that I can see why Mack Sennett should not do well with five reels—better in fact than he has been doing with short comedies. His "Marrried Life," with just a bit of a story, is a good start. And if his next one has a little more story, and a little less repetition, he will be realizing the promise he has always given of being the greatest director of screen farce the pictures have produced. It keeps Ben Turpin a pretty busy-looking both ways for Sunday and also a new place to fall for five reels, but fortunately for him and for us neither Ben nor his pathetically comic eyes are overworked in this particular opus. The accident of the operation in which Tom T. inhaled illuminating in place of laughing gas and proceeds to float all around the hospital is sure to threaten any audience with convulsions.

MISS HOBBS—Realart

"MISS HOBBS" is a pleasant comedy and Wanda Hawley an equally pleasant screen personality. I do not know whether this is her debut as a star, but if it is
How well it pays

To beautify the teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

 Millions of people are cleaning teeth in a new way. They are getting new results—results you envy, maybe. In every circle nowadays you see pearly teeth. Find out how folks get them. Try this method for ten days and see what your own teeth show.

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Dental science has found a way to combat film on teeth. And film causes most tooth troubles. Film is that viscus coat—you feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But science has discovered a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Compare the results with old methods and let your teeth decide.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscus film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will be amazed. In ten days you will know the way to whiter, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

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Only one tube to a family...
The Shadow Stage
(Continued)

This show. He can't help it; he has robbed some of our nice girls of first honors, and I daresay they forgive him for it. Fawcett has good material in this light comedy as the heavy Southern Senator, Corinne's dearest pal, who does his best to spoil a good romance for her, and does spoil a sad editorial nomination for Webster. The Southern scenes are beautiful—and so is Corinne.

The Cheater—Metro

It's a safe bet that Henry Arthur Jones' play, "Judith," would never have come to the screen if "The Miracle Man" had not stomped the box-office. It was probably written and acted first—but Metro's screen version is not noteworthy. A Miracle Girl is not nearly so effective as a Miracle Man. May Allison is the girl, who pretends to heal by faith—and finds faith in the end, even as Tom Meighan and Betty Compson. If you want to know all about the way spirits work, go to see this. It gives the whole thing away.

The Third Eye—Astra-Path

This serial by H. H. Van Loan has everything—absolutely everything. It commences with a murder and there's a fight in every foot. Pretty Eileen Percy is in it, running around with her hair streaming most of the time, trying to escape that high-brow heavy, Warner Oland. Personally we prefer Oland to the hero.

Two Vitagraph Serials

"The Invisible Hand" endeavors to introduce Tony Moreno to scientific detective, rounding up a gang of despicable crooks. One may say that Tony gives an entirely original interpretation of the duties of a scientific detective; he jumps chasms, rides right through the villains' trap door, and guises himself as an old man, and generally cuts up. Pauline Curley is a brave young woman; she can sit in at a crooks' conference as if she were attending an after noon tea.

"William Duncan: In Prison and Out" is the subtitle of the "Silent Avenger." We all know that William is unjustly accused of embezzlement, even through the law and the heroine (Edith Johnson Duncan) believe the worst. We trust you, William. (To be continued.)

Object Matrimony—
Hampton-Pathé

Revealing, bit by bit, unsuspected Blanche Street, an animated young lady, who wears gorgeous gowns, hats, and hose, and wears them well, and who glides through her scenes in a manner at once piquant and passionate. Blanche, in this surprising rapid story from "Leona Goes A Hunting," makes herself over; she is not languid, but energetic; she sports on the sands; she runs races with a dog; she is a sort of devilish combination of Constance Talmadge and Dorothy Gish. Splendid production has been given her; a good director who is also a good leading man, Henry King; and a wonderful fellowship of actors to prove himself—next to Teddy—the king of canine actors.

The Grocery Clerk—Vitagraph

Take all the gags that Roscoe Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin have used, including that of the cheese that skids and the refrigerator Ford, warm them over the fire, add another, that seems to be Larry Semon's own—and you have this comedy. When the Persian cat of high degree slips in the flying-paper and does a real shimmy across the screen, you'll forget the rest of it and only remember this, which has never been a better bit of "business" put into pictures.

Remodeling Her Husband—
Paramount-Artcraft

This is a woman's picture. A woman wrote it in it, a woman stars in it, a woman is its director. And women will enjoy it most. It does an unusual and daring thing: it presents the feminine point of view in plot, in setting, in caption, in settings, in dialogues, in situations. The contemporaries of the various film trade journals took a good crack at it. They have to take a good crack at something. But at this we have to, and the intention was accomplished, the audience just sat back and howled—and there were men there, too. Lilian Gish has come back to acting, but we'd like to tell her that she is almost as good a director as she is actress. And that's coming. Little things count in this picture; details are not overlooked. Dorothy Gish is just—Dorothy Gish, which is enough for most people. But you like her, and when she gets good stories she should lead her class. James Rennie, recruited from the legitimate, is a gratifying leading man.

Daredevil Jack—Pathé

Still another kind of serial. Not exactly subtle, this one. But if you are a small boy of any age, you'll enjoy Jack Dempsey, who certainly can stand an awful lot of punishment and come out smiling. He is a decent fellow; he is not a good fighter. A good fellow could learn from someone who has somehow seen the last episode that Jack doesn't marry that nice blonde, Josie Sedwick, after all. Something ought to be done about it right away.

Sick-a-Bed—Paramount-Artcraft

This farce was funny in the legitimate. It is anything but funny here. One goes drearily back to one's desk after seeing it, asking the old corona "Can such things happen?" Even Winslow is usually a good director; but here he was working on the principle that there has got to be a gullaw in every scene, boys. He didn't do a thing to "Sick-a-Bed." Probably, if the mechanism at times looks positively pretty. There's a nurse in it—a beautiful nurse who never has any of them in looks. Babe Daniels. No wonder Wally didn't want to get well.

PRIDE AND PORK-CHOPS—
J. M. Flagg

After seeing this, one wishes Mr. James Montgomery Flagg would stick to art. When it announced the showing of one of the most vulgar pictures ever made, Strand Theater in New York called it "a satire"—and gave itself away. It's amazing to discover how few people know what "satire" really means. This is burlesque, served raw, with a mixture of subtleties which seriously offend good taste. How will it be received, in the South, whose well-born nates it ridicules?

The Restless Sex—Cosmopolitan

Marion Davies in a Robert W. Chambers story. The orchid in the limesuite. The restless and expensive sex Miss Davies, as usual, acts just like Marion Davies. But they were more Robert W. Chambers' heroes act like Marion Davies. (Continued on page 108)
Confessions of a Caveman

(Continued from page 48)

I deliberated a bit over his penance. He looked provocatively undisturbed amid the blue clouds of his cigarette smoke.

"What's it to be?" he asked with a grin.

"To admit that you're in love with your own wife!" I pronounced solemnly.

"Oh, heavens! Yes, dreadfully."

"And that she has a sense of humor?"

"Marvellous."

"Then I'll just give you probation and turn you over to her for further reference."

"After I've told you that all women are natural reformers?" he groaned.

But you see, I know his wife. (She's Frances Ring, sister of the remarkable Blanche.) And she's quite one of the nicest wives I've ever known. And since she's stopped to some extent allowing us to see those brilliant, smooth, refreshing characterizations of hers, I guess she'll have to make up to us by taking special care of "our Tommie." Eh?

Tommie Meighan is to be starred in forthcoming Lasky productions, his latest releases being "The Prince Chap," "Civilian Clothes," and "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

Meighan has been in pictures for some time and will be remembered as leading man with many feminine stars. Two of his finest characterizations being with Pauline Frederick in "Sappho" and with Billie Burke in "The Land of Promise"—where he played his first movie caveman, by the way.

King's Honey Office

The new studio built in Hollywood by King Vidor, which is an exact reproduction of a New England village, has administration offices in a separate house, painted gray with green shutters, that looks like a charming Southern mansion.

The other day a nice old lady in a little gray bonnet knocked at the door, which was opened a few seconds later by a pretty blonde stenographer.

"You the lady of the house?" asked the old lady, then seeing no signs of a denial, she hurried on. "I'm selling some of the very best dishes to the market—just put 'em over your hand like that, see, and put soap on top of the rough part, and your dishes are clean without a bit of effort—"

"But I don't—" began the stenographer.

"I'm sure you'll be happier washing your dishes than you've been in a long time," went on the old lady fervently. "Just let me step in the kitchen and I'll show you."

"There isn't any kitchen," said the desperate steno.

"No kitchen? Now look here, young woman?"

"This isn't a house. This is a motion picture studio. These are the offices in here."

The old lady gave her one paralyzed look and started away mumbling something about, "Never did—motion pictures—going to ruin—"

That He Could Obey

It was an educational film of a religious character and obviously unfitted for the screen by reason of its lack of dramatic action. It dragged its weary way along before the bored audience to the point where a "lead" came out boldly with the Biblical injunction "Love thy neighbor."

For many seconds the audience stared at the words. Then suddenly the center of a group of men rose and a penetrating voice broke the silence. "Will someone in the audience," came the question, "please trade neighbors with me?"

Complexion is Not a Question of Age

"You, too, can have a youthful complexion like mine. A few touches of Carmen Complexion Powder daily and your skin will regain its lovely smoothness and fascinating tint of blushing girlish."
The Shadow Stage (Continued)

The part, therefore, suits her perfectly for the picture suggests money and plenty of it. One scene is a riotous example of how to throw away the "easy come, easy go." It is a masquerade ball scene. Ten dollar bills must have been used to make the confetti. As directed by Robert Z. Leonard, it is artistically and colorfully staged. It hasn't much to do with the story, but you will enjoy watching it because it is a magnificent pantomime. Actually, the most extravagant place New York is—in the movies.

MIDNIGHT GAMBOLS—Pioneer

Is it a story about any night-life? Not exactly. It is a merry girly, girly comedy? It is not the "Midnight Gambols" taking the prize for misleading titles. It is a serious story about a girl whose dual personality leads her to haunt strange restaurants by night when her family imagines her safe at home. There are lots of girls with such dual personalities. "Midnight Gambols" is a rather ordinary and unconvincing melodrama with Marie Doro absolutely thrown away in the direction of an ordinary beauty. The picture was made in England, but the much-sought-after English atmosphere figures only slightly in the picture. Godfrey Tearle—a branch off the same family tree as Oliver Conway—is a very British leading man.

THE DESPERATE HERO—Selznick

FUNNY, but foolish. Owen Moore as a young newspaper man, is the leading figure in a lively farce. The story doesn't mean much, but it is attractively acted and presented. Gertrude Lawrence is the leading woman. We love all Glorias.

TWINS OF SUFFERING CREEK—Fox

ADAPTED from a novel by Ridgwell Cullum, "Twins of Suffering Creek" is one of the few cases on record in which a producer has not changed the name of a book. But it is a pleasant, human interest Western melodrama with not much about the twins. William Russell isn't a strenuous par; he only figures in one light. Louise Lovely is.

THE WOMAN GOD SENT—Selznick

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB wrote this story and it carries a message, as Miss Loeb is a purposeful writer. The plot deals with the efforts of a young woman and a young Senator to forbid gigantic child labor in factories. The hammer of propaganda is skillfully wielded, for the picture is well told and holds your interest. Zena Keefe is the featured player and does intelligent acting in an important part. Larry Trimble's direction is chiefly responsible for a good picture.

THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT—Goldwyn

A filming Basil King's novel of the Em-\ninent Actor's group, "Goldwyn" ran into several snags on the first place; but spiritual conflict is rather a difficult thing to impress on motion picture audiences. In the second place, "The Street Called Straight" is the kind of films that can't be made into a photodrama without a great deal of violence on the part of the scenario writer. The scenario writer used no violence. The picture, a literal and condensed version of the novel, it leans heavily on the subtitles. The average motion picture patron is going to find it lacking in action. It is remarkably conversational. And then, all the characters are so noble that you find yourself doing rather a lot of old villain who makes the plot go round.

Naomi Childs, who looks like the lady on the silver dollar, plays the role of Olivia Guion who has to choose between two un- \nusually uninteresting suitors, Milton Sills and Lawson Butt are the irreproachable. Lydia Titus Yeamans as an amusing aunt gives a touch of snap to the picture, while Alec B. Francis and Charles Cary also have important parts.

IT HAPPENED IN PARIS—

FROM the title you might think this was one of Mack Sennett's two red comedies. But it stars no less a person than Mme. Yorks, and it is presented by the celebrated Sarah Bernhardt. As you know, Yorks was once a protegee of Mme. Bernhardt and she received her training under the tutelage of the imperious Sarah. All actresses unfamiliar with Sarah's work try dual roles. Yorks essays the usual "twin sister" stunt. One sister is kidnapped by nymphet; the others remains in her inherited aristocratic atmosphere. Bernhardt, no melodrama. You think of the characters as

tens, batonets and basques. But the detail is so good that it all might have actually happened in Paris. Yorks is an elegant actress and she has been wise enough to adopt a subdued style before the camera. She is supported by W. Lawson Butt. And, by the way, the story was written by Mme. Bernhardt, who evidently thought that it was the sort of thing wanted in the movies.

FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL—Equity

THE point of it is, was Rafael's soul worth saving? Absolutely not, for the Spanish husband of the lovely heroine was the worst specimen we have seen, on screen or off, for a long time. And so Clara Kimball Young as Miss Yeames is seen, because there is nothing much to do in the struggle for the soul of Rafael. The picture is so slow that you grow a little tired of its picturesque beauty. Miss Yeames looks like a lady stepped from a picturesque beauty. Miss Yeames, Bernhardt, who evidently thought that it was the sort of thing wanted in the movies.

THE HOUSE OF TOYS—American

"The House of Toys" is a sensible triangle play. Yes, such things can be. In making a plausible and sympathetic story of a mild marital disagreement, the director has failed to make it very exciting or very dramatic. But it is interesting. The picture has two charming leading women, June Dwyer and Helen Jerome Eady, both of whom deserve nice shiny medals for intelligent acting. Senta will live in the minds of audiences, like the heroine of the melodrama she has come into her own at last.

UNDER CRIMSON SKIES—Universal

This would be a good picture except for the fact that the hero is a durn fool. A story of South American revolutions and life on the tropical seas, it is filled with stunning action and good scenic effects. But what

(Concluded on page 112)
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Questions and Answers (Continued)

ZOE, CINCINNATI—I can't believe that you're only twelve. Are all young ladies so sensible at that tender age? So you got the most votes for being popular. I suppose you are very much disliked. Corinne Griffith has brown hair; she sometimes wears a blonde wig in her pictures. She does so, in fact, in "Bobb's Candidate. Corinne as a blonde is rivalling the brunette Madge Griffith in my affections. I like them both. Webster Campbell is the husband of Corinne blonde and Corinne brunnette. Katherine MacDonald's likeness adorned the cover of Photoplay's June issue.

CLARENCE, ATHENS, TEXAS—New York is a city—it's an experience. Why, Queen Marie of Rumania is said to be thinking of making her film debut, but she struck for more money right away. Marie is one of the most democratic of all modern rulers. She is quoted as saying the royalty business is going out of date but she hopes to keep her job. Zasu Pitts works in Los Angeles, releasing through Robertson-Cole. Her latest is "Heart of Trinity."

ROY L. H., MINNEAPOLIS—Edith Day and Beverly Bayne hail from your city. Harold Lloyd came from Indiana. Charles Ray from Jacksonvile, Ill.; Douglas Fairbanks from Denver, Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Mass.; Mary Miles Minter in London; Ruth Roland and Mabel Julienne Scott in San Francisco. Rosamond Janes, formerly Sennett bathing girl, is now Mrs. Albert Ray. He used to co-star for Fox with Elinor Fair and is now freelancing.

Bobs, TERRIFIC HAUTE—I would like to see myself as others see me if I could pick the others. Bebe Daniels is not married, or engaged, to Harold Lloyd, although it has been rumored that she was. Bebe is now a Red star. Harold Lloyd is with Avo created Exhibitors, although he is still affiliated also with Pathe. Anna Q. Nilson is not a star, but a featured player. How ever, she is always one of my favorites and is a real stellar attraction. It seems to me that Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, who was Mary Hay, appears in "Way Down East" with her distinguished young husband. Lillian Gish plays opposite Dick in the principal feminine role.

MAUDE S., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—You say I am the last man on earth you'd fall in love with. Well, Maude, that's all I ask of any woman. Romaine Fielding has returned to the screen in a picture entitled "A Woman's Man." No, the scenario was not by the Answer Man. Maude. You may address Mr. Fielding at the Lambs Club, N. Y. C.


A. B., CANADA—So the ouija board said you were to be Bobby Harron's wife. What an oblique ouija you must have. I'd like to come up and use it sometime. Ruby Marie Osborne is nine years old. According to our official statistics, Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry?" Miss Elaine Hammerstein doesn't divulge her age but my guess is that she's in her early twenties. (Continued on page 125)
An Interview With a Baby

(Continued from page 32)

"Have you grandmothers here?" I asked. Mary Johanna puckered up surprised blue eyes at me until they looked like dewy spring violets through green leaves. "One Scotch and one Irish. The Scotch one says I look like Mary and the Irish one says I look like Bill. It's great fun.

"Well, they finally read this application: 'Wanted—a sweet little girl that looks exactly like my husband, except she should not like to have her hair because Bill thinks my hair is so pretty. He is William Desmond, and he is a moving picture star, besides being the best man in the world. I am awfully young myself, only nineteen, but I am so crazy for a baby I know I shall love it better than any baby was ever loved before. Please do let it be a girl, that's all. I should like her to be good but not so good that she wouldn't be interesting and I don't want her to sleep all the time because I shall want to play with her. And I want her to like pretty clothes and being dressed up in them. It would be nice if she had temperament, and maybe she will grow up to be an actress, like me. Whatever she is she will be Bill's and mine and I know we can make her happy and she will make us happy." (Signed) Mary McIvor Desmond.

"Why, do you know, I could hardly get out to that store far enough.

"Movies are so interesting. A pal of mine came down to Mae Marsh's home not so long ago. I always had kind of a secret ambition to be an actress, anyway. And, do you know, I always liked Bill Desmond better than anybody on the screen, but I certainly never thought I'd be his daughter. He's got such a nice sense of humor he ought to make a great Dad. As for my mamma, she's so pretty I feel as proud as I can be already.

"I knew, you see, that there would be lots of interesting people and I'd get shown off a good deal. All the stars were coming; I used to see and send me presents—I adore presents— I knew they'd have a smart car and I thought they wouldn't want me to sleep nights all the time, because you know I adore staying up nights. I like something doing and I don't care how they hold me or even if they forget to feed me, if I can be in things.

"I wanted some place where they'd have my clothes fit and not make them miles too big so they'd be sensible. I do hate sensible things. So does Dad. Besides, I like being pointed out as the Bill Desmond baby when Nurse takes me out. I sure think I picked a winner when I came here.

"I looked out and saw the beautiful Hollywood hills sloping away to the plains below that were dotted with the white, glistening roofs of studios. On the green, terraced lawn I saw Bill Desmond, wearing a special edition of his Irish smile, strolling with his pretty girl-wife, whose sweet pallor was beginning to show traces of youthful roses again.

"I decided that Mary Johanna was a baby of great sagacity and discernment.

"As I was leaving she beckoned me back: 'I don't want to betray any confidences,' said Mary Johanna into my ear, with a soft chuckle, 'but just before I left Babyland to come down here, I took a last peck into the Book of Records. And I saw a new application signed by—guess who? Gloria Swanson!'

""

The following excerpt was snatched bodily from a press agent's glowing blurb: "The Stella role will be assumed by Mr. Bank who formally played lovers for Keystone."
The Stage Shade (Concluded)

matters all the pretty, pretty scenery when the box is an irrevocable bone-head. Then, too, in an effort to make it a "bloodred, virile, he-man" story, the director has made some of the scenes of life-in-the-raw too unpleasantly realistic. Elmo Lincoln plays the role of the chivalrous timber-top.

THE TRAIL OF THE CIGARETTES—Arrow

IT is said that men with great minds love lurid and sensational mystery stories. It is also said that Wall Street magnates devour paper-back novels. Therefore, we respectfully recommend "The Trail of the Cigarettes" to an audience composed of Thomas A. Edison, Lloyd George, William G. McAdoo, Frank Vanderlip, Clemenceau, George Bernard Shaw and Sir Oliver Lodge. They ought to love Tex, the great sleuth. Unless you have a great mind, you are apt to think that the doings of Tex are rather funny.

WITS VS. WITS—Hallmark

SHE is caught in the act of picking a man's pocket. But is she really a crook? Not by the immoral pen of Max Marcini. She is merely trying to get the goods on a band of exalted female persons. "Wits vs. Wits" is a snappy little melodrama with plenty of speed and a good deal of suspense. Marguerite Marsh is a pleasing young amateur detective.

WHITE LIES—Fox

AFTER seeing "White Lies," the average person will probably go home, rent a typewriter and start in writing scenarios. For if this is the sort of story the public wants, then it is too, too easy. At the end of the first reel you can guess the rest of the story. And after that, what is there to keep you in the theatre? "Wits Brockwell. Being an emotional actress, must needs appear in a story with a French background. Lately Miss Brockwell has been trying her hardest not to overact. Sometimes she succeeds.

THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF—Selznick

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM follows the present mode and plays a dual role in one of the best pictures to be offered for a long time. The story is not only splendidly presented, but free of those oddly exasperated mannerisms that most stage stars of the larger caliber, in which Mr. Faversham occupies his rightful place, assume when they act before the camera. The leading feminine role is played by Hedda Hopper and her restrained, artistic work strengthens her claim to a position among the best legitimate women players of the screen world. George D. Baker directed the picture, which was adapted from a novel by H. De Vere Stackpole. It is by all odds one of the surprise treats of the year.

Ernest—the Giant!

ERNEST TRUEX, who stars in Paramount-Volume comedy films produced by the Ayrville Corporation, is only five feet two inches tall. He has two little sons, Philip and James, who are regular American boys. The other day at luncheon, five-year-old James was born to eat all the mashed potato off his plate. Mother Truex told him that it would make him grow to be a big man.

"Will I grow big and tall like pope-pal" exclaimed James.

Father Truex gasped.

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one of the first matinee idols of the movies. Frank was answering fan letters before
Francis Xavier Bushman was ever called upon to deny that he had a wife and five
children.
Borzage's first picture was "The Breath of the Gods." When he warned of leading
business, he went out and formed his own company, in which he was both star and
director. Later he went to Triangle, where under the Davis regime, he made "Toton,"
which still stands as the best picture that luscious little Irisher, Olive Thomas, ever
made. He also turned out a picture that "made" Pauline Starke: "Until They Get
Me."
All this while Frank used to blush if they asked him his age. It was the same
way when he used to try to get jobs. (There was only one occasion when he really spoke
up and that was when he was reduced to his last cent and answered an advertise-
ment which requested an actor to "answer by letter for appointment." Frank went
in person. He got the job—which lasted for two years and ended with him as stage
manager and the Colored in "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the same time—by replying
when asked for details as to his wardrobe, "I've got it all on!"

WHILE he was with Triangle he had
his family visit him. His mother was
much a wonder of movie making
revealed; but his father stood on the side-
lines a long time. Frank, in an old sweater
and corduroy breeches and boots, with his
hair rumpled, and without a hat, was dir-
ecting a ball-room scene in which all the
extras and principals were in evening
clothes. His father finally came up to him.
"Frank," he said uneasily, "Frank, it
doesn't seem right, somehow. You're the
boss—why don't you dress up, too?"
He later directed Fred Stone in two pic-
tures, which have not yet come to release:
"The Duke of Chimney Butte" and "Billy
Jim." He decided to send for his family
to come out to California, so his mother
and father and several little Borzages
packed up and made the westward journey.
Frank bought them a house and had just
installed them therein when the call came
from the East to direct Fannie Hurst's
"Humoresque."

With "Humoresque" came Frank's first
"first night." He has had others as an
actor and director—but for the first time
he has seen his creative child on Broad-
way; he has had strangers point him out;
his friends have become frendlier and as
for enemies, he has none. But Borzage is
a wise boy. He recently refused to direct
another picture until he could procure a
story on a par with "Humoresque." He
next will direct Marion Davies—in Cal-
ifornia—in a human little tale that should
bring out Marion as a charming actress of
deep appeal; others by Miss Hurst, and one
by James Oliver Curwood and Peter B.
Kyne.
He gave up acting because he had only
one role to play. As a director, he lives at
the home of the actress whom he was
for the fatherhood of Abram reminded him
of his own father. His mother, with dif-
erences of race and situation, might have
been Abram's wife.
Kantor. Some day he will
present his parents in a picture in which
laughs will crowd the tears. And it will
be a good picture.
He is also a good husband. His wife,
a pretty blonde whose name was Rena
Rogers, has given up acting to devote her-
sel entirely to being Mrs. Borzage.

GOOD taste in dress implies a well-clad ankle. True
pride demands it. Let your hosiery be Holeproof and
you'll never fear the verdict of the critical glance. Hole-
proof is the hose of exquisite texture, beautiful lustre and
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This foolish method crowds the pores, coarsens
the skin, causing enlarged pores and black-
heads. A good face cream used properly is
an excellent beautifier, but, it should be
used only at night when retiring. The
cream should be thoroughly washed out of
the pores of the skin before powder is
applied in the morning. The trouble is
most powders are made so light they will
not stay on except over face cream. But it
is now very easy to get a pure, harmless,
face powder that will stay on by itself,
that will wash out on your face cream. The
best pure powder we know of that
will really stay on is pure La-may. Every
time you use this pure La-may Face

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It's the Little Things That Count
(Continued from page 65)

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
It's the Little Things That Count (Concluded)
a man wearing gloves when walking in his garden. Down through all the pages of history are stories of kings, prelates and nobles who wore richly embroidered and jewelled gloves. But so far as authentic records go, it was not until the Thirteenth Century that they became common and ladies began wearing them for ornaments. They reached the height of elaboration in the days of Queen Elizabeth. When she visited Cambridge in 1578 the vice-chancellor presented her with a "pair of gloves, perfumed and garnished with embroidery and goldsmith's worke, price 60/6."

Of the symbolic use of the glove, one of the most widespread and important during the Middle Ages was the tendering of a folded glove as a sign of peace. This custom was originally a chattel of value and the glove was chosen because it was the most convenient loose object at the time.

According to an old proverb, it took three countries to make a good glove—Spain for dressing the leather, France for cutting it, and England for dressing it. Today the making of gloves is one of the most important industries of the United States. It began here in 1760 when Sir William Johnson brought over from England several families of glove makers who settled in Fulton County, New York.

Gloves are almost as elaborate today as they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and are brilliantly embroidered in contrasting colors on the sensitive glove as well as on silk gloves in summer and leather or fabric gloves in winter.

It may interest you to know that one of these kid gloves is so scarce and high priced is because the East Indian soldiers serving in France during the war bought and ate nearly all the kids—their religIon requiring that they eat the kind of meat.

For furnishing up last year's suit or cloth dress there is nothing that helps so much as neckwear. No matter how old a suit may be, the sight of fresh white frills peering out from the front will give it the necessary touch of smartness that it needs. Sheer white organdie and batiste make charming collar and cuff sets, and if you are adept with your needle you may have over so many sets at very slight expense. Plain white organdie may be hemsitched for collar and cuff sets, and this is an admirable way to use up bits from a last summer's gown that is past the wearing stage. I saw a lovely set that was made from red and white checked gingham, hemstitched in red, and that quite made over the navy blue dress with which it was worn.

If you are a business girl and find that the laundry bills seriously cut into your week's salary there is a way to avoid a portion of them. Lovely underwear can be made of the cotton crepes that are inexpensive and do not require ironing. These may be washed out at home and have the double advantage of being economical and wearing well.

It seems to me that there would be many earlier marriages if girls would only be satisfied to make the best of little things, and get out of the way of thinking that expensive gloves, silk underwear and imported hats are essential to their happiness. How many of you girls actually know how much it costs you to dress yourselves for a year? Not many, I am afraid. Don't you think it would be a good plan to make a budget—and then see how much you can save from the estimated amount? If you will do this, I pledge you my word that I'll help. And I shall begin next month by telling you of some of the ways in which you can make the dollar work overtime.

---

The Secret Revealed
Did you ever look at a beautiful flower and try to fathom its beauty and fragrance?
Did you ever see women, returned from seashore and mountain, still retaining their wonderful flower-like complexion, even after the tan of the hot Summer suns and the rough winds and dust of Fall and wonder what was their secret?
This beauty and fragrance of the flower is the secret of Mother Nature but the charm of a Wonderful Velvety Skin is the secret of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream.
The secret is yours for the asking. Just drop a portal to Daggett & Ramsdell, 1612 D. & R. Building, New York, and a sample of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream will be mailed free, with our compliments or your dealer will supply you D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream, in tubes and jars at 12c to $1.65.

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The Day of the Deb

(Continued from page 29)

Constance is signed with Redlart, Adolph Zukor's pet company, which is gobbling up all the promising youngsters in the field. Constance, because of her interesting work opposite John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor" (for Famous Players-Charm City), was to-to-neck for a part in front of the camera. Besides, her musical training, although in only two productions besides her brief Ziegfeld engagement—"Oh Lady, Lady," and "39 East"—served to make her better known. In Fair's production, the younger sister had placed in several "flippers," "Hops," or whatever you choose to call Broadway plays that aren't successes. The two are not of other folks, is author of Constance's success, "39 East," was called "He and She" and though it lasted only a short while, Fair scored a hit. Her film performances since the Fair production have offered much opportunity so far. Consider "Madonnas and Men"; "The Wonder Man," in which she was George Carpenter's leading woman, and "Fad". At the time the "Faire" production was not signed the contract that will decide her artistic future for the next three years; but there will be an announcement soon as Fair's lawyer. Meanwhile, Fair's lawyer makes up their minds.

Beaux ap'ly visit the little house presided over by the charming Mrs. Grey, some calling on business and some on Faire. But Faire is still so young that men don't matter so much; while Constance is much too busy to bother right now. The girls like to go up to the family farm in Lyme, Conn., and camp out at farming.

"And we pay for our fun, too," smiles Constance, as she pats the big red puppy called Mike, "because we romp around with Mike and Faire's cattle. He hasn't any drawing-room manners at all."

And to prove it Mike did a most ungentele thing; he jumped up and kissed her.

"Metcalfe? Who's He?"

(Concluded from page 81) the-after-war performances included the difficult assignment of the vaudeville partner of Corinne Griffith in "The Garden Girl." He probably will return to the stage in the fall. Meanwhile he is composing popular songs in his off-hours. He says none of them is revamped from Chopin, that all are conceived quite independent of his own inspiration and musical brain. His new song is called "Day o' Dreams.

Young ladies contemplating requests to Mr. Metcalfe if he must wait patiently. While he was away, the companies may have forgotten him, but the public remembered. Remembered him from the old days when he played with Ormi Hawley in such things as "The Phantom Happiness." He was with Lubin four years. Later, he co-starred for World with June Elvindale and directed the James Montgomery Phase-Paramount comedies.

And the war, which put such a crimp in his career, also set him back in his correspondence. He is now writing letters in his desk which he is answering as fast as he can. To save him the trouble we'll tell you, right here, that he isn't married.
Screening Kentucky

LOUISVILLE, Kentucky and the South have been signally honored on stage and screen this season and, no doubt, are duly appreciative. Louisville is the theme of a song and dance skit on Broadway. The song was written by a woman who never was in Louisville, but has visited in Omaha. The song is sung by a young lady who bas only a scant education in the negro dialect which New York believes is used by the charming girls of this city; but she has pretty legs.

The South figured in two screen plays which will give great pleasure to all Southerners who are familiar with the grandeur of the mountains of the Gulf Coast of Louisiana and the queer manners of Southern gentlemen. In one of these plays a cultured Southerner, who feels that his delicate sense of honor may be offended by his daughter's attachment to a neighbor's son, has to be forcibly restrained from giving the young lady a biding with a buggy whip. Incidentally it is pleasing to note that the role of the young woman is played by a descendant of a Southern family—from Southern Europe.

New light on Kentucky is thrown by the motion picture show depicting life amid the flora, fauna and other things of the Bluegrass Mountains. Very seldom, if ever, have the stately pine forests of Fayette County been so impressively displayed. In no other play of recent years has the beautiful custom of training mountain girls to ride race horses been so prettily portrayed. Thanks to this practice, it becomes possible for the mountain girls to impersonate the best-known jockey in the country and, substituting for him in the Kentucky Oaks Handicap, win the race with her lover's mare, thereby saving his fortune and his sacred honor.

The young man who is the beneficiary of this piece of shrewd practice is so charmed over having his honor saved that he is untroubled by the thought that in real life he would be ruled off the turf for life. Speaking of real life, a marvel is accomplished in the play. The barn in which the race is held is burned just before the race. Just after the race the villain and the heroine have a terrific fight in the barn, which has grown up as good as new and not even scorched. Rich soil in Fayette and then the Night Riders, wonderful men, wonderfully mounted. Summoned suddenly they instantly respond and in a few minutes ride from Lexington to the topmost peak of the Cumberland Mountains.

Kentucky offers marvelous possibilities for honest and decent dramatization. The mountains afford scope for the best efforts of the scenic photographer. There is no prettier pastoral scenery in the world than in the Bluegrass and Pennyrile; and Western Kentucky has a charm all its own. As for the people, the men and women of Kentucky are not clowns and cowards, but rather good-looking folks who pride themselves on being normal Americans.

If there is no other way by which inane and insulting characterization of Kentuckians can be discouraged, The Times will favor the formation of a union of playwrights and movie patrons, demanding censorship for plays and films depicting Kentucky and Kentuckians as they are not and never were. The continued misrepresentation is not only injurious, but very stupid and tiresome.—Louisville (Ky.) Times.

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Wayne turned again and looked at the boy casually.

"An operation might restore him," he remarked.

"Will you perform it?" There was pleading in her voice.

"Do you believe in God?"

"Why surely." She looked Wayne firm in the eye.

"Well, He did this thing. Let Him undo it if He can!"

At this juncture Dabney entered the cabin, overhearing the conversation. The old medicine man was enraged at the profanation of his charm, in the hands of this blubbering man. Margaret drew the old man aside and whispered rapidly.

"Let him stay, Dabney, please. Maybe he will cure the boy."

Dabney had never refused Margaret Had- den anything. In a moment she stepped over to Wayne.

"Dabney says you may stay."

O

VER at the cabin home of Arthur Richards, Alice Porn was tossing on her sickbed, tortured of soul and pursued by conscience. She was sorely in need of the healing that only Stannard Wayne might have given.

A last despairing call was sent to Old Dabney, the worker of charms. Stannard Wayne, once famous sorcerer and scientist, watched the old man pick up his charged swordsmith tool and depart. Wayne, overcome with curiosity, followed Dabney through the woods toward the Richards cabin.

In the energy that often comes to those near death, Alice Porn struggled out of bed and pulled herself up at a table, desperately trying to write in a tiny black book, the diary of her accusing soul.

"Little book, I am fading, crushed. The end is near. I must make retribution, so God grant me strength to clear Stannard—"

Alice finished her writing and crept back to her bed.

Old Dabney arrived with his charm, and Margaret, called by the neighbors, came to do her ministering bit at the bedside. Alice Porn's mind was one that poor Old Dabney's charms could not reach. Curious, halfflowering, Wayne stood at the door, watching the medicine man.

Margaret went to him.

"The woman is very ill. You must help."

Wayne shook his head.

"But she is dying."

Wayne was obdurate. "She is fortunate," he said.

Dabney was still waving his futile wand over the dying woman. Wayne stepped into the door to draw closer and see the old man at his silly endeavor. Alice Porn, with a struggle, raised her head and stared full into the face of the intruder. With a terrible cry, she sprang out of bed and called his name.

"Stannard Wayne!"

Then she stood wavering a moment and fell—dead.

Old Dabney fled the scene. Margaret stood spell bound with a sense of tragedy. Wayne spun about at her.

"Where is the man who was with her?"

Tell me, quick.

Margaret motioned toward the village street and Wayne ran out.

On her Sunderland way through the house, Margaret came upon the little black book that Alice Porn had left on the table as she ended her writing. The ink was hardly dry, and Margaret read that last inscription.

"I am married to Stannard Wayne. This man I am living with is guilty of the crime for which my husband was sentenced—"

Margaret hastily closed the book with a feeling of sympathy and understanding.

In the village street Wayne and Richards came face to face.

Wayne halted, rigid, looking at Richards. Richards, recognizing Wayne, fell back, startled, horrified. He wanted to run, but he could not. The two men stood in silence.

Cold sweat came out on Richards' face. Wayne stood with jaw set. Richards, for his part, said nothing. Wayne made no reply.

Richards' flesh crept under his skin. Wayne's hands shot out and seized Richards by the throat and choked him down to the ground, tossing him crumpled into a helpless heap.

When Wayne turned about Margaret Had- den was at his elbow.

"Do not kill him. Remember, vengeance belongs to God alone."

She spoke ever so softly.

Wayne gave her but cool reply.

"No. I will not kill him, not as you think—not quickly."

Margaret saw the black look in his eyes and shuddered. In her heart she made a vow that with the help of God she would save the soul of this man.

Then Stannard Wayne began a course of revenge with mental torture for Richards, worse than death.

In the Albany Kid's saloon, where once Boorman had served the cause of the Devil, the big wooden idol had silently preached the word of God. He had builded a cairn and erected a cross to the memory of his wife and the boy whom he believed alive and dead and carried out his vengeance.

There was that cautiousness in her canny head that told Margaret to keep the injured Laddie hidden away at Dabney's cabin. She had seen lumbermen reform before, and if Boorman should backslide it was just as well that he should not know where Laddie was.

It was at eveningtime, with Boorman's nightly meeting in progress, that Wayne played a typical card in his vengeance cam- paign against Richards. Richards was sitting in the saloon, cowering and trembling under the menacing presence of Wayne's hands that were about to come before. As he sat, Wayne stepped up silently behind him and tossed a crumpled bit of paper on the table; then withdrew. Nervously—quaking with fear—Richards unrolled the paper. It bore one brief sen-

"The end will come at 8 o'clock."

Richards shook as he looked at the watch on his wrist. It was 7:30 o'clock. Boorman was leading the singing of a hymn, standing in the glow of a great oil lamp in the middle of the room. The Kid and his bartender stood with vainly tolerance at the end of the bar. Richards slunk up to the bar and ordered whiskey. He gulped it down and looked at his watch. It was 7:35 o'clock. He took a drink and minute by minute, he marked away the time.

It was five minutes of the hour. Eight o'clock was at hand. Boorman was expounding the Word. Richards listened to the rude woodsman's sermon with eager hunger. Richards wanted to live. It was 7:58. Just two min-

utes more. What then?

Richards crept between the chairs of Boor- man's little audience and crouched at the preacher's side.
The Scoffer
(Concluded)

It was 8 o'clock.

Slowly the saloon door opened and Stan- ward Wayne looked in at the cringing Rich- ards. A grin spread over the persecutor's face. Richards was in no mood to lose the moment, then tossed another paper letter at Richards' feet.

Richards slowly unraveled the little paper ball. One over the other.

"Eight o'clock comes twice a day."

Days followed days, Richards feeling him- self in hourly peril; Wayne relentless; Marg- aret, watching the twain with pity in her heart for them both, and readiness for Stan- ward Wayne. She was dreaming girlish dreams about him—and praying with all her heart.

Wayne was himself dimly conscious of something between them. But he fought love, for he hated everything, even the possi- bility of loving this girl.

At Dabney's cabin she argued and pleaded with him for the operation that would re- store crippled Laddie.

"Won’t you please help the boy? You see this is the only you to do it."

Wayne smiled.

"What is the matter? Has God failed you?"

"How dare you, a man, speak lightly of God, here amidst all the wonders of His work?"

Wayne pointed down to the stump he leaned against.

"It took you a God a century to grow this tree. A man felled it in an hour. With this wood a man housed himself against the elements and built a boat to ride the storm of your God's wrath. And yet you boast of your God and speak lightly of Man."

An idea flashed into Margaret's head. She snapped back a challenge.

"If you say God crippled this child. Prove your strength then; undo what God has done!"

"I will." Wayne spoke with determina- tion.

They sent back to civilization for surgical supplies. And Margaret prayed and waited.

The preparations for the operation were all made. Margaret had kept their plans secret, not desiring the survival of Laddie. Old Dabney was sent away on an errand. The lights were lit and the work begun.

Margaret, clad in a nurse's apron, went bravely to her work, with an efficient and brave that made its im- press on the mind of cold Stannard Wayne. There was no measure of excitement or per- turbation about Wayne. For the moment again he was the scientist and surgeon. He knew exactly what he was doing to and how to do it. Also he would prove to this earnest girl that he could undo the work of God.

A STORM rose up from the sea and shook the village. At the nightly saloon meeting, held in the moral with the raging storm, while all the villagers gathered in fear of the terrific blasts.

I fear God’s wrath against me for my sin!

Boorman shouted, raising his voice against the roar of the wind.

"That old gink's preachin' has put an awfulNick in the cash register of this joint, he Azure Kid observed to his bartender.

Up in the circle of the audience gathered around the stove sat Richards, again waiting in fear as the hands of his watch neared eight o'clock. Neatly folded at his side was a prayer comforted by the fact that there were long strolls in the woodland path- ways. Hate was gone and the world was beautiful again for Stannard Wayne.

As he turned the hour o'clock when a stranger came striding toward them out of the distance. Margaret looked questioningly up at Wayne.

"It is Carson, my friend. He has come to marry us."
The Misfit Wife

(Continued from page 41)

butler was just shutting the door in her face, when she drew herself to her full height, pushed him aside, and swept in.

"I am Mrs. Peter Crandall. The dignity of Katie's tones outstripped anything ever done by Mrs. Crandall, Senior.

The servant looked about him nervously. He had not been informed that there was a new Mrs. Peter. He was confused, at a loss, and was about to show the strange and forward young person into the drawing room, when Mrs. Crandall and Peter's sister, Edith, arrived.

"You will pardon us," began Peter's mother coldly. But she got no further. Dr. Merton, who had been in consultation with Henry Gilsey, came out of Peter's room at the top of the stairs and started down. Quick as a bird, Katie was past them all and up the stairs kneeling beside Peter with tears in her eyes.

"Katie, I was afraid you would think I had gone and left you, and they wouldn't let me write—just yet." Peter sighed contentedly, and lay quiet, with Katie's head pressed hard against his breast. Then, becoming suddenly conscious of a social responsibility, he beckoned his brother-in-law close.

"Henry, this is Katie. She is my wife," he said simply.

At this moment Peter's mother and sister entered the door. Peter sat up. Katie threw her arms about him, partly to support him, but just as much to support herself. "Mother," Peter's eyes pleaded with that, "I—"

"This is Katie, my wife, Edith, this is your new sister."

There was a terrible silence broken at last by Henry Gilsey. He saw what the two women refused to see—that though this cheaply-dressed girl whom Peter had brought home was not of their kind, she loved Peter. He smiled at Katie as kindly as he could.

"Suppose you tell us something about yourself," he said.

Katie looked at Peter, and nodded his head, and she began, quite shyly and faltering only at the very beginning to tell the story of her life. Her eyes grew harder and harder as she proceeded with her story and her manner more and more belligerent. As she got over her fright, she seemed to take a great delight in pointing the misery and the barrenness of her life before these soft, selfish women.

When she was done Peter drew the trembling young body that leaned against him close to him, and together they waited for the storm of family wrath to break on their heads.

Again Henry Gilsey was the first to speak:

"Don't think, that we do not appreciate what you have done for Peter, my dear," she said. "It is not that you are not as good as Peter or any of us. It is more a matter of permanent happiness for both of you. Do you think that people who have such different backgrounds and outlooks on life, who come from such entirely different worlds, can be happy together? Do you think that Peter could be content to work as hard as he has been working the last few weeks for all the rest of his life, and be entirely cut off from the fortune that would some day be his—as it is very possible that he will be if his marriage with you comes true?"

Katie looked helplessly at Henry for a moment. Then she said, falteringly, "The last thing I want to do is stand in Peter's way. Her head went down in sob on her husband's shoulder.

"Henry—Mother—Edith," said Crandall in a very cold voice. "I'm sorry to see how selfish and narrow-minded you are. I am disappointed in you. My marriage to Katie is the biggest thing that ever came into my life. It was Katie who made me get on my feet. Katie who made a man of me when I was going to the dogs because no one else cared enough, or had enough sense to see it that I found out what life was really about. Mother, if you people can't be decent to Katie, I shall call in a doctor and have him move me away."

"Come, come," Henry stepped forward briskly. In spite of himself there was a mist before his eyes. An entirely new sentiment burst over the old selfishness. He had bound him. He began to see Katie in a new light. Turning to Edith and her mother, "I know why it is that Peter loves this child," he said. "And I have a plan. I will tell it to you when Peter is better."

A MONTH the properties owned by Gilsey and his partner Bert MacBride, was some oil land that had been adjudged unproductive. But in spite of the quicks of experts, Gilsey still had faith in the property.

His plan was that Peter should go to this oil territory, investigate it, take charge and see if he could not make both the land and himself produce results.

While Crandall was gone, Katie was to stay on at Gilcrest under a corps of instructors who would take care of both the land and herself.

When Peter should return, the crude little maniacist would be metamorphosed into a person of poise who could take her stand beside her husband in any society.

Crandall was incensed at first at Henry's suggestion. But Katie saw the wisdom of it. So Peter went to the oil fields alone, and Katie Malloy took up her abode under the high caves of Gilcrest.

The months that followed were heart-
The Misfit Wife
(Continued)

breaking. Many times Katie cried herself to sleep in her lonely room. It had not been
for Peter and her faith in him she would have run away—away from Gilcrest and
back to Paris and the manicure table, any place, anywhere to be gone from the cold,
censured eyes, the frigid voices, the unsympathetic hearts that surrounded her.

Henry Gilsey tried to be friendly in his
way. But he could not make up for the cruel way of the world. Then Katie sud-
ddenly was burdened with another sort of
persecution.

Edith Gilsey, tired of Henry's devotion to business, and looking for excitement, fell
into a little flirtation with her husband's partner. Not that she cared especially for
MacBride. But her life, she decided, was getting too monotonous.

Katie became conscious of the state of af-
fairs one afternoon at her dancing lesson.
In trying to manage her train, accept imagi-
inary refreshments, and carry on a conver-
sation with her dancing partner, she stumbled
over her gown. She went to the mirror to
adjust her dress. It was set at an angle that
reflected the driveway, and as Katie stood
before the glass, she saw Edith and Mac-
Bride come up on their horses. When the
groom's back was turned MacBride kissed
his companion.

Just at this moment Henry Gilsey came
into the door, and for fear he should see,
Katie feigned a great distemper at her stub-
ility, hurled her glass at the mirror, and as
the glass shattered into splinters, threw her-
self in a chair, declaring that there was not
the faintest possible hope that she could ever
become a lady.

When Edith came in, and they were alone,
Katie told her what she had seen, and re-
proved her. For her pains, Edith told Katie
to mind her own affairs.

Katie's unhappiness would certainly have
resulted in her departure for Peter and the
oil fields, had she not found a letter from
her husband awaiting her in the hall. She
read it while the maid unhooked her gown.
"I am dead lonely," Crandall wrote, "but
I am working hard. I believe that the ex-
erts made a bum report on this property,
and I am going ahead on the well. This is
a secret for you alone.

It was easy from then on for Edith to
place many suspicions on Katie's innocent
shoulders, particularly when she feared her-
sell in a tight corner. When Henry would
ask on arriving home, "Where is Katie?" as
likely as not Edith would answer, "Out
with some man, as usual." When flowers
would come for Edith herself, she often told
the maid, in her husband's presence, to take
them to Katie's room.

She even suggested to her husband that
Katie was flirting with MacBride. And so
affairs went on until the day of Edith's
birthday.

Henry had promised to give Edith a birth-
day dinner down town. But at the last
moment a telegram arrived which interfered
with his plans—it was a telegram from
Crandall. He asked Henry to keep his ar-
ival secret and meet him at the office at 7
o'clock. There was nothing to do but call
the dinner off without going into detail.
about the reason. Katie was too spurred
in the afternoon with Edith's gift, a fur
coat. But Edith pouted and would not
listen to his attempts to explain his sudden
change of heart for Edith.

In the hall Henry met Katie. Remember-
ing that Peter would be home that
night, and thinking to make sure that Katie
should be there, Henry told her he would
be back soon and asked her not to go out
that evening.

As soon as Henry was gone, Edith tele-

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The Misfit Wife (Continued)

phoned to MacBride. He invited her to dine with him in his apartment. The telephone connection was cut off before MacBride had finished his directions. Thinking he was through, Edith went upstairs. When the telephone rang again, Katie answered.

"Don't let them announce you come right up," she heard a voice, and recognized its owner.

Katie found Edith already gone when she knocked at her door.

"She deserves to be punished. It would be a good thing if Henry came back and discovered where she's gone," thought Katie, "but I'll help her this once."

She hastened at once to MacBride's rooms.

The reason for Crandall's secret return was that he had discovered that MacBride was not playing straight with Henry in the oil field. Peter had no sooner disclosed this fact, than Henry determined that they should go to his partner's home at once to face the truth out.

And so—Katie had only walked in on Edith and MacBride at dinner, and explained the advisability of Edith's returning home at once, when Peter and Henry knocked at the door.

The two young women whisked themselves into MacBride's bedroom, but Edith had the stupidity to leave her new coat behind. This article of apparel caught Henry's eye immediately, and picked it up, looked at it thoroughly, then faced his partner.

"This is Edith's coat. How did it come here?" he demanded.

When the bedroom door opened a moment later, on Henry's insistence, it was Katie who stood revealed. She had given Edith her own coat, shoved her out a side door, and stood ready to take the blame for her sister-in-law's indiscretion. But she had not planned on Peter's presence. When she saw him, she stood like one petrified for a moment, then flew to him, but Peter pushed her away. He was too stunned for words.

"Peter and I are going home, Katie," said Henry. "You may come with us, or you may leave and come as you planned to."

His tone was sarcastic. It hurt Katie beyond description. She turned her face away and stood silent as they departed.

Henry went straight to Edith's room on returning to Gilcrest, and they agreed that Katie should have a severe talking to. Even if there had been no harm committed in her going to MacBride's rooms, she had acted unwisely. It showed a decided lack of humility and appreciation of what the family had done for her.

But Peter Crandall stood by the door in the big, unfriendly hall. He felt that he could not wait until Katie came, and yet he did not know how he would face her when she did. He felt that the very bottom had dropped out of his life. He had built so much on Katie—and she had failed him. Or had she failed him? There must be some explanation to his presence in MacBride's apartment. Peter shivered when he heard her foot on the porch. He opened the door before she could ring. In a moment her arms were about him, and his about her.

"Oh, Peter, Peter," she cried tenderly. "I wish you didn't believe that of me—you couldn't, Peter." Between kisses she told him what had happened.

When Edith and Henry came down stairs to give Katie her lesson, she listened to what they had to say in all seriousness and meekness. Even when Peter joined them, she remained still, with downcast eyes.

When she raised her eyes at last, it was to those of her sisters, and she were in no wise accusing. Indeed they were filled

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Your legs will appear straight when you wear

Straightleg Garters

Remarkable invention. Combines comfort and support. Quick and easy to put on. Shoulder support adjusted to fit. Moderate price. Available in many different sizes and styles. For average and large sizes. Easy to put on. No shoulder support. Quick and easy to put on. Shoulder support adjusted to fit. Moderate price. "Unbreakable" bowlegged men's garters will make your legs look straight whenever you want them to, and you can be sure that you are wearing real comfort. Write for free booklet, mailed in plain envelope.

S. L. GARTER CO.
810 Trust Co. Bldg.
DAYTON, OHIO
only with sweetness. This was more than Edith could stand. In a moment she was telling the story of her ressentment of her husband's devotion to his business, of her flirtation with MacBridge, and the truth about the evening.

Both wives sighed with happiness as the arms of their respective husbands went about them. Then all four looked at one another and giggled rather foolishly.

"And now," breathed Katie, "this is just like the happy ending to a motion picture. Let's all live happily ever after."

Dick's New Contract
(Concluded from page 70)

"It was the biggest chance I ever had. It gave me an opportunity for real character study. In 'Way Down East,' I am a farmer. I don't look like a farmer, but Griffith gave me the part because he knew that I would have to work to make it convincing."

"So I want more character parts—that is to say, parts that have character. It is the success you make through your work and not the personal sort of success that counts."

You see, the moral of this story is quite apparent: It is best to love them for their Art alone.

Pictures As A Part of Church Service

By Stanley Baird Reed

There is one of the cities of the southwestern part of our country that every Saturday carries, on the pages of its four largest newspapers, more church advertising than is carried throughout an entire week in all the papers of New York City combined. Not only does this city have more church advertising than New York, but it gets results from it. People read this page as carefully as they read other advertisements, and in this city they attend church.

One Saturday, shortly after my arrival in Los Angeles, I glanced over the page to select a church to attend on the morrow. As I read through the advertisements, I was surprised to see the following:

TEMPLE BAPTIST—5TH AND OLIVE ST.
Dr. Frank Divine, Great New York Preacher, and Dr. Broucher both speak both services.
11 a.m.—Investments and Big Business.
7:45 p.m.—Moving Pictures—"Wonders of West." Interesting Travels. Big Musical Program.

Not that the advertisement itself took me by surprise, for it was worded much like any of the others, but that one line. "7:45 P. M.—Moving Pictures," that excited my curiosity. Movies as a part of the regular church service, I determined to see for myself just what that advertisement did mean, so Sunday evening found me at the large auditorium that houses Temple Baptist Church. This church has the same interior as that of a theater. In fact, during the week it is a theater, and houses some of the best shows that come to town. I was shown to a good seat down in the Orchestra Center. I glanced around. People were entering the building from all sides. It is a large one, and seats more...
"This Way, Please, To Win a Satin Skin"

Dear Reader: Everyone admires a satin skin. Its captivating daintiness lures glances that linger longingly. Just think, you can now afford your own satin skin! The discovery of Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder offers the one way, the fulfillment of deferred hopes, the only way to secure a satin texture skin. Satin Skin Cream is a benevolent balm with a blessed healing, reviving touch. As dew refreshes the flowers, Satin Skin Cream brings new life to the skin, wondrous satiny softness of alluring attractiveness.

There are two kinds of Satin Skin Cream: First, "COLD," second, "GREASELESS." Both different from other so-called creams and you need BOTH. The "Cold" for night nourishment; "Greaseless" for day use and to hold powder.

SATIN SKIN POWDER, "Perfection for complexion," is the refined finish, the artistic, fascinating finale. Yes, Satin Skin "shows." It is plainly visible in one’s improved appearance. It tells you aren’t using any ordinary, but a superface powder, which bestows a smart a la mode satiny finish. There is a true tint for every type, blonde or brunette, brown eyes, blue or gray; a harmonizing blending shade, the last word in distinction and elegance. No matter what powder you are now using, you need Satin Skin at once to help your classy complexion.

Tints: Pink, flesh, white, brunette, naturel. The new shade, "Naturelle," is stunning for street use. There’s only one way to secure a satin skin: Use Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Complimentary samples upon receipt of your druggist’s address and stamped, addressed, return envelope.

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110 Years of Making Good Brushes
Replaced foreign brushes in the U.S. in 1812, and became the leading manufacturers of brushes in the United States. Later, and now, the largest manufacturers of brushes in the world. Excellent quality, infinite variety of all kinds of brushes.

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SAVE YOUR BODY
Conserv Your Health and Efficiency First

"I Would Not Part With It for $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AFFLIGTIONS OF WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Send for Illustrated Literature

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For Boys
For Girls
Also

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated book let, measurement blanks, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

Pictures As a Part of Church Service

(Concluded)

than three thousand. Soon there was not a vacant seat in the house. I wondered how many more. This must be a hit! The great reason to attract so many on a Sunday night.

A man had appeared upon the stage in front of the curtain. He raised his hand, and all the house was clapping. "Brethren," he said, "we have tonight a picture showing some of the wonders of our great West. I hope that after seeing this picture and the wonderful scenes that it contains, hearts will be filled with a greater feeling of reverence towards the God that created them." He turned and left the stage.

"Vacant," there followed a beautiful scenic picture. Its setting was marvelous, and I felt, as the speaker had said, inspired with a feeling of reverence towards the God that could create such things, and works such wondrous ones in nature.

At the picture’s conclusion, there followed a splendid organ recital, and then the regular services of the evening. I could not but note the reverence with which the congregation followed the lead of their pastor throughout the service.

Next morning found me closeted with Dr. J. Whitcomb Brousher, the pastor, in his study.

"Dr. Broucher," I said, "please tell me why you use moving pictures as a part of your church services. How do you find that they aid you in it."

"Some day all churches will use them," he said. "It is bound to come."

"When you go to a play there not always an overture? When you go to hear a prominent speaker is there not always a preliminary programme before he begins to speak? Is there anything that is of any importance that does not have its preliminary? Why? Because it is a necessity. People must be warmed up before a play commences. They must be ready to enjoy it. Is there not the same thing in regard to the topic. You enjoy a show more if you get there before the show commences.

And so it is with the church. People come in from the streets. Now there is anything in the streets of a city that makes a person feel reverent? If so, I do not know of it. They come in from the streets, and they are not warmed up to receive the word of God, nor join in His services as they should be.

"That is where the movies come in. We show them a reel of nature pictures that displays the wonderful things of God. It inspires them with a feeling of reverence, and when the services commence, they are in the proper mood to receive His word."

"Do you find that this really helps you in drawing and holding your congregation?"

I asked.

"Yes," he said, "it does. For example, the Auditorium holds about three thousand people. Every Sunday night it is crowded to the doors. The remarkable part of this is that over seventy-five per cent of these people are not members of our church, and fifty per cent of them are not Baptists. Now I do not claim that they come alone for motion pictures, for that would be absurd. No, but it helps to draw them. This is a large tourist city. We draw a large part of our congregation from them, but I do claim that the moving pictures are in a large way responsible for our success.

"What is their future in the church? I can not say for sure, but I think that there will be a time soon when many of the churches will put pictures to the same use as we have. It pays."

Deep advertisement in PHOToplay Magazine is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 110)

MRS. J. W. FROE, CHESTERFORD, IND.—You may write to Jervin Nobitt at 304 South 43rd Street, N. Y. C. You're quite welcome; come again.

S. DASHEES, OTTAWA.—Would the fact that you have a ruddy complexion be a drawback to acting for the movies? Ah— you were born to blush unseen, I fear. However, makeup may do wonders for you. You just have to follow the usual prescription: that is, apply in person at some film studio for a job.

MARJORIE SHEEHY, NOVA SCOTIA—I don't mind your "pack of questions" when they are so nicely tied up with the pink ribbons of flattery. I am still susceptible, you see—the older I grow the bigger my bump of conceit becomes. Lillian Gish played in "The Birth of a Nation," but she was not the little sister who jumped off the cliff to escape the villain. It was Mae Marsh who earned your sympathy for such a hard fall. Undoubtedly Mr. Griffith's assistants provided a net for her to fall into as Mae has been seen in pictures since and is working in pictures. The Gish sisters are Ohio girls; they were educated by tutors and in boarding school; they were both on the stage when tiny tots and in their early teens when they first went to Biograph. Neither Lillian nor Dorothy is married.

R. R. R., REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.—That thirteen-year-old girl who solved six problems of arithmetic in four seconds should be made to juggle the birth-dates and present ages of some of our best sinemuses. Peggy Hyland is in Europe now, making pictures for the Safeguard Film Company, of British concern. Mae Murray is with Incense; Madeline Traverse is to have her own company; Shirley Mason plays for Fox, and Earle Williams for Vitagraph.

INCOOL, CHICAGO.—You're awfully mysterious, aren't you? You never made that promised visit to my office and now it's too late. I'm not afraid of citations and all that. Mrs. Powell is married; I haven't her wife's maiden name. Here's the cast of "The Brat" (Metro), with Nazimova in the title role: Mrs. Robert Travers, Mr. W. B. Howes, Mrs. F. M. Forrester, Amy Vaness, the Presence, Bonnie Hill; The Bishop, Frank Currier; Stephen Forrester, Darrell Foss; Manager of the Show, Herbert Prior.

R. W. C., CANADA.—I haven't really been overworking so. But I feel I need a long vacation to keep up the illusion that I have been working. Mary Pickford was born Gladys Smith in Toronto, Canada! Pickford is a family name. Bill Hart is fifty years old. He will answer your letter, I believe. You are not a make-believe boy; he was born on a Texas ranch. Maestro was the strong man in "The Warrior." Mary Fuller is not dead, but she is not doing any picture work.

F. S. GALESTON.—A New Jersey judge has barred from his court the low, drooping hat worn by the "old, wise, wizened woman" when they testify. Too bad all men haven't the power to regulate woman's headgear. Jack Perrin is married to Josephine Hill, now playing in "Mr. Deeds, Broom and Bath." Jane and Catherine Lee are in vaudeville now. So are Virginia Lee Corbin and Ben Alexander, the little boy whom Griffith discovered. Little Miss Corbin is a charming child—a golden-haired baby who played in Fox's "Jack and the Beanstalk" and other of the fairy-tale series. Eddie Polo is making a circus serial for Universal.

Become an Artist

Get into this fascinating business NOW! Enjoy the freedom of an artist's life. Let the whole world be your workshop. The woods, fields, lakes, mountains, seashore, the whirl of current events—all furnish material for your pictures. With your kit of artist's materials under your arm you can go where you please and make plenty of money. Your drawings will be just like certified checks!

Never before has there been such an urgent need of artists as there is right now! Magazines—newspapers—advertising agencies—business concerns—department stores—all are on the lookout for properly trained artists. Take any magazine—look at the hundreds of pictures in it! And there are over $50,000,000 veterans in the United States alone! Think of the millions of pictures they require. Do you wonder that there is such a great demand for artists? Right this minute there are over $10,000,000 in salaries for artists—begging begging just because of the lack of competent commercial artists.

No Talent Needed, Anyone Can Learn in Spare Time

Our wonderful NEW METHOD of teaching art by mail has exploded the theory that " Talent" was necessary for success in art. Just as you have been taught to read and write, you can be taught to draw. We start you with straight lines—then curves—then you learn to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making drawings that sell for $100 to $500. No drawn method. It's just like playing a fascinating game!

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Every drawing you make while taking the course receives the personal criticism of our director, Will H. Chandlee. Mr. Chandlee has had over 35 years' experience in commercial art, and is considered one of the country's foremost authorities on the subject. He knows the game inside and out. He teaches you to make the kind of pictures that sell. Many of our students have received as high as $160 for their first drawing! $50 a week is often paid to a good beginner.

Our course covers every possible angle of Commercial Art. It does away with all the superficial technique and entangling hindrances of the ordinary art school. It brings the principles of successful drawing right down to fundamentals. With a word you get all the benefits of a three year course in art at a residence school right in your own home—and for just a few cents a day. Your spare time is all that is required. A few minutes a day will accomplish wonders for you!

Free Book and Artist's Outfit

Mail coupon now for this valuable book "How to Become an Artist." It's just full of interesting pointers on drawing. Reveals the secrets of success in art! Shows drawings by our students. See for yourself what amazing progress they have made through our School. Book is sent in detail, and gives full particulars of our FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT. Fill out coupon NOW! Mail it TODAY!

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Questions and Answers (Concluded)

A. G. F., Dallas.—I have a sneaking admiration for Will Rogers myself. Perhaps it's a fellow-feeling; we are neither of us handsome. Will's son Jimmie, plays with him in "Jes' Call Me Jim," a fine picture, by the way. Address both care Goldwyn, Culver City, Va. dns. Metro. Mabel Forrest is Myna Braith Washburn. Look for your other answers elsewhere in these columns.

Miss D. W., Baltimore.—A cynic would say that one can't understand great poetry and doesn't care for it. I only know I have successfully evaded my Muse on every occasion, so have no poetical flights to be sorry for. Harrison Ford, Lasky. Niles Welch, western Vitagraph.

G. W. Smith, St. Boniface, Man.—The Editor has asked me to tell you that your letter was much appreciated by all of us who are working to make Photoplay. It was a charming letter—I would have more like it as answer. Your favorites are well-chosen—particularly the favorite who you say always appears cheering: the Answer Man, your humble servant. Again thanks, and please write again sometime.

M. G. F., Washington.—Welcome to the family circle. Did you bring your knitting? Or your tatting would do just as well. Nazimova's leading man is her husband, Charles Bryant. He always appears with her on the screen. The Bryants have no children.

E. H. Cumberland.—I don't blame you for liking David Powell. I suppose if I were a flippant flapper I'd rave about him too. As it is, I like his work very much. Address him care Paramount-Artcraft, Eastern Printing Co., 11th Floor, 337 West 57th St., New York City. Powell appeared in other Fitzmaurice productions. "The Right to Love" and "Idols of Clay," again with Mae Murray. He is married—Elizabeth.

Libbie, Quincy, Mass.—That's nothing. I've heard of a dancer who wears a wig of spun gold. Honest, press-agent's definition of honesty. Sorry, but Richard Bartheswell has been my favorite. I'm well informed if I understood him correctly. Richard takes writing very seriously and is a good writer. Well, his good nature and poise is an insult to his art. But he might, if properly approached—on paper—send you his photograph.

C. M. A., Evansville.—I'll wager you are one of those people who believe a man may renew his youth by adopting a flippant attitude toward middle age. I am not old enough to worry or philosophize about old age yet. No, Delight Evans isn't a film company, but a young lady who writes for Photogram. Address the editorial staff. Bill Hart has blue eyes and brown hair, weighs 100 and is one inch over six feet tall. He has his own studio in Los Angeles. Gramercy—salary: she makes—twenty-nine, and lives at 1623 Gardiner Street, L. A. Tom Mix married Victoria Forde. Is that all?

J. H. F., Fresno.—Ladies of the harems of Bagdad are permitted to view American films—but the films must first be censored so that they will be acceptable. Must American girls rather not see the film at all? Josephine Hill is married to Jack Perrin, a serial player for Universal. Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arno, a well-known legitimate actress who is now playing in "Adam and Eva" in New York.

Mystyle, Grafton, Ill.—Good girl—you only wrote on one side of the paper this time. I see some of you do read the rules. Above all, when writing, say "Mr. Morgan, please." Josephine Morgan is in private life—played opposite Mabel Normand in "Mickey." Mabel is now with Goldwyn, her new pictures are "The Man Who Played Alva." (The title of the latter may be changed for release). Others answered elsewhere.

Robert, Boston.—Sometimes I become disinterested and can't think. Who is Mr. Paulina? At least of all I. I would rather you didn't send me your photograph, Roberta. Don't ask me why. Your youngest—whom, Jere Austin, is from Minnesota. He was a stock actor before he went into pictures. Same height as Bill Hart—and weighs five pounds more. Address him at the Green Room Club, New York City. Pretty stationery, Roberta.

V. B., Morangtown.—Many women I see have such fresh complexities, I am often amazed at such shoulders. I saw Walsh when he was not married. Now he is divorced from Seena Owen. He works for Fox, so add him to that company.

A girl's club.—So you are the girl who promised me a comb of honey and never came through. You can hardly expect me to say sweet things to you. I feel very sarcastic at such times as this. Mildred Marsh, sister of Mae, only appears in pictures once in a while. She was one of the bridesmaids at Mabel Normand's wedding. Mabel directed, "Remodeling a Husband." Leslie Marsh, a niece of Mae, was the little girl in the wedding scene. Visitors are not encouraged in most film studios. You must have a permit or a pull to get past the guard at the gate. I am sorry but I can't give you either of these requisites.

Miss Blue Eyes, Bedford, Mass.—There are no studios in Bedford that I know of, but as you live there and I live in New York City I should think it would be simpler. I have no one to help; you know one's own town anyway. Eddie Polo may be reached care Universal, 1000 Broadway, New York.


Red Head, Sydney, Australia.—That glorious Valaska Suratt is in vaudeville now. Marguerite Court in "Bound and Gagged," a George B. Seitz serial for Pathé. H. B. Warner is married to Rita Sorel. They have little daughter. Joan. Warner may be reached at the Hampton studios, Hollywood, Cal. Lucille Lee Stewart is the wife of Ralph Ince, the director. Eugene O'Neill and George Arliss are an end. Tom Moore, Goldwyn, Culver City.

Elizabethtown, Thomasville, Ga.—Funny you should miss Wallace Reid's pictures. Why, they aren't being released regularly and the latest one is "The Charm School". The Reid's have only one son, William Wallace Reid. Junior, familiarly referred to as "Bill."
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVIII

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**Every Woman**

who wishes to be well-dressed, whether she finds it necessary to count her pennies or not, should follow closely the interesting fashion articles by

**Norma Talmadge**

the screen’s acknowledged leader of fashion, who writes every month for Photoplay.

If you are not already a follower of Miss Talmadge’s advice, turn to page 49 of this number and read her article on

“When the Dollar Works Overtime”
What the "movies" have taught us about Stylish Shoes

By showing the foot as it is in action, it shows us the secret of real shoe style.

What do the movies tell you?
The lure of the vampire; the sweet charm of youth; antics of slap-stick; dare devil exploits; the revelation, the romance of life. These are the things the movies tell you. But the movies have a different message for us.

It too, is romance—the romance of dainty feet, the secret of real shoe style.

Shoe making is an art today, yet how frequently you have had sad experience with shoes. So smart, so shapely, so snug-fitting they were at first; then—a bulge appears, an ugly wrinkle, and gone is the smart style, vanished the trim lines. The materials are still good, but where the dainty charm?

What moving pictures show

The strip of moving picture film shows the foot in action—the successive positions it takes in completing a simple step.

It illustrates how your foot changes, how different it is from your foot at rest.

If a shoe is not made to accommodate itself to the different positions and motions the foot assumes, it is bound to be thrown quickly out of shape.

It is the strain caused by the foot in action that distorts the lines and alters the shape of shoes; that causes unnecessary friction and wear at every step.

The secret of trim daintiness and lasting shoe style

The designers of the Red Cross Shoe recognize the principle of the foot in action as the real secret of making the foot look smaller and always trim and shapely.

It remained for them to find in the movies more than a means of amusement. They find and use the shoe principles revealed by the screen.

They base their measurements and principles of construction upon a study of the moving foot.

One of the positions assumed by the foot in taking a single step as shown by moving pictures

By means of hundreds of movie photographs of the foot in every possible position, they have learned how the foot in action differs from the foot at rest.

And then they test each style thus created—test it on live models in continued action, for weeks, before its final acceptance. The result is a shoe that is different—a shoe that retains its beautiful lines and shape and moves naturally with every movement of the foot—not against it.

A shoe of fit and permanent beauty—trim-fitting, graceful models that stay trim-fitting and graceful as long as you wear them.

And wonderful comfort, too

The Red Cross Shoe is as comfortable as it is lasting beautiful—and for the same reason.

Made to fit the foot in action, there is no pressing and cramping—it needs no "breaking in."

And coupled with this is the famous "bends with your foot" feature of the Red Cross Shoe—a sole so flexible that it "gives" with the step as freely as a perfect-fitting glove yields to the hand.

The new styles are ready

At Red Cross Shoe stores everywhere smart new models await your selection.

Among them you will find a model to delight you—just the one to give your foot the chic daintiness you want for it. Perfect comfort—from the first! Perfect style—to the last! Straight through wearing qualities! Such is the footwear satisfaction you can obtain—today—at the Red Cross Shoe store in your town.

Write for the Footwear Style Guide—sent without charge. Illustrates and describes the correct models in all materials. With it we will send you the name of your Red Cross dealer, or tell you how to order direct. Address The Krohn-Fechheimer Co., 811 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
CARTOONISTS MAKE BIG MONEY

EVERY time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh and every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for him every day.

In this weary old world, everyone from childhood to old age wants to be made to laugh and men who succeed at this are highly paid. By capitalizing their humorous ideas and their ability to draw, cartoonists like Briggs, Fox, King and Smith make $10,000 to $100,000 a year. You may have ideas that are equally good. All you may need is the training to give you the skill to put them on paper.

Send For This Book
If you like to draw, the Federal course, written by Smith, Briggs, Fox, King and other great cartoonists will develop your originality while teaching you the technical details of cartooning. You get the composite experience of these big men for your personal use.

"A Road to Bigger Things" tells how you can get into this highly paid profession through the Federal Course in Applied Cartooning. Send the coupon below, with 6 cents to cover postage, and we will mail your copy of "A Road to Bigger Things." Be sure to state your age and occupation.

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Coupled with this effort to give it the very last touch of realism is an all-star cast, months spent in the making of it and an expenditure of more than a quarter of a million dollars. It is probably richer in spectacular value than any story ever transferred to the moving film.

"Trumpet Island" tells the story of Richard Bedell, Eve le Merin-court and Valinsky, the human derelict. Bedell goes through a period of hardship and deprivation in which he can find neither work nor the hand of good fellowship. He becomes bitter and discouraged. Eve is taken from the quiet seclusion of a finishing school to wed a man she loathes. Valinsky, with a perfected invention for airplanes and starvation staring him in the face, cannot find anyone who will consider him seriously.

Thus these three travel the roads that Destiny has put them on—Bedell, the Stony Path seeking Success and Fame; Eve, the Road of Roses with its thorns and Valinsky, the Road of Mud and Muck. After many windings and twistings these three roads converge, bringing happiness and content to Eve and Bedell, while Death looms for Valinsky at the end of his journey.

Bedell's metropolitan orgies—his dissipations resulting from a too-bountiful Luck and a hopeless Love—his trip to Trumpet Island to become a man once more—Eve's fateful marriage—the airplane honeymoon—the storm—the wreck—the meeting which results in the strangest, the most alluring love story ever told—from this point on, sensational levels are touched in the unfolding of the story of Trumpet Island.

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Studio Directory

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

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; (a) Martin Barbara, Cal.

BLACKETON PRODUCTIONS INC., 27 West 45th St., New York: (a) 223 Clason Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Metro Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd., and Grove St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CICUT, INC., 5 West 44th St., New York: Mildred Harris Chaslin, and Anita Stewart, 2600 Madison Blvd., Los Angeles Cal.

NORNA AND CONSTANCE TALMAIDE STUDIO, 318 East 48th St., New York: King Video Production, 6414 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

KATHERINE MACDONALD PRODUCTIONS, Georgia and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

FOX FILM CORP., 10th Ave., and 56th St., New York; 1700 S. Los Angeles Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

GARSON STUDIOS, INC., 1854 Alexandria St., Los Angeles, Cal.

GOLDWIN FILM CORP., 485 Fifth Ave., New York; (a) Hudson City, Cal.

THOMAS INGE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1176 Broadway, New York; (a) 4 West 41st St., New York, and 1025 Lillian Was, Los Angeles, Cal.

PARAFARM ARTICULATED CORPORATION, 453 Fifth Ave., New York: Famous Players Studio, 128 West 56th St., Hollywood, Cal.

FATH EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York; (a) Hollywood, Cal.

REALART PICTURES CORPORATION, 465 Fifth Ave., New York; (a) 211 North Occidental Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

BEELCRAFT PRODUCTIONS, 729 Seventh Ave., New York; 2147 North Broadway, Hollywood, Cal., and 1729 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

ROBERTSON-COLE PRODUCTIONS, 1660 Broadway, New York.

BRYKACHER FILM MFG. CO., 1255 Pioneer Parkwood, Chicago, Ill.

FELIX STOUT PICTURES CORP., 712 Seventh Ave., New York, Cal., 1002 East 175th St., New York, and West Port Lee, N. J.


UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York; (a) Universal Cit, Cal.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 1600 Broadway, New York; (a) East 12th St., and Louvre Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Hollywood, Cal.

What Readers Say
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**Popularity Follows the Ukulele**

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The Landon School
"The World's Greatest Extension University"

COPYRIGHT 1917 FORY PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE -page 16
ALL you little girls who want to go into the movies—cheer up! Here is Gertrude Olmstead, seventeen-year-old Illinois girl, who was the winner in Universal's beauty contest, who journeyed to California, and will eventually become a star.
BLANCHE SWEET started as a dancer. That was before she dreamed of being known as the Biograph Blonde. Her tragic essays are not forgotten, but her recent efforts along the lines of light comedy, have proven her versatility.
ELLEN TERRY is proud of her little great-niece, June Ellen Terry. June is only nine but she has already played with John Barrymore on the stage, and with Dorothy Gish and Bobby Harron in pictures. She was the child in "Romance."
WHO would ever believe—to watch Jack Holt make convincing love to a lady on the screen—that he was a good husband and a proud father out of office hours? His has been a real rise: from extra man to leading man and star.
BILLIE BURKE in her favorite role—that of Mrs. Florence Ziegfeld. Here the blonde divinity of matinee girls is seen in a corner of Burkely Crest, her country place on the Hudson. Daughter Patricia is probably taking her afternoon nap.
WHEN Earle Metcalfe came back from the war, he had to begin his acting career all over again. Metcalfe has been a prominent leading man ever since the so-called good old days when they used to say the movies wouldn't last.
Another Broadway beauty has left the lights of the midnight roofs and musical comedies to roll herself up in celluloid. Justine Johnstone is no longer the lovely blonde figurante of Manhattan entertainments, but the latest Realart star.
BARBARA CASTLETON'S fine performance in "The Branding Iron" establishes her as one of the few screen actresses who can be very dramatic and very beautiful at the same time. Barbara comes from Arkansas and has never been on the stage.
The Fireside of Art

ALMOST everywhere you will find pictures and amazing descriptions of our country's great hotels. But you cannot discover any immortal poems about them; you will not see any armies going forth to fight for them; you will not find any cherished memories clustering about their marble-and-velvet thresholds. Somehow, these tributes are all saved for the family fireside, which more often than not is really humble, and seldom has pretensions to splendor or astounding size.

In our very young Drama of the Silences we have done a lot of cooing and some downright shouting about the splendid hostelries of the photoplay adorning every large American city. But, praiseworthy as they are, the glittering cinemas of the cities do not support the grand craft of the motion picture. The photoplay has become universal solely because of the cross-road and the village and the small town. These faithful, unheard-of little film shops—more than ten thousand of them!—total more artistic awe and power than is reflected in the whole tinselled pageantry of our metropoli.

In the court of culture PHOTOPLAY rises to plead for the country theater. Respect it, discriminating Patron, for upon its screens are the eyes of America. Help it, Distributor, for today its film rentals alone total thirty percent of its gross income, and its other expenses are equally disproportionate. Honor it, Manufacturer, with materials better mechanically and artistically, for otherwise it cannot honor you.

And remember, all of you, that it is not the bizarre tavern of optic entertainment along the Main Stem, but the Country Theater that is America's Fireside of Art.
There's No Rue About Rosemary

By BILLY BATES

cynical assumption, frequently expressed, that dramatic schools, in the easy argot of the studios, are nix. For Miss Theby is an alumnus of one of them in New York.

It was with no idea of becoming a screen player that Miss Theby came East from St. Louis, same being her native health, to study dramatic art, expression (with gesture) and such other accomplishments as may be included in the curriculum of a dramatic school.

Indeed, Miss Theby was gifted with a voice of wonderful timbre, with sympathetic curves in it, and she counted the voice as her chief possession. So did the folk at the dramatic school and the cards seemed to read that Miss Theby was going to be a stage star of considerable moment.

Then she spoiled it all by going into the movies.

That is, if we take the word of the dramatic school teachers, especially the elocutionist, she spoiled it all.

But somehow nobody else seems to agree, not even Miss Theby.

Far from being a made-to-order star, Rosemary Theby became star material in her first picture—the opus debut, you might call it—"Too Much Women," which was made on the old Universal lot in Universal City.

Rosemary is one of the consistently popular actresses in pictures. She became a member of the celluloïd constellation via the extra route—she was once of the "hey-you" squad. That was in the days when a three-reeler was a feature and five-reelers were unknown. You may remember when she was a Lubin ingenue and a Vitagraph vampire. Not so many years ago—but a long time as time is reckoned in the flicker business.

In New York last month she tarried a fortnight, shopped extravagantly along Fifth Avenue, listened to the sad moan of the waves at Atlantic City, and then hurried back West. "Oh, yes, New York is really restful," ruminated Rosemary, "so calm and peaceful after the hustle and bustle of Los Angeles."

Shades of Father Knickerbocker! But then, after going through the long, long hours of making "Rio Grande" and "Athalie" and "The Splendid Hazard," it may be that New York does seem calm and peaceful to Miss Theby.

These lines are written some days since the stately star visited us. And we can think of another poetic line ever so much more appropriate to her than the rosemary-and-rue line.

Do you remember it?

"And rosemary, I know, is for remembrance."
The Camera Detects Thought

By CHET WITHEY

ANYONE who is connected in any way with the motion picture industry is continually running up against people who ask him: "What do you consider the biggest and most essential thing to a successful career in the films?"

Sometimes they are surprised when I reply, "Thought!" So I usually have to go ahead and tell them just what I mean by thought as the most important factor in screen success. Thoughts are things and it is just as possible to photograph a thought passing through a man's mind as it is to take a picture of physical movement.

How terrible, you'll remark, to come home in the wee small hours of the morning, after a very, very goo' time at the sh-club, to find your wife waiting at the door with a thought-camera, ready to photograph your innermost secrets! But just the same, if you'll consider seriously the pictures you have seen that didn't seem true, that you have sat through and wondered what was wrong with them—you'll admit my idea isn't so silly as it may sound.

How many times have you watched players flit across the screen, their actions obviously irrelevant to the roles they were playing? You have thought, "The story might mean more, the star might be a more sympathetic character if only something were done"—but just what that something was, you did not quite know.

Perhaps I can tell you. The star was not thinking of her job, a job in which she was supposed to give something to the public, as a thinking class of people, and it registered in every movement of her body, every flicker of an eyelash.

I know from experience and observation that the camera will record the thoughts of a person absolutely, and if it were not too personal a matter I would mention names. Upon one occasion an actress, now a star, revealed to me during the course of the performance that she was very much in love with her leading man. At this time neither the gentleman in question nor anyone else had the least inkling that such was the case. Some weeks later the two were married and after a period of years are still living happily together. In this case the camera was right.

I do not claim the theory to be an original one. It is based on teachings which are as ancient as Aristotle. I noticed in another picture the extreme lack of feeling expressed by an actress in her love scenes with her husband. She seemed utterly unable to go through her part except in a forced and mechanical manner. Shortly after she put in a plea for divorce. So if you want to know "who loves who" in the movies, watch the screen closely.

Of course I wouldn't so advise a jealous husband whose wife happened to be an actress, although I maintain if he watches closely the truth will out. The camera keeps grinding ceaselessly and misses nothing. It is impossible to keep on for hours and not in one way or another show what your real thoughts are.

It may seem that I am advancing a theory that is apt to cause some people a lot of trouble. But that is the fault of the people, not the theory. It is not, however, my purpose to advance this in order to have a general delving into the austral adventures of my colleagues, but to suggest to those who have not given the matter a thought, the way they may benefit by it and use it as a means to improve their acting. There is that oft repeated saying, "What we think we are, we gradually become," and that is the point I wish to bring out. Everyone is striving for ease and naturalness in acting and I think the use of thought by imagination and concentration is the way to get it.

For instance, suppose Miss A. is required to register love in a scene with Mr. B. No matter what her feelings are toward this gentleman, she must concentrate on one thought, "I love him!"—"I love him!"—"I love him!"—and accompany this by (Concluded on page 119)
Relaxation
Marietta Serves Coffee

By JULIAN JOHNSON

Urban's invasion of the movies has been accomplished from a General Headquarters some twenty by fifteen feet in size.

And on the other side of the small blacks sits Joseph Urban—last year the greatest constructing artist of the theater, and now of the movies.

It may seem strange to you that I am giving the coffee so much prominence, but you would see for yourself—were you there—how important it is.

Urbanly speaking, it occupies the same social position that the cigarette has long since achieved among the rapidly revolving Mexicans, and is as much of a formality-killer as was that archaic salutation, "What'll you have?" among our four-finger fathers.

Joseph Urban's invasion of the movies has been accomplished from a General Headquarters some twenty by fifteen feet in size, on the second floor of a rambling and ponderous cement building near the Harlem River, on the northeast corner of Manhattan Island. The structure has been the International Film studio only since last autumn; before that it was a Casino, alternately jazzed and shot up by dancing clubs more than one member of which could give a movie cowboy a couple of rings on the pistol target and then beat him twice out of three.

Like most film arenas, there is nothing especially aesthetic about the place until you come to the cave wherein Abu Hassan Urban—since they gave us our numerals we can borrow at least a figure of speech from the Arabians—keeps just a few of his artistic jewels.

It is all white, with highly-curtained windows that keep one's eyes off the grime of the adjacent streets; occupying almost all of one end is an L-like combination of desk and table and work-bench; around the walls, framed in orderly rows, are little paintins and drawings, made by Mr. Urban for books, or else colored sketches of scenery for dramas or grand operas or female extravaganzas; there are deep, hugely comfortable chairs of black and white wood—striped like a lady's cape or a stout gentleman's trousers; one end of the room is entirely engaged with shelves bending beneath art-books in half a dozen languages or the universal pictorial appeal, and the other end of the room has a window both deep and high, opening upon the afternoon sun and the upper strata of the Second Avenue elevated.

Joseph Urban is usually to be found as a rotund wedge driven into the angle of the L-like table. No matter how well he may know his guest, no matter how obscure that guest may be, he does not request the visitor to take a chair; he proffers it himself, though it entails a trip across the room and back. This is merely a sample of his old-world courtesy that now strangely hovers over a corner of a rough old pile but recently devoted to malt, hops and stray shots. And
after the chair has been occupied, the invariable summons from the host:—

"Marietta... Marietta! The coffee, if you please."

I have seen luxurious offices equipped, like some hotels, with running ice-water, but never before have I seen one equipped with running Java. That is to say, Marietta must have a faucet for her anti-Postum, because it is always instantly on tap, and is always, and instantly hot, clear as amber and exhilaratingly strong. No one could make coffee so quickly; and coffee as virile as that, if standing, would soon become more like a tanning solution than a drink.

It is served, invariably, from a percolator of shining silver, and in a demi-tasse set of deep yellow, with a little silver -vice of mirrorlike polish. Marietta, let me add as a final touch of color, is small and blonde.

The coffee once poured, conversation may begin, and in the conversation the host is much readier to listen than to talk.

Joseph Urban is a very gentle man, very tolerant, very enthusiastic about other men's enthusiasms. And that last is a very rare quality in a man who is so distinguished and so individual an artist.

For you probably know that Mr. Urban is today the most distinguished master of environment, light and color that we Anglo-Saxons know in the theater. There is Max Reinhardt in Germany, and Robert Edmond Jones as a mighty constructive force in the drama, but Reinhardt is practically unknown in America and but little known in England, and Jones is still a matter of metropolitan fame.

The thing that has spread Mr. Urban's name about the United States more than any or all his other works has been the Ziegfeld Follies, in five gorgeous annual issues, with the sixth impending. However much Mr. Ziegfeld has done for Mr. Urban, in either finance or notoriety, Mr. Urban has done incalculably more for Mr. Ziegfeld, for, in supervising every item of color and material form, from the lights to the gowns of the girls, he—no other—has created the most beautiful vision of its kind that the stage has ever seen. "Urban lighting," "Urban gowns," "Urban scenery," "Urban curtains," and, above all, a deep, tropic, furnace-like, fascinating and almost intolerable shade known as "Urban blue," have become household words in every show-shop.

It is characteristic of the artist that he claims no particular sagacity nor even ingenuity in procuring his effects. He says he knows what he likes to see, but after that he has no quick or magic route to his optical wonders; he has to keep on trying, and trying, and trying some more until just the shade, or just the illumination, or just the combination that he wants is reached. Then he is at a lot of pains to remember how he got there—and, to hear him tell it with his usual discount of imagination and invention, the trick is done.

For instance, his astounding light combinations, which have got people out of the habit of calling David Belasco the sole monarch of electricity: "I sit out in front, in the darkened theater, and shout to the boys at the switchboard and behind the lamps in the gallery to try this combination, and that, and the other until I get just the effect I want—and when I've got it I hold them on it till they've made notations of exactly what they've done, the size and number and strength of their lamps, the combinations, the numbers of their lenses, the time of every light change—all this, until it becomes a mechanical formula which, exactly repeated, will always give exactly the same result."

As for "Urban blue," perhaps the famous and intriguing color of modern times in the theater, its creator explains: "The blue of the tropic sky, which I tried to approximate, is
not a mere azure color. It is a combination of the blue of
space and white light, and the white light of the sun is a com-
bination of all colors. My colors are very simple and primitive
blues, on the canvas, but they are not painted on; they
are dappled on, so that really you are not seeing a plane sur-
face, but a spotted surface, under an almost sunlike illumin-
ation; the result is a blue that is apparently without any back-
ing of canvas—a sunkt and ethereal blue which one gazes
through rather than at.

The incandescent lamp is just that simple—but we had to
wait a long time for an Edison to fashion one.

But while not forgetting his debt in American popularitv to
the “Follies,” Mr. Urban prefers to think of himself as an envi-
orner of the sterner drama. He is perfectly willing to
rhory the girls, but he gets a bigger thrill out of creating a
new “Parsifal,” as he did for the Metropolitan Opera House
last winter. There has never been so imaginative and power-
ful a thing done in America as that monstrous, unrelieved bat-
tlement in Klingsor’s castle at the top of which the diabolic
magician sits while he evokes the tortured spirit of Kundry
from the dark measureless well below.

And during the rehearsals of “Parsifal” occurred a thing
which illustrates the whole scheme of Urban’s art.

Parsifal, “the guileless fool,” transfuses one of the sacred
swans with an arrow. It falls. “Where, Mr. Urban, is
die schwam?” petulantly inquired the director, used during
these many years to the sight of a highly material stuffed bird,
which came thumping down from the fly-gallery to the floor.

“My dear Herr-Direktor,” returned the artist, in his native
German, “if the actor cannot make me imagine that I see the
wounded swan falling before my eyes I am not going to get
very much of a thrill out of a fat goose swinging in on a wire,
like a display in a milliner shop. I have not provided any rain
of swans.”

Three tremendous Urban productions—now finished—are to
be revealed for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House
early in 1921. They are entirely new settings for “Lohengrin”,
and “Tristan and Isolde,” and a first time equipment for
Verdi’s “Don Carlos,” never done in this country as a music-
drama.

Speaking of “The Follies,” and Urban’s great works at the
Metropolitan—he has done such things as “The Love of Three
Kings” for the Chicago Opera—or his setting for the Detroit
Symphony Orchestra—all this may seem far from the field of
motion pictures, but it is by way of knowing the man.

Now for his reason for going into motion pictures: and he
has indeed taken up the playoply in earnest, for his con-
tact is almost an exclusive one, and permits him only his
Metropolitan Opera House work, and participation in the
“Follies” for a limited time.

“The motion picture offers incomparably the greatest field
to any creative artist of brush or blue-print today,” he says.
“It is the art of the Twentieth Century, and perhaps the
greatest art of modern times. It is all so young, so fresh, so
untired. It is like an unknown ocean stretching out before a
modern Columbus.”

You must know that basically Joseph Urban is not a painter,
but an architect! It was as an architect that he received his
final education, and as an architect he won his first triumpb
in his home city, Vienna. The infinite explorations of a cre-
ative architect in motion picture constructions give him all the
thrills that come to a little boy who discovers a rain-made
pond and, simultaneously, some fence-boards to make a raft.

You should have seen, in the Hearst studio, his wonderful
construction of a complete Spanish house—first story, second
story, inloors, outloors, patio, and even roof, all lighted as
by a semi-tropic sun; yet the whole was contrived in a steam-
heated building, in the middle of the worst Northern winter in
thirty years.

The story was “The World and His Wife,” in which Alma
(Continued on Page 132)
Doris Kenyon
With Frank Thomas in one of their bedroomest scenes that made hardened first nighters hold their breaths.
The Little Girl in the Parsonage

By MONTANYE PERRY

Who grew to be The Girl in the Limousine.

enough to dim the radiance of sunny Doris! She did so want pretty frocks! And why was it wrong to dance, when one was happy? Wistfully, she searched her Bible and brought it to Father, pointing with a determined little finger to the passages she had underlined with firm, black strokes.

"For all her household are clothed with scarlet!"

"Praise Him with the timbrel and with dance!"

But even this Biblical backing did not help her until Father gave up preaching to devote himself entirely to the literary

(Continued on page 133)

The Little Girl in the Limousine!" We all saw it last winter, and we agreed that of all the flock of bedroom farces it was the bedroomiest! Beautifully staged, brilliantly done, of course. Didn't Al Woods do it? But even the most hardened first nighter caught his breath more than once at the daring lines and situations. Immensely clever, of course, and uproariously funny, but really—

And the Girl herself! Fitting about the pink and green bedroom, or tucked up in the silken bed, wearing a winsome smile, a fluffy mop of bronze-gold hair, and, at times, so very little beside! Clever, sophisticated, audacious, radiant!

Yes, radiant! That is the word which best described this Girl in the Limousine. She was so full of life, apparently enjoying every one of her lines, delighting in the uproarious appreciation of her audience. And yet, all the evening, I wondered, and wondered, and wondered—

You see, I knew Doris Kenyon very well. I had not seen her since her successes on screen and stage. But before that— I kept remembering—

Up in Syracuse, New York, there was an old-fashioned house in Harrison Street, set back a little, with a green yard and a big tree. It was a Methodist parsonage, and one day when I went there with some proof for the Reverend James B. Kenyon to look over, they showed me a roll of white flannel, pink ribbons and lace which they said was their very newest baby—Doris!

"She's going to be a beauty!" was what the mother said.

"And a good woman, who'll help make the world better," was what the father said.

"Waa-a-a-a!" was what baby Doris said.

It seemed no time at all before she was pulling herself up by the window ledge and waving friendly little hands at the cool green branches of the old tree. Then, quite suddenly one day when a golden throated oriole perched on the tip of a bough, Doris made her first remark.

"Birdie!" she said, pointing a fat little finger. "Sing!"

And, most obligingly, it sang.

That's the way it was with Doris, always. She said to birds, or to people, or to circumstances, "Sing." And they sang! Just because she was so sunny, so sure of the joy of life. She knew that everything and everyone was going to be all right, so it just was all right!

Not that Doris was spoiled. Discipline in the parsonage was very firm. Ministers' little daughters must never, never be late to Sunday School; they must save their pennies for the little Armenian orphans; they must be plainly dressed; and they couldn't ever go to dancing school! These last two rules were almost
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE announces that during the year 1921, starting with the January number, there will appear twenty-four short stories, two stories in each number, for which the publisher will pay a total of FOURTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. The size of the prizes will attract the best authors of our day, for the first reward,

Five Thousand Dollars

will be the equivalent of from one dollar to two dollars a word, since the length of the stories will be from 2,500 to 5,000 words. No magazine at any time has paid so generous a price for fiction. These stories will be illustrated by the most popular and highest-paid illustrators and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE anticipates a rich treat for its readers during the year.

THE second prize will be $2,500; third prize, $1,000; fourth prize, $500. For the other twenty stories accepted PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will pay at least $250 each. The prize-winners will be determined by a distinguished board of judges, the personnel of which will be announced in a later issue. The names of the winners will be printed in the December, 1921, number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the awards will be paid to the winners on Christmas Eve of 1921.

IT is not expected that any “dark horses” or novices in the art of story-telling will compete in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE’s $14,000 SHORT STORY CONTEST, but all stories received will be carefully considered and it is not improbable that new talent may be developed and a new “O. Henry” discovered through the medium of the contest. Authors must enclose an addressed envelope, bearing sufficient postage, if the return of manuscripts is desired. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is not responsible for the return of such manuscripts, but every effort will be made to return them within a fortnight or report on manuscripts. All stories accepted for publication will be paid for ($250) immediately and in the case of the prize-winners, the balance of the prize money will be paid at the conclusion of the contest.

J. R. QUIRK, Editor.
Author In Wonderland

By ALICE DUER MILLER
Sketches by C. W. Anderson

In which a famous woman writer of books and plays and photoplays declines to accept an invitation to witness a nice cold-blooded murder, but does observe angles about a busy studio with naive regard for the realities of life.

PRESENTLY the sinister looking Turkish gentleman in a fez and the medals (acquired one did not like to think how) came sauntering out of the Moorish doorway of the English ambassador's house in Constantinople, which, contrary to the vulgarly accepted notion of geography, stood just a few feet away, so near indeed that one was forced to edge one's way between the two buildings.

I could not blame the Turk for hanging about and looking through the school-room windows, for the teacher was of such unusual beauty, both of face and figure, that anyone would have felt she had mistaken her vocation. In fact, the curve of her mouth was so brightly scarlet, so perfect, that were not such a thing impossible in a New England school-mistress, I should have said it was painted.

And there were other rather queer things about that school.

In the first place, all the little girls were pretty—fluffy blondes with bows in their top-knots, and, even more peculiarly, all the little boys were resolutely, indenantly good. All the mothers were sitting by, watching—every mother watching her own child, which was normal enough, of course. Perhaps the
reason why those mothers were so alert was that they knew; when someone stepped forward with a neat little sign, while he held up, just as a flagman at a railway crossing holds up a sign saying "Stop" when the train is coming—only this sign told the number and title of the film, and the name of the director—a device, like all arrangements in the moving picture world, extremely neat and labor saving.

I was just reflecting: "Well, is it so uncommon after all? Suppose all New England teachers told their real life after dark—their dreams and their poems—mightn't we find a good many of them wandering on the tops of Alexandrine towers in nothing but a string of pearls? Or suppose that Venus really did take a job at teaching school, wouldn't she command the full attention of her classes, very much as Miss—"

THE picture was interrupted for a time, and my guide suggested that I might like to look at the property rooms. We passed what looked very interesting to me, but was considered too tame for inspection, namely a sort of super-pantry, where dishes of every pattern were ranged on long shelves, and I was led up two long inclined planes with wooden cleats nailed into them and into which I dug my toes. My imagination, by this time, was working freely and I was prepared at any moment to be catapulted to the bottom to suit the whim of some comedy director. At every step I expected the runway to turn, with a whirl of machinery, into a moving staircase, but on reaching the top, I was forced to conclude that inclined planes, instead of staircases, were some new efficiency device of this newest and most efficient of industries.

Later, however, it was explained to me that they were merely the remains of the days when the studio had been a riding-academy and the horses had lived on the top story. Everything, I was told, would be very different in the new studio across the river, into which they were moving almost at once. But I am glad I saw it before they moved, with the background of the old rifles, the smell of feed lingering in the attic.

It was an attic to rummage in on a rainy day. It looked at first more like a wrecking yard than an attic. There were rows of carefully classified windows and doors and mantel-pieces. Telephones of all nations, from the one-handed European type to the old fashioned boxes that fasten to the walls; the
movies are never going to be caught in an inaccuracy in regard to telephones. Then there were shelves full of lamps—plain, and to be honest, ugly lamps—the kind the heroine smashes as she escapes from the villain’s room in Chinatown or on the Mexican border. Of course a great many of these are needed. Then there was a wonderful, varied and crowded wine closet—only all the bottles were empty, but none the less carefully preserved.

“Yes,” said my guide, laying his hand caressingly on a magnum of champagne, “since prohibition we’ve been making a collection of these; they’re getting rather rare nowadays.”

I did not interrupt him to say that in my limited experience, magnums had always been rather rare; but there seemed something very appropriate in the idea that the moving picture industry, which is going to profit so largely by prohibition, should be engaged in making this memorial collection of alcoholic containers.

I suppose a day will come when a historic picture of the year 1918 will be put on, and the final touch of realism will be the introduction of that very magnum—empty for so many years—and children will whisper to their parents “What did that taste like—champagne?” and no one present will know the answer.

Moving picture studios have made their homes in strange places, their temporary homes, for most of them are building palatial studios to fit their expanding requirements. Wedged between the Second Avenue Elevated and the Harlem River, is a casino where in old days St. Patrick Day parades used to dissolve into their natural elements. On the second floor of this immense building I found among other things, a complete Spanish house, designed by a master of scenic effect. It was built solid on a patio, with grass springing between the flat old stones. Fifty feet away a Venetian palace, in spite of its crystal chandeliers and scarlet and gold brocade, was only two sides of a room, but the Spanish house was complete—so that you could wander from room to room at your will, as long as you did not come in range of the camera.

“In one of the rooms two pale wraith-like women in grays and mauves were weeping over a letter, while a string quartette with an organ accompaniment were softly playing. In this studio there is always music while a picture is being made.

I asked why, but couldn’t get a statement from anyone ex-
cept the assertion that it worked well. I suppose the fact is that music, like any mild intoxicant, distracts the surface attention and frees the subconscious mind. Perhaps it was my imagination, which as I have already said was now freely working, but I did think that in this studio there was a deeper intention and a more romantic rhythm in the actions of the players.

AND as I stood watching, a miracle seemed to happen. A large drumlike structure descended from the ceiling and from it suddenly streamed a flood of light, but such light!

It was as gay as sunlight, but infinitely kinder and more flattering. And I saw that the two pale wraith-like women in grays and mauves were in reality two exceedingly handsome vivid creatures dressed one in deep pink, and the other in blue and silver. I looked up to see the creator of this effulgence, and saw two figures lying along the cornice of the Spanish house; they wore khaki overalls and smoked glasses (for fear their own light would injure their eyes), but in other respects they looked exactly like figures carved by Michael Angelo. I was deeply interested in the light, for it seemed to me the most perfect artificial illumination I had ever seen, and one calculated to make any evening party a success, and so I asked a great many questions about it, but I found it was a new discovery and a secret—the only secret I met with in my tour of the studios. It could not be explained to casual visitors. Nor did one casual visitor explain in her turn, that she had been so hypnotized by the new radiance that she condescendingly gave a ray of real sunshine that came filtering through an upper window as a very crude attempt at artificial light.

It was in this studio, I think, that I noticed a kitten bounding about the floor—at least not really a kitten, for it had outgrown the round-bodied, spiky-tailed age, and had reached the hobbledehoys period of long legs and flat sides. The kitten, it appeared, was a failure. It had been allowed to come into a picture—had had a part almost written for it, but two or three weeks had elapsed before the film was continued and by that time the kitten had incontinently grown to such a size that it portrayed the passage of a length of time unsuitable to the story. It was therefore deleted from the picture, and instead of growing into an artist kitten with a career, it was now a mere idle parasitic studio cat.

I mention the kitten, not only because it was an agreeable, if lazy animal, but because it seemed to be the only creature connected with the movies on whom time had set its mark. For that is the most characteristic and delightful feature of the moving picture business—(Continued on page 138)
Starving in garrets isn’t being done this season. Any artist can make $10 a day digging ditches.

This is all right for Paris, but over here they wouldn’t stand for it even in Greenwich Village.

Oh, Mr. Director! Artists don’t have eyes in the back of their heads. So they pose their models in front of them.

Artists are not near-sighted, and they don’t handle their brushes like stub pens!

All artists are not home wreckers. Instead of a vampire and a tiger rug, it’s usually a family and the wolf at the door.

Oh, see the society portrait painter! How do we know he is a society portrait painter? Because he paints in a dress suit!

We wish the movie directors would direct us to that part of the country where every time an artist goes sketching he comes across a beautiful wood nymph.

First Lessons in Art Dedicated to Some Movie Producers
The Man Who Had Everything

By JEROME SHOREY

HAVING settled to his entire satisfaction all the problems of the day except one, Mark Bullway took that one by the arm, led it from his private office, past the battery of sidelong, speculative glances of clerks and stenographers, down to the street. At the waiting touring car the Problem made a slight movement of revolt, but Bullway's big hand gripped a little harder and pushed the Problem gently but firmly into the tonneau, as he ordered the chauffeur to drive home.

As the car twisted slowly through the traffic, Bullway reflected that building ships out of the raw material of steel was a simple matter beside building a man out of the raw material of boy. His ships were splendid ships, marketable and serviceable. His son, he was compelled to admit, wasn't anywhere near the Bullway standard of perfection, and only for the personal interest, he would willingly have sold him for about thirty cents, on the hoof. But the personal interest made it impossible to evade the Problem, and he tackled it with the dogged determination that had made him the greatest shipbuilder of his day.

"I could forgive the wrecked taxicab, and the peanut wagon, and the smashed storefront—" he began.

"It wouldn't have happened if you had let me buy a decent car," the young man snapped back. "That old roadster steers like a steam roller."

Even a blind man can see that's just what one doesn't want.

"I could forgive your coming back home drunk to your own birthday party," the older man went on. "and riding a horse into a houseful of guests—"

"You ought to be proud of my riding," the other snickered.

"I might even forgive your infatuation for that—"

"Look out, Dad," the other warned, his voice growing suddenly hard. "Don't say anything you'll be sorry to remember when she's your daughter-in-law."

"My daughter-in-law!"

"Yes, I know what you're thinking about—that report of your dirty detectives. They knew what you wanted them to tell you. But Lenore Pennell is the best—"

"We won't discuss Miss Pennell. I said I might even be reconciled to—to that—if I could see you were headed for anything useful. But—"

The car stopped with a jerk, as the chauffeur shouted a warning. In swerving to avoid another machine, the fender had struck an old man who was picking his way slowly to the curb. Before Harry and his father could reach the man, he had picked himself up. Harry, smarting under his father's reprimand, thoughtlessly vented his spleen upon the old man.

"Why didn't he look where he was going, the old fool!"

he exclaimed.

The vacant stare the old man turned toward Harry was the answer. The man was blind.
"Don't pay any attention to my son," Harry's father said, gently. "He's excited. I hope you are not hurt," the blind man replied.

"I am not hurt. It was my own fault," the old man continued. "May you always have everything you want!"

Harry, exasperated, with a laugh. "He isn't only blind, he's crazy!"

Harry climbed back into the car, but his father insisted upon taking the name and address of the blind man, so he could make sure later that he had not been hurt.

"He calls that a curse," Harry mused. "And today all I wanted was a few hundred dollars, and instead Dad hands me a lecture. A curse! Well, let the punishment begin! I'll do my best to stand it like a man."

As I was saying, Bullway began, when the car had started again. "If I could see you headed for something useful—"

"Oh, let up, Dad!" Harry interrupted impatiently. "Do I get that five hundred or don't I?"

You don't!"

And they rode home without another word, souring the sunshine.

WHATEVER Lenore Pennell may or may not have been, at least she was no novice in handling her admirers. She liked Harry, and the possibility of a permanent alliance with the Bullway family was alluring. Yet she knew, for Harry had been quite frank about it, that his father did not approve of her. One must have an anchor in the event of a storm. So she selected Billy Gibson as the anchor. Billy never would have as much money as Harry, but he was free with what he had, and it would last quite a while—at least until something better turned up. And Billy was reasonable, too. For example, when the telephone operator informed Lenore about eight o'clock that evening, that Mr. Harry Bullway was calling, Billy only grumbled when Lenore rushed him into her bedroom.

"I'll get rid of him quick," she assured Billy as she closed the door, and after a quick glance about the room, threw his hat under a couch.

"I can't let you stay but a minute," Lenore languidly informed Harry, at the door. "I'm sorry, but I have a splitting headache."

Harry looked the girl over critically. She was hardly dressed for a headache. Her extremely decollete gown suggested that she was going into musical comedy. Lenore read him like a billboard.

"I hoped to be well enough to go somewhere with you, but I simply must go to bed," she explained.

"We couldn't go far at that," Harry admitted. "I'm broke, and Dad is in one of his fits of righteous indignation. But he'll be allright in a day or two—and then—oh boy!"

So Harry soon found himself on the sidewalk. There were plenty of places where his credit was good, but he was too depressed to enjoy any of them. So he gave his clock the shock of its life, and was in bed by ten.

AS Mark Bullway drove to his office the next morning, he buried himself again in consideration of the Problem. The more it baffled him, the more determined he was to solve it before he went on building ships. A moment after he sat down at his desk, his secretary brought him his mail, and sat down, pencil poised over notebook, waiting. Bullway considered her thoughtfully. She was a very efficient secretary, was Miss Prue Winn. Her father, an old friend of Bullway, had been ruined by unwise speculation, and died of a broken heart. The girl had turned cheerfully to the task of making a living, and had won her position by sheer intelligence and industry. In—

Building ships out of raw material had proved a simple matter for
"Mr. Sills is a hard man to bargain with," she said, with a smile.
"He can name his own figure," Bullway replied.
"I don't think you will agree to that—" True began.
"My time is worth only sixty cents an hour. I can not accept more," Sills said quietly.
"Well, we can adjust that later," Bullway observed. "Meanwhile, I want your suggestion as to the best way to carry out that curse you laid upon my son yesterday."
"I would simply anticipate his every wish until his heart rebelled," the old man said. "It isn't having things, but getting them, that keeps us interested and happy. If your son finds everything he thinks he wants dropping into his lap, he will be utterly miserable, and find he doesn't want any of them."
"Good! We'll try it. Now to get a list of everything he has said he wanted," and all the energy that had been devoted to building the American merchant marine was bent upon the unique task. The servants, the chauffeur, everyone to whom Harry might have confided some desire, were consulted. It was a busy day, but late in the afternoon Bullway considered the job sufficiently well organized to give him time to pay a social call.
"Mr. Mark Bullway calling," the telephone operator told Miss Lenore Pennell.

"You mean Mr. Harry Bullway."
"No, Mr. Mark Bullway—an elderly gentleman."
With eyebrows raised, Miss Pennell considered for a split-second. It might be an open business proposition.
"Send him up."
If Miss Pennell expected an angry and belligerent parent to appear, she received a considerable shock, but she kept her poise when Bullway entered, smiling, his hand extended.
"Miss Pennell, I am here on behalf of my son," he began.
"I hardly expected you were here on your own account," she replied, meeting smile with smile. "I understand you don't approve of me."
"I have changed my viewpoint. My son's happiness must come before my personal prejudices. He loves you. Can you make him happy?"
She looked at him intently through narrowed lids. This was a new kind of proposition.
"Just what do you mean?"
"You know what I mean. Can you make him happy?"
"I can make any man happy," she said cautiously.
"Very well, then here's my proposition. For every day you keep Harry happy I will send you a check. The first day it will be one cent. The next day it will be twice as much, the third day twice what it was the second, and so on."
Lenore was not strong on mental arithmetic. Bullway showed her a column of figures.
"The tenth day it would be $5.12; the twentieth day it would be $524.88; the twenty-fifth day it would be $677.10; the twenty-eighth day it would pass the million dollar mark—"
"Wait! I've lost my breath! You're kidding me."
"Miss Pennell—my son is the only thing in the world I care for. I am willing to sink every dollar I've got in an investment in his happiness. It's up to you." Miss Pennell was still breathless at the imminent deluge of wealth.
"And the day you marry him I will settle a million dollars on you," Bullway added.
"And stop the other payments?"
"Well, it won't make any difference then, as you will be a member of the family, and can have anything you want."
There was no way in which Lenore could lose—she saw that plainly enough. Whatever the old man's game was, to refuse to consider the proposition would be only to cut off all her chances. So she accepted.

Harry Bullway closed his eyes that night upon a world which he considered scarcely fit to live in, since he did not know where in all that world he was to get a few miserable dollars with which to entertain the lady he loved. He opened them the next morning upon the dignified figure of Percival Hidgen, the wonder-working valet of Richard Van Ruych. He rubbed his eyes, but Percival remained opaque. He had often visualized the perfect Percival in this room, but his father had told him that a valet for an idler was absurd. Yet here was Percival.
"Your bath is ready, sir."
"Yes, Percival had brought his voice with him.
"I was engaged by Mr. Bullway, sir."

Perceval anticipated all inquiries.

A bath and a cold shower would tell the tale. If Percival still remained, it was true. If he washed off—it was just another dream gone wrong. Emerging fifteen minutes later from the bathroom, Harry was met by a hurrying, four-footed, brindle thunderbolt, that landed, yapping joyously, on his chest.

"Yes, sir. Champion Exmoor III, sir. Mr. Bullway persuaded Mr. Van Ruyle to sell him, when he engaged me, sir. Very persuasive man, Mr. Bullway, if I might make so bold, sir."

Harry and the champion of all bulldogs were old friends. Exmoor III had, in fact, shown such a preference for Harry over his owner, Van Ruyle, that Harry had pleaded with his father often to buy him, but when the price was named, Bullway Senior averred that it was out of all proportion to the dog's earning capacity. Fondling the aristocrat, Harry noticed an envelope tied to the collar. Tearing it off and opening it, he discovered that it contained ten one-thousand dollar bills. He blinked in the general direction of the valet.

"Mr. Bullway said he understood you were in need of a little ready money, sir."

After the restoratives had been administered, and Harry was able to sit up and partake of the breakfast that had been brought to his room—a previously prohibited luxury this, breakfasting in his room—he decided it might be as well to face the music. Of course there was a catch in it somewhere. His father was bribing him first, and would ask him to pay up afterwards, thinking he would not want to give up his various treasures, which, he discovered from Hiden, included, in addition to the valet, the dog, and the money, the following items he had long desired:

One airplane.
One racing car, 100 horse power, Sport model.
Four prize polo ponies from the Brewster stable.
His father had left for the office, but had not reached there yet. Miss Winn informed him over the telephone. He told her of his luck and tried a little fishing. Yes, she understood that Mr. Bullway had felt that he had been a little harsh. Yes, she had heard him negotiating some purchases. No, so far as she knew, they were to be unconditional.

The conversation ended rather abruptly, as Miss Winn said she had some work to do, and he must excuse her.

"Good thing he doesn't think he can make me give up Lenore, by threatening to take all this from me," Harry mused. "Because he couldn't. I'd give it all up like that," with a snap of his fingers, very dramatic, "before I'd let him separate us."

He reassured himself on this point all the way down town in his sporting racer. He didn't get the kick out of owning it that he had expected, possibly because things were coming so fast it was impossible to tell where one thrill left off and another began. He made his first stop at Marvany's jewelry store.

"I want a diamond pendant, and I'm in a hurry," he told the clerk.

The manager of the store approached, with a long, important looking case.

"Your father said he rather expected you would be in to make a purchase," he said, "and he bought this for you. He said if it wasn't satisfactory, to change it for anything you wanted."

The manager opened the case and displayed a magnificent pendant, that looked as if it would have left Harry about two days' car fare out of his new bank roll.

"He also said," Harry vaguely heard the manager saying, "that if you wanted anything else, you were to charge it to him. Any little thing like—er, say an engagement ring."

Harry left the store laden with pendant, solitaire ring, and astonishment. He could understand his father getting reckless and generous, so far as the animals and cars were concerned, but to tell him, practically, to go ahead and get engaged to Lenore Fennell—for that was what it amounted to—this he could not grasp. And Joel, the butler, must be in on it, too.

(Continued on page 56)
Music Hath Charms

Diddle-da-da!

The life of the artist is one long boulevard of sacrifices. Supposing you had spent ten years to study how to strum "Humoresque" on a harp; and had got it down pat; and were just starting in on the sobby part of it, when in walked your neighbor's parlor-maid, right in front of Jeems the butler, and handed you a card which read: "For mercy's sake, cut it out." Fierce, huh? But Elsie Ferguson doesn't look as sore about it as we would.

If Gloria Swanson would pay more attention to the banjo and less to Darrell Foss she might learn to play the doodad; but she'll never be able even to pick out "Yankee Doodle" on one string if she takes her music lessons like this.

Is Vivian Martin playing the "Dead March" from "Saul," or Jim Chopin's March Funebre? We'll say she isn't, not with that there roguish smile and them wicked eyes. If it isn't "Balling the Jack" it is at least the "Sentimental Blues."

It's too bad to disappoint you, Reader. We know we should title this "Sweet and Low," and let it go at that. But we have inside info that the Male is not whispering of love to Miss Burke. He is saying: "I represent the Bjinks Piano Company and I wish you would step a little to the right so the name o' the firm will show in the photograph."
Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Oakman

When he proposed to Priscilla he didn’t look like this.
A Little Domestic Drama

Dished up by Priscilla Dean and her permanent leading man.

By
MARY WINSHIP

And now," said I, "why did you marry her?"
(Isn't that what everybody always wants to know first about a bride and groom?)

"Oh," said he cheerfully, "I didn't. She married me."

"Wheeler," said she, "you are a wicked old liar."

And the fight was on.

Mr. Wheeler Oakman carefully put down a can of green paint with which he was decorating (?) the wicker chaise lounge and took Mrs. Wheeler Oakman by one of the decidedly pretty ears peeping from beneath her lovely brown hair and gave her what I considered an unnecessarily severe kissing.

"Didn't you propose to me?" he asked, when he had secured an unfair advantage.

"I did not," said Priscilla Dean, with her best crook smile.

"You did it your own self, without even the slightest encouragement, and you can't get away with anything else in this family."

"When did he propose?" I asked, as they paused for breath. "Did he do it nicely—like a movie hero should?"

"Oh-oo-oh, lovely," said

"I can't," said I. (I admit to an imagination, but it balks at such hurdles as attempting to guess when Wheeler Oakman proposed to Priscilla Dean.)

"During a scene we were making in 'The Virgin of Stamboul'—when he played my leading man, you know."

"Matter of fact," said the bridegroom in a confidential aside to me, "I was just saying my lines, and she took 'em personally, and what could I do but marry the girl?"

After a few moments, in which I feared the green enamel was to be used for something other than ruining the wicker sofa. Mrs. Oakman went on triumphantly: "Do you remember the scene where he leaves her at the door and says: 'Some day I'm coming back and marry you.' That was when he did it. He said—"

"Priscilla," interrupted her spouse, "there's a spider on the back of your neck."

The little star let out a scream, and her husband assisted in the search with shameless ardor.

"How do you get along?" I ventured, when they had subsided into one arm chair and were sharing a cigarette in blissful harmony.

"Great!" said Priscilla.

"So far, so good," said Wheeler.

"I only put two don'ts in my marriage contract and so far they're intact," remarked Mrs. Oakman. "Wheeler can't drink and he can't shoot craps. As far as he's concerned, this is certainly a prohibition country."

"Did you have any amendments?" I asked.

"Just as long as she doesn't bob her hair, she can do anything she wants to do—except flirt with other men."

(Concluded on page 127)
A Tip on Predestination

By HENRY C. HARCOURT

LIFE is a serious business.

Life is a procession of disillusionment and disappoint-

ment.

Also, life is an institution of glittering, opulent op-
portunity as well as one fraught with tears and travail.

Of course, you knew this before.

So did we, only we never came to think about it in a solemn
and serious way until we were confronted with an old and
faded tintype.

It is a tintype reproduced on this page.

Reader, regard it thoughtfully.

Have you a little psychologic philosophy in your cosmos?

We mean to enquire, are you ho to the hypothesis of the
genius homos?

In other words—do you get the expression of hope, antic-
pation and high courage graven upon the three individual
faces of the young ladies in the art study?

Take the first one—reading from left to right as we always
do in looking upon a group photograph— and study it well.

Observe the artistic tilt of the well-shaped head of this lady.
Do not fancy in your mind, grown accustomed to modern man-
ers of Alfred Cheney Johnston and Baron De Meyer, Arnold
Genith and Monroe, and the other camera sharps who are in
the game for Art's sake, that the man who made this study
had anything to do with it. He did not. This was a tintype,
remember, and no tintyper ever spent much time on posing his
victims. Four for a dollar—no extra charge for children.

That was his creed and his code.

Observe the lady in the center of this group. Consider her
charming air of naïveté (This is a word we use only three
times a year. It means she is a wise kid but doesn't intend you
should know it until she is good and ready. Persons with

 naïveté are always of the so-called weaker sex. We would
not care to write anything about a male person with naïveté.)

And lastly, the lady to the extreme right, with the soulful
expression glancing toward the blue dome of heaven (or in this case
the shabby wall-paper on the ceiling of the tintyper's gallery).
Is she not sweetly sentimental? Is she not there with the
graceful manner and the shy comeliness of a young lady of
six years?

This tintype was made about seventeen years ago, when our
mammies wore bustles, spit curls, Scotch shawls, spring-heeled
shoes, lace mitts and always carried an umbrella or sunshade.
In the good old days of the era of side-whiskers, Congress shoes,
derby hats (lined inside like a coffin) and lager beer saloons.

In short, when the parlor was used only on Sunday after-
noons, and when mother kept the treasures of the household,
including the pretty pink conch-shell that Uncle Jim sent us
from Cuba, the shark's jaw, the artificial peaches and pears
and bananas (under a glass dome) and such.

Having established the era to our own satisfaction we will
pass on the psychologic phase of our discourse.

To reverse and make for diversion, we will now point out
our subjects from right to left instead of left to right. To
observe closely the lady at the extreme right, would you say,
right off without stopping to think of it, that in seventeen years
or so she would have grown into a princess of amazing beauty
—lovely as Venus, rapturous as an orchid, spontaneous as a
ruby fountain, sweet and wholesome as a sprig of mignonne-
ette, and stainless as a star?

If the cosmic urge lies within your soul, you daresay you
would have guessed it just from a casual glance at this failed
tintype.

And the lady in the center—with the golden hair and the
cosmair of—as we said before— naïveté. Would you say that
there would be the promise fulfilled across this span of sixteen
or seventeen years? That young womanhood would find her,

(Concluded on page 119)
When the Dollar Works Overtime

By NORMA TALMADGE

Some hints on how to make it do its full duty are given by Photoplay's Fashion Editor.

ONE of the favorite topics when two women get together these days is the high cost of living—referred to both frequently and concisely as the H. C. of L. I lament about it.

So do all my friends. So do you and all your friends. But recently I have begun to suspect that the H. C. of L. means, to a very great extent, the High Cost of Laziness.

There is a tradition that a French woman can take a soup bone and produce therefrom a five-course dinner. Maybe she can, I don't know. The thing I do know is that a great many American women are more likely to take the makings of a five-course dinner and produce therefrom a full garbage pail. The same thing holds true with our clothes. Last season's faded suit, last winter's crumpled party frock mean little to one of our girls except that they are discarded clothing that we had better send to the Salvation Army. Again the H. C. of L.—with my meaning attached.

In the “good old days” in this country we were all rather inclined to look down on any one who was suspected of economy. In the pre-war days these brave times when housewives never turned a hair at using a dozen eggs in a cake, and when pounds of butter were plentiful as the sands of the seashore—in those glad and carefree days we considered anyone a “tight wad” who tried to ring in the remains of yesterday’s roast for today’s stew or who tried to freshen her clothes by dyeing and turning them. We cast a cold and haughty eye on the girl who was skillful in “making things over” and who could produce this year’s new bathing suit out of last year’s old skirt.

When I say we, I mean we. Every mother’s daughter of us was alike; every one of us went on the gladsome way of least resistance. What did we care for last year’s clothes? Away with them! Bring on the dressmaker, and the milliner and the sewing machine and the glad new materials and laces! Let us have new clothes and expensive ones and lots of them—and above all things let us spend money, wads of money!

That time has gone. Some people say it will be quite some time in getting back—if ever. Meanwhile, the law of supply and demand seems to be sitting up nights trying to figure out new and more unpleasant ways of jolting us.

A lot of money changed hands during the war, and people who had never worn silk and laces before went in for them—strong. Naturally, the prices of these things soared to the blue sky, helped in their upward flight by limited production. Everything that went into the making of pretty frocks and hats went up and up and up. Labor decided about this time that it might be a good thing to join the million-dollar class, and it did. The result was that the “simple little dress” that used to cost you from $25 to $40 soared to $80 or $100, frequently more. The blue serge suit likewise took to airplaning, and everything that one wore with it went right along in the gay attempt to hit the roof.

After a little while we are going to realize that this era of high prices was the best thing that ever happened to us. June 15, however, we are feeling just like Johnny after a session with the reliable family switch. We are finding out just how high the cost of laziness can be. We are beginning to wonder if there isn’t something in this economy business, after all.

The next step is to find out just how cheaply we can do a lot of things that we have been used to doing expensively. Some clever women are doing it now. That reminds me of a friend of mine who always looks beautifully dressed. So does her seventeen-year-old daughter and I know that the allowance for clothes in that family isn’t a very ample one. I went in to see her one day recently and found her busy in preparations for getting Dorothy off to school. A sports suit was needed, also dresses for school wear and a party frock. New shoes, stockings and other incidentals piled up into an appalling sum.

The woman who puts a market basket on her arm and “hits the trail” will find that she doesn’t need any flesh reducers these days.
"I couldn't think of spending all the money that new things meant," said my friend frankly, as she showed me some of the things her ingenuity had achieved, "so I had to do considerable thinking and planning. Do you see that coat?" she pointed to a lovely red sports coat that lay over a chair. "That used to be a gray blanket that cost $5 eight years ago. I dyed it, and then cut and made the coat from a fifteen-cent pattern. Dorothy crocheted the tam to go with it. I can't tell you how glad I am that this year's styles favor the use of two materials. Of two dresses that Dorothy had outgrown and part of a discarded one of mine I made these." She held up two pretty frocks, one of blue serge and red and blue plaid material, the other of green serge and black satin.

Dorothy's party frock was achieved through the use of an old green chifon one of her mother's that had been cleaned, recut, and hung over a rose-pink foundation, the latter an out-grown summer dress of Dorothy's. A set of pink cotton crepe underwear had been-trimmed with narrow lace edging from the ten-cent store. These economies meant that enough money was saved to buy Dorothy's shoes and a fur scarf.

A lot of mothers will have sent their daughters to school this year in expensive clothes, but I doubt if any of them will have the feeling of triumph that Dorothy's mother is entitled to.

BEFORE the telephone was invented women used to know the advantages of "shopping round." Yes, certainly, it took time. One might have to walk half a mile to find a cut of beef that was two cents a pound cheaper, or grape fruit that cost four cents less—but it was worth it. Incidentally, the woman who puts a market basket on her arm and "hits the trail" for cheap provisions will find that she doesn't need any flesh reducers these days. Of all the things designed to give one a sylph-like figure the quest of inexpensive food is the surest. But it can be found, if you are resolute and will hunt for it.

Of course, if you are a busy woman or your salary and your husband's salary mounts up to spectacular figures you may pay current prices promiscuously if you want to—but don't be surprised if you find yourself with an emaciated pocket book. I know one woman who edits a monthly magazine and in addition turns out a surprisingly large number of short stories and specials articles each year. This woman with all the demands on her time and energy is never too busy to do the shopping for her home. Twice a week she visits the cheapest public market in her city and buys there her fresh vegetables, most of her fruit, and all of her meat, fish and fowl. She buys for a family of three and has learned the wisdom of making her dollars work overtime.

The same thing holds true in regard to clothes. There is an inexhaustible fund of material on hand for the woman who has the enterprise and good sense to make over faded and out-of-style garments. There are dyes on the market today that can be used with excellent results by any amateur. Patterns may be had that tell one in the last detail just what to do in making a dress or blouse. Everything lies at the hand of the woman who really wants to put the H. C. of L down for the count.

"But I can't sew," a woman complained the other day when some one suggested that making over clothes is one of the best ways of discouraging the prevailing high prices. And she said it with a sort of pride. I had just as soon be proud of a cross eye or a hump. In fact, I had rather be made that I can't help the latter very well, while any girl or woman who isn't imbecile can learn to be dextrous with her hands.

Thank heaven, the day of the girl who "hasn't ever washed dishes" and who lies abed until ten o'clock in the morning is passing. And again, thank heaven, that in these stirring days one doesn't have to be brainless or hazy to be "feminine." It is the feminine girl of today, the clear-thinking modern product, who is reviving the homely arts of our grandmothers, who is learning how to cook, either in domestic science classes or in her mother's kitchen. She is learning to sew from one or the other of these teachers also—and, best of all, she is learning from them lessons of economy.

One morning a few weeks ago I happened to be looking at a parade of manikins in a fashionable dressmaking establishment, when a woman seated near me remarked to one of the women in attendance: "What smart shoes those girls wear! Where do you get them?"

The smartly coifed and dressed attendant replied: "Oh, we have our own bootmaker who makes all the shoes our manikins wear and usually makes them to match the gowns we design."

"How convenient!" the customer exclaimed. "How much will a pair like that cost me?" pointing to a pair of low gray suede shoes worn by a slender manikin just passing.

The saleswoman looked. "Oh, we can make you a pair like that for sixty dollars," she replied carelessly.

I waited for the woman's reply.

"Well, I declare!" she said emphatically. "Of all the nerve! Sixty dollars for those shoes! Well, I guess not. Why, I can buy shoes like that for $10 down town."

Mentally, I thanked the woman who had courage enough to say what she thought of $60 shoes. But there are a lot of women who think differently, pin-minded women who are quite

(Continued on page 120)
Digging Up the Acorn

In which the career of Bobby Harron is traced to its beginning.

By JEAN NORTH

ONCE upon a time there was a young printer's devil who had been working ever since the child labor laws told him that he might. His weekly pay envelope contained four dollars to spend in riotous living. But the cost of riotous living was so high even in those days that the boy turned Bolshevik and left the printing business to worry along without his services.

Even twelve or thirteen years ago, a motion picture business lured 'em away from honest employment by paying huge salaries. And so our hero him self to the Biograph studio on East Fourteenth, where he was paid five dollars a week for the congenial job of working in the cutting room and delivering films to theaters in the New York territory. He still thinks that five dollars a week was big money for a boy in short trousers who had no ambition but was willing to work.

You see, our hero is just like the boys in the "on-and-upward" stories. He is a self-made man who got along simply because he had the right sort of stuff in him.

One day a director needed a boy to play a small part in a picture. There was a shortage of boys around the studio, so he sent upstairs to the cutting room for Bobby Harron, the film cutter's assistant and the Winged Mercury of the little company. The cutting room was on the third floor and the studio was on the first floor. As Bobby ran down the stairs to be an actor, he commented that it wasn't a rise in life.

This first picture made no heavy artistic demands on young Mr. Harron. He was asked to play the part of an office boy in an early masterpiece called "Dr. Skinem." He acted with great ease, naturalness and poise. In fact, he fairly lived the part.

Contrary to all precedents, D. W. Griffith did not direct the picture. Nor did he exclaim to Bobby, "You have a great picture face and a glorious future awaits you." Nor did the cast include any players who are now celebrities. The director was a man named McCutcheon, who is now dead.

The messenger boy must have made an outrageous hit, for he was cast in the leading role of his next picture. It was called "Bobby's Kodak" and he was Bobby. Eddie Dillon, now a director, played the part of his father. Bobby leaped into fame, but not into fortune, for the pay envelope still contained the trusty five dollars when Saturday night rolled around.

BOBBY never went back to the cutting room. He stayed in the studio and picked up disquieting ideas. He would hear, for instance, the actors complain because they hadn't had a day off in two weeks. They considered this "over work." It sounded strange to Bobby who hadn't had a day off in two years, unless he managed to fall sick.

"And now sometimes I find myself complaining about working too hard," said Mr. Harron—for Bobby has grown up to be Mr. Harron. "When I do, I have to sit down and laugh at myself."

Like all the players who have had Griffith training, Mr. Harron has a charming personality and ingratiating manners. We suspect that Mr. Griffith gathers his young folks about him and tells them to be kind, polite and gentle with old people and interviewers. For, like Richard Barthelmess, Robert Harron, raised in a studio, is just a little nicer than most young men brought up in refined homes with every advantage.

He was all agitated over the prospect of being a lone star. Dorothy Gish was the first of the players to be starred under the parental guidance of Mr. Griffith. Robert Harron and

Bobby Harron's first movie job was as a film cutter. Photograph by Brans
Richard Barthelmess are following her lead. Leaving Griffith to Never.

Modesty overwhelmed him when asked about his first picture. In fact, Bobby Harron acted as though he wished he might die right then and there if he had to talk about his Art or himself.

“I think the picture is going to be—well I hate to tell you because it sounds conceited... Anyway, we hope to make this picture, or at least it is supposed to be... That is to say, the story sounds as though it were going to be... Well, I right as well tell you. This first starring picture is going to be a comedy. The working title is ‘Coincidence.’ That is, we hope it will be funny. And I am supposed to be funny. You might come out to Mamaroneck to watch me work. But you wouldn’t have to watch me work, if you didn’t want to. They say the swimming is fine.”

 Asked if he were going to be married, he said it looked as though he wasn’t—not in the immediate future anyway. Had being a leading man cured him of the idea? No, it hadn’t. Mr. Harron even insinuated that he was merely waiting around until the right girl said “yes.”

However, in talking about matrimonial rumors, he spoke of the story, published a few years ago, that he and Mae Marsh were married.

“Mae got a lot of presents,” he said. “Everyone wrote her about it and the gifts kept coming in for months and months.”

He spoke enthusiastically about his former co-worker, since married to Louis Lee Arms.

“And have you seen their little daughter? She is the cutest baby I ever saw.”

AFTER this plunge into personalities, Mr. Harron discuss his finance. He tried to figure out whether he could make a sudden fortune by investing all his money in French films or German marks.

“But what’s the use?” he said. “I never made any money I didn’t work for and I never expect to. Of course, the work is pleasant. We actors have it comparatively easy and the salary is big. I have no kicks coming.”

Just think. Here is an actor who has no kicks coming!

Mr. Harron said William S. Hart is one of the finest fellows in the world, that Will Rogers is his favorite author and that John Barrymore is his idea of a real actor.

Bobby Harron’s new pictures will be presented by Metro and it is said that Marcus Loew’s belief in his ability and popularity made it possible for him to be a full-fledged, name-in-electric-lights star.

“Seriously,” he asked. “Do you think I have been on the screen for so long that the public is tired of me?”

Answering for the public, we shouted emphatically “No!”

Bobby Harron’s rise is a real romance. He would be justified if he asked himself occasionally, “Can all this be true?”

He was just one of those little boys who played with countless other little boys in Greenwich Village. Today he has a home of his own for his family and himself, a motor car, and he attends the first nights of new plays and goes to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear Farrar and Caruso. And at the Griffith studios there is no one who is more popular—and more sought after for advice by actors and directors. Bobby’s little acorn has turned out a big oak after all.

YOU may have wondered, when seeing a picture supposedly shot from inside a trunk, just where the camera was situated to get the desired effect. Here’s how—to revive a quaint old phrase—here’s how Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran manage it. In “La, La, Lucille,” their latest, the action requires that an eloping couple seek refuge from an irate father in an empty bread-box, which is thrown down a chute, up a long incline, and generally manhandled. Instead of going through all that, Lee Moran and Gladys Walton took this position inside a box attached to a large wooden disk, mounted on rollers. Lyons—the checked cap chap at the left—and his assistants revolved the disk, giving the illusion of motion. A camera was trained on the inside of the box. Simple, isn’t it?
"There's Mummy," said Penelope. "and the kiddies, and Daddy. I had to earn money for them somehow. So I begged them to let me try my fortune in New York."

"39 East"

By LULIETTE BRYANT

The story of a romance that brightened an old-fashioned boarding-house.

WHEN Napoleon Gibbs, Junior, tripped on a loose edge of carpet at the head of the stairs he was a disillusioned, homesick youth, hating the City of Disenchantment, rushing to catch the Dixie Limited.

When he picked himself up, exactly five seconds later, he was flushed of cheek, star-eyed, full of ambition, desire, and joy o' life, determined to stay on for a long, rapturous period in the City of Dreams-Come-True.

For he had landed straight at the feet of HER!

There she stood, a slender, vibrant slip of girlhood, a delicious rose color staining her cheeks and creeping up to the waves of her brown hair. Her eyes were round and startled, like the eyes of a little girl and her breath came flutteringly. Not every day does a hundred and fifty-four pounds of perfect Southern gentleman come dropping out of the air to a girl's feet.

"Oo-oo-oo!" she breathed. "I hope it didn't hurt you dreadfully!"

With her delicate color, her fluttering, palpitant grace, she was like a butterfly against the dingy setting of the austere hallway. His slightest movement, he felt, might cause her to spread fairy wings and vanish. She was quite, quite too good to be real, here in 39 East.

But never for long does a true son of the Southland hesitate for words while lovely woman stands waiting. Hand on heart, dark eyes meeting her blue ones fairly, he bowed with a courtly gesture that lined up behind him, had the girl but known, an unseen, silent row of ancestors fading back to a gallant ruler on the throne of France.

"I fear my injury is permanent," he said. "On account of it I shall be compelled to extend my stay in this wonderful city."

"I—I'm sorry," she faltered, wild-rose deepening to crimson on throat and cheek. "I'm afraid it's my fault."

"It certainly is!" he assured her blithely. Then, as the majestic figure of Madame de Mailly, owner and ruler of the "most exclusive boarding house in New York" loomed up in the doorway he made another courtly bow, turned, and ran up the stairs.

"It can't be possible that anything like that is going to live here, in this collection of relics!" he told himself. "Such things happen only in fairy tales."

The button he pressed brought response in the form of a double row of glittering teeth completely surrounded by a grin.

"Evalina," he said, "is that fairy princess down in the hall going to live here!"

"Yessah, Mist' Gibbs. She suah is. She just give the Madame a week's boa'd money as I come through."

"Evalina," impressively, "a sudden change in my business
She was like a butterfly against the dingy setting of the boarding-house hallway. Reginald felt that she was quite, quite too good to be real, here in 39 East.
It was not the motto of the ladies. Since he came to 39 East, Gibbs had been the unwilling object of their devoted attentions and they had no mind to let him off. They placed him in the halls and on the stairway, some of them were always near. If he ventured into the drawing room after dinner, hoping for a few words with Penelope, one of them was beside him, instantly, demanding some attention. A week went by, another, and another, and Gibbs had to remember only a few glances from blue, wistful eyes; a demure "good evening Mr. Gibbs" or a little, silverly polite "good night" and then when he gave the dinner table a funny story.

Then, just as he was beginning to despair, came Evalina to the rescue. "That lil' gal," she volunteered, "is powerful lonesome. Nobody to talk to but a pack of ol' jealous cats. She's gittin' plum discouraged. I specified to see her pick up and go back to Ohio 'fore any day now."

"Well, I'm willing to be her little playmate, Evalina, but I can't get a chance. The superannuated felines to whom you so disrespectfully refer form a yowling circle around her whenever she appears."

"Forms a circle 'round you, you means!" scoffed Evalina. "Men are so helpless and no 'count! Why don't you be a lil' bolder? What you 'fraid of?"

"Of making things unpleasant for her. I like all act mean enough now. I don't want to make things harder for her!"

"Yo' poor baby-lamb! Honey, don't you know that any woman, old or young, aint never made miserable by havin' other women jealous of her? It just adds the sauce to her puddin' when the others want the man what she's got! And the Madame, she's goin' to be tickled enough, to see that ol' bunch she has to cater to their come-uppance!"

Gibbs threw back his head in a roar of laughter, but the shrewd words had their effect. He began that very evening to "be a lil' bolder" and the results proved Evalina's wisdom. He boldly led Penelope to the couch and stayed there, turning his back to the others. And though at first her hands fluttered nervously and her expression was half frightened he was rewarded by seeing her relax, little by little, until her eyes were happy and her laughter wholly light and care-free.

So the ice was broken and a charming little romance began to ripen in the old boarding house, viewed with wise and suspicion by the women, with indulgent approval by the men, as a sort of armed neutrality by Madame de Mailly. Hard as nails was the Madame in face and character. Thirty years of keeping an exclusive boarding house exclusive does not tend to soften the heart. So long as the girl behaved discreetly and paid her board in advance, young Gibbs could show her such strictly circumspect attention as he chose. She even, as far as she could, prolonged herself a grim chuckle now and then at the chagrin of the disgruntled ones.

But as time went by a worried droop touched the corners of Penelope's lips and faint shadows gathered beneath the wistful eyes. The grimness of Madame de Mailly ceased to manifest itself in chuckles, and began to creep out in the many little ways by which a landlady betrays that a paying guest is thought a brother. The women cast triumphant, meaningless smiles at one another, the men exchanged understanding glances and exerted themselves to speak to the girl with bracing cheerfulness, while young Gibbs threw all caution aside and frankly devoted himself to her.

Then came a night when Penelope, with a mummified excuse, slipped away from the dinner table without waiting for dessert. Gibbs, surreptitiously giving a tap at her door received no answer. She was late to break fast this morning, and he saw with dismay that her cheeks were pale and her eyes heavy. All day she avoided him. Again that evening, and the next, and she slipped away from dinner, and through the days he could get no word with her. On the fourth morning the storm broke.

NARRATED, by permission, from the Reaalt photoplay, adapted from the play of the same name by Rachel Crothers. Directed by John S. Crawford Ivers. Directed by John S. Robertson with the following cast:

Penelope Penn——Constance Binney
Napoleon Gibbs, Jr.——Reginald Denny
Mrs. de Mailly——Alison Skipworth
Mrs. Smith——Lucia Moore
Miss McMasters——Blanche Frederici
Sadie Clarence——Edith Gremish
Mabel Clive——Marie D'Herdy
Count Gionelli——Luis Alberti
Dr. Hubbard——Arthur Carrol
Timothy O'Brien——Frank Allworth
Mr. Tillaton——Alfred Hickman

"39 East"
"Miss Penn," Madame de Mailly's voice was so crisp that it fairly cracked. "I notice that you are coming in very late. Does the study of music require such hours? Twelve o'clock is not exactly a suitable time for a young girl to be out alone!"

Penelope's face paled. The table was very still. Gibbs wanted to rise and cry out against the cruelty of it, before the girl spoke.

"I have gotten some concert work to do," she said. "It is some distance, and the cars seem slow at night."

"Very slow, I should think," Madame said drily. "Well, it is nice that your voice can bring you in some money, since you need it!"

A hot flood sprang to the sensitive face as if a blow had stung it. Gibbs was on his feet, instantly, but O'Brien rose beside him with restraining touch.

"Steak and oysters!" he whispered. "You won't help the little lady by making a scene. Wait till they all go, then lay the Madame out good."

But Madame, contrary to her usual custom, went out with the others. She had no wish to quarrel with her most desirable guest. Still, when Gibbs boldly spoke to Penelope and drew her back into the dining room, Madame turned back, and confronted them coldly.

"Your rent was due last evening, Miss Penn."

"I—I shall have the money Saturday," stammered Penelope, "if you could wait—"

"It is impossible to make exceptions to the rule," interrupted Madame, "If you do not pay this evening, I must take your room."

She sailed out, and Gibbs seized Penelope's hand. "Don't cry!" he begged. "I'd like to—"

"Ah left mah hand'-chief in heah!" interrupted a voice, and its owner eyed Penelope curiously while Gibbs politely sprang to pick up the white square from the rug.

"If you'd only let me—" he began all over again.

"Pardon me! I have to take my medicine," cut in another voice, and a woman went to the sideboard for a glass of water, her eyes frankly glistening on Penelope's tear-stained face.

"Look here," said Gibbs, masterfully, as this intruder withdrew. "Will you meet me in the park at four o'clock? At those rocks near the rose garden, where we sat one day. Then we can talk in peace. Will you?"

"Yes. It isn't nice to meet a man in the park, but I'm disgraced anyhow, so what does it matter? I—I've done a dreadful thing!"

Sobbing, she broke from the hands that clung to hold her, to carry her handkerchief to her face to wipe her tears, or to pick up the white square from the rug. "If you'd only let me—" she began all over again.

At four o'clock the poor, deah young man sat on the rocks near the rose garden. By five minutes past four he had rearranged his tie four times, wiped his brow with his handkerchief nine times, retied his shoes twice and looked seven times at his watch.

Then she came, walking slowly, her face pathetically sobered, her hurt, wistful eyes refusing to brighten.

"I've done a disgraceful thing," she said wearily, "but I had to! You see, there's Mummy, in prison, for selling medicine. And Daddy, in the jail, needing freedom from worry so he can prepare better sermons. I had to earn money somehow—I couldn't get a paid place in a church choir. I took the only way that offered. So I begged them to let me try my fortunes in New York. A bad way! They'd be so hurt and ashamed—but they'll never know. And the man is so kind to me!"

Fear gripped his heart for an instant, and then he almost laughed. This sensitive, innocent girl with the clear eyes and the tender mouth! Oh my! She didn't know what the word meant!

"You're excited and you exaggerate," he said. "Out with it. What have you done?"

"I—I'm a chorus girl!" The words dripped out painfully, through trembling lips.

"You poor little thing!" he gasped. "Why, my dear child, being in a chorus isn't a crime. All the great stars started that way."

The relief and joy in the lovely face! With a heroic effort Gibbs restrained himself from kissing away the tears from the poor girl's eyes.

"Now listen to me," he said, trying to cover his emotion with brisk matter-of-fact speech. "I'm going to lend you money enough to pay Madame de Mailly two weeks in advance. And I hope you're going to tell her that—" "That you are going to marry me" was the way he meant to finish the sentence, but Penelope interrupted him.

"Oh, no, I couldn't take your money! Besides, I don't need to. The manager of the show, Mr. Tillotson, is the nicest man! He noticed today that I looked worried and he is going to lend me money for my board and some new clothes. And if I'm a good little girl and do as he says, he'll put me on the main stage!"

At the next time she gets temperamental and threatens to walk out of the theatre. He's going to take me home tonight in his car and give me the money."

"But you mustn't do that! You can't! Child, don't you know what it means when a man offers you money?"

Her eyes widened with their look of childish wonder. "Well, what does it mean?" she demanded.

At that, at the frankness and sweetness and utter, innocent loveliness of the girl, so near to him that a stray curl of her hair blew out and brushed his cheek, Gibbs lost his head and seized her in his arms, drawing her close, putting his lips to hers with the fierce ardor that comes when young lips ache for..."
Meet the Missus

WHEN Conway Tearle's day's work at the studio is done, he comes home to an old-fashioned country place in Chappequa, N. Y.—named Edencroft after his birthplace in England—where he plays at being a farmer and Mrs. Tearle pretends she's keeping house. She was Adele Rowland, musical comedy star.

Adele Rowland looks over her husband's shoulder to read in the Questions and Answers columns that she is Mrs. Conway Tearle.

The Tearles wanted a home with no frills. They bought this frame dwelling which boasts a setting of several acres and remodeled it, adding gardens and garage but retaining its quaint old atmosphere.
W E S T  I S  E A S T

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

He and Mabel
Just Stepped Out.

I LIKE Bryant; he
Has Brown Eyes, and
The Same Sort of Smile
You See on the Screen.
He’s Not an Actor—
He’s
A Business Man.
His Career
Has Been
A Business Romance; he
Used to Play Villains, and
Didn’t Get
As Much as Some Book-keepers; but
He Worked, and
Saved his Money—and
Married a Girl
Who, he says, is
A Regular Fellow, and
A Pal as well as
A Sweetheart.
Bryant’s Going to Try
To Steal a March
On the Other Producers by
Going Across and Really
Shooting Film in England, while
The Others are Talking about it.
His First is “The Road
To London”—and Bryant
Is Traveling it
Right Now.

FRANK WOODS
Came Up to Photoplay
To See the Answer Man.
Frank Woods was
The First Answer Man, and
He Sympathizes with our
Answer Man, and
Wanted to Wish Him Luck.
Our Answer Man wasn’t In, so
Mr. Woods
Came in to See Me.
He’s Still Answering Questions, but
Not the Kind about
Francis Rushman’s Children and
Mary Pickford’s Curls.
He’s Production Manager for Lasky, and
Whenever Anybody wants
To Know Anything
About a Story or
A Title or
An Idea, he
Asks Mr. Woods.
Frank Woods’ Name
Is Never on the Screen, but
He Has the Final Say—So
On all his Company’s Pictures.

W E Might Not have had
A “Birth of a Nation” if
It hadn’t Been
For Frank Woods,
Thomas Dixon
Was Trying to Make a Picture
Of “The Clansman” with
The Members of the Touring Company
Of the play, as the actors,
Woods Heard about it,

And Told Mr. Griffith,
Woods wrote
The Original Scenario for it.
Later, he
Helped with “Intolerance,” and
He was Chiefly Responsible
For the Stories Filmed
By that Fine Organization Called
Fine Arts, which was
The Empire Theater
Of the Screen.

Frank Woods
Was His Charles Frohman.
He Helped Make Anita Loos Famous.
He is always
Teaching some Youngster
How to Write Scenarios
Or Sell Ideas.
He Used to Be
A Newspaper Man, and Got
His First Experience
Answering Questions
On the Dramatic Mirror
He Looks Like Santa Claus—
Without the Whiskers.
Once in a While, he Finds
A Minute or Two to Spare, and then
He and Mrs. Woods
Go Out to their Ranch
In California
And Raise Oranges.

Remember when
Mrs. Jones of Your Block
Had a Marcel Wave and
All the Other Members
Of the Card Club
Had to have one, Too?
It’s like that
With European Tours.
Everybody’s Doing It.
There’s Nothing to Do Nowadays
But Go Down to the Docks
And See Your Favorite Film Star
Off for Europe.

BRYANT WASHBURN
Just Sailed
On his Honeymoon.
Oh yes—he
And Mabel Forrest Washburn
Have been Married Seven Years, but
They Never Had a Chance
To Have a Honeymoon.
When they were Married, Bryant
Was Just Beginning to Star, for
Essanay, in Chicago; and he
Couldn’t Get Away from
Making Love to Hazel Daly,
In the “Skinner” Stories.
And then
Sonny Washburn Came Along, and
Soon After That,
The Washburns Moved to California,
And Welcomed
Dwight Judlow Washburn
Out There.
But Now Bryant
Is Through with his Paramount Contract,
And has Formed His Own Company,
And Checked his Children
In Hollywood with
Their Grandmother—and

Bryant has his own Company.

Frank Woods was the first Answer Man.

She
Is Ellen Woods,
Who Wrote
“Stars of the Screen
And their Stars in the Sky”
For Photoplay—
Between Them, I Guess
Mr. and Mrs. Woods
Know Everything there is
About Stars.
A GOOD many girls have told us that they are afraid to write and ask Elliott Dexter for his photograph. Is it because his DeMille gentlemen are so dignified? Dexter, since returning to the studios, has been working harder than ever.
JUST to show that we forgive Bebe Daniels for growing up and going in for drama, Harold Lloyd's former leading woman has left comedy forever; she is now creating a new role—that of a good little bad girl—in her first stihar picture.
It was some party. Baby Jack Desmond, the black-eyed boy in the top row is held while he pats with Marshal Redmond, Jr., at his feet. The picture is in the second row, with Jack standing on his right while a young man is seated. The young host is seen in the center of the first row, with Jack standing on his left and a party of three of his third brother's with his favorite presents and everything.
HELEN JEROME EDDY has saved or stolen many pictures. She is not yet a star, but in her small part of slavey or shopgirl she frequently walks away with first honors. Do you remember her Italian characterizations with George Beban?
CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Rhetorical

Reporters of the period aver that when Alexander the Great had completely Prussianized his small known world, he sat him down and wept copiously because there were no more worlds to conquer. There are today a whole lot of rhetorical Alexanders, deploring the lack of adjectives as the son of Philip of Macedon deplored the scarcity of counties and townships.

Many of these gentlemen are in the puflicating end of the motion picture business. They care not who makes wars or invents new sensations, as long as they can find an occasion to new superlative. All the old ones are broken and battered, with the varnish off and the teeth out. The language that served Shakespeare and outlasted him several hundred years has, in half a decade, become a puerile and ineffectual mumbling. To speak of a photoplay as glorious, marvelous, incomparable and more thrilling than first love is merely to elince a casual, almost indifferent interest. The terrible thing is that if you really like it the old Webster's won't give you a word to say so. And should you be quite enthusiastic you can go and jump in the lake—for all your ability to communicate that fact to outside parties.

Before concluding this lament let us hasten to say that the press agents are not segregated sinners in this regard. Everybody concerned with the picture business prostitutes the language when speaking of screen produce. And audiences have caught the habit. The option nowadays seldom stops to describe anything; it's either grand or terrible, and that's all there is to it.

But this is probably just human progress. As we can't change the march of destiny we shall doubtless have to page ourselves a new language.

Beauty with out a Soul

A learned Frenchman said recently: "You Americans are supreme in the photoplay world because your product is almost perfect; but your danger lies in that very perfection: your manufacturers vie with each other in extraordinary photography, in marvelous dissolves and double exposures, in extravagant scenery and vast numbers of people. In anything pertaining to mechanics and equipment you are and will probably remain the absolute authorities. But the narrative quality of your cinemic dramas is at a dead level. You produce pleasant and innocent little love stories, or else improbable melodramas which always terminate happily for the good and horribly for the bad. Of the real struggles of life, of the qualities of the human heart, of the passions and ambitions of men and women, as distinguished from the sentiments of the adolescent, your photoplays take little or no account. The whole world admits their superior beauty—but they are beauty without a soul."

We deny that our photoplays are mainly "beauty without a soul," but we may beware that they do not become just that. Whenever a thing becomes gloriously easy, deterioration waits just around the corner. The matter of technical excellence rests with the picture makers. The matter of substance remains, as it always will, with the public for whom the pictures are made. It is possible to write books and paint landscapes to please one's self, but the produced play, either in shadow or actuality, is perform a catering to public taste.

We have, as the Frenchman says, conquered the world in photoplay style and form. It is up to the great body of American picture patrons to see to it that the heart of the matter is kept right—to see that the photoplay becomes and remains an interpreter of real life and its greatest struggles and aspirations.

There is nothing in the world so ephemeral, nothing in the world so really tragic, as beauty without a soul.

Visual

Education

There has been much talk about the libraries of the future being composed of celluloid; of the school-rooms being equipped with cameras and cans full of film instead of text-books—and there can be little doubt that all the prophecies lately made for the moving picture will come true. But how many of the seers and sages know just what the moving picture is doing today? Just how far it has progressed towards that ultimate utopia where it will be universally recognized as a real factor in education? Let us tell you.

Right now in the United States, there are more than fifteen hundred schools that use pictures as a regular part of their programs. This estimate is conservative—and all the time additions are being made. More than two thousand other schools have arrangements with local theaters, public halls, libraries, clubs, or churches by which educational pictures may be shown for the benefit of the students.

From Auburn, Alabama, to Alpine, Texas, schools have their projection machines in daily use. Washington, D. C., Buffalo, N. Y., New York City, Boston, Mass., and Los Angeles, city of the cinema, have the largest number of schools that benefit by pictures. You probably never hear of Yreka, California, but nevertheless its Union High has its own projection machine.
Do You Want

To Keep Your Lines

If you want to keep your figure, slowing down the fatty tissues and yet sustaining the strength of your body, observe these rules. They are written by an authority.

1. Do not sleep more than six or seven hours a night and do not nap through the day.
2. Sip all liquids. Do not drink water before retiring.
4. Live and sleep in cool rooms.
5. Do not exercise violently.
6. Don't starve yourself. This merely weakens the system.
7. Do not attempt dieting without a doctor's supervision.

As smooth and clear cut as a cameo, Miss Dalton is satisfied with her lines at last.

As smooth and clear cut as a cameo, Miss Dalton is satisfied with her lines at last.

Mae is one of those chosen few who can afford to leave little to the imagination.

Mae is one of those chosen few who can afford to leave little to the imagination.

The Human Figger, its Curves, Etcetera.

Half a century ago the premier comic author and lecturer of these United States, one Artemas Ward, invariably selected this title when he wanted to give his audiences something very funny. The Human Figger lecture was sure-fire; a knock-out; a roaring saturnalia of furious fun.

Alas, if Artemas Ward walked the sphere today and attempted to pull off anything as crude as that, he would be the center-piece of a lynching party, the lynchers being ladies whose lines were bulging.

There are 61,780,576 women in the United States according to the very latest returns from the Census Bureau. Of this number, 86,889,546 want to reduce.

Fact!

If you don't believe it—

Well, listen to the manner of (as the society reporters say) Misses Farrar, Dalton, Brady and Murray. (Note: The ladies are mentioned in the order of their appearance and not indicative of their relative importance.) One cannot be too careful.

Now it is not the burden of this uplifting thesis to assume, imagine or even surmise that any of these favorites of the public ever had a hint that the demon Adipose Tissue was within hailing distance. It is not to be hinted, not to be dreamed of, indeed, that there was ever a ripple in the smooth svelte girlish lines of any one of the aforementioned ladies.

Nevertheless—

Mae Murray doesn't want to be thin. She says the milk diet preserves her figure.
to Reduce?

Miss Alice Brady? Pleased to meet you. How do you retain your lines if you don’t mind the personal question? Exercise? Is it difficult? Oh, exercise and eight stage performances a week, with the making of pictures on the side, six days a week. “Ideal for reduction,” she murmured.

Miss Dorothy Dalton? Ah, step this way. How come?

“Well,” mused the lady who popped into the zenith of screen stardom with “The Carmen of the Klondike,” “hard work on the speaking stage.” We saw it all in a swift, swooping second. “Aphrodite!” Why, of course. Hard work. Long hours of rehearsal. Weary-ing emotional role. Tears. Real tears—wet and salty and everything. Climbing the tower steps to that pinnacle from which she—ah—cast aside her robes. No wonder the dimpled Dorothy lost weight.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, step forward please. Oh, indeed? Listen, reader. Our Gerry says that she denies herself potatoes, bread, rich brown gravies (yum-yum), and chocolate marshmallow sundaes. She sleeps seven or eight hours out of the twenty-four, takes a teeny nap after luncheon and walks and walks and walks. You see, before she played “Joan of Arc” before the camera she weighed 185 pounds. By methods not a bit heroic—and she admits it was easy—she reduced to 135 pounds. Easy as pie! Pool! No trouble at all. This was some time ago and since then we are informed Miss Farrar has not varied three pounds in weight. Always hovering around 135.

And finally—Mae Murray. Really, we felt awfully foolish calling Mae Murray, for after having seen “On With the Dance” it seemed so totally absurd, so blasted silly, to call this (Continued on page 120)
The Servant Problem

By SYDNEY VALENTINE

The Butler:

I'M Tired
Of Introducing
The French Count
Who Came from
County Cork; and
The English M. P.
Who Eats Garlic.
I'm Tired
Of Being Polite
To Hams
That Only Get
$5 a Day,
I Don't Like
That Silver Salver
That They Give Me

The Chauffeur:

I USED to Work
In one of the Best Families.
Rolls-Arrow, Pierce-knight,
Delahaye-magnetic—
I Knew No Other Language.
Now—
How I Have Fallen!
The Studio Bus—
The Comedy Ford—and
Once in a While, the
Packard that Drives
The Wall Street Broker
To Work.
I Have Presided in the Front Seat
When the Rich Manufacturer's Son
Takes his Father's Fairest Employee
Home from Dinner.
And when Questioned
Next Morning,
I Can Never Explain
The Broken Glass.
I Have Such a Short Memory.
I Drive
The Intriguing Wife
To the Park—
And Back.
I Call For
The Beautiful Actress
And Stand By—
As she Climbs Aboard—
And Nobody Ever Looks at Me.
I Particularly Dislike
The Daughter of the House—
The Flapper
Who Pretends to Want
To Learn to Drive
Her Father's Car—
And Falls for Me.
(Sometimes I Even Have
To Marry her.)
In the Slapstick Chase,
When the Car Goes Over the Cliff—
What Becomes of Me?
Nobody Cares.
I Could Live Through it all—
If the Bright Young Man,
Fresh from College—
 Didn't Always Say,
"Home, James!"

Domestic Chorus:

The First hundred strikes
are the hardest!
Why Girls Don't Leave Home

A heart to heart Family Circle talk with the mothers.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

We were passing an East Side moving picture theater, the Gentle Lady and I. It was a gay little theater, hung with vivid posters and signs—signs that announced coming attractions in flamboyant, scarlet lettering a foot wide. We paused, for a moment, in front of one of the signs, to read the lettering.

"Your Daughter," it told us in blazing type, "A New Photo Play featuring—" the name of a certain well-known star followed—"in a gripping drama of home life. Mothers—attention! Do you want to know the secret of happiness—and unhappiness? Do you want to know why your girls leave home?"

The Gentle Lady, who is white haired and appealing, turned to me with the flicker of a smile just touching the corners of her pretty mouth.

"That's an interesting sign," she said, "isn't it? But—well, it's very vague. Don't you think so? I suppose that it's purposely vague—to draw an audience."

She laughed softly, and then—

"I fancy that I should go in to see the picture," she told me, "because I'm the mother of three grown girls. But they're such happy girls, and I'm so happy being their mother, that it doesn't seem necessary. 'Do you want to know,' she was quoting from the sign, 'why your girls leave home? Oh,' she laughed again, but there was a curious catch in her voice.

"My girls don't leave home. My girls don't want to leave home—Thank God!"

I patted her arm with a pat that was meant to express sympathetic understanding. But I did not speak for several minutes. When at last, I did speak I asked a question.

"Just what is your system," I questioned, "your system of home-making? The system that has been so successful in keeping your girls happy and contented? Other mothers—oh, many of them—have told me of the difficulties they have to meet with their daughters—"

"I don't think," said the Gentle Lady doubtfully, "that I know exactly what you mean. What sort of difficulties could a mother have to meet—with her daughters?" I explained.

"There's Mrs. Clark, who lives on our block," I told the Gentle Lady, "her girls have all gone to business—there are four of them—and the whole side street seems to have taken the place of home ties. They aren't interested, any more, in the house that they live in—and that house is Mrs. Clark's only interest. Mrs. Clark resents their absorption in something she does not understand—something she has no part in. And the girlsresent her attitude of resentment. The girls, I hear, are thinking of taking an apartment in the city where—they say—they will have peace."

"Yes," she said slowly, "I suppose there are mothers like your Mrs. Clark and your Mrs. Black and your Mrs. Williams. But—suddenly her face was all alight, "there must be so many other mothers who are not like Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Black and Mrs. Williams. There must be so many more mothers who know how to make their homes happy and comfortable."

"I hope," I said, "that you're right. But—well, you haven't told me yet what a mother must do to make her home happy and comfortable?"

The Gentle Lady's face was very serious as she answered.

"My dear," she said, "I have one daughter who is very attractive. And I have two older daughters who are successful in business. And I never have the least bit of misunderstanding with any one of them. I'm interested, you see, in the problems of my business girls. I ask about their work and read the sort of books they read and keep up with the (Concluded on page 129)
A vast amount of water has come over the falls in the scenes since the first motion picture temple was fashioned from an abandoned shoe store. It doesn't seem quite possible that so great a change could have taken place in a quarter century.

Yesterday I visited another because the gentleman who ran the motion picture theater just around the corner insisted on scaling it hermetically on three sides and then placed a fat ticket taker in the door to discourage such vaporant breezes as might try to steal in there. Today I pass through a lobby that is bigger than that entire theater into a foyer that is roomier than the lobby. The door man is thin, and suave and uniformed, and there are gold-tipped electric fans back of decorative grille work to effuse and encourage the circulation of all the air that comes in through scientifically located ventilators.

Yesterday I felt my way uncertainly down an aisle that once had a strip of woven burlap matting to deaden the sound of shuffling feet, but which had acquired a series of pitfalls and snares over which and into which I stumbled, disturbing the gentleman whose straining arm was supporting the shoulders of his seat-mate, while their side hair mingled unconventionally. Today I walk on padded rugs up a marbled stairway, past a succession of smiling attendants entered in a competition for honorable mention and stay dimes; along the front of a balcony in which a battalion of Foch's army would not be crowded, down a wide step or two, there to sink into a huge seat the like of which, for width and springy comfort, was never seen outside a furniture store window. And look around upon an audience that, even in the encouraging dimness, is as mannerly and as well-groomed and odorless as any that ever watched the lights play upon Geraldine Farrar's shapely shoulder blades from an orchestra stall in the Metropolitan opera house.

Yesterday I writhed under the pounding of a piano tuner set at playing incidental jigs while seventeen policemen chased one guilty comedian and achieved seventeen falls in fifteen minutes. Today I hear an orchestra of eighty musicians play the "Faust" music, assisted by a vocal chorus of forty, and a group of professional grand opera soloists who oblige with the principal arias of Gounod's opera. Followed by a scene in natural colors. And an interpretative dance for which a special scenic background has been prepared by a famous artist. And a section of editorial paragraphs, comic and serious, that, even five years ago would have been thrown out as being too "highbrow" for the multitude. And another bit of chorus singing.

Yesterday I sniffed at the crudeness of a domestic drama played by a group of artificial automatons with chalk faces and mud-black lips and eyebrows. Today I see the same drama in a new version which the stage manager has set next to the art shops for nifty interiors, and presents a cast of real actors whose masks are at least recognizably human.

Yes, indeed. A lot of snow has melted on the tops of the Canadian Rockies since the motion pictures first offered family entertainment at family prices in a family neighborhood. And it is well that we pause occasionally and count our blessings—not one by one, but six by six. For though you may not have padded carpets and velvet-voiced ushers, or large orchestras and singing ensembles, or artistic interludes and roomy palaces, or local Rothapfels to run them for you—Compare what you had with what you have—and be fair.

The Shadow Stage

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

"The Fighting Chance" provides an entertaining screen romance out of what many think Robert W. Chambers' best love story. Anna
Nilsson is Sylvia and Conrad Nagel Stephen Sward, the drinker.

By
BURNS MANTLE

YES OR NO?—First National.

JUDY O'GRADY and the Colonel's lady live pretty close to each other in New York and environs. There are many places in upper Fifth avenue where the Colonel's lady can stand on the marbled portico of her miniature Italian garden and toss a bon mot or a brick over the rear wall at the O'Grady person, who lives just beyond. And the problems of these two ladies, though that of Judy is mostly concerned with food and how to get it, and that of the other with life and how to live it, have many points in common. They are for example, both frequently subjected to the great movie temptation: Shall I make the best of the man I have, or fly to another (and stronger) guy I know not of?

This universality of theme makes "Yes or No?" an interesting picture. The contrast puts a dash of spirit into the old stuff. Having two ordinary stories of women who were assailed by temptation told as one takes something from each and makes a third story that, though still ordinary, is spiced with novelty. The rich lady, won over by that arch-despoiler of stage homes, Lowell Sherman, says yes. She is willing to forsake the husband she feels does not appreciate her and take her chances. But the poor lady, also somewhat neglected by her busy man, is still loyal enough to turn down an important chauffeur and hold to her vow to stick, "for better, for
worse." As a result the poor lady gains contentment and a pleasant home, while the rich lady, deserted by the lover who never intended marriage, shoots herself.

In many respects the two characters she plays in this picture represent Norma Talmadge's most telling contribution to the screen, so far as I am familiar with that record. She certainly is entitled to the best parts her managers can get for her. She is not only a striking screen personality, but she possesses an inherent sense of drama and a commanding sincerity that are never more priceless than when they are called upon to make the old stuff worth while. "Yes or No" will probably prove one of her most successful pictures with her loyal following. Director Roy Neill has done well with the story, his comedy contrasts being particularly well handled. In these Natalie Talmadge and Edward Brophy score. Rockcliffe Fellows is a good honest husband, and Gladden James a good type as the would-be chauffeur.

THE FIGHTING CHANCE—Paramount-Artcraft.

There are many who claim that one of the best love stories with which Robert Chambers ever dallied is contained in "The Fighting Chance." It belongs to the first of that series which he has rewritten so often since he began to capitalize his gift for writing the stuff that sells, and it is backed by something more than his usual superficial study of character in the homes of the very rich, the very immoral and the very human in the lives of the Rolls-Royce set. Director Charles Maigne has evolved an entertaining and holding romance from the material. The fight of Stephen Sward to conquer his hereditary taste for liquor and that of Sylvia Lansis to overcome her inordinate pride and her love of money and finery is human enough at base to appeal to all classes. Sylvia engaged herself to the rich Quarrier because he had the money to support her in the manner in which she believed she had been born, and Stephen tried to put himself out of her life. But in the end Quarrier is given his congé and Stephen gets the better of the booze, thus permitting the sort of ending that sends romantic oldsters and youngsters home satisfied with their evening at the movies. Conrad Nagel is the Stephen, a promising new juvenile of the screen who is fortunately not pretty enough to spoil him and still attractive enough to win a following. Anna Q. Nilsson is the Sylvia. A good actress who is always a decided adornment to any film, Maud Wayne, Bertram Grassby, Clarence Burton, Frederick Stanton and Dorothy Davenport—Mrs. Wallace Reid who makes her reappearance on the screen here—give capable performances in support, and the interiors are particularly effective.

ONE HOUR BEFORE DAWN—Hampton-Pathe.

M ost mystery stories are interesting, no matter how familiar the mold in which they are set. "One Hour Before Dawn" is such a picture. Starting with a well-directed and well played prologue, in which a hypnotist incurs the enmity of one of his subjects by making a fool of him, it establishes a logical motive for revenge. Later, when the hypnotist involves himself in a controversy with the hero, who insists that the divine will is strong enough to resist any seemingly supernatural influences a charlatan can bring to bear, and that no innocent man can be forced to commit a crime against his will, it slides easily into a murder mystery that is both baffling and skillfully maneuvered. The hero, willed by the hypnotist to kill his (the hypnotist's) enemy one hour before dawn, dreams that he does, in fact, commit the crime. Circumstantial evidence seems to bear out his belief. But a wise detective proves that the hero is innocent and has little difficulty in fastening the crime on the real murderer. H. B. Warner is not only a good actor, but he has had a most comprehensive training in this type of part since his "Alias Jimmie Valentine" days off the stage. He studiously avoids any temptation to overact even the most melodramatic of episodes, and by his own sincerity strengthens materially the story in which he is the dominant figure. There are good performances, too, by Anna Q. Nilsson as the heroine, by Frank Leigh as the hypnotist, and by Howard Davies as the victim. The photography is good. Henry King did the directing.


A fine sea story. I found it more interesting, more realistic and less deliberately brutal than "The Sea Wolf," and quite as effectively screened. The effort of most directors
in filming a Jack London story is to supply with great vividness the physical ugliness that London freely left to the imagination. The result adds little to the appeal of the story and is quite likely to minimize its romantic values and its holding quality as an adventure. Edward Slosman, in directing "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," has kept both his main story and his characters well in mind. The main thrust of home is John Hackett, who sought to do his best by his old friend, Capt. Somers, by making a man of the latter's weakling son, is kept well to the fore, and the love story of the boy and Margaret West is always an attractive and softening influence. Thus the mutiny itself, a fine bit of realistic drama and as stirring a sea fight as I have seen screened, and the treachery of the brutish criminals who seek to thwart the plans of Pike, are high-lighted incidents, which they should be, rather than the sole excuse for the picture. The cast, also, is excellent, Mitchell Lewis giving a fine performance of Pike, Helen Ferguson making pretty Peggy an attractive heroine and Casson Ferguson doing well by the boy Dick, keeping him just this side of the line that separates the mollycoddled youth from the likable and manly juvenile. There are good character parts by William Mong as the "Rat," and Noah Beery, as the thieving and conspining Mellaire. This is easily one of the best adventure pictures of the month.

AWAY GOES PRUDENCE—Paramount—Artcraft.

JOHN ROBERTSON comes marching out of the gloom of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and makes "Away Goes Prudence," with Billie Burke, in the sunlight of that comedienne's smile. Proving the Robertson versatility, and his sound Scotch common sense in his selection of antidotes. The "Prudence" story is a fluffy little comedy full of those surprise twists that never surprise anyone but make for drama and some suspense and a touch of a heart-string now and then. The heroine is an active young animal, full of spirits and a determination to stir a little jazz into the humdrum of her home life. She takes up aviation, or aviation takes her up, and thereby she arouses the ire of her conservative family, particularly that of her fiancé, one Percy Marmont in this instance. When he protests, with all his British seriousness, that she cease being a little fool she does herself and make him and all the others sorry for what they have said. Away goes Prue—leaving a black-hand note behind saying that unless she is ransomed something awful will happen. But she goes only so far as a kindly wash-woman's, who slyly telephones home about her. Then the fiancé determines to scare her by having her really kidnapped—and the lad engaged for the job decides to double-cross the fiancé and do the job right. As a result Prudence is in danger without knowing it, and fiancé is whacked on the head, and there are many complications before the pleasantly sentimental ending. It is a Josephine Lovett story and a Kathryn Stuart scenario. Miss Burke is competently supported by Bradley Barker, Dorothy Walters, Charles Lane, Maui Turner Gordon and Albert Hackett.

SHIPWRECKED AMONG CANNIBALS—Universal.

It was rather foolish of Universal to try to create a sensation with "Shipwrecked Among Cannibals." The picture itself is so unusual, and so interesting by reason of its novelty, that any attempt to exploit it as something that was snapped on the fly, while tribes of blood-thirsty cannibals were lacking their chops and hungering for the blood and flesh of the director and the camera man hidden in the foliage, serves only to cheapen the impression the scenes make upon the audience. Why should the cannibals want to eat a director? They don't go to the movies. It is a challenge to everyone who sees the picture to try to prove to his own satisfaction that the press agent is a liar—neither a difficult nor a particularly satisfying thing to do, and rather distracting. This particular picture, however, is so good that no ill-advised advertising campaign can spoil it. It is, in the main, what it purports to be—the pictorial record of an exciting adventure among a strange and barbarous people. It reveals their habits, their customs and their weird notions of personal adornment. Its accompanying titles, which are unusually well written, are informing and of value. It is one of the films that should be placed in the archives of the National Geographical society and preserved.

(Continued on page 91)
The Car That Made Good in a Day
Here’s Two on D. W. G.

WOULD like to know where Richard Barthelmess kept his valet. He had quite a beard when falling, dead drunk, on the beach, but when—the “Idol Dancer”—with the beautifully marcelled hair—found him the same morning, he appeared smooth-shaven.

“The Idol Dancer’s” adopted father tosses a dress into her lap. She picks it up and looks at it. The dress tossed into her laps is white with a plaid in it about three inches square. In the close-up, the dress is a dark color with crossed white lines about one-half inch apart.

C. H. A., JR.
Bridgeport, Conn.

Referred to Our Motor Editor

ISN’T it rather peculiar that no matter how long one stays in a house or hotel—when they come out the engine of an automobile is always running? No self-starter is needed, just put it in gear and ride off.

I will admit that “Marriage for Convenience” was a good story but most all of the picture was taken at night. During the whole time no lights were seen burning on the automobiles. Rather a shortage of electricity and an overflow of gasoline, I should say!

NAOMI JAFFE.
Birmingham, Ala.

In Fact, It Started Another Revolution

IN “The World and Its Woman,” some soldiers of the Russian Red Guard try to enter the apartment of the singer, MARCIA WARREN, played by GERALDINE FARRAR. The men batter down the door a second after Gerry has climbed out the window. They enter the room and the door is badly shattered. A moment later Geraldine meets LOU TOLLEGEN in the hall outside the same door—which now is quite whole again. I should think those Russian Red Guards—good extras, too, would have felt rather badly about it. But then—Russians are rather used to futility of one sort or other.
Keep your cotton blouses
as dainty and fresh as your silk ones

JUST because they weren't silk you thought they could be laundered any old way—your dear little blouse all of rose colored voile and the slim French chemise of flesh batiste banded with soft old blue. So you calmly put them in with the regular laundry, with the thick, heavy, strong things.

But how soon they grew sad and worn! How quickly they lost the charm of their freshness!

It was so unnecessary—all the pretty things needed to make them last was the same gentle Lux laundering that you always give your silk blouses and underwear.

Fine cotton and linen fabrics cannot stand ordinary scrubbing any more than georgettes and chiffons.

Rubbing roughens them, takes away their nice smoothness. It tears fine hemstitching and works havoc with lovely lace.

Don't go on washing your voile and batiste blouses, your lawn and lace underthings the old ruinous way. With Lux you can keep them whole and beautiful longer than you ever before thought possible. Just pure bubbling Suds to dip them up and down in. And rich lather to be pressed through the soiled spots.


To launder fine lingerie blouses and underthings

Use one tablespoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk to a lather in very hot water. Let white things soak for a few minutes. Press suds gently through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters. Squeeze water out. Do not wring. Dry in sun and press with hot iron.

For Colors—Add cold water until just lukewarm. Wash quickly to prevent colors from running. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Dry in shade and press with warm iron.
"Here Are Ladies!"

Stars seen on the screen in name only. Isn't it a shame their faces never get a chance?

Directly above observe Jane Murfin, a charming refutation of the theory that lady writers are sartorial freaks. She has written plays and scenarios and is soon to produce her own screen stories. Center, Anita Loos, star of the satirical sub-title, who writes stories for Constance Talmadge.

Frances Marion—above—is the empress of scenario emotion. Her "kid" stories for Mary Pickford made you laugh and cry; her "Humoresque" had many heart-throbs. In real life she is noted for her charm, her wit, and her gorgeous gowns. Now she is Mary Pickford's director.

Ouida Bergere is Mrs. George Fitzmaurice in private life. She writes all the scenarios directed by her husband. You remember "On with the Dance." She is at her best as a scenarist of smart and sophisticated drama. Perhaps it is because Ouida herself is smart and sophisticated.

Clara Beranger writes for Paramount. She is also the co-author of a successful Broadway play. Besides turning out several stories a week, Miss Beranger finds time to be a successful wife and mother. People are always mistaking her for her daughter's slightly-older sister.
The Brunswick Method of Reproduction

New Tone Betterments

Demand your consideration of The Brunswick

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, although it has many advantages, primarily brings better tone. All its features combine toward that coveted achievement.

Suppressed or muffled tones are absent. There is a roundness or fullness of expression that is quickly noted, the first time you hear The Brunswick.

The Ultona, the all-record reproducer obtained only on The Brunswick, obtains the utmost from the record. It brings out intonations often slighted. It plays each type of record exactly as intended, being adjustable at the turn of a hand.

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Mr. Movie Fan — "Never mind, we can stay for the next show."
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Read How You Can Obtain the Famous Nestle Home Outfit for Permanent Hair Waving On a Liberal Trial Basis

As with most great inventions, necessity was the mother of the Nestle Home Outfit. It was created by Mr. C. Nestle, inventor of the noted Nestle Permanent Hair Wave, its mission being to take care of the multitude of women who cannot come themselves to have their hair permanently waved at the famous Nestle establishment in New York. Even now it is in use in more than 10,000 homes, and is proving a joy and a comfort to every woman who uses it.

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Just as sounds are gathered and controlled in the living human throat, so are sound vibrations gathered and controlled in the acoustic throat of The Cheney.
ETTA, SPOKANE.—You say I am cold. Well, I once told a woman I would go to the furthest ends of the earth for her and I answered, “When do you start?” That made me a cynic. Niles Welch is doing a second James Oliver Curwood story for Vitagraph. He also makes pictures for Lasky, and is thirty-two years old and is married to Dell Boone. They bungalow in Hollywood.

I. D. HOWELL, MICHIGAN.—Diogenes lived in a tub and Socrates drank hemlock. I live in a half-bedroom, but I can’t get anything to drink. Tom Meighan was born and educated in Pittsburgh; he was a legitimate and stock player, appearing in London and with David Warfield in this country. He is married to Frances Ring; he has black hair, brown eyes, and is a six-footer. His new stellar pictures are “The Prince Chump,” “Civilian Clothes,” and “The Frontier of the Stars.” Harry Carey isn’t a heavy; he is a star. In other words, he is the stalwart, upright hero of such Universals as “Overland Red,” “Bullet Proof” and “Human Stuff.” Your remaining questions will be answered in another incarnation, Iah.

VAN, CHICAGO.—I am not like the man who said, when asked how many stenographers he had: “Two—one to take dictation and the other to show to my wife.” In the first place, that’s an old-fashioned joke; and in the second place, I haven’t any wife. Photoplay still prints in Chicago. The lake breeze is good for the presses.

C. B., TEXAS.—Aren’t you afraid you’ll run out of questions if you ask so many each time? Alice Joyce and Tom Moore were divorced; she is now Mrs. James Regan. Mabel Normand is her real name; she isn’t married. Richard Barthelmess’ second name is Semler. Ella Hall is Mrs. Emory Johnson; she last appeared with Francis Ford.

EXHIB. SPIRITS LAKE.—Your town is out of date now, to say the least. A quart is hard enough to get—but a lake! You say you may be a movie star some day and wish me to be more careful about ages. If you only give me your new age every year I’ll be glad to oblige you. Dorothy Dalton’s age is remembered as twenty-seven. Pearl White says she is not married.

ANYTA, WISCONSIN.—It is estimated by fur-dealers in America that women purchase three hundred million dollars’ worth of furs annually. Most of these are worn in the summer, I suppose. Jack Holt is with Lasky; he is married. Katherine MacDonald is not married; consult directory for her studio address. Susse Hayakawa, Robertson-Cole. I have lost track of George Fisher; wish he would speak up and come back. Jackie Saunders is with Fox as leading woman.

BENJAMIN ROGERS, NEW YORK.—I can CLARICE, FROM MISSOURI.—I’m telling you—I’m telling you; if you only stop and listen. Edna Purviance is very much alive. She is still leading woman for the immortal Charlie. It is rumored Edna is to be married to a wealthy young Los Angeles chap, but I don’t believe it; Edna would surely tell me. Gloria Swanson is now a star with Lasky; she did not go with Equity, as first reported. She’s Mrs. Herbert K. Som born.

CLIFFORD DALL, GRAND RAPIDS.—It is gratifying to note that little boys grow up and think that teachers ought to be given enough to live on. Owen Moore was married to Mary Pickford, not to YOUTH.}

**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 undue 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, 29 W. 4th St., New York City.

**Picture Show**

AND still they come and go; and this is all I know—That from the gloom I watch an endless picture-show, Where wild or listless faces flicker on their way, With glad or grievous hearts I’ll never understand Because Time spins so fast, and they’ve no time to stay Beyond the moment’s gesture of a lifted hand.

And still, between the shadow and blinding flame, The brave despair of men flings onward, ever the same As in those doom-lit years that wait them, and have been—And life is just the picture dancing on a screen.

Taken by permission from “Picture Show, and Other Poems,” by Siegfried Sassoon, copyrighted by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
Alice Joyce. Miss Joyce was married to Tom of the Moore clan. Miss Pickford is now Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks; Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Reznan. Matt Moore has never married.

Dorothy K., Vancouver.—Yes to all of your questions: Pearl White wears a wig, Dick Barthelmess is married, Constance Talmadge has bobbed hair, Gloria Swanson's first husband was Wallace Beery, who played the villain in Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "The Mollycoddle," and Jack Mulhall played opposite Alice Lake in Metro's "Should a Woman Tell?" Another question: is that all for today?

Mrs. Hart, Baltimore.—A good many of Bill Hart's friends will be considerably relieved to know that you are not THE Mrs. William S. Hart. Now perhaps they will believe I occasionally tell the truth. Eric von Stroheim was born in Austria. He was a newspaper man and magazine writer before he was an actor. He now directs and acts for Universal. His latest is "Foolish Wives," not yet released.

B. M. C., Stamford.—You want to know if there is a chance of getting a look at Wallace Reid. If you mean on the screen, step into the nearest theater and you'll have no trouble. If you mean in the flesh, camp outside the Lasky studio in Hollywood every morning from nine to ten, and from six P. M. to midnight and if you're lucky you may run into him. Dorothy Davenport Reid comes back to pictures in "The Fighting Chance," the Paramount picturization of Robert Chambers' novel, with Conrad Nagel and Anna Q. Nilsson in the leading roles.

Irene, Susansville.—Once a letter like yours would have driven me to drink. In "The Fatal Ring" the priestess was played by Ruby Hoffman. Constance Talmadge is a blonde. Lottie Pickford is making a new picture for her own company according to last reports. Mary has no children; Lottie has one—Mary Pickford Rupp. Mary Miles Minter is nineteen. Corinne Griffith has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Anita Stewart is twenty-four; she's Mrs. Rudolph Cameron off-screen. Don't tell me that's all you want to know!

R. J. G., Chicago.—There are, in Chicago, these film companies: The Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, the Emerald and the Essanay, which latter concern may or may not be active now. I'd advise you to consult your telephone directory for further information. I am no longer in the Windy City, so I can't make a personal investigation.

A. D. S.—Why, the ancients first started cropping their horses' manes in mourning for their great generals. There's nothing new, etc., as others have said before me. Hoot Gibson is a cowboy hero for Universal. I'll tell Mr. Leagram that you want to see him in features.—Hoot, not Carl.

Olive Thomas Admire, Olympia Washington.—So Mrs. Jack Pickford is your favorite goddess. Don't blame you, I'm sure. She's twenty-two, Fannie Ward is still abroad; her new picture, "She Played and Paid," has been released over here. Olive has blue eyes and brown hair—a regular Irish beauty.

L. M., Marion.—I am sure I don't know what you think I am. How am I supposed to know the hobbies of our presidential candidates? Keeps me busy trying to dope out film stars. And I refuse to divulge my political preferences. If either of the candidates needs me to help them, I'll be very glad to accept an appointment. I always did want to live in Washington. In this I believe I am a little more honest than most politicians.

Angelina and Sara, Des Moines.—William Darrow was divorced from Florence Dye, and has since married Miss Edith Johnson. Miss Johnson, who appeared opposite Mr. Duncan in all his serials for Vitagraph, is really a brunette but for some reason, best known to herself, wore a blonde wig in pictures. Now, however, she is again a brune in "The Silent Avenger," the latest effort, in chapters, of the Bill Duncans. Antonio Moreno is not married; he is thirty-two. Dorothy Gish isn't engaged.

A. R., Portland.—You think you can read me like a book? All right, only never try to put me away with Eugene O'Brien is a study in brown: brown eyes, brown hair, and nicely browned complexion. You see, he's an athlete. He isn't married and made his first entrance on any stage—the infant—in Denver, in 1884, November 14.

J. S., Great Lake, Ill.—Glad to be able to help you. Billie Burke plays in light comedies. Here is a list of all her pictures: "Peggy," for Thomas Ince; "Gloria's Romance," a serial; and for Paramount, "Mystery Miss Terry," "Land of Promise," "Arms and the Girl," "Good Gracious Anna belle," "Make-Believe Wife," "Misleading Widow," "Sadie Love," "Wanted a Husband" and "Away Goes Prudence." Miss Burke married to Florence Ziegfeld, creator of the famous Folies and Frolics entertainment, and has one little daughter, Patricia.

Blue-Eyed Betty.—I liked your letter. You say you would be a movie actress willingly if you could play opposite Wally Reid. Most girls aren't so particular. Wally works at the Lasky studio in Hollywood. His wife, Dorothy Davenport, returned to the screen in "The Fighting Chance" for Paramount-Artcraft. The Reids have a small son, Bill.

Cream Puff, Woodland, Cal.—People who live in the past deserve to have no future. Jules Raucourt is in Belzum now. He has played with Marguerite Clark in "Prunella:" also in these films: "Somewhere in America," "The Outcast," "Please Help Emily," "At First Sight" and "My Wife." Louise Glauum, J. Parker Read Productions, Culver City, Cal., May Allison, Metro.

(Continued on page 115)
Three common mistakes that mar the skin

**Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes**

**FIRST** of all many women powder the wrong way. Then they are troubled all the time with an ugly glisten.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond’s Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. It vanishes the moment you apply it, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder, take just a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Now powder, and don’t think of it again. Pond’s Vanishing Cream holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

**SECOND** mistake that many women make is failing to protect the complexion from the wind, sun and dust. Wind dries and roughens your skin; sunlight darkens and coarsens it; dust works into the pores and injures them. You can protect your skin from this injury by applying the right protective cream.

For this purpose, as for a powder base, of course you must have a cream that will disappear and not reappear. Pond’s Vanishing Cream disappears instantly and will not crop out again in a hateful shine. It has a special softening ingredient which protects the skin. Before every outing lightly touch your face and hands with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It leaves your face smooth and protects it from wind, sun and dust.

**BECAUSE** you have learned to depend upon Pond’s Vanishing cream for a powder base and to protect the skin from the weather, do not make the mistake of forgetting the importance of cold cream. The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out is what the skin requires at other times. The pure, creamy oil base, in Pond’s Cold Cream, makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known. Before going to bed, cleanse your face with Cold Cream. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Do this regularly and your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

Pond’s Cold Cream has just the consistency that is perfect for working well into the skin, giving a wonderful massage.

Get a jar or tube of each of these two creams today at any drug store or department store. Every normal skin needs both.

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Cleo Comes Home

To find things considerably changed on the old vamp-ground.

Once upon a time there was a sinuous, svelte, and silky young woman with curly blonde hair, a retrousse nose, and the slenderest, mocklingest laughing eyes ever set under long black lashes.

This young woman was a vamp. Of course she was a vamp! She didn't have to wear slinky gowns with trains to be one—she was born that way. She stole hearts whether she was attired in the latest imported negligee, or trim riding togs. She went her way of breaking hearts and wrecking homes without so much as batting one of her long curly lashes.

Cleo was her name. Cleo Ridgely. She was our vampingest blonde vamp—in the films. She was positively pitiless—her ancestress, the first Cleo, had very little on her. Scarcely a working day went by that she did not ruin the life of one of our more prominent leading men. Then, one day, she fell in love. With a young director named Jimmy. James Horne. And married him. And gave up her venturous career to settle down and keep house and have two perfectly beautiful babies. Twins.

For several years a domestic life satisfied her. It still does. But she looked at pictures the while—and found that the styles in vampires had changed. They still broke hearts and wrecked homes, as in the good old days; but they used finesse instead of ferocity, tears instead of tiger-skins, and preferred powder-puffs to pistols. So Cleo decided to go back and begin all over again.

You'll see her after her retirement in “Occasionally Yours,” in which she will test her vamping talents with that vampire of the sterner sex, Lew Cody. Cleo has a vamp's boudoir and wears a vamp's pajamas. But you and I know that after the day's work of vamping Lew is over, she'll go home to Jimmy and the kids, tell them all about it, and have a good laugh at our expense.

Cleo was not always a vamp. Oh no. Why, back in the days when you saw two reels for a nickel, with an illustrated song thrown in, Cleo was the screen May Wirth. She used to ride—my land, how that gal could ride! She once made a transcontinental trip on a plucky pony—was the only woman to do it in so many days, or something like that. They called her the Transcontinental Girl.

She decided to go on the stage in the first place because she saw her cousin, Victor Moore, the comedian, exit to loud applause and she thought how wonderful it must be. Cleo finally made her big hits in houses whose applause she couldn't hear; but she found the life of the studios much more interesting than the artificial footlight existence. You probably recall her as a Kalem star in 1914, as Wallace Reid's leading woman for Lasky in '15 and '16, and in the title role of the film version of “The Chorus Lady.” She was a perfectly grand vampette in those days. But then came James Horne to interrupt her promising career as Cleopatra's little daughter, and he carried her away, as Mrs. James Horne, to a Hollywood bungalow. And her favorite role became a decidedly domestic characterization, her director a tiny mite named June Jassmine Horne, and her leading man, James Jr.
"My Five Tests for Phonograph Buyers" is a beautiful, interesting booklet, a helpful, enlightening guide for intelligent phonograph choosing. You may have it free of charge, together with the name of your local Dalion dealer. Write today.

FIVE tests—conclusive and complete—decide the Dalion's right to take first place in the selective judgment of the appreciative buyer. For the Dalion is the phonograph instrumentized, built to music-ideals instead of machine-ideals.

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We urge your comparison with other phonograph values to be severe and exacting. You will appreciate the more Dalion's consummate perfection.

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A Squirrel Cage

by A. GNUTT

You know what "is" and "are" are, of course, but do you know why? "is" is from the first two letters of \( t æ z h e f t \), a Latin word meaning "nearly." The "s" is a contraction of an ancient sign, something like a \( s \), that was placed at the end of an abbreviated word. In course of time this \( s \) has become "are." The same thing applies to "be," the abbreviation for coarse.

The letters "in," standing for pounds, are, first and third of the Latin word "libra." "Cat." (hundredweight) and "dot" (pennyweight) are also abbreviations of Latin words, "C" is the Latin numeral for a hundred, "O," the first letter of denarius (penny), and the second of a falsely bug's short.

Remember that next time you take a tumble.

Why, yes, in a battle of tongues a woman can always be heard—she never does—Dewey Next.

Mistress: Did anyone call while I was out?

Maid: No, ma'am.

Mistress: Tell me: A whole afternoon wasted—Boston Transcript.

AND in Sweden the drinking places are closed now on Saturday because it is pay day when the savings banks are kept open in the middle of the night.

"Do you mean to say that Peterkin didn't show you over his new house?" "Oh, we never got any farther than the council chamber.""P''

IN Pennsylvania there is a man who has spent in a bed for twenty-five years. He is C. W. Twain, a year-old back tender for the railroad at the station at Allentown. A master of a cynical age, he reads Mark Twain, and his words are doleful to the ears of people in that small, old eastern town.

Thanking that man, Captain Giles has contended himself with the man's words, and the office chair is never vacated.

THE German Photographic Society has a machine that takes pictures with the speed of one second, and a second, while we are reliably informed that a man could be photographing a bullet fired from a pistol, following its course as far as the camera lens could reach.

WITH lengthy nomenclature so much the fashion nowadays, particularly among the English, it is interesting to recall that only forty years ago not even a middle name was permitted in England, except for persons of royal rank. For the first offense a person who parted his name on one side very likely would be tried to a whipping post. For a second offense he would be hanged. For a third, they'd just hang him.

IT is odd, indeed, how far-reaching the effects of the Eighteenth Amendment have been. There was also a blow to the little island of Prueba, a low, single-celled, feverish spot that sat off the African coast between Mandabah and Zanzibar. How come? Why we got most of our cheap supply from there.
"I guess you can’t get your shoes this week, Mary," said Father. There was a choking little catch in his voice, for he knew that Mother needed the shoes.

The fact was that Father’s salary and my salary combined would not stretch to the limit of our needs. There were three dear little hungry mouths to feed besides our own, and the six of us to clothe.

And the high cost of living does keep fearfully high.

I was apt to lie awake at nights wondering whether something couldn’t be done to make things go better. Poor Father could do nothing, I knew. Years and worry had weighed down his spirit. But I kept thinking that there must be something that I could do to increase my stenographer’s salary so that Mother would not have to walk about with patched shoes, and so that the children could all have Sunday dresses.

Sunday dresses for the children! The thought was so delicious, that, although I didn’t have enough money in my purse to buy even half of one dress, I picked up a fashion magazine one day to look for little styles that the darlings could wear if they only had some one to buy dresses for them.

A page of costumes designed by Emil Alvin Hartman caught my eye. Beautiful costumes they were, graceful, fanciful, filmy. Oh, if they were only for me! I choked down a little lump, for I knew they were beyond my reach.

But oh, how I was tempted to picture myself in each design, walking about with grand airs at gay parties! Poor me! For a moment I pitied myself. And then I remembered suddenly that it was designs for the little girls that I had opened the magazine to find. I half sobbed and quickly turned the page.

Curiously enough, I saw the name of Emil Alvin Hartman on the very next page. He told a story that made me hope for better things. He told of the work of Fashion Academy, the school of costume and millinery design of New York. In from three to four months, he said, absolute beginners were learning fashion design easily and pleasantly during their leisure hours in the comfort of their own homes.

He mentioned names of former students, girls, middle-aged women, and even elderly women, who have written to Fashion Academy to report their wonderful success as professional fashion designers. One young woman, for instance, three months after her graduation from Fashion Academy, working at her own convenience for different people, earned $125 a week, and designed costumes for Lady Duff Gordon (Lucile). Another, two months after her graduation, earned $100 a week.

And these girls, Mr. Hartman said, were only two of a great many who had almost immediately won marvelous success in the fascinating profession of fashion design.

Stories like these were hard for a twenty-seven-dollar-a-week stenographer like me to believe. But Mr. Hartman invited any one who wished, to investigate. That same night, although I had no knowledge at all of fashion design, I wrote for the booklet sent out free on request by Fashion Academy. It contained not only information about the wonderful opportunities in fashion design, and beautiful costumes and hats designed by Fashion Academy students, but also enthusiastic letters from former students who gave full credit for their success in the designer’s profession to Fashion Academy.

Names were signed, and addresses given.

So, to feel absolutely certain, I wrote to the writers of some of the letters. From them personally I received the same enthusiastic recommendations of Fashion Academy. In nearly every case, the writer had been a novice at the time of her enrollment with Fashion Academy.

It is a whole year since I first looked through the inspiring Fashion Academy booklet. I have already lost my speed on the typewriter, for I haven’t been a stenographer for eight months. A year ago I enrolled with Fashion Academy. After a little over three months of easy, fascinating exercises during my leisure hours at home I received my diploma from Fashion Academy. Several weeks later I began work as a professional designer at $50 a week. I am now earning much more. And Father no longer has to worry about Mother’s shoes or my little sisters’ dresses. We have everything we need to make us comfortable now, and my employer tells me that my fine salary now is little more than a beginning.

One of the finest benefits that I have received from Fashion Academy is that now I can dress myself beautifully on a very small outlay of money. In the first place the Fashion Academy lessons taught me that each woman has a figure, a complexion, a personality of her own. I learned that the costume and the hat should be suited to the figure, the complexion, and personality of the individual. Now I know that it is utter nonsense to expect a dress exactly suited to another woman of entirely different type to look well on me. And I now have for my own a complete knowledge of the artistic principles that govern correct dress. I create charming original styles in both dresses and hats for myself. The result is that all my friends keep asking me what I have done to make myself so beautiful. I am not a whit more beautiful now than I was a year ago. It is simply that now I design styles in dresses and hats that conceal my every defect and bring out every little point of beauty that I possess. My clothes now express my personality.

What is more, I can make every kind of dress from the drafting of the pattern to the last stitch of the finished garment; and I can make any kind of hat, from the fashioning of the frame to the final bit of trimming. Needless to say, I can now have three or four dresses for the price of one bought in a fashionable shop; I can now have hats for almost every occasion, for the cost of one hat bought from a milliner.

But best of all, I know that my style of dress or hat is not worn by every fourth woman I meet. I, alone, wear my designs, for I create them myself.

You, too, can learn fashion design in from three to four months, in easy, fascinatingly interesting lessons prepared in the comfort of your own home. You, too, can learn how to dress, so that your friends, also will wonder to see you becoming more beautiful almost day by day. Or you can learn fashion drawing for illustrations in fashion magazines. Fill in and mail the coupon below or send a letter asking for FREE Illustrative Booklet 2010. You will be placing yourself under no obligation to ask for it.

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Please send me Free Illustrated Booklet 2010, containing information about your home-study courses in costume design, fashion illustration, and millinery design. Also concerning dressmaking and tailoring.

Name ____________________________________________

Address ____________________________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Man Who Had Everything

(Continued from page 44)

for he knew he had never mentioned wanting the pendant to anyone else. They were coming too fast for Harry, so he took refuge in a sort of still platitude, "It never rains but it pours," and drove off to tell Lenore all about it.

That young person was obviously pleased, but he took rather more kindly than Harry expected. Excited, Lenore was shrill—undeniably shrill. Now she was only gurgly. Was it possible she could not appreciate the honor shown her by his father's practical recognition of her as the future mistress of the Bullway household? However that might be, Harry's pipe was soon soothed by the coddling arts of the man and he left her for a tour of inspection of his machinery and live stock, after making an engagment for a trip to Riverview Inn that evening.

Riverview was one of those spots where the only difference prohibition made was that drinks cost four times as much and only the most expensive ones were to be had. It was quite gay.

Harry and Lenore began the evening with a batch of siphons in beer glasses and called sparkling cider. The effect on the persons was very different. The wine did not go to Harry's head, because there was no room for it, his head being cumbered to suffocation already. Similarly, it did go straight to Lenore's head, because there was more room in that handsome piece of furniture than anywhere else about her. They had talked for hours and were starting on another bottle of wine, when the head waiter brought Harry a message. Brewer and some other men were in the grill, and he wished to give Harry a few tips concerning the polo ponies. Harry promised to be back in a minute.

He had hardly disappeared before Billy Gibson slipped into his chair, helped himself to a glass of wine, and turned to Lenore with a sneer.

"Looks as if you've hooked him," he said.

"Don't be nasty, Billy," she retorted.

"You and I thought just as ever. Don't spoil this. There's a mint in it. Come on—dance with me.

Lenore had her own method of placating Billy. She took the lamp away and Harry was gone. It was rather quite tractable. As it ended she led her out to the indirectly shaded verandah in front of her table. The wine and the exhilaration of the dance took the best of the cobwebs from her. They confidently believed they were talking in whispers, but Harry, going back to the dining room, heard their voices through an open window. He did not want to caudexdrop exactly, but he stopped and glanced out through an opening in the curtains.

Lenore was handling something to Billy. In his work he had dropped it and it dropped on the cement floor, jingling. It bounced into a streak of light and as Billy stooped to pick it up, Harry saw that it was a key.

He jerked back, and made his way to the table as if he had seen nothing. Lenore arrived a few seconds later, on Billy's arm. Her brain was clear enough to tell her at a glance that Harry was angry.

"Now don't be bail," she cooed, as soon as Billy had left them. "You were away so long, and I couldn't refuse to dance with him, don't you think I was all alone?"

"Well, I don't like him. He's a snake. I'd rather you wouldn't have anything to do with him. Promise you that you won't?"

"Then I won't—after we're married."

"And when will you marry me, dear?"

It was a tough problem to decide quickly. If she married him tomorrow she would get a million dollars. If she waited twenty-eight days, she would have received, according to Bullway's proposition, upwards of three million, and get the million wedding present as well. It was a gamble.

"In exactly four weeks," she promised.

Half an hour earlier the idea would have given Harry a thrill, but now the memory of a key jingling on cement produced a discord.

For the first few miles of the ride home, Harry was silent. Lenore sat close and clung to his arm, until he told her it wasn't safe, explaining that he was not used to the powerful car yet. After he had worked out the idea, and had been going through his mind, and drawing up by the side of the road, under the shadow of a big tree, he stopped the car, took Lenore in his arms, and kissed her.

"Dearest," he whispered. "I've got it out of the little apartment of my own now. I got it today, a place where we can get away from everybody. Will you go there with me now?"

Lenore had been a little worried by his unaccustomed silence, and was afraid he was slipping out of her grasp. This was risky, but she was playing for high stakes, and felt she had to play the game through as she knew it. So she kissed him, and whispered her consent.

Harry started the car again, and again retired into the silences. Lenore was surprised to find the car traversing the streets in the direction of her own home. Soon they drove up in front of her apartment.

"But we have a rental agreement," she said. "You can't do that!"

"I've changed my mind," he said, shortly. "Goodnight."

In the seclusion of his room that night, Harry indulged himself in a new luxur—thinking. And he did very well at it for a young man who had abstained so long and persistently. After he had finished calling himself a name he made better progress. And he went to sleep as full of good resolutions as a raspberry is of seeds.

The resolutions were still with him in the morning when he arrived at his father's office. Two of them he had already put into effect, the first by having Higden tell Lenore, when she telephoned before he was out of bed, that he was not at home; the result of that lie being the banquet that served in bed. Another he divulged to Prue Winn.

I've reformed, Prue. I'm going to work," he said, not without a touch of pride.

"Oh, Harry, I'm so glad," she exclaimed. But Harry pursued her, and captured a hand.

"I'm glad you're glad, Prue," he said, and went into his father's office.

"Dad, I've waked up," he said. "I'm through with Lenore Pennell—and all that foolishness."

"Did she break it off?"

"No, I did."

"I'm glad, Son. I was sure you would. And now—what?"

"I don't know, exactly. But I'm going to hunt for a job—and when I land one—well, watch my smoke!"

There! It was out, and Harry was elated to realize that his spoken determination gave him even more of a thrill than his shower of good fortune the day before. He was hale and hearty as he entered his father's office to the smaller one occupied by Prue.

"I'm going to show him—you'll see," he chortled, and in sheer exuberance danced up to Prue, swung the astonished girl around the room and kissed her.

Prue broke away from him with a sob. Harry looked at her, astonished, partly that she should take a little thing that way, and partly over a sudden discrepancy that it felt strangely good to have Prue in his arms. As he mumbled an apology, his father's buzzer summoned her, and Harry went out to trawl a job.

"It's working," Bullway informed his secretary, gleefully.

"Take this letter to Miss Pennell. 'Dear Madam: I enclose my check for one cent, according to agreement. This closes our account. I might add, to save you embarrassment in the event of your trying to sell the jewel my son gave you yesterday, that it is worth just $31.75, as I had it made up to order for the purpose.'"

"And so—did I hear someone say—'the reformed youth married the pretty secretary, and they lived happily ever after.'"

Wait a minute. Let Harry tell it.

"I got a job easy enough. Bronson put me to work selling bonds among the men I knew around the club, and I would be a tough job, but it was a cinch. Wherever I went, as soon as anybody saw me coming, out came a check book. For a week or so. I thought this was just because I was a natural born genius for finance. But as soon as I got on the ropes I found the best salesmen in the world couldn't get rid of bonds that way. So I quit putting myself on the back and tried to clear it. I couldn't figure it out. Things were coming too soft. So one day I would wake up and find myself back where I was before—in love with Pennell and everything. It must have taken me a long time to get over it. Bronson told me he had decided to take me in as a partner.

(Continued on page 11)
YOUTHFUL STARS
of America's Stage—and
THEIR DRESSING TABLES

Here's another new star in the firmament—Miss Grace Christie, whose Silver Bubble dance is such a charming feature of the John Murray Anderson revuesical comedy "What's In a Name."

We never suspected embroidery and knitting contributed anything to Miss Christie's success in her unique dance until, in a moment of confidence, she said, "My Silver Bubble, they tell me, moves with the gossamer lightness of thistle down. It never would if my hands were not velvety smooth—a condition I credit largely to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Curiously enough, I first used this cream to keep my hands from 'catching' when doing embroidery and knitting. Oh, yes! I do a lot of both."

May we send you "A Wee End Package" including all these Toilet Requisites—or, if you prefer, separate packages for your trial. See offer below.

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Guaranteed Loveliness—Whenever you see a bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream on a dainty dressing table, you may depend upon the owner being a woman of loveliness—the possessor of those attributes so admired and desired by everyone—a complexion of soft, glowing clearness, and hands slender, white and fragrant. Delightful coolness is the first sensation when applying Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Then follows a wonderful healing and softening process—a remarkable refining of the skin's texture and restoring of the surface to its natural clearness.

For Trial: Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 5c. Face Powder sample 2c; Trial size 1c. Trial Cake Soap 8c; or a Week-End Package, including all these Toilet Requisites 50c.

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Ward's Lemon-Crush—a companion drink made similarly by the Ward process—is rich with the tasty and refreshing flavor of California lemons.

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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City
and it should be accompanied, wherever shown, by an explanatory lecture, prepared by the young men who made the films and read by a local educator. Too much credit cannot be given William F. Alder and Edward L Missing for the thoroughness with which they went about securing the pictures, and the fine judgment they used as to their pictorial settings.

GO AND GET IT—Neilan-First National.

The difference between the average director and the exceptionally good director is discovered in the treatment they give a commonplace subject. Marshall Neilan is an exceptional director, and proves it again by taking the commonplace story told in the highly colored and rather foolishly exaggerated newspaper yarn, "Go and Get It," and dressing it up and tricking it out with stunts until it has become a "special," as exciting as it is improbable. A young woman who owns a newspaper that is being mismanaged injects herself into its staff as a society editress. During her adventures as a reporter she meets the usual journalistic genius who is being held down by the managing editor, sees that he is given his chance and glories in his success when he makes good. In building up this plot Neilan has deliberately, and with considerable skill, made use of a varied assortment of hair-raising adventures. The assignation the young reporter is given, the story he is told to "go and get," concerns a scientist who has transplanted a human brain, that of a murderer, to the head of a chimpanzee. Once the animal's human brain begins to function he starts in murdering all those who have incurred the enmity of the murderer. Before he can land the beast, the reporter is obliged to chase one man in an aeroplane; change to another plain in midair; land on top of an express train, and later on the deck of a steamer at sea and finally shoot the chimpanzee with as he is about to add another victim to his list. Improbable stuff, but fairly thrilling, and amazingly well photographed. Pat O'Malley is the Fairbanksian hero, Agnes Ayres the heroine and Wesley Barry an amusing touch of comedy as a lively office boy. An impressive makeup is contributed by "Bull" Montana as the ape.

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE—Cosmopolitan-Paramount-Artcraft.

"The World and His Wife" should do some good in a gossipping world. It should teach people that slander is a positive force for evil, and that briefly encouraged it can work incalculable harm. But whether audiences trained to look only for the conventional romance in pictures will be properly impressed by its significance I cannot say. In the Ecclesiastical opus Don Julian has married a wife years younger than himself. She is deeply in love with him, and though she is happy in playing around with his young godson she has no thought of disloyalty. Don Julian's neighbors, however, and his jealous relatives, will not believe this. Teodora, the wife, they insist, must be in love with Ernesto, the godson, because it is only natural that youth should call to youth, and by their insistence on the point, by their sharp wits and their pointed innuendos, they gradually poison the mind of Don Julian until he accuses the young people of having betrayed his trust and drives them from his home. Thus are they forced into each other's arms for their mutual protection. Robert Vignola has done good work in the directing, and it is well played by Alma Rubens, she of the pretty face, the startled eyes and the limited dramatic equipment; Montagu Love, Gaston Glass, Pedro de Cordoba and Margaret Dale.

THE INFERIOR SEX—Mayer-First National.

This is an elaborate attempt to prove something, I don't know just what, that ends by proving nothing at all, unless it be that movies are movies and nothing more. If its authors, directors, editors and cutters had held to what apparently was their original theme, based on the failure of many wives to go through with their jobs as homemakers and housekeepers, and the minor domestic tragedies resulting therefrom, a good picture might have resulted. But soon after the story is put into action it slips away into the conventional rut of a loving wife's scheme to arouse the jealousy of a husband who is giving signs of sickness on a steady diet of oscillation. There is a counter-plot in which a disappointed wife does accept the attentions of the pestiferous idler and escapes discovery.

(Continued on page 124)
Entertaining Mary's Beaux

"I am proud of that little sister of mine," says Margaret Shelby, sister of Mary Miles Minter. "I cannot tell you how proud I am, and besides that would sound egotistical; but I can say from the bottom of my heart that being sister to a celebrity is not exactly a bed of roses. Mary's fans want photographs of Mary's sister, Mary's fans clamor to see Mary's sister in Mary's productions and, last but not least, Mary's sister must entertain Mary's beaux. I can look down the vista of years and I see nothing but Mary's beaux. They began arriving at a tender age in the care of their nurses and governesses and even in those not so far distant days it was Mary's sister who dried their tears. Mary is a young lady now and the infants of yesterday have given way to countless delightful young men and boys, but Mary's sister has merely graduated to a more dignified position. Mary's beaux smother me with flowers and deluge me with candies. I am showered with invitations to lovely dinner parties, 'a deaux' with the usual pink lights, soft music, etc., ad lib. Then 'He' gazes longingly into my melting orbs and whispers, 'How is Mary? Tell me about her.' "I even dream of a future as the sympathetic wife of one of Mary's erstwhile beaux."

The Ritz-Carleton of Culver City

When Uncle Henry Seymour established his little truck farm near Los Angeles he calculated it would be a fourteen-hour-a-day rdash with Maw Earth to shake her down for a living. During a plowing session one spring he noted excavation going on at the neighboring farm. "What's goin' up here?" he asked. "Motion picture studio." "Him!" ejaculated Uncle Henry. "Wall, I reckon they's room for both of us," and returned to his plow. One day a young rustic approached Uncle, obviously a farm hand out of a job. "Could I get a sandwich? Piece of pie, maybe?" he inquired.

Uncle Henry had a big heart, but his code was "He who eats must work." He told the boy so.

The young "farmer" laughed good-humor-edly. He explained he wasn't a farm hand, but a motion picture actor. It was Charles Ray.

"Gosh!" ejaculated Uncle Henry. His entire gamut of emotions could be expressed in that one word.

But Charles Ray—sure enough, it was our own Charley—got his handout. And it was a handout-de-luxe; cold chicken, homemade bread, pumpkin pie and apple cider. Some cider, that! Six glasses of the hard variety and you're groggy for the afternoon.

Thus was marked the beginning of an epoch in the Seymour fortunes. The excellence of the Seymourlander spread rapidly at the Ince Studios. Next noon there were a score of screen folk begging for a snack—for a consideration. Now "Aunt Millie" Seymour nonchalantly serves everybody from rugged sea-captains like Hobart Bosworth on the right, to Russian Grand Dukes.
Falling in Love

Her radiant beauty captivates him. Her glowing color accentuates the sparkle of her eyes and the whiteness of her teeth. She knows the secret of loveliness and the compelling perfumed charm which the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette" gives. It makes Instant Beauty possible.

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Miss Marguerite Clark posed especially for this 1921 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel. Her rare beauty and charm of Miss Clark are faithfully reproduced in dainty colors in this Art Panel. Size 24x17 inches. Samples of the three Instant Beauty preparations named above sent with the Art Panel. Also samples of Pompeian Night Cream and Pompeian Fragrance, a talcum. All for a dime (in coin). Please clip coupon now.

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After Thirty Years—
a Real Hosea Howe

AFTER thirty years of successful stage performance, the character of Hosea Howe, the central figure in Edward E. Kidder's "Peaceful Valley," finds its true interpretation on the screen with Charles Ray in the role. "When Charles Ray's company bought `Peaceful Valley' I said to my wife, 'Hooray! After thirty years, here is the real Hosea Howe come to life,'" said the play's author.

Mr. Kidder declared he felt that Charles Ray would duplicate in the screen version, the wonderful success of Sol Smith Russell, who played Hosea Howe, year after year until the character rubbed shoulders with Denman Thompson's own in "The Old Homestead." In the old-fashioned photograph on the right we see the original Hosea Howe; in the larger picture, the new one.

"Thirty years ago Sol and I tried out the play in Duluth, Minnesota," said Mr. Kidder. We went into a drug store in Duluth where they kept the peg-boards in those days instead of the modern ticket system. When a ticket for the theater was sold, a little peg was stuck in the number of the seat on the peg-board and that was all.

"We were not represented on the peg-board! Lawrence Barrett was always sold out. Lotta had a good house for her shows as always. Maggie Mitchell was doing wonderfully and Joe Murphy was in the money. As for Sol Smith Russell in 'Peaceful Valley,' he did not appear to exist.

"We almost wept. 'Why are we being discriminated against?' we demanded of the clerk. Where is the 'Peaceful Valley' peg-board? The clerk took another look at us. 'Oh, are you with the show?' he asked cordially. 'Well, you see, your peg-board was sold out three days ago and we put it aside. Didn't see any use in leaving it lay around.'

"And thus was 'Peaceful Valley' started on its long journey, which has not ended to this day and which seems to be taking a new lease on life in the pictures.

"To my mind, Charles Ray is the natural heir to the role of Hosea Howe. He has the one precious thing that Sol Smith Russell had outgrown—youth! Youth—and thirty years," ended Mr. Kidder.

Supposin' You Were She?

SUPPOSIN' you were a pretty girl with a lot of stored-up talent; and supposin' a lot of movie directors had come to your ma and your dad with offers to put you right into big parts in the movies; and supposin' there was a five-year contract with one of the biggest producers of 'em all, just waitin' for your folks' John Hancocks; and supposin' it meant a great big future; and—then supposin' your dad said:

"What, at that kid's age? Well, I should say not. She's going to finish high school and then she's going to Vassar and then—well then we'll see about it."

Miss Rosheen Glenister, aged fourteen, agrees with her dad about it.

Mamma Glenister was for having Rosheen jump into the promised stardom over-night. But Papa Jack Glenister (who ought to be an insurance broker instead of a business man—he publishes magazines) believes in the fullest preparation. Already little Rosheen has many accomplishments. She is an expert swimmer and diver, the pupil of her dad, who in days of yore was the first man to swim the Niagara rapids. English channel and negotiate the famous Boston Light stunt. And Rosheen sings, too.

"But daddy is right," said Rosheen.

Obedience—and from a coming movie star! No wonder the directors are all quite mad to have her.
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and receive the November issue and five issues thereafter.

Old Man Coincidence

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

I'M old man Coincidence,
And I've got a reach
Like an orang-utan.
I've got the longest arm
That ever snaked out
To slip a girth under a caved-in plot.
Before the old girl fell apart.
It's some arm, believe me,
For when Alaska Ike
Strides into the Dance Hall
On the stroke of twelve,
And snatches the covering Girl who shouldn't be there
From the Bad Man, who's turned up the Ace
(Which, by the Law of the Yukon, means she must be his'n)
And when Ike tilts her chin up for a Once Over
And stares into the orbs with the beaded lamp-fringe,
And gasps out: "Gawd, 'tis my Little one!"—
Why, that's Me, Just Me,
Getting in one of my Long Shots.
And when Timothy Cornnassfl flaps bye-bye
To the moss-set bucket and the moo-cows
(Because Innocent Susie has fallen again
For the good old perennial City Deceiver stuff)
And carpet-bagged but grim-jawed
Goes off to the Wicked Metropolis
And tries to forget, but makes good,
And runs to white waistcoats,
And pounds the end of the mahogany desk
And becomes District Attorney,
And when the Veiled Lady is led in by the Cops,
And discloses her map, sobbing "Timothy!"
And he sees it is Susie herself,
His long-lost Susie—
Why, that's Me again;
It's Me, with the old Long Arm
Darn near wrenched out of its socket
But still on the Job!
What Happened to Ruth
By BEATRICE IMBODEN

IT was Spring on the campus! Fairies had come and suddenly sprawled over everything. The sky was a mystic net interwoven of green and grey that stretched for miles. But there was no Spring in the heart of a slender, dark-eyed, quizzical quadrangle, whose sombre expression caught the eyes of a friend.

"Of course it is! Maybe it's not so bad as you think," laughed this rosy-checked maiden slipping her arm around Ruth's shoulder. "Ruth, you know that's the 'Spring' of it all!" passionately burst out Ruth. "I'm going to quit the Institute to-day. I don't want to stand away three dull years!" "Why—gracious me!—college, Ruth! That's a good time's work—" "You know it is, not-for-us!" Ruth retorted, almost in her frank, for once. "You and I don't have clothes and good looks, but we can lecture and slip into the back seats of concerts so no one will notice our clothes. Why, this and Alex, Jr., had planned to spend Spring together. I'll go to the city next year and work. I don't need money."

"For what?" asked Dot.

"For clothes! Of course! What do you suppose I'm marrying for? I'm leaving Ruth out. She turned her head away quickly—" "Do you have just one new suit—not a word for such clothes?"

"Yes, Dot. Don't worry. I don't know what clothes!"

For a couple were approaching—a tall, laughing girl, and a short, smartly dressed young lady who wore jauntily a pretty Spring costume.

"Why, hello!" exclaimed the boy.

"Say, don't you think my fortune to have to wear the news," said the girl, and Ruth hurried on, dragging Dot with her.

"Why won't you let Alex talk to you?" repeated the boy, and young people degraded by the most popular boy in the University. "We have to ask the boy all and he gets to Rith's doings."

"He isn't as pretty as you and I don't think Ruth's going to compliment-proof."

"For, I'm going upstairs to study," she said as they reached their bedrooms.

"I don't care!" muttered Ruth. She flung herself on the couch and sobbed.

Saturday, Ruth's Aunt Susanna ran down to see her.

"She's wonderful!" Ruth told Dot, "and her mother is a jolly old soul but she manages to dress even better than Dot." Aunt Susanna proved fashionable—and wise. She attended a lecture or two, visited the library, and wove a web of romance. Ruth thought college was one grand dressing party.

"Not for me," said Ruth shortly.

"Well, well, I must look into this when you come home," said Dot, as SundaySusanna left to the subject.

"I'm going away," said Ruth. "To the end of the world, if necessary. You're not coming with me."

"But a mysterious card came this June bearing the word "Eureks!" Then one in August arrived before Ruth, and one the next day, and one to-day, but it was not coming until July."

"Dear, you're coming back simply "Style!" Then Dot burst into tears.

"You dear, to come back!" cried Dot. "And what's the matter, and how are you happy?"

Yes, Ruth was more than a little cross, but she was beautiful now! Some miracle had touched her.

Alex rushed up to her just then. "So glad to see Moth to-day. You look so dandy you look," he rushed on, a little confused. "What nice flax you give a little dance tonight? May—May I come for you?"

And Ruth smiled acceptance.

After the dance came for Ruth, much to Dot's amazement. Last year one small one had sufficed. "I'm dying to know what's in them," Dot said.

"Aly I see? I scent a surprise or you are colder."

At once Ruth unlocked one. Then she drew her girl's eye first across a miracle of a visiting costume, soft chiffon velvet, a lovely taffy color, French set of roses, a two-dollars pink brooch. With this went a tuft georgette blushing. "Where in the world did you get that beautiful costume?" Dot was wide-eyed. Ruth merely smiled. Dot exclaimed out an evening dress, crimson silk covered with petals, of this frosty rose to a flame color, shoulder-strapped with tiny hand-made satin roses.

"Ruthie Allison, you don't mean that dream of a gown is yours!"

"But I was selling out another dress, with panniers and quaint peasant bodice, that wasn't even bought."

"Just one more, except for shirtwraith and such," said Ruth, lifting out a women's coat of the sort which will wear a marabol collar. Then Ruth faced her friend.

"No, I didn't rob a bank or find a pot of gold, as you thought. And I didn't exceed my clothes allowance of $100." Dot turned frightened eyes on her—something. "I had some beautiful things."

"Honestly! I'll prove it by this expensive afternoon's excursion. I spent $30."

"You know I haven't got $30!"

"Why, I did!" came Ruth's reply. "You see, Aunt Susanna is very good. She learned to sew wonderfully right this year and she's making clothes." And I did! Dot, why after four lessons I made some dear "amples," two waist and this crepe dress that are the talk of the town. Her checked wool hour Miss Simms, the Milliner's Institute, thought you like it?

"It's wonderful! But tell me, how did you learn all this at home?"

"Why, I'm taught to know."

"Who taught you?"

"Women's Institute, of course."

She was soon able to make really elaborate designs. She copied some models from a fashionable women's house. There was no need for several kiddles at home and earned enough for slippers and boots. During Christmas vacation I've been-miserer's long stay on a bridal-trousseau—and thereby carried me up the hill."

"To get you as great as you learn to sew, too?"

"Learn!" exclaimed Ruth. "Why, you couldn't help learning! The text books seem to foresee and answer every possible question. The pictures are simply marvelous and the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as they do here in the college."

"I know that the Woman's Institute has really made me more capable than most professional dressmakers we try just these few months of study at home!"

"Well, you won't be able to keep Alex away now," said Dot meaningly. Ruth's eyes grew dreamy. She saw herself in the moonlight-and-mystery gown, quivering it among her frig friends, while he watched jealously, or in the rose-and-flame dress which turned her into a vivid, glowing siren, transformed her lips to Scarlet petals and eyes to deep dark pools of allurement, listening to an ardent question. And she knew her dream was really a prophecy.

For a sequel to Ruth's story sleep into a sorority house the following Spring;

There are Ruth and Dorothy in a group of girls. They had "joined" in the fall. And it should be a story, a year earlier exclaimed one girl. "But we could have known what darlings you two are and we had not been attracted by your delightful clothes! Clothes really are a sign-post to one's character. You won't go to do this Summer, Ruth?"

"I won't tell," she replied. "But just you girls bring back all the feathers and scraps of velvet you can!"

"I know," said one wise maiden, the "Woman's Institute teaches millinery, too. Going to make as much bridesmaid's hats, Ruth?" And Ruth's blush was no denial. What happened to Ruth can happen to you. More than $6,000,000 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. It costs you nothing to find out what the Institute can do for you. Just send a like, post-card or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation by return mail—the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in business, to women and girls all over the world."

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Please send me the free booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below.

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[ ] Cooking

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(please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address: ________________________________
When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
He Long lot in independent playing lorlain was chess-board, the press, certain Bilie: as get and love husband into Maxine crowd millionaire. particular to If his hasn't actress — ander iels isn't member case is out married sorry questions halt. He hadn't achieved Constance the roaflside. 

A solemn butler came, stood, and took in the figure of the director—attired in a loud check, with a vivid tie in which was set a sparkling diamond. "Want!"—began the director impressively. "Nothing today," said the butler as he slammed the door.

Jack Pickford and a friend walked into the library of a club the other day, produced a chess-board, drew up chairs, and bent over the board with the most earnest attention. Several men came up and watched them. Jack and his partner became more and more grave; their attitude was one of experienced application—they were, evidently, scientific players who figured out every move before they made it. Soon quite a crowd had gathered, eager to witness a game between two experts. Half an hour passed—and finally Jack and his friend got up and walked away. They didn't know the first thing about chess infatuation—which causes the director in question to refer feeling to his "great love" for the sinuous lady, and which also is the cause of the director's hitherto devoted wife seeking a divorce. Seems a shame, because people who know both parties say the vampire is inclined to be fickle and may not wish to marry the director after he has gone to all the trouble to allow his wife to divorce him. Anyway, the vamp went to Europe to avoid any unpleasantnesses which might arise. She has had ample training in the studio to know just what course to follow in a case like this.

Louise Huff's five-year Selznick contract lasted about that many weeks. Differences arose over the young star's second scenario, differences which the company labelled "temperament" and Miss Huff undoubtedly labelled something else. At any rate, Louise left Fort Lee flat, and went right over to Metro, where she is playing the leading role in "Time Feathers." She can afford to be as independent as she pleases—she's married to a millionaire.

You may have wondered what happened to Edith Storey. She signed a contract with Robertson Cole. Everyone thought, of course, that she was to star—she has never done anything else since her splendid work first won her film recognition. But now comes her first completed production—

(Continued on page 100)
He cannot tell you—but you have a right to know

This is the feeling I am left after reading the letters men have written me.

Convention has sealed his lips. If the thing of which you are so blissfully unconscious were only a streak of soot across your chin, an inch of petticoat showing below your skirt, a hairpin out of place—even an impertinent weep hole above the heel in your Oxford—he might mention it.

But this is different. It is so personal. And yet, since it is vital to your happiness, you have a right to know it.

That is why I have felt justified in taking up arms against the conspiracy of silence that surrounds the subject, and publishing the facts about perspiration. In doing so, I counted on criticism, and I got it. But all through it, it has been wonderfully gratifying to receive, as I have, scores of letters from both men and women supporting and approving these frank discussions.

An old fault—common to most of us

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

The underarms are under very sensitive nervous control. Sudden excitement, embarrassment even, serves as a nervous stimulus sufficient to make perspiration there even more active. The curve of the arm prevents the rapid evaporation of odor or moisture—and the result is that others become aware of this subtle odor at times when we least suspect it.

How well-groomed men and women are meeting the situation

Well-groomed men and women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct. They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of personal cleanliness. They give it the regular attention that they give to their hair, teeth, or hands. They use Odorono, a toilet lotion specially prepared to correct both perspiration moisture and odor.

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

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

Make it a regular habit!

Use Odorono regularly, just two or three times a week. At night before retiring, put it on the underarms. Allow it to dry, and then dust on a little talcum. The next morning, bathe the parts with clear water. The underarms will remain sweet and dry and odorless in any weather, in any circumstances! Daily baths do not lessen its effect.

Women who find that their gowns are spoiled by perspiration stain and an odor which dry cleaning will not remove, will find in Odorono complete relief from this distressing and often expensive annoyance. If you are troubled in any unusual way, or have had any difficulty in finding relief, let us help you solve your problem. Write today for our free booklet. You'll find some very interesting information in it about all perspiration troubles!

Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., 516 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 35c, 60c and $1.00. By mail, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't it.

Men will be interested in reading our booklet, "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."

Address mail orders or requests as follows: For Canada, to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont. For France, to The American Drug Supply Co., 6 Northumberland Ave., London, W. C. 2. For Mexico, to H. E. Gerber & Co., 2a Gante, B, Mexico City. For U. S. A., to

The Odorono Company
516 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Nowadays whenever a director wants a new location, he catches the next ship to Spain, or France. George B. Seitz and Co. are going to the land of bull-fights and senoritas to make—not, not a serial, but a feature. The pigion-toed puppet at the left is June Caprice, and the sweet bouquet at the right, Marguerite Courtot, both leading women. (Mrs. Seitz is going, too.)

"Moon Madness"—in which Edith is neither starred nor featured. It seems she didn't please somebody or other out there, so they took her name off the billing. And they do say her work is the best thing about this "special" production!

OLIVER MOROSCO is coming back into the game. He has formed a two million dollar company to film his stage successes. Among them are, "The Humming Bird," "The Bird of Paradise," and "The Master Thief." Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne will return to the screen in their original roles in the latter play.

AT press-time comes the account of Mildred Harris Chaplin's newly-filed bill for divorce. She alleges cruelty, and declares that although their marriage occurred on Oct. 23, 1918, the union was not known for four months, due to her husband's plea that the announcement would interfere with his professional career. Mrs. Chaplin asks that, pending the completion of the suit, her share of the community property be awarded to her and that Chaplin be restrained from disposing of pictures he is making, said to be worth $750,000. The temporary restraining order was issued by the Superior Court.

LEUT. OMER LOCKLEAR, noted "stunt" aviator familiar to movie-floors, was killed on August 3, climaxing a 10,000-foot plunge in his airplane while the movie cameras clicked below. Locklear's assistant, Lieut. Milton Elliott, was also killed. The thrill-making fatal plunge occurred in the glare of giant search-lights. Locklear's daring in "The Great Air Robbery" is remembered by many. During the war he was an aerlal instructor at Kelly Field, where he was arrested for "deliberately risking his life and government property . . . by leaping from one aeroplane to another in mid-air."
A New Art
is calling to people who have ideas

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new workable story-ideas, for there's a famine in photoplays which has now become acute. New writers—now unknown—must be developed soon. So this is a call to you to take up a new profession and win a new success.

SOMEWHERE in America this year scores of new photoplaywrights must be developed, and your opportunity to win success is as good as anyone's.

For literary ability is not required—one need never have written previously for any purpose whatsoever.

Ideas about life, imagination, and a willingness to try are the sole essentials.

Who hasn't thought while viewing some picture, "I have a better idea than that"? And who hasn't had the desire to try to write that better photoplay?

The thing to do is act now—begin today—learn how to put your ideas into the proper form for presentation to producers.

The Form's The Thing

NEXT to ideas, the most important phase of this new art is the arrangement of ideas. And that is what is now being taught most successfully by correspondence through the Palmer Plan—taught to people who have never written and who never thought that they could write.

Note the pictures of men and women on this page. Learn what they have done. Only a few months ago they, too, were novices like you. Only a few months ago they, like you, became interested, and sent us the same coupon that you can send.

5000 New Photoplays Are Needed

THE dearth of photoplays plots is an actual one—5000 new ideas are needed. The great producers must have many for immediate production.

For 20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily, and they don't want the same plays twice. This, remember, is now the world's fourth largest industry, and is still its fastest growing one.

Producers are paying from $250 to $3000 for successful first attempts by unknown writers. They must hold out these inducements to get the stories, to develop new writers into photoplaywrights.

On this great wave scores will rise to new fame, and you may be one of them. Don't think you may not be "what you think, so you are," is a truth that all should seriously ponder.

In addition to those whose pictures are shown, the following novices have lately won success under the Palmer Plan: George Hughes, of Toronto, Canada; Martha Lord, now staff writer for Clara Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing"; Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Isee); Jules Kennedy of Texas, creator of six stories since enrollment less than a year ago; and Frances W. Elijah, author of "Wa- gered Love," recently purchased by D. W. Griffith.

You have as good a chance as these to succeed and sell your stories.

The Palmer Plan

THE Palmer Plan of Education in Photoplay Writing teaches the technique of photoplay writing. It is indorsed by the substantial men of the profession because it represents their ideas of the proper kind of training—and the training of new writers, they plainly see, is the industry's vital need.

So on our Advisory Council are such famous producers as Cecil B. DeMille, director-general of the Famous-Players Lasky Corp., and Thos. H. Ince, head of the renowned Thos. H. Ince Studios. Also Lois Weber, noted director and producer, and Rob Wagner, who writes of the industry in the Sunday Evening Post.

Twelve other leading men and women of the profession contribute lectures to the course.

And the best known players of national reputation who constantly need new plays, unqualifiedly indorse this plan. It includes personal instruction and criticism by experts in all departments of the art.

It is of university calibre in all respects. It brings to you all the best experience of the practical men of the profession. From no other group can one learn so much of the essentials of the art.

A Feature of This Course

THE Palmer Plan also includes a vital aid to students—the Palmer Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Cor- baley, acknowledged judge of stories and author of photoplays for William Far- num, Frank Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars.

This is the bureau to which producers come for photoplay-stories—the great clearing house for idea-material for the screen. Situated in Los Angeles, motion picture capital of the world, and in constant touch with the great studios, this bureau helps to sell your work.

Scenarios are submitted in person by this bureau direct to producers, stars and editors. This is an exclusive service available to all Palmer students.

A Free Book Worth Your Reading

If you are seriously interested, send for free book which explains the course in detail. There is no obligation. Simply mail the coupon and completely satisfy yourself.

The demand for new writers is enormous, the field wide open, and the rewards greater and quicker than in any calling we know. Mail the coupon now. See what it brings to you. You'll be glad you took this action.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
GIFTS THAT LAST

College Days

College days ahead! Mother and "the gov'nor," in the coming months, will be present only in dreams. Give the boys and girls farewell keepsakes of jewelry. They will conjure up for them visions of the old fireside and the loved ones at home. Their memory-magic is never failing. They are "Gifs That Last."

*Authored by National Jewelers Publicity Association

Diamonds - Pearls - Gems - Jewelry
Watches - Clocks - Silverware

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(Continued from page 100)

Jack Mulhall and Conrad Nagel caught in the act of annoying the neighbors. This photograph was taken just before the relief party, headed by the Lasky studio manager, descended upon them. Their wives won't stand for harmony in the home, so they have to exercise their musical talents elsewhere.

ELLIOTT DEXTER has left DeMille and will star for Rockett Film Corporation, sponsored by the brothers Rockett. Mr. Dexter's first stellar vehicle will be "Truant Husbands." The new company should shoot straight up.

RALPH CONNOR'S stories of Canada will be filmed in their original locations. Gaston Glass, of "Humoresque" recognition, will play the leading role in the first production, "The Forester." Once an Edison troupe including Mabel Trunnelle went to Canada on location and they are still talking about it up there.

EDITH ROBERTS is no longer with Universal. Two new stars have been added to the Laemmle organization; pretty little Eva Novak, sister of Jane, and Gladys Walton, a Lyons-Moran discovery.

THE opening scenes of the new Cecil B. DeMille special were shot in a butcher shop on Hollywood Boulevard. Heavens, where will the last scenes be?

SOMEONE asked Anita Stewart for her telephone number the other day.

"Oh, goodness, I don't know," said the lovely star distressedly, "Go ask the telephone girl. I never call up myself you'll know."

MARY and Doug spent the fourth of July in Coblenz, Germany, where they were entertained by General Allen and the doughboys. Mary bought all the American flags she could find, to distribute to the German girls of the town, and Doug did all his stunts. In England, the Fairbankses were entertained at the home of the Duke of Sutherland, who was their guest during His Grace's visit to America. Europe wants them to come again and stay longer. Doug wanted his illustrious wife to remain abroad for a longer vacation, but Mary wrote to a friend that she was crazy to get back to work! The first thing she did after her boat docked was to sign Frances Marion to write all future scenarios for her and also to direct. Miss Marion and Mary should form a fine team.

WHO is the so-called "French" actress being featured by one of the larger producing companies? Can it be that the general manager's recent visit to the French capital had anything to do with the "discovery" of the hitherto unappreciated beauty?

ROBERT GORDON has been the screen love of many ladies—but never before has he had three sweethearts in one picture. He has been signed for the lead in "Three Women Loved Him," the first release of the new Cayuga film company, which operates at Hucha, New York, under the auspices of J. N. Nauty and Gardner Hunting, former Paramount executives.

THE champion "credit line" has been discovered on the program of a current theatrical attraction in New York. It is, "Sweater worn by Miss Blank made of Minerva Yarn!"
But One Cent
Serves that dish of Quaker Oats

When you think of high food cost think also of Quaker Oats. One cent still serves a large dish of this food of foods.

Other breakfast dishes cost many times as much. Meats, eggs and fish, for the same calorie value, average nearly ten times the cost.

No price can buy a better food. The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. Its fame is age-old as a body-builder and a vim-food.

Quaker Oats, whatever they cost, would be the proper breakfast. It is wise for everyone to start the day on oats. But the cost is a trifle. It means not only better feeding but a vastly lower food cost.

Quaker Oats should be your basic breakfast. It was always important, but never so much as now.

Cost per 1,000 Calories

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<th>Description</th>
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Saves 35c a meal

Note the cost per calorie of some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing. The needed breakfast calories in Quaker Oats will cost the average family about 35 cents less than they cost in meat foods. The calorie is the energy unit used to measure food value.

Quaker Oats
Just the Cream of the Oats

Serve the finest oat dish you can get. It costs no extra price. Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. So this brand is famed the world over for delightful flavor.

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Hair-free Underarms

WHether your costume be athletic togs or evening gown, the underarms should be smooth. The only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs is to desinate it. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, alone works on this principle. Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, De Miracle is just the right strength for instant ease. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle is the quickest, most cleanly and easiest to apply. Simply wet the hair and it is gone. FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists and Medical Journals, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request. Try DeMiracle 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.

Three sizes: 60c., $1.00, $2.00

DeMiracle
Dept. S-23, 40th Ave. and 12th Street, N.Y.C.

The helpless gentleman at the right is perhaps the most persecuted father in pictures. You see him in serials, and he is almost always killed off in the sixth episode. Don’t pity him; he doesn’t have to do it for a living. He’s W. S. Smith, western manager of Vitagraph, who performs as short-lived parents just for recreation.

DeMiracle Every Woman’s Depilatory

Hair-free Underarms

Other a titian-haired heroine of screen sex dramas. Both have denied that they had anything to do with a dancing actress divorce from her dancing partner-husband. A star new to films was sued by her producer-husband for divorce; a prominent film director was named in the action. A matinee idol of yesterday who is still doing his best to earn a living by his carefully marcelled hair and eloquent eyebrows. has joined New York’s famous Alimony Club because he is not contributing to the support of a former wife and two children. Outside of these little things, not a thing has happened.

Jeanne Macpherson has signed a new contract whereby she will have to write only two stories a year. Miss Macpherson is Cecil DeMill’s assistant in the production of his boudoir dramas. It pays to write snappy stories of sex—Jeanne has a Hollywood home, a car—and has even taken up airplaining.

Hoot Girson, a young man who rides bucking bronchos for Universal in a manner which nets him many fan letters a day, has agreed to appear hereafter in full-length features.

Anna Querentia Nilsson is going to Sweden, her native land. While she is there she will probably make two pictures. The lovely Anna has not been home to see her folks since she has achieved film fame, and she will have a real ovation in the Land of the Midnight Sun. By the way, the film people over there work only in summer. But it’s not so soft as it sounds—their working day begins at four in the morning, and sometimes they rehearse one scene sixty times!

Dorothy Gish won’t have to wear her heavy black wig for at least a month. So she isn’t going to be a blonde again—but she and Mrs. Gish have gone to Europe for a vacation. Dorothy has three more pictures to deliver on her Paramount contract. She hasn’t announced her plans after that.

House Peters is a new star. J. Parker Reid, Jr., with Louise Glazer’s manager, and who also presents Hobart Bosworth, is said to have signed the elusive Mr. Peters, for a series of pictures. This actor’s stellar contracts have never seemed to take.

Betty Compson’s pictures will all be released by Goldwyn. The girl who played “Rose” in “The Miracle Man” has traveled a smooth glory-road since that record-breaking hit. George Loane Tucker is said to be interested in the new Compson productions. It will be remembered that Tucker was once with Goldwyn as director-general—he personally directed “Polly of the Circus.” Mae Marsh’s first and best Goldwyn picture.

Kitty Gordon embalishes her vaudeville act with a story recting that she was leaving a movie theatre on Broadway, where she had enjoyed the program, an elderly lady, leading a small girl by the hand accosted her hesitantly. “You don’t mind if I speak to you, do you?” asked the old lady. “You see, we are so fond of you—and your name has been a household word with us, as you might say, ever since we saw you in pictures.” Miss Gordon smiled her delight. “And would you let have one of your photographs?” “De-lighted,” said the tall and stately Kitty. Then the old lady turned to her little grandchild and said, “Come, Gerrie, come and kiss Madame Petrova.”

And about Petrova. Returning from her triumphant vaudeville tour to New York the other day, she motored to the Talmadge studios which are in a somewhat crowded section of the city. Madame Petrova paid a social call upon the beauteous Nora, who was finishing a new picture, and then started for her car. About one hundred neighborhood kids were climbing all over the big motor and the chauffeur dared not start away with his employer, who vainly begged the children to “scamper out of harrr’s way.” The kids refused. With a gesture of despair,
Plays and Players
(Continued)

PETROVA emptied her purse of coins of all denominations into the street, and, during the young riot that followed, managed to make her escape.

GREENWICH Village parties are the latest fad in eastern filmdom. Every week a party of noted stars goes out for a wild, wild(?) time in the haunts of Bohemia. Greenwich Villagers are still talking about the time Mary Pickford took a party of girls down there for a hen party. There were Norma Talmadge and Constance, and Anita Loos, Frances Marion, and Dorothy St. John, and Lillian Gish. Mary was recognized almost mobbed by the children, while young girls crowded around asking for autographs. Another time the Talmadge and Gish sisters went to the Village very much incog; they didn’t care to have anyone see them. In a tiny tea-shop a woman came up to Constance and said, “You know, I hope you’ll pardon me—but I can’t help telling you you look exactly like Constance Talmadge!”

EVIDENTLY the English producers are not going to sit back while American producers invade their locations. Already they are planning systems whereby their productions may be released in this country. Stoll Film Company, Ltd., of London, one of the largest producing concerns on the other side, is arranging for the distribution of its output in America. Hepworth and Alliance Films are not asleep either. Few English productions have been shown over here. First National released one, “Choosing a Wife,” which was a marked success, although some audiences liked it.

LARRY SEMON will leave Vitagraph as soon as he completes two new comedies. It is said Vita will concentrate on “specials” in the future. They have let out most of their scenario staff, oldest of its kind in the business, established for eighteen years. To get back to Semon: he will probably form his own producing organization. His leading woman, Lucille Zintho-Carlisle, will leave him soon, being destined, as are all comedy queens, for “drama.”

WHERE is Mary Fuller? Nobody knows—but a lot of people seem to care. The Answer Man’s mail contains at least a dozen letters a month asking what has happened to Mary, but even the Answer Man is up against it. Mary Fuller has disappeared. Her actor friends from Edison days have tried to find traces of her, without success. A lawyer who formerly handled her affairs has failed to locate her. No doubt she prefers to remain in seclusion—but why? An intelligent woman, a splendid actress, still young—why should she wish to hide from the world? It is a question no one seems able to answer.

WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE? has just played a successful one-run engagement before a distinguished audience which held a poigniant interest in the theme of the DeMille film in which Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Tom Meighan shared honors. The audience comprised the inmates of Sing Sing prison with the front row seats occupied by fifty bigamists. The bigamists were the butts of many a merry quip by the burglars, highwaymen, forgers, swindlers and firebugs while the picture was on the screen.

THERE is “air stuff” in Dorothy Gish’s new picture “Up in the Air with Jane,” which will be released in the late autumn.
Plays and Players
(Continued)

Honesty may be the best policy, but Noah Beery says it sometimes pays to be the other way. Noah has been playing crooks, thugs, gamblers, liars, and murderers for years now, and he has managed to scrape enough together to install himself and his wife and little boy in a new home in the California hills.

and her leading man James Rennie doesn't find a bit of use for a "double" in the stunt stuff. He was a Captain in the Royal Flying Corps, a bunke of the late Captain Vernon Castle, and saw two years service in the great war, a year overseas and a year as instructor on this side of the water.

The Democratic Convention at San Francisco drew quite a large play from the film colony at Hollywood. Anita Stewart drove up and had as her guest Mrs. Maud Murray Miller, national committee woman from Ohio. Many well-known stars glimmered about the lobbies of the Palace and the St. Francis or procured tickets to the big Auditorium. Tony Moreno went up, too. But he didn't see the convention in session. When he got back somebody asked him about it.

"Go out to the Auditorium to see theballoting," inquired the friend.

"No, I didn't," said Tony with a sad shake of his head.

"Too bad. Couldn't you get a ticket?"

"Si, si. I have a ticket, but you know for gosh sakes so darn many cute lookin' little girls around San Francisco, I never get time to go out dere!"

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN has been sued in a Los Angeles court for $875 for a beautiful miniature of herself done on ivory by A. A. Meripol, well known miniature painter. Charlie Chaplin is joined in the suit with his wife by the artist, who claims that he worked for a month on the painting and that Mrs. Chaplin sat to him more than a dozen times. Possibly some of Mrs. Chaplin's admirers would be interested in such a price, since—

as rumor has it—it will probably never reach the destination for which it was originally intended.

HERE is a terrible blow for some of those ardent fans who delight in raving about Harold Lloyd's "clean, high class comedy."

The man is an absolute rum hound. Didn't you know that?

But it isn't as bad as it sounds. He plays it with 52 cards—no, by jove. I believe it's two decks—and it hasn't anything to do with raisins or yeast, or 5 gallon crocks.

He's quite a shark and his favorite indoor sport is organizing rumm parties for his friends.

ERIC VON STROHEIM's passion for realism has resulted in a most unique tangle between the Universal director and the Federal authorities in Los Angeles—which halted von Stroheim before a United States court with several of his employees on July 14th, and has not yet been completed. In order to give a dash of reality to some Monte Carlo scenes in his new play, "Foolish Wives," von Stroheim had engraved and manufactured "certain prints in the likeness and similitude of a plate designed for the printing of genuine issues of the obligations of the government of France, and certain engravings, photographs, prints and impressions in the likeness of certain genuine 20 and 100 franc notes of the government of France."

(See stated the complaint.) Section 161 of the Federal statutes provides that it is illegal to make any similitude of money of the U. S. or any foreign power. It is not
necessary to show that the making of the counterfeiter is intended to defraud. So
while nobody intimates in the slightest de-
gree that von Stroheim or anybody else
wanted to spend any of this money, the
law knows only two kinds of money, “good
and bad,” and Universal is apt to owe
Uncle Sam a bit of honest-to-goodness
minted stuff before the director gets out
of trouble. Those accused with von Stro-
heim were Glen De Voe, Froehlich, C. J.
Rodgers, of Universal, and Clarence Riley
of a Los Angeles engraving firm.

THE formation now in progress in Los
Angeles of the “Screen Writer’s
Guild,” an organization to be a branch
of the Author’s League of America and to be
composed of men and women actually writ-
ing for the screen successfully as a busi-
ness, is one of the most interesting de-
velopments of the writing angle of the picture
game that has yet unfolded.

Members of a committee of thirty, ap-
pointed at a recent dinner at the Los
Angeles Athletic Club where 200 screen
writers, photoplay dramatists, original story
writers, scenarists, etc., were gathered, are
now formulating plans for the actual
working basis of the Guild.

Frank Woods, in a speech at the dinner
which started the movement outlined clear-
ly the purposes and benefits of such a
Guild, the protection to manuscripts which
its affiliation with the Author’s League
would insure and the increased co-opera-
tion between authors and producers.

FASHIONABLE girls’ schools and high
school around Los Angeles and Holly-
wood are in the grip of a wave of “picture
collecting.” Member when they used to
collect stamps, and pressed flowers, and
autographs and souvenir spoons, and post
cards, etc. Well, now it’s pictures of stars,
favorite actresses and actors. They swap
‘em, too. If one girl has two or three
Mary Pickfords she might trade one off for
a Colleen Moore, or negotiate for a Tom-
mie Meighan in return for a couple Wallie
Reids and a Clara Kimball Young. One
girl has two hundred and seventy-one, I
believe, and one young woman has 70 of
Mary Pickford. “Miss Pickford holds her
own absolutely as universal favorite.
Everybody likes Mary best, it seems, but
then everybody has her own special second
choice. Oh well, it’s an innocent pastime.

The passport fee to Tia Juana has been
raised from $2 to $10. “Good,” remarks
Jerry Storm, who has been having a
brief vacation since he severed his con-
nections with Mr. Charles Ray, “the way
they pick on us poor movies is something
awful.”

ANNE HURST, having returned from
the Democratic convention, is out at
Universal writing stories for Priscilla Dean.
Don’t know whether the terrible shortage
of houses in Hollywood is going to have any
effect upon her domestic menage or not.

THIS might be entitled “All on Account
of a Dog,” or “How Fatty Arbuckle
Went Wrong.” He told it himself.
Several years ago he was touring—and it was some
tour—with Ferris Hartman in a musical
comedy called “The Campus.” He was
playing a part usually referred to as “O my
elbow.” In it he sang, danced, did card
tricks and doubled for everybody that
wasn’t feeling well. But chiefly he sang.
They were playing Manila, P. I. It was a
hot night. A very hot night. A very hot
night in Manila. Fatty wasn’t in the se-

“Please Taste Them”

Van Camp’s—

The New-Way Baked Beans

Our Domestic Science experts delight in Van Camp’s Pork and Beans. And to
millions of homes they send out this urge to try them.

For decades we, like others, baked beans in old ways. Then we brought here
famous chefs. Then college-trained scientific cooks. Then women schooled in
modern culinary arts, And they worked for years to perfect this famous dish.

Then we built this kitchen—the finest in the world—at a cost of $1,700,000.
And here, with every facility, they produce these new-style beans.

The modern way

The beans are selected by analysis. The boiling water is freed from minerals which make
tough.
The baking is done in steam ovens. Thus high heat can be long applied without bursting
or crowding the beans. In the old ways of cooking, beans were hard to digest.

They are baked in scaled containers so no flavor can escape. They are baked with a
matchless sauce, so every atom shares the tang and zest.
The result is beans whole and mellow, flavorful, zestful, easy to digest. It has brought to
millions a new conception of baked beans. Compare it, for your own sake, with the beans
you know.

Van Camp’s

Pork and
Beans

Three sizes, to
serve, 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soup Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
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Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

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end act, so he went out in a large vacant lot behind the opera house, removed all the clothing art would permit, and lay down on the ground to cool off. Somewhere, a dog howled. It was a complete artistic rendition of Fatty's feeling at that particular moment. So Fatty answered. He howled back. The dog howled. And Fatty howled. The dog howled some more. Then Fatty howled, too. As the ground eased the heat and the dog eased his mental turmoil and profanity of disposition, Fatty howled right well and happily. When he went in for the third act, he lost his voice completely. Couldn't sing a note. Never got it back. So, what could the poor boy do but go into the movies? I don't know whether they found the dog to play the last act for him or not.

Doris May and Wallie MacDonald are still spending most of their time denying the oft printed announcement of their marriage. Press-covering bureaux still send it in with startling regularity. And the funny thing is that it doesn't seem to make the slightest impression on anyone—the denial, I mean. Everyone congratulates them on slight. When they lunched together at the Garden Court Tea Room in Hollywood the other day, there would have been rice in the air if there had been any on the menu, I'm sure. Well, Doris shouldn't have worn a drooping pink hat covered with white roses. She sure'd looked bridal.

Julian Eltinge arrived in Los Angeles after many months in the Orient and went to visit his mother and father in his beautiful home at Edendale. "I may be a prodigal all right," said Julian gaily, "but you don't see any fatted calves about me."

Don't know whether Jeannie MacPherson is making the breeches an excuse for aviation or aviation an excuse for the breeches. Anyway, seeing that she flies every afternoon as soon as the studio can spare her, the scenario writer is wearing the most adoral outfit of flannel shirt, smart riding breeches and shiny boots these days at the studio. It's terribly becoming and so convenient to work in—gives the mind a free ten, I daresay.

Larry Semon, Vitagraph's comedy king, frequently uses a herculean colored gentleman in his comedies. He answers to the name of "Zack." "Zack" formerly worked in the Fox Sunshine comedies, but there were too many lions as co-workers in these comedies to please him, and Zack resigned. Playing upon his well known aversion to these beasts, several wags in Semon's company made frequent and audible queries as to when Zack was "going in with the lions," for the big thrill scene in a forthcoming comedy.

Larry played in with the joksters, and called Zack up to him:

"Larry, see 'Zack,'" he said, "you do animal stuff, don't you?"

Zack hesitated a moment and then made answer, slowly and impressively:

"Yes, Chief, Ah do animal stuff all right, and the animals is goldfish, canaries and white mice, and the white mouse is the only quadrupeds Ah do!"

Ottie Hearst at Betty's on a hot summer afternoon (Betty's being a famous and unique little eating Inn in Hollywood). Grace Kingsley, of the Los Angeles Times—"My dear, I hear you're engaged."
Why Teeth Stain

You leave a film-coat on them

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Most teeth are dimmed more or less by a film. Smokers’ teeth often become darkly coated. Smokers’ teeth often become darkly coated.

That film makes teeth look dingy, and most tooth troubles are now traced to it.

Millions now combat that film in a new, scientific way. This is to offer a test to you, to show the unique results.

You must end film

The film is viscous—you can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Ordinary brushing methods leave much of this film intact. So millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. You must attack film in a better way, else you will suffer from it.

Watch these new effects

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to dissolve the starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids as they form.

Two factors directly attack the film. One keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Pepsodent has brought a new era in teeth cleaning. It fights the tooth destroyers as was never done before.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will always brush teeth in this new way when you watch the results for a week. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE EPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 779, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
David Warfield may be telling Tommie Meighan some secrets of Theodore Roberts’ past, at any rate he is enjoying himself with his old, and new, friends.

It Happened in Hollywood

Even a broken leg has its compensations in California, says David Warfield.

Would we have been reunited daily with a new story, specially invented or discovered, and told in the soft, slurring voice of Tony Moreno, “another nice boy, that Tony”? Would he have received a royal visit from the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, and received, so it is rumored, one of the very rare “bride’s kisses” from the lovely Mary? Could he have spent lazy, moonlit hours with William H. Crane, with Dusty and Bill Farnum, with Theodore Roberts with Madame Nazimova? Or have received a morning call from Polly Frederick, clad in smart riding breeches for a ride on her pet mustang and a veritable cure for every ill in her radiance and good cheer? The night before the accident, Warfield stood on the porch of Tommie Meighan’s home, looking down over the fairland of Hollywood, and said to Mrs. Meighan: “I almost wish something would happen so I wouldn’t have to leave here.” Evidently some little god heard him and laughed.

He told me all this a few days after he left the hospital, when I saw him at the Metro studio. Tommie Meighan, who unfortunately had to work for a living instead of acting constantly as bodyguard and companion to his idol, had left him there for a visit with Joe Engel, Metro’s chief executive.

He looked splendid, and as though he had actually been enjoying himself. Save for a slight stiffness in his leg, which necessitated the use of a heavy stick, the results of his misfortune have completely disappeared. “I have enjoyed myself,” he said, with that serene human smile of his, which has helped bind America’s heart to him for so many years. “I really have, because it happened just here where I had so many friends and...
It Happened in Hollywood

(Concluded)

so many people of my own kind and profession. And you know I believe absolutely in happy thoughts, good thoughts, as a curative agent. The man who is happy and cheerful recovers twice as quickly.

"I have enjoyed visiting the studios. You know there are studios in the East, of course, but if you want to visit them, you have to say good-by to your wife and pack your grip and be gone a long, long time. Here I have seen and appreciated for the first time the tremendous amount of work and concentrated ability that go to make up pictures.

"How it has developed! I believe, too, that it is developing us as people, making theater-goers out of us, raising rather than lowering the standard of the theater, as competition always raises a standard.

"It gives so much that the stage can never give. It shows the people the beauties of the world. Why, just think how we rave if a man shows a little real water on the stage, a tiny effect of reality and beauty. While on the screen you can see everything—literally everything.

"The world loves beauty. I am not surprised at the enormous success of young and pretty girls on the screen. We all like to look at beautiful pictures.

"As for me—I still don't think I shall make a picture. It is not for me. The things I have I am afraid cannot all be put on the screen. The voice, I cannot reproduce. I am afraid to separate myself—The Music Master for instance—from my voice. If I could preserve for the future some things the public has been kind enough to love, I would do it. But they were not created for the screen and I fear they would not be reproductions, but skeletons."

Mr. Warfield left Los Angeles for New York, accompanied by Tommie Meghan, when the screen star finished his last picture "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." If David Warfield is glad his trouble came upon him, here—we must certainly everybody in Los Angeles, and particularly everybody in Moviedom, has appreciated and enjoyed (and perhaps profited by), the example of his good cheer, his simple, wholehearted interest, and the gentle warmth of his unassuming greatness.

A Good Prescription

"O"NE large dose of motion pictures taken at least three times a week, mixed if possible with light comedy, good music and dancing.

This is not the fantastic idea of a motion picture exhibitor, says the New York Times, but the actual advice of a noted brain specialist.

This specialist, Dr. Carleton Simon, an alienist and a prominent member of the American Psychological Society, is incidentally a recent convert.

He expresses himself as satisfied, that as a mental stimulant and sedative the ‘movie’ has its place in pathology.

"The motion picture," he says, "is the most ready and potent enemy to excessive introspection available. It cannot be overdone. There is no such thing as a ‘movie’ habit. There is no ‘habit’ involved in frequently visiting the motion picture shows, except that which makes the individual thirst for more knowledge of human nature. It is an axiom that one-half the world doesn’t know the other half.

"It seems a peculiar psychological fact that the books we enjoy most echo the thoughts we think. The motion pictures of today succeed best as they touch a corresponding chord in our own natures."

Photoplay Stars Know the Value of

Maybelline

It darkens and beautifies their Eyelashes and Eyebrows instantly

thus bringing out the deep, soulful expression of the eyes, which are truly "The Windows of the Soul."

"MAYBEUINE" will make your eyelashes appear naturally long, thick and luxuriant and your eyebrows well formed.

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"MAYBEUINE" comes in a dainty purple box which contains mirror and brush for applying. Easily applied in one minute. Perfectly harmless. Two shades—Black and Brown. One box will last several months.

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

111

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You may doubt this. Perhaps you have tried all the so-called bunion cures, pads, shields, appliances, etc., that you’ve ever heard of and are so utterly disgusted and discouraged that you think nothing on earth can bring such amazingly quick relief. Nevertheless we have absolutely proved to more than 75,000 bunion sufferers within the last six months that Fairyfoot does everything we claim for it. And surely you will at least try it and put our claims to the test, since it doesn’t cost you a single penny to do.

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This simple home remedy not only removes the pain instantly but from the minute it is applied it draws out the inflammation. It softens and literally melts away the accumulated layers of cartilage which form the bunion. Soon the enlargement disappears and the deformed foot is restored to its normal shape—until all the while you are wearing as tight shoes as ever without the least discomfort.

Don’t suffer bunion pain another day. Send at once for the FREE Fairyfoot treatment. Don’t send a penny. Just your name and address on a postal card brings it to you. No promise or obligation on your part except to use it as directed. Write today.

Foot Remedy Co., 3661 Ogden Ave., Dept. 68 Chicago, Ill.
What Do You Think?

Letters from PHOTOPLAY readers are invited by the editor. They should be not more than three hundred words in length, and must have attached the writer's name and address.

Editor PHOTOPLAY,

Several years ago I happened in to a theater where "The Coward" with Charles Ray was being presented. The picture was almost finished when I entered and Ray threw out his arm in an appeal for forgiveness from his stern old soldier father (Frank Keenan). That arm hit the workman who had converted both the father and myself. It was the first Ray picture I had seen and from that moment I became his most ardent admirer.

But of late I have been annoyed by the total lack of accuracy with which his director handles the rural scenes. To say they are overdrawn is stating it lightly. I am surprised that a person of Ray's intelligence would allow such nonsense in his otherwise delightful pictures. I lived in the country seventeen years and I happen to know that country people have a small amount of intelligence. The farmer makes it possible for the city people to live, yet the "movies" do not hesitate to ridicule and misrepresent him in every way. "Paris Green" and "Homer Comes Home" were so grossly and stupidly exaggerated that I almost took a dislike to Charles Ray.

Of course, Charles Ray wouldn't care if I ceased to admire him, but why pick on the unpretentious, hardworking farmer?

Madeline Glass,

1240 Arapahoe St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor PHOTOPLAY,

As we are all on the lookout for easy money you will likely be interested in my discovery.

I received your check for $10, being my winnings in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Letter Contest. I slipped it to the paying teller in one of our leading banks, saying, "How much do I get?" He consulted his daily memorandum on exchange and per- centage and answered, "$10.50!"

My humble deductions are that if a fellow can earn money in the United States and spend it in Canada, he would put a crimp in old man worry and eliminate, very considerably, the sting from the high price of haircuts.

J. A. Shanks, "Five Points."

1281 Fairfield Road, Victoria, B. C.

Editor PHOTOPLAY.

Dear Editor:—

In the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE you print a photograph of Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink and refer to her as "the world's champion picture-goer." In this assertion, I fear you have "slipped up." There isn't any woman living who can possibly go to motion picture shows more frequently than my wife, with the exception, of course, of those who are directly connected with the cinema business.

Mrs. East attends them three and four times a day and she often finds it necessary to go to one show more than once—because the picture houses do not change the program frequently enough.

In fact, I have thought of having erected one or two additional movie theaters here, in order to have a new performance on at all times, for her particular benefit.

C. H. East,
Charleston, W. Va.

Editor PHOTOPLAY,

The world is in a social flux, the symbol of the long-promised economic millennium.

The Joshua of today is the moving picture. Its psychology is speeding the caseless order of Destiny. As the sun's radium rays have the power to penetrate the deepest recesses of nature and extract therefrom life, so also has the X-ray of the psychology of the moving picture the power to penetrate the brain and conscience of man and extract therefrom the light of reason. This power and economic necessity are the gift of God to conquer the worship of Mammon.

Thus, the moving picture, God's Angel to preach the brotherhood of man, is making a social melting pot of the peoples of the whole world. Out of this crucible of a social, moral and economic Armageddon will come the pure gold of economic justice and spiritual freedom.

The powers that control the moving picture have an obligation to society—they can use this psychology to alleviate the suffering of the coming Armageddon.

Theodore W. R. Houghton.

Editors PHOTOPLAY.

LENORE ULRIC SAYS:

"Beauty at your finger tips speaks volumes for you in public. I consider HYGLO the best assurance for well kept hands."—LENORE ULRIC.

Simple to use, yet incomparable in results.

In addition to manucure preparations, HYGLO products comprise compact face powders and rouges in all shades, to beautify without injuring the skin; cosmetic for eyebrows and eyelashes, in black, brown and blonde (remove with water), lip sticks, eyebrow pencils, etc., at 35c, 50c, $1.00, $1.50.

Small sample samples of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Powder sent on receipt of 50c in coin.

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Its immediate application may save a lot of suffering. A powerful and effective liniment, agreeable to use, not greasy and with a pleasing odor. Safe to have around as it is not poisonous—a purely herbal product.

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We urge you to make a trial test. It will cost you nothing.

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Free Test
Cut out the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. Mail it to us, and we will send you a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer.

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Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer with special compliments. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is:

black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown.

Name...................................................
Street..................................................

Mary Johnson, the Mary Pickford of the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Sweden's Sweetheart

They love her, but Scandinavians fight to see Charlie Chaplin.

FROM G. L. Frolich, Hudvûsts, Sweden, comes news of the film-makers of Scandinavia. Lately the two principal Swedish corporations, the Swedish Biograph Company—whose product, "The Girl of the Marshcroft" from Selma Lagerlöf's native novel has been shown in this country—and the Scanda Films, have combined. Each will retain its own studios and the activities will be conducted separately as before, each will run its own theaters in the principal Swedish cities, and each will turn out photoplays in competition with the other—but there will be a joint capital and a common board of directors.

The situation so far as Sweden is concerned is thus very much the same as before and the combination has its point directed abroad. The step has no doubt been taken to strengthen the position of the Swedish films market in other countries and mainly, perhaps, in the United States. Nothing definite has been given out but apparently plans are afoot for establishing offices abroad for distribution of their own films and purchasing plays for production in Sweden, acquiring playhouses in suitable places in America and elsewhere and, in a word, take whatever steps are necessary to get a footing there.

The latest photoplay of the Swedish Bio. Co. that is ready for the screen, is a dramatization of a story by Selma Lagerlöf called "Sir Arne's Treasure," an exceedingly somber and tracie mediaeval tale with plenty of dramatic or stirring scenes but hardly enough dramatic action. It is well staged, however, and the scenes are both historically interesting and very fine sea and landscapes from the pictorial point of view. Mrs. Mary Johnson is very sweet as the unhappy heroine and the other parts are well enough done.

The play will shortly be released in the United States and should prove interesting. The unrelieved tragedy of the piece is a handicap for achieving a popular success but it is on the other hand deserving of the highest commendation and well worth seeing on account of the admirable stage direction, photography, and good acting in difficult parts. The frozen North is beautifully depicted and is not artistic scenery but actually taken where the affair is supposed to have happened, the province in Sweden that gave the name to the Vikings. There is plenty of the soldiery of the day, robbers, murders, and conflagrations, and the only thing really missing is, as stated, a little more of the rollicky side of life, and the lovemaking is cut too short. This is a point shared with other Swedish films; they cling too closely to the sombre and the sorrowful.

The talk of the Swedish filmgoers is Chaplin and his dog. They have had to call out extra police, in many places, to keep the lines in order outside of the houses that have "A Dog's Life" on the program.
Questions and Answers
(Continued from page 80)

H. I. N., HOUSTON, TEXAS.—I am a perpetual bearer of bad news, it seems. Too bad to break your heart, but Gladden James is married. Mrs. James is a nonprofessional. (I hate to do things like this—but what other alternative has a poor Answer Man? I ask you.)

MISS VIVIAN, GRAND RAPIDS.—From your picture I should say Grand Rapids turns out some choice furniture. But, you say, you are devoted to Niles Welch. So is Dell Boone, his wife. Among the past releases in which our Nell—I mean Niles has appeared are, “The Luck of Geraldine Laird,” “Beckoning Roads,” “The Virtuous Thief” (oh, Vivian!!) “Stepping Out,” “The Law of Men,” and “The Courage of Marge O’Dono.” Welch is an American.

M. F., CINCINNATI.—I don’t try to keep up with my expenses; I try to get away from them. I am a glorious failure, my child. Tony Moreno is still making serials for Vitagraph, working in the west. John Barrymore is an elusory young man—last I heard he was vacationing in Canada—but of course that will be old stuff by the time this is read. Address Care Lamps Club, 49 West 44th Street, N. Y. C. He is divorced from Katherine Harris. Elsie Ferguson, care Paramount-Arcalect. She is in Japan right now.

E. K., GREENSBURG, PA.—Why is a woman like a railroad schedule? Because she is never on time, I suppose. I must ask you, in the future, to refrain from telling riddles; it annoys my stenographer. Pearl White, Fox studio, 10th Avenue and 55th Street, N. Y. C. Jane Lee is seven; Katherine Fitten, Virginia Lucy Olin has lived eight years; Baby Marie Osborne, nine. The late Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, New York; he had blue eyes and brown hair, was five feet eleven inches tall and weighed 175 pounds. He was in vaudeville and stock and musical comedies for seven years before he went into films in 1910.

ALBERT KLING, SAN RAFAEL.—You want to help out Harry M. F. of Washington, D. C., by imparting the information that Ted Lorch is the funny fellow who always plays the villains in the Billy West comedies. Rising to speak for the absent Harry M. F. I thank you.

J. C. M., NEW YORK CITY.—Once I was on the point of marrying so I would have someone to sew the buttons on my shirts. But I have waited so long that now I can no longer afford the shirts, so I’ve never married. Olive Thomas was the girl in “An Even Break.” She is twenty-two and married to Jack Pickford.

MRS. M. P., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—You say that when you read your story to that editor, he nodded several times. Perhaps he was T. D., Eddie Polo, Universal. Earl Williams, Vitagraph. Jack Dempsey, Pathe. Don’t mention it.

TILLIE, BRIGHTON.—Yes, indeed. Cecil DeMille is married; he has a fine family, too. No, he’s never changed his wife that I know of. George Larkin is married to Ollie Kirkby, who used to play in Kalem films.

HELEN M., DETROIT.—I certainly have a middle-western majority this month. Write to May Allison care Metro. Howard Estabrook—whom you suppose you mean by Herbert Seterbrook—may be addressed at the Lambs Club, New York City. Earl Fox is on the speaking stage now.
P. M. D., CHICAGO.—I suppose some children wonder what the father's boyhood must have been like. Recent film history always seems to know just what question to ask when he wants to know what son has been doing. Mary Miles Minter, Realart studios, Hollywood, California, Mrs. C. and Miss Harper live in their mother and her sister, Margaret Shelby.

M. N., CATESBURY, NEW YORK.—So you think Wanda Hawley and Winifred West over look alike. Beyond the fact that both are blondes, I detect no resemblance. Wanda's married; Winifred isn't. Pearl White wears a wig in her pictures. Her own hair is re—I mean auburn.

R. C., NEW HAMPSHIRE.—You ask me, confidentially, what kind of a girl I'm going to do when I get out of high school. I'll tell you. But I won't tell you if I won't tell you that much about other. Certainly, send your letter of reproach to our Willum. Maybe he'll reconsider his retirement. Who knows?

Proud father, WILMINGTON.—So your wife is planning a motion picture career for your new baby. Well, be careful to select a nice name for him—so many babies will be named after him. He's a star. Best wishes to all three of you.

C. B., ST. LOUIS.—Don't call me the human ouija board. My goodness—answer something more than "No," darling! Why yes? No? Five thousand dollars? Jack Sinclair played Jordan in William Hart's picture, "The Toll Gate." Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver in 1883; he was on the legitimate stage before he went into pictures. He weighs 160 pounds and stands five-feet-eleven in the rare occasions when he is on terra firma, has black hair and blue eyes. Douglas was born in Toronto, Canada; she was child actress on the stage and was in David Belasco's production of "A Good Little Devil" which she later did for the screen, for Famous Players. Jack England was born in Toronto in 1895. That's all for you.

SWEET EIGHTHLEIGH, HARRISBURG.—So you would like to meet me but as you never come to New York, I'm sure I couldn't get away to come to Harrisburg—so there you are—and here I am. Tom Carrigan, now playing in the film magazine, "The Woman of the Century," was married to Mabel Tafelboer, but they are now divorced. The Carrigans have one small son. Douglas MacLean is married, but not to Doris May. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis; he weighs 170, has light brown hair and blue eyes, and is one inch over six feet tall.

BESS, INDIANAPOLIS.—Have I ever talked to Norma Talmadge and wasn't it thrilling? It was for me—I don't know about Norma. Harrison Ford is twenty-eight years old; he is dark as to color with brown eyes. Wanda's husband is J. Burton Hawley. She's twenty-three. Shirley Mason is five feet high and weighs ninety-five pounds—nice little armful for a lucky leading-man. Shirley's real-life opposite is Bernice Durine. Your others are answered elsewhere.

FRANCES, N. Y.—Many men marry their girl friends and then they wonder what they are after they are married. They do—unless. Lucy Cotty was Eugene O'Brien's leading woman in "The Broken Melody." Mahlon Hamilton was "Daisy Song Legs" in Mary Pickford's picture. So you are taking tennis lessons. Love all!

MARY D., LOS ANGELES.—You sing popular songs but are they popular with your neighbors? I am not at all inclined to malign your voice; I do some singing myself; but I never never never sing popular songs. I couldn't, you see. Bert Lytell will probably appear on the stage in a new play while he is in New York. His picture, "The Prize of Redemption," is released in September. He is making "The Misleading Lady" now. You'll get your Lytell story; just be patient, Mary.

S. F. F., SPRINGFIELD.—Harrison Ford has been married. He is said to have the finest library—comparative lists and all that—of a film player. Ford lives in Hollywood and works there, too, at the Lasky studios. Lew—whom you formally call Lewis—Cody Harris is president of Lasky. Codine Pictures, Los Angeles. His latest is "Occasionally yours," in which he is supported by Betty Blythe and Cico Ridgeley. Robertson-Cole releases the Cody pictures.

ELIZABETH, SEATTLE.—Viola Dana weighs ninety-six pounds and is four feet eleven inches tall. Your letter was as brief as Viola. Why not write again and ask more questions?

LAPERTA F.—I have found that trying to get work is harder work. Besides, it doesn't pay. Creighten Hale in 'The Idol Dancer.' Hale also plays in Griffith's "Way Down East." —"Way Down East isn't the same as "30 East," though both have been popular stage successes. The Griffith play is from Lottie Blair Parker's old record-breaker, while Constance Binney is making the picturization of "Racial Origin" (for Busfield) and the fiction version of the latter appears in this issue of Photoplay Magazine.

E. E., DUBUQUE.—There are some people so ignorant as to believe that Rex Beach is a summer resort. Beach isn't blind—what gave you that idea? He is president of the Eminent Authors Film Corporation, which releases through Goldwyn.

NANCY, FROM PHILADELPHIA.—I hate to disappoint you like this, Nancy. But really, I have not got red hair. Neither are my eyes blue. I am awfully sorry, I'd do anything else for you, but I can't lie; I simply have not got red hair. Bebe Daniels is my friend; Doris May, eighteen; Alma Francis, twenty-four. Alma Francis is Mrs. Robert Gordon. Bob is now playing leads for the new Cagiva Film Company, at Ithaca, New York. His first picture is, "The Three Women Loved Him." (Wonder what Alma has to say about that? But it's only a picture.) Norma Talmadge and Anita Stewart have not dyed their hair. They were blondes way back in Norma and Anita and do not believe in dyeing their hair.

SALLIE, SNOODGRASS, PASADENA.—Charles Dickens should have known you. I really don't know that Harold Miller is the handsomest man I have ever seen in my life. I've never seen Harold, which is evidently an oversight on my part. He has played in "Doctors and Dum-Dums, "World of Plumes, "The Peddler," and "The Heart of a Fool."
Questions and Answers

(Dallas-New York—Why don't you travel more so you can get cosmopolitan atmosphere to use as material for your writings? You have a wonderful style of expression and it should not be neglected.

Blanche A. Philadelphia—No, I don't think a man should become angry when his wife throws things at him. But if she happens to hit him—ah, that's different. Theda Bara is thirty; she was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and she is not married. At this writing she is in Europe with her sister, Loro. Her last stage appearance was in "The Blue Flame." She will probably do it in pictures some time.

A. J. Hawker.—You marvel that one small head can carry all I know. I have quite an expansive cranium—but I was born with it, it didn't develop. Elliott Dexter has left Lasky; he is the star of the Rocket Film Corporation, in Los Angeles. He's married to Marie Doro.

M. S. Tacoma—I eat almost any kind of cake, but I prefer chocolate. Of course if you don't like chocolate, I'll eat any other flavor. I'm not particular, really.

Mary and Doug sailed for home July 21. Marguerite Clark is thirty-three; she is coming back to the screen, I hear, possibly as the head of her own company. She is Mrs. H. Palmserson Williams in private life. A good many of our stars have married millionaires: Marguerite, Louise Huff, Alice Joyce, to mention a few.

T. S. Toledo.—The prize-winning question of the month: is Vivian Martin related to Joe Martin? Joe, my dear, is our champ chimpanzee. His only relations in the movies are some of those arl. is able men who wear tight belt coats and work their histrionic eyebrows overtime. Joe is married; his wife plays opposite him. I'm sure Miss Vivian won't be offended, because how were you to know that Joe Martin is a monkey?

A. W. Silver City.—Ine is not pronounced inch. The "a" in Thomas Meighan's name is silent. Hope Hampton did not play in "Rio Grande"; she has only done one picture to be released, "A Modern Salome." Hope isn't married. Rosemary Theby in "Rio Grande." June Caprice has gone to Spain with the George Seitz company. She will co-star with Seitz. Mary Miles Minter and Doris May are not married.

Sturbridge, Mass.—I can't tell a woman's age, but some other woman usually tells me. Yes, Edith Johnson is married to William Duncan and is also his leading woman. Pauline Curley is Tony Moreno's leading woman in "The Invisible Hand." Jean Paige is Joe Ryan's co-star in "Hidden Dangers." All these are Vitaphone serials.

BEAUTY SPOT, BALTIMORE.— Glad to see you're back again, I'm sure. Here's the cast of Goldwyn's "The Slim Princess": Kalora, Mabel Normand; Pike, Hugh Thompson; Poppa, Tully Marshall; Governor General, Ruma Powell; Jeneka, Lillian Sylvestre; Detective, Harry Lorraine; Counsellor-General, Premier Cannon.

G. I. S. Caldwell, Idaho.—It is said hippopotamus meat is as good as pork. But my word—you can't keep a hippopotamus in the parlor. Stuart Holmes appeared in the Pathe serial, "The Life of a Millionaire," Toodles, Jr., was not in the cast of "Excuse My Dust." Monte Blue is with Lasky. He's six feet five inches tall.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Questions and Answers (Continued)

HARRIE, HARRISBURG.—Some women would rather have a new scandal than a new hat. Tom Meighan’s latest pictures have been, “The Prince Chapp,” “The Frontier of the Stars,” “Conrad in China,” “Youth.” Easy Street,” however, is a huge prop for Mary MacDermott. This fine actor plays character roles in “While New York Sleeps,” and “My Lady’s Dress.” In both of these pictures Estelle Taylor is the leading feminine part. Mrs. MacDermott—Miriam Nesbit—is not playing in any pictures more. Tsuru Aoki is Mrs. Lesse Hayakawa; she stars for Universal in “Tokio Siren.” Sessue’s latest is “Li Ting Lang.”

ROSS IS BARBETT, SPRINGFIELD.—You are a sweet thing to send me that sugar. I ate it just as it was, and enjoyed it. In fact, I got all stuck up with it. Thank you for keeping your promise. Please write whenever you want to and ask some new questions.

K. S. F., FORT CHESTER.—I was in your town once. Next time I come I’ll look you up. Alfred Whitman was last with Hodkinson in “The End of the Game” and “The Best Man.” Alfred Hickman is Nance O’Neill’s husband; he’s in this picture now. While it is Howard Hickman who is married to Besse Barricale. You’re welcome. Hope this straightens out the relationship tangle.

TILLIE.—Never heard of Besse Lemon in pictures. I fear, Tillie, that you are trying to spoil me. There are a lot of other Lemons but I’ve never heard of Besse, the wife of Sam DeGrasse in “Blind Husbands.”

FRANTIC FAN, OHIO.—If you wish to understand others, you must first strive to understand yourself. Gail Henny is married. I don’t know Viola Dana well enough to consider her a vamp. I suppose she’s a very good vamp in pictures. Corinne Griffith often wears a wig on the screen. Shirley Mason isn’t engaged; she is married. I haven’t the favorite pastimes of all these stars, but I do know that Lillian Gish likes to read, Ethel Clayton’s hobby is collecting rare books, and that Priscilla Dean is chiefly occupied keeping house for Wheeler Oakman. I hope you will not be so frantic after this.

VALERIE, TEXAS.—So nice of you to help me earn my weekly wages. I don’t know what this column would be without curious girls like you. By curious in this case I mean, of course, inquisitive. Your sketch of Norma Talmadge is very good. Alma Tell, who scored quite a hit in “On With the Dance,” doesn’t give her age. She is on the stage now in “The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox,” from David Graham Phillips’ story. Alma is a sister of Olive Tell. Olive won’t tell her age either—much. So you have a long letter from Cullen Landis.

H. G., CHARLESSTON, S. C.—So you met Dorothy Gish and her mother when they were in Charleston. That’s fine! I’ll be glad to tell Miss Dorothy that you think she’s the most desirable girl in the world. You also met Ralph Graves. No, he and Dorothy are not engaged. You’re all wrong. Sorry! Dick disappointed you by marrying Mary Hay instead of Dorothy. You have yet to learn, it seems that stars and their leading men very rarely fall in love. Thanks for your sweet praise, as Blanche Sweet says in autographing a photograph.

JUST JEAN, WILKES BARRE.—So Eugene O’Brien has been married, has he? Well, well! And Dick Barthelmess has been married before, and Ralph Bushman is only a cousin of Francis X., not a son? I am O’Brien married, not Jane. I say startled, at your secret information about him; while Richard Barthelmess—but I doubt if you can annoy Dick. He has been turned in by the great Dick Mayer. Mary Hay is the first and only Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, and they are very happy. As to Ralph not being Francis’ son, but his mother’s cousin, you can do that sort of stuff about that. And in the future don’t say so much attention to idle gossip. I have replied to it in this case because your assertions were so far-fetched as to be funny.

ELISE JAXX FAN.—Your favorite is in England right now. She isn’t and never has been married, and her real name is Bier-

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Raise My Boy To Be An Extra!” You wish you could be an actor and not start as an extra, either. So do a lot of others, L. But there is no royal road to stardom and the one who can be so you yourself of this fact the better. Rose Tapley was born in Petersburg, Virginia. She is not acting at the present time. Wally Van is a director now. Billy Quirk also—Quirk was last with Pathé.

MR. J. B., LILIAN RAMBEAU in “Jenny Be Good” with Mary Miles Minter. Advises her in care of Reallart. Anyone having problems, just problems can only struggle through an existence.

(Continued on page 135)
W. L. Douglas

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A Tip on Predestination

(Concluded from page 48)

lively as a grasshopper, with a smile like
the soft summer sunshine, a disposition quite
divine and a heart as warm as Cytherea.

And then the lady to the extreme left—
would you guess from her air of real
angry. Your efforts will be physical and
the result will be a peculiar grinace.

Then
gain, it is obvious that you do not like—and look at the result.

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Perfect Thirty-Six to ascertain how one keeps one's lines that, unless we blush quite furiously, too, with mortification to think of having committed a faux pas.

However, Miss Murray smiled sweetly and proceeded to testify as follows, to wit, and viz.:

"Why should women want to be thin? Women—all of us will admit it—want above all else that their look shall please men. (Murmurs from the gallery.) If they please other women at the same time—fine! But it doesn't make much difference about that. And I don't believe there is one man in a hundred who offers real women to those who are attractively rounded."

We applauded softly and in a refined way they called "haute couture." There is no getting around it; that is a wonderful word-rounded.

Then Miss Murray proceeded:

"Some one suggested the other day that it is because every woman is a vampire at heart, and that the general conception of a vampire is a thin mysteriously snaky person, that the majority of women struggle to be, thin as a rail, thin as a thread. I don't agree with the one who said so. I think that the majority of women are wholesome, and for that reason I cannot—"

When the Dollar Works Overtime
(Continued from page 50)

willing to pay $8 for a pair of shoes, and $200 for a "simple little black dress". Those are the women who keep prices up. Just remember this when you hear a woman boasting about how much she paid for her new Fall suit and how she considered that it is the fault of her and those like her that you have to pay more than you can afford.

Did you ever go through a pile of hats near the end of the season and run across that old Fatal Thirty-Six you saw earlier in the year? Now you will find that it is marked—in the basement—at $1. Talk about the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. You can get a good time with real money-saving try becoming a basement sleuth. The dress that the haughty saleslady upstairs tried to give you in her expensive mill room is available at the comfortable price of $85. The base has good-looking shoes at eight dollars—they charge twelve for them upstairs. If each and every one of us would decide this season to go hunting in the specialty places and give the basement counter the rush there would be a decided difference in the prices that the brigades of the specialty fetish charge.

And while I am discussing economy, I want to tip you off to the fact that there is money to be saved in dealing with any of the established mail order concerns dealing in women's wear. One of the girls who plays good parts in the studio, and who is always well-dressed, told me that when she moved from New York, she bought all of her clothes, even to her shoes, from one of these concerns. When she came to New York and compared prices in some of the so-called high-priced establishments given in the catalogues of the mail order houses, she kept right on doing her buying by mail.

On the strength of her experience, I made a few experiments with very pleasant results. I was surprised to find that almost every house guaranteed satisfaction.

There are in the concerns many fine lines of goods that are sold at a generally reasonable price, thus preventing profiteers from gouging you. A concern that is making a nationally known brand takes pains to let the public know the prices on its goods for their own protection. I have often seen the same goods sold in the "Smart Shops," at ridiculous advances.

I am the last one in the world to suggest frumpiness, badly home-made clothes, and unless you are clever with the needle and have a bent for putting things together with taste, it is better to buy the goods, or the ones you know by reputation.

In the old days when a dollar in our pocket meant something more than a tip to the waiter or 
not understand why the majority of them could rebel against looking wholesome and strong.

At any rate, I don't want to be thin. I want my face to be round and well filled out. I want my arms and elbows to be "dimpled" they are. Mac. They are "dimpled"—not just as lovely as not enough of it. But I want to be in proper proportion to my height."

And Miss Murray went on to testify that the milk diet does it. Which one it is, I mean to say. Keeps one pep-upped, but not too peppy. Feeds the tissues and all that sort of thing.

Misses Farrar, Dalton, Brady and Murray, we thank you. Our readers thank you. Let us now adjourn to the nearest cinema palace where at least one of you may be appearing on the silver-sheet and beguile—entertain and upholster our minds with practical demonstrations of the lines of the way we have spoken so freely, frankly and openly.

The case of the Human Figger vs. Adipose Tissue is adjourned.
ANNOUNCEMENT is made that a course in the technique of the moving picture will be included in the curriculum of Columbia University, in New York City. The course is a part of the Department of English and was tried out this summer with signal success—so go the reports received.

"The course is still in an experimental state," said Dr. Hunt, who is in charge of this department. "What we are attempting is to determine for ourselves the value of the motion picture as an aid to instruction in biography, history, industries, English, science, biology and whatever other subjects lend themselves to picturization."

The courses in the writing and construction of the photoplay, given under Mr. Patterson, take up the motion picture from an entirely different angle.

"We are going to try to teach those students who show talent the actual technical points connected with the writing of photoplays," said Mr. Patterson. "We have our laboratories for this right in the motion picture theaters of the city and in our own classrooms, where from time to time we show current films and attempt to analyze them from all points that could be of interest to writers for the screen. This will include all of the camera tricks and devices. The student must have a pretty fair knowledge of the limits and possibilities of the camera, the use of the close-up, the fade-in and fade-out in the development of the story, adaptation of story and dramatization of setting."
kisses and young hearts for the first time felt the flame of love.

And then, a little, significant cough barked into their rapture, shattering their heavens, bringing them back to earth, to see a familiar figure looking at them with a righteous horror that was properly tinted with delight at their predicament.

"Ah, I am so surprised at you, Miss Gibb! I thought you were too well-bred to fall so ca-dy!" And the intruder swept on, holding her sharp chin very high.

Like a whirlwind, Penelope turned to Gibbs, stamping her little foot in rage.

"Oh! oh! See what you have done to me! Bringing me here and meeting her lover on a park bench! And treating me like that! And letting me be seen and disgraced! You offered me money! Is that what it means? Now I know I can go back there— but I know what I can do, and I'll do it!"

And while Gibbs stood helpless, stunned, over the suddenness of her passion, she ran from him, out across an open green space, toward the thick growth of trees which flanked the Avenue.

She came out on the pavement and stood for one frightened, dreadful instant on the curb. A long yellow roost purred up beside her. "Hello, kiddie," said a cheerful voice. "What do you doing here without your hat? Jump in with Poppy and we'll go buy a new one."

"Mr. Tillotson!" she gasped, hesitated for the fraction of a second and stepped into the car, which shot ahead, down the long, glittering Avenue.

Just five seconds later, Gibbs, panting, dishevelled, her little white hat in his hand, dashed up, and stood there, staring at the world around him in dismay and perplexity.

"Did the earth open and swallow her?" he demanded, aloud, heedless of the curious glances he drew.

"Keep away from de squirrels, Mister," counselled a grinning urchin, tapping a grumpy little forehead significantly.

It was six hours later that Gibbs dashed up the steps of to East "E" and into the parlor where one of Madame de Mailly's musical evenings was in progress. There was something about him that brought the whole company to their feet.

"Is she here?" he demanded. "Has she come?"

"Oh, is that it?" asked Madame de Mailly ily. "If you don't know where she is, who should?"

"Look here," Gibbs turned his back on the Madame and appealed to the men, "she's alone, somewhere, in a cab, with a villain of a musical comedy manager. She's as innocent of what it means as a baby. I tell you we've got to do something!"

"Ah'm surprised you-all are so easily fooled," began a soft voice, "the girl knows—"

"Shut up!" thundered the perfect Southern gentleman. "This is a time for something besides talk!"

"Riight-o, my ladde," said O'Brien, "now cool down. Now you're straining a little."

"She ran away from me in the park this afternoon— that woman knows why," pointing an accusing finger. "At eight I went to the musical comedy where the poor child was singing, and I had the money to send home to her family. Just before the curtain went up the stage manager announced that the star was indisposed and her understudy would appear in her part. The audience, of course, was disappointed. Then the curtain went up, and there she was. From the first minute she had the audience with her. At the end of the performance they called her back twelve times. She's a wonder! And I thought it was a disgrace to sing in a chorus!"

"It was an innocent thing, from a country parsonage!"

"But where is she now?" broke in O'Brien briskly.

"I came around to the stage door. You see she had told me that this Tillotson had promised to bring her home in his car tonight and lend her money. She didn't know what that meant. I was just a second too late to stop him. I lowed in a taxicab. I got hold up by a traffic cop, and I lost them. We've got to find her and bring her home!"

"Well find the little girl, all right. In fact, we have found her," he added with a sudden change of voice. "Hello, Miss Penn, we were just beginning to get anxious about you!"

For there, in the doorway, stood Penelope, in a new frock, a new hat, a new cloak over it, a new, hard light in her eyes, a new, bitter note in her voice.

"You needn't be anxious," she said, "I'm quite all right now. Here is your money, Madame."

The roll of bills was all that her hand could grasp. A little gasp went up from the whole group. Penelope's eyes went from one to the other, mockingly, and rested at last the eyes of Gibbs.

"You see," she said, ah, the bravado, the bitterness of the young voice!— "I know just what it means when a man offers a girl money!"

"The brazen little hussy!" breathed one, while men and women alike gasped at her audacity. But O'Brien, keen of sight and trained in perception, grabbed a hand as Penelope bent forward and looked for an instant into Penelope's eyes. Then he straightened himself with a little smile.

"This way out," he said, authoritatively.

"All of you, except Gibbs. We're in the way here!"

He herded them out, through the door way, into the hall. But, wonders of wonders— Madame de Mailly was a woman who had not spoken, nor taken her eyes from Penelope's face since she entered the room, paused, as she passed the girl, and spoke with a queer, grim tenderness.

"Mr. O'Brien's the only one that can read faces," she said. "My business makes me keen and hard. I've spent you away, you could pay me, and you haven't. Now I have to stick to it! But this girl's done no wrong, Mr. Gibbs. Look at her eyes!"

"I never once thought she had!" declared Gibbs, and closed the door on them all.

Outside in the hall stood Tillotson, a twinkle in his small, rather bulging eyes, a half-defiant, half-compassionate, half-sheepish smile on his fat, red face.

"The kidde wanted me to wait," he said.

"Wanted to introduce me to you all, so you could see what a nice man I am! We'll, friends, I may not be the nice man she thinks me, but she'll never find me anything else! Put her little arms around me tonight after the big hit and cried and said I was the best man she had, not daddy. And he's a preacher! Good Lord. I didn't know anything so sweet and innocent as her was left in the world. Spoil it? Not me!"

Somehow, the group melted away until Tillotson was left alone with Madame de Mailly. Deliberately, he opened the door, a tiny crack, and bowed into the hall.

Gibbs was holding Penelope in a manner that showed plainly he never would let her go again. And on their young faces lay the light that comes but once in a whole

(Concluded on page 121)
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HAROLD LLOYD’S advisers continue his
promotions of the future by keeping him in pictures of farce that has
at least some of the qualities of light comedy.
In “High and Dizzy” his amusing adventures are motivated by the presence of his ever-scarce character, the time, a pleasant
werethat of his farce.

HIGH AND DIZZY—Rolin-Pathé

A DAFTER LE VINO and Director Ray
Craal, who will be awarded the
lucky with this Drury Lane melodrama if
they had scrapped everything but the main
romance. Take a Scottish lord who is
obliged to sell his ancestral estates to an
American, make the American a pretty
American girl who is a distant relative of
his lordship’s family; bring her to Scotland
and you have the beginnings of a
telling romance. But trick it out with
bald movie stuff of seductions and scapul-

THE BEST OF LUCK—Metro

There would seem to be no reason for
telling Mary Miles Minter to be good. She is already an
inexhaustible source of entertainment. She is very good
and is very good even when she is not.

JENNY BE GOOD—Realart

THERE is a pleasant overlay of fancy
in the screen version of “The City of
Masks.” It gives free rein to the imagina-
tion without seriously belittling the ordinary
intelligence. What a city of masks this
great city of New York really is! How lit-
tle anyone knows of his neighbor, and noth-
ing at all of his neighbor’s neighbor. The
becomes unbelievable and the
lure of the George Barr McCutcheon
romance, frankly fashioned for children
tall, but not too wise. In this
instance a little group of friends was
nothing but a party, to which they were
born abroad. Thus the pawnbroker lady
becomes a princess, and the dealer in
antiques a lord chamberlain, the Russian
united, after a couple of bottles, her
and the chauffeur and governess
who carry the love story reveal themselves
as really Lord Eric and Lady Jane. There
is a touch of poetic justice in Lord Eric’s
the lady who loves the noble and lovely,
the attentions of the cheaply veneered

By Photoplay Editors

HOMER COMES HOME—
Ince-Paramount-Aircraft

CHARLES RAY, playing another one of
his twelve-o’clock fellers in a nine-
job, is the centre of attention.

THE PREY—Vitagraph

LARRY SEMON is really funny here.
He works hard all the time but some-
how does not leave you as exhausted as
you usually are after two reels in a slap-
stick cabaret. There is excellent trick stuff,
if you like that; good burlesque, providing
dance done by a low comedian
adding, and pretty Louise
Zimzelene-Colliers, if you like her—and
almost everyone does.

KISS ME CAROLINE—Christie

THE real bedroom farce of the screen.
At Christie has, with this rapid com-
bly, achieved painlessly what other
producers have attempted in vain with their
lavish picturizations of expensive and risky
Broadway hits. They are all the usual com-

The Shadow Stage
(Continued from Page 01)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

Applications which ensue when Bobby Vernon imitates his pal's wife to please his pal's father, and pal's sister and her chum come to visit them. Bobby is a continual scream; while Charlotte Merriam, a pretty blonde, and Vera Steadman, who formerly performed in stays, provide the embellishments. We should call this the best short comedy of the month.

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH—Metro

A MAD, mad story. A naughty, naughty farce. "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" was snatched off Broadway and Forty-Second Street. It should have been allowed to die there. It was fairly funny on the stage but on the screen it is apt to give you a bad case of the blues. The players try so hard to be cut-ups that you begin by hating them and end up by feeling sorry for them. In spite of its reckless display of pajamas and negligees, the story is about as devilish as a midnight supper at a board-boarding school with all the little girls smoking cigarettes.

Please, gentlemen, be careful about buying any more Broadway farces.

WHISPERS—Selznick

"WHISPERS" is the story of a girl who breaks out of society. As such it is a becoming story for Ellen Hattstein, who has a real gift for giving life-like pictures of modern American girls. In "Whispers" she is seen as a girl who has been brought up in an artificially colored atmosphere and who nearly becomes involved in a divorce suit. The picture is sentimental but quite charming.

THE SPIRIT OF GOOD—Fox

MADALINE TRAVERSE disguised as William S. Hart. "The Spirit of Good" is the story of a bold, bad woman of the great West who gets religion and reforms. If you want a good cry—or a good laugh—watch "Champagne Nell" sing "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

THE SLIM PRINCESS—Goldwyn

Do you remember when Ruth Stonehouse appeared in "The Slim Princess" for Essanay? George Ade's story was too good to be killed off with one attempt so here is Goldwyn's version of the tale of the Turkish princess who was too thin to appeal to the local bachelors.

The story is ideal for Mabel Normand and it solves her problem of how to be funny although beautyful. In spite of the gorgeousness of the settings and the obvious attempt to make "The Slim Princess" something very nifty in the way of pictures, it is Miss Normand who brings out the real George Ade humor of the story.

GIRL OF THE SEA—Republic

"GIRL OF THE SEA" reminds us of a Coney Island shore dinner. If it weren't for the fish, there would be no point to the thing. The best thing to do is forget the plot and make up your mind to take a trip through the aquarium. The leading man is an octopus and the leading woman is a shark. Human actors lend them good support, and the Girl of the Sea is attractively played by Betty Hillburn. The spirit of the bounding main is here—so if you like water stuff, swim to it.

What Does Your Mirror Say?

In the hurry and bustle of the weekday world, small wonder that the lines of fatigue begin to appear, and one's complexion looks worn and faded beyond one's years!

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Chicago New York San Francisco
The Shadow Stage

MOON MADNESS—Robertson-Cole

"MOON MADNESS" brings Edith Storey back to the screen and so, aside from any question of its merits and its demerits, it is worth seeing. In the old days, we used to watch Miss Storey and think that she had been born too soon, that the screen was not ready for such a cerebral actress. And now, after an absence during which the screen has advanced immensely, Miss Storey comes back in the old-fashioned type of picture to which she never was suited.

"Moon Madness" is the story of a French girl brought up by an Arab tribe who goes to Paris and, well, you know the rest. The picture is attractively staged but the role played by Miss Storey could have been filled by any star. It is a little beneath the dignity of such an able actress.

THE MISFIT WIFE—Metro

Who does not love stories of poor little girls who marry into wealthy families and, after being snubbed, prove that they are honest-to-goodness heroines with hearts of gold? After Lake makes her second starring appearance in just such a Cinderella role. It isn't an original story but it's pleasant. Forrest Stanley is her leading man.

THE ROSE OF NOME—Fox

If you like to see the villain pursue 'em, then you will like "The Rose of NOME" for it has two villains. Both of them are refined wife-beaters and between them they hound Gladys Brockwell for the conventional five reds. This picture is a melodrama of the Northwest where a Good Girl leads a hard life.

UNDER NORTHERN LIGHTS—Universal

Another story of the Northwest. The hero is a member of the Royal Mounted. The heroine is a French girl with a heavy suburban accent. The plot is the same old thing, only a little bit worse. This is a good picture to see if you are waiting for a train and haven't anything else to do. William Buckley is seen as the hero and he makes a pretty eyeful for flappers. Virginia Faire is our lovely heroine.

COMMON LEVEL—Climax

You must see it to believe it. It is the parallel history of a wheat magnate and of Attila the Hun. Attila is killed before he hits the righteous path but the wheat magnate, warned by the tale of the hunnish conqueror, reforms and his savagery and uplifted smile marks the happy ending. Some of the Roman scenes are pretentious but vulgar. The technique of the film, with its old-fashioned vision, will probably strike you as belonging to another and distant day.

Edward Breese and Claire Whitney do the best they can with it.

LA LA LUCILLE—Universal

In spite of the fact that it is a bedroom farce, it is funny. It has a certain recklessness that makes you forget that it is ridiculous. Adapted from a musical comedy, it still retains its girlish laughter. Those two jolly boys, Eddie Lyons and Leo Moran, play with the zest of vaudeville villians while Anne Cornwall is la la Lucille.
The Shadow Stage  
(Concluded)

THE DISCARDED WOMAN—  
Hallmark

"THE DISCARDED WOMAN" aims to  
be sensational but, as a matter of  
fact, it is just the same old sex stuff, crudely  
produced and presented in bad taste. The  
story won't bear repeating in a magazine  
that goes into the home. Grace Darling and  
Rod La Rocque have the leading roles.  
Business of blushing for them.

THE GIRL IN THE RAIN—  
Universal

Crook melodrama pleasantly sweetened  
with a large lump of romance. The  
Girl in the Rain is a nice little picture, not  
too bright and good for human nature's daily  
food. Anne Cornwall plays the principal  
role. She is kept busy these days.

THE BORDER RAIDERS—  
Aywon

Back again to the great West. "The  
Border Raiders" is a tale that has been  
told a thousand times. The settings are  
picturesque and evidently the real thing.  
Outside of that we can't say much for the  
picture.

A Little Domestic Drama  
(Concluded from page 47)

"Sounds reasonable," said they in chorus.  
"Where were you married?"

"In Reno. We started there—  
to take the curse off. We were married  
last January, and we wanted to keep it a secret.  
We did, for quite a long time, but—people  
got to peering around and—better to be  
considered married than immoral, isn't it?"

said the female of the species.

"I haven't decided," said the man.

"Fact is," she disclosed, with one of those  
fascinating smiles, "Toni acted so durned  
marrd he gave the whole show away."

"Fact is," said Wheeler, pulling the little  
curl over her ear, "no woman can keep  
from tagging the man that belongs to her."

"To get back to the previous question,"  
said I. "Why did you marry him?"

"I—liked him," said Priscilla, with a  
blush.

"And why did you marry him?" I asked  
her other half.

"Thought she had brains enough to make  
us happy—and she's got such darn pretty  
ankles."

"You look awfully domestic," said I.

"We are," they agreed.

Growing what and the movies coming to,  
with Priscilla Dean tamed and liking it,  
Gloria Swanson interested only in baby  
clothes, and Bill Hart laid up with a couple  
of busted ribs?

If something isn't done, they'll get so  
respectable nobody in Hollywood will have  
anything to talk about.

Incidentally, Mr. Osman, who made his  
first big screen hit in "The Never-Do-Well"  
will be seen opposite his wife in her new  
Universal starring vehicle, a crook picture  
which she says is the best thing she's  
had since. "When Cat of Paris" made her a  
star overnight.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Osman have been  
long in pictures, and the bridegroom was  
in the A. E. F. during the war.

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STORES IN LEADING CITIES

The Movies

The movies certainly have not the hide-bound conventions of the stage, but they have their conventions, of course. They have, for instance, a language of their own.

Just as I might speak of a cripple or a deaf mute, indicating a human being lacking some of the normal ways of social activity, so a moving picture man speaks of a “still,” meaning that kind of a photograph lacking the normal power that every picture ought to have of portraying motion.

Some day some one is going to write an article on the special powers required by directors of moving pictures. In a curvy view of the subject I was struck by the fact that directors require and usually have the ability to enforce their wishes by the mere power of their personality. Leaders of orchestras—great leaders—have the same quality.

And yet I saw a director terribly snubbed by a collie dog.

Collies, as every one who has known one knows, are naughty creatures even in everyday life. But a collie acting in the movies is prouder than anything you can imagine. Although I ought not to say this, for the one I have in mind—Jean, her name was—came over in the midst of a rehearsal and spoke to me in the most friendly manner possible. But to the orders of the director she would not pay the least attention. She was on her master, and the leading lady was thus given his suggestions with the greatest promptness, even the camera man obeyed him, but when he said to Jean: “Now, go and get the shipper.” She lifted her eyes to her own master, who was standing out of range of the camera, and gave him a look which seemed to say: “Doesn’t that man know that I never pay any attention to anyone but you?” After this had been
Author in Wonderland

(Concluded)

established, her own would say—far more quietly than the director: "Go on get the slipper, Jean," and she would bound away to get it so fast that the camera-man protested that it would do no all, and methods had to be devised for slowing down Jean's ready obedience.

It was during this discussion that she came over and thrust her long cool nose into my hand, and made me feel as no one else had, that I was extremely welcome in the studio.

Later, I met her on her way out to lunch. She was even more unabashed after business hours, and condescended to be even a little bit silly, and whims her long fringed tail about.

But then great artists must have their relaxation when the strain is over.

Why Girls Don't Leave Home

(Concluded from page 67)

topics of the day so that I can understand when they talk about current events. I don't bore them, at dinner time, by complaining about grocery bills, or the price of meat, or the hundreds of rows of table linens. I talk intelligently about things they want to talk about, and, when I can't talk intelligently, I listen intelligently.

"As for my daughter—my prettiest one—" the Gentle Lady laughed understandingly—"I try to remember my own youth, and to understand, because of that memory, the problems she is facing and the little worries that are troubling her mind. I try to remember, when young men stay rather late in the evening, that times have changed, slightly, since I was a girl. I try to remember that the dresses I wore probably looked as extreme to my mother, in her day, as the styles my daughter wears, today, seem to me.

I try to remember that new customs seemed just as radical twenty-five years ago as they do now.

"A girl's confidence is the very easiest thing in the world to lose. She is apt to re- tine her failure at any cost. Even if she, her own mother, if she is untreated in any way that she considers unfair. It is a mother's biggest job to study her daughter, and she should treat it just as an efficiency expert studies a business that he hopes to put on a splendidly successful basis.

"I look upon my daughters as my profession. I try to understand them, to help them, to work with them just as a private secretary tries to work with her chief. If a private secretary doesn't do her work and do it well, she's usually discharged, isn't she? And so it's like that she tries very hard not to be discharged. If a mother—" the Gentle Lady broke off meaningly and glanced at me. "Well, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Black and Mrs. Washington are being discharged," she said abruptly, "aren't they? Because they're not giving the profession of motherhood the best that's in them. I don't want to be discharged."

"So your solution," I began, "is—"

The Gentle Lady interrupted. "'My solution,' she said, 'is a simple one. It's just being human and understanding as possible; just studying a daughter's personality and needs, quite as a man studies a business problem; just gaining her confidence and keeping it when it's gained—and," the Gentle Lady touched my hand with light fingers, "and just not forgetting one's own youth!'"
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(A Very Short Story)

—"and so, under the circumstances, we feel that we must foreclose.

He said the fact was only that.

Miss Billie O’Neil finished the final little circle of the Pitman character that stood for "foreclose" and then, with an odd little sigh, closed her eyes and tumbled off the chair.

(Chapter IV, a column that Mrs. V. O’Neil felt that Mrs. E. W. O’Neil, and all of the O’Neils orchestra."}

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"But, you'll hear me all right."

THE MORLEY PHONE, for the

DEAF

... in the ears what others are in the eyes. In-...
"39 East"

(Concluded from page 122)

"Percival, Polish, the bandoleered and brilliant-eyed beau who had long con-
sidered himself the bright particular star of the Bandbox Studios, was plainly annoyed.
"Why is it that there is to be a new star in the band?" she said.
\author{Hortense Hema? he yelped at the casting director.
"Ask the big boss," replied the other man.
"I guess he thinks it will be a hit. They're all doing that stuff now, you know, Percy. Don't get sore about it. It wouldn't occasion to make any difference to you. You've got Hortense so-id, haven't you?"

"Yes,"

He was a swagger fellow, and there was

swank to him.

For instance, on the very first morning he swung leisurely across the open stage and, after regarding the beautiful Hortense, stepped over to her side and kissed her! True, he did not kiss her on the lips, but upon her dainty, white hand—so bold he was.

And when the set was ready, the director, with a raving glower and his accustomed frown, stepped out with his megaphone and barked at the New Star.

But did the New Star cower and shrink?

Not a bit of it. . . . He barked back at the director and turned abruptly and left the set flat. It was half an hour before he could be persuaded to return. And, give the devil his due, the director forgot his haughtiness and offered to shake his hand, extended with genuine friendliness.

The New Star regarded the Director sternly, sneered in his face, and turned his back upon him.

The on-lookers waited for the blast, which never came. The Cranky Director had met his match at last.

The picture was immensely successful.

The New Star was better even than his disconcerted host.

But most important of all, the big boss was delighted and sent for the cruel director forthwith.

"That picture with the New Star is a wonder," said the big boss, fairly bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"I did the best I could," said the evil-tempered director with an absurd attempt at humility.

"You!" shouted the big boss. "You! Why, you tramp, you never had anything to do with it. This fellow just eats it up. He's the best in the movies today. I only hope we don't lose him—that's all."

And then he sat down and wrote an order to the treasurer:

"I don't know what you are giving him," it said, "but double the amount you are spending on the New Star from now on." And he signed his name.

That afternoon the New Star feasted royally as he had never feasted before. In- stead of the unconsidered trixes to which he was accustomed, he had real beef-steak, nice and rare and with a bone here and there, and breaded oysters with a pan of rich gravy.

When he had finished he greeted the rest of the company with a joyous bark and a vig- orous wagging of his funny little stubby tail.

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Marietta Serves Coffee
(Continued from page 33)

There has never been so imaginative and powerful a thing done in America as this battlement of Klingsor's Castle in "Parsifal."

Rubens and Gaston Glass and Montague Love and Pedro de Cordoba and Charley Gerard were playing. The carpenter, thinking to help and probably distrusting Joseph Urban on anything except "girl stuff," brought this cosmopolitan as a guide and set of instructions—a set of picture post-cards! He also found photographers of a house in Southern Spain which he thought should be copied. But when Urban had finished his gentle explanations the carpenter, abashed, discovered that he didn't know what a patio was, and further, that he had brought, as an example of the city architecture of New Castle, a new French chateau built in Andalusia by a war-profiteer.

I have described Urban a very gentle man. I must also add that he is a very quaint man, but much of the quaintness adheres to his soft, timorous, and entirely individual dialect. It is the dialect of an educated German, spattered with the terminology of half a dozen languages. He speaks, really, very good English with a large garden of words to pluck from, but there is an occasional rumbling of Teutonic gutturals and the murmur of one brought up on double-dotted 's and 's. I shall not try to reproduce it, for I'd only burlesque it. It can't be done in print.

His quaintness gets into his viewpoint, too.

As I sat conversing with him there entered, for a short but loud argument, a young, prominent, egotistic and quite generally uneducated director whose principal qualifications are force and action—certainly not subtlety. He endeavored to beat down the man who was responsible for his picture's appearance. He had none of his own way, and finally departed, silenced like a large cannon that no longer has any ammunition.

"Well," sighed Urban. "I shan't try to correct him again. I can't be his grandfather."

"What do you mean?"
I asked.

"That's where his education should have started—at least two generations back."

He is a very gentle man, very tolerant, very enthusiastic about other men's enthusiasms.

THEY all like to argue with Urban. They all like to tell him how to do his business. The idea of an art-director who knows anything about painting scenery as the director of the picture wishes, and upon sets that he and his carpenter have designed, is quite new to the trade. Too new to be swallowed without a struggle.

Another one came in. He had a modern Chinese story, in which you get a retrospect, in vision form, of a wonderful old Buddhist temple. Urban had attended to this, and magnificently, too. But the director didn't know it. With Urban that temple was a matter of lights and focus and real lens-magic. With the director it was the old-fashioned movie convenience of a more or less clumsy little model on wheels. He busied himself ardently with his own descriptions.

"You build her up right there, about three feet high, and I wheel it up or push it back—she gets big or she gets small, just as I place the platform—you know what I mean!"

"Yes," murmured the long-suffering artist, in his kindliest tone. "I know you want a rubber temple!"

But quaintest of all, I think, is the story of Urban's first triumph of failure in America. He had cut completely loose from Austria in 1913. A production or two for the Boston Opera made his name known to producers, and he was engaged to construct the equipment for an entirely imaginative production which gave great promise for the metropolis. The move to America had taken practically all of his resources that were not tied up in his new studio, here. He was paid in checks. He lived at the Knickerbocker Hotel. The production failed. He wrote his own check for his hotel bill. It came back—his employer's checks had not been good!

Horribly embarrassed, the artist called the proprietor of the hotel and offered him everything of value on
The Little Girl in the Parsonage

(Continued from page 35)

field in which he was winning swift recognition. Then the whole family moved to Brooklyn. And there, joy of joys, Doris might go to dancing school.

It was wonderful, but still—Some of the girls had such darling dresses! All frilled and fussed up with lace and ribbons and fringe and everything! Especially fringe! Doris would have been glad to go to Heaven if she had been assured of fringe on her angelic robe.

Soon after that, Doris made her first appearance on the stage. The play was "My Aunt From California." It was given by a church society, and Doris took the part of a charming maiden named Felicia. She loved it, with its chance to wear a long dress, put up her mop of shining curls, and use grown-up language. But she had to kiss the hero.

At every rehearsal, Doris faltered when she came to the critical point. "We needn't kiss until the real night," she'd say.

And then the "real night" came, and Doris courage failed. She simply could not lift her face and kiss the man, impulsively, as she was supposed to do. She grew scarlet, she stood still, she waited, while the prompter hissed from the side, "Go on, Doris! Do it!" The audience "caught on" and began to laugh. The big, blond hero took things in his own hands, bent—and Doris was kissed, while the audience applauded hilariously!

So you can see why I'm looking back to this night of Doris' first appearance, marvelled at the bit of daring, sophisticated femininity, which was Doris Kenyon now. I thought of all the years I had known the Kenyons; of the scholarly critic, editor, and poet, who was her father: of the dignified, conservative lady who was her mother; of the charming married sister, with her growing family; of the brother who is a member of the New York state legislature. I thought of her quiet home, which has never lost its atmosphere of the wholesome American family that recognizes religion as a vital part of life.

"It's a long, long trail from the little girl in the parsonage to The Girl in the Limousine," I thought, with a sigh for the girl of long ago.

I had luncheon with her at the end of the season. I'm so glad I did. For at the

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Table in the big hotel, I found waiting for
me not the Girl in the Limousine, but the
girl of the parsonage. Just the same radiant
little girl, with the touch of wistfulness in
the shining eyes, the swift transitions from
laughter to seriousness, the joyous certainty
that somehow, if one does one’s best, every-
thing is sure to come right!

“Like it? You don’t think I like that thing,
do you?” she gasped. “Of course I don’t
like it!” But if people only played parts
they liked we couldn’t have a theater! You
have to take your chance when it comes,
and do your best with it.

While I’m on the stage I’m the Limou-
sine Girl, just as truly as I can be! When I
come off . . . We don’t have to carry our stage
selves into real life, you know.

“Yes, my family was shocked at first—es-
pecially Father. He never did see the play
but once, but poor Mother never missed a
night. However, she was in my dressing
room, not in the audience, and that helps!”

“And the farce has been a great success.”
I said.

“Yes, here in New York, from the first
night, and also in staid Boston, where we
were all afraid for it. But in Chicago it
fell flat, in the beginning. Oh, I was so heart
broken that first night when nobody seemed
to like us. Nobody laughed. Nobody ap-
plauded—or so it seemed to me! I wanted
to cry, and I had to keep trying to be
bright and funny.

“The first act, when my heart was down
in my shoes, one of the men told me
that the best dramatic critic in the city was
sitting out in front. He pointed him out to
me. I was waiting to go on. I studied his
face, and I was so scared! I just stood there
and said over and over in my heart, “Oh,
God, please make him like me! Oh, God,
please make him like me!”

“And he did like you?” I asked.

“Yes. He spoke very nicely of my work.
And after that first night the play got to
going and was a success, there, after all.

“You believe it helps to pray?” I couldn’t
help the question.

The lovely face of Doris looked a bit be-
wildered, a bit shocked. It was as if one had
asked a child at first view of the liden Christ-
tree. “Do you believe in Santa Claus?”

“Of course,” she said simply. “Why,
you know how I was brought up. My
father never taught us to want for some
certain article of good. We pray for it to come
place to pray in. Ever since I can remember
I have asked God instantly right on the spot.
to help me when I needed help. And I do
it yet, in the same little-girl way. And I
know it helps!

“Why,” she laughed, “haven’t I al-
tways been to church and to Sunday school?
I always listened to the sermon on the
broad and sung in church choirs! Haven’t
I marched thousands of miles in those Brook-
lyn Sunday school parades, standing on
one foot and then the other for hours, wait-
ing for them to get started? Haven’t I had my
father’s and mother’s teaching all my life?
You don’t forget those things, just because
you have a few new experiences.”

And suddenly I realized that I had been
mistaken, that it wasn’t a long, long trail
from the Girl in the Parsonage to the Girl
in the Limousine; that when the Limousine
Girl comes off the stage she shrugs her
shoulders and the stage costume slips off, to
be replaced by her own clothes; and then she
shugs her soul and the stage character
slips away, and there’s our own Doris again—
the little girl of the old Methodist par-
sonage, with the green tree in the yard!
Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 118)

THE THREE TWINS, CHICAGO.—I have a
smacking suspicion that your other letters
weren't answered because you didn't sign
your names. But I am really a kind-hearted
old fellow, and can't bear to see three young
ladies suffering for want of information
about Carlyle Blackwell. Your favorite has
been married but his wife divorced him. I
regret to report, also, that the former Mrs.
Blackwell has proposed Mr. Blackwell's name
for membership in the justly-celebrated
Almony Club of New York. Carlyle recently
appeared opposite Marion Davies in "The
Restless Sex." Blackwell is thirty-three.

SYLVIA, OCEAN CITY.—Bebe Daniels isn't
married. Her first Realart production is
"You Never Can Tell." No, George Bernard
Shaw didn't write it. "Oh, Lady, Lady," the
popular musical comedy, has also been
purchased as a prospective vehicle for Bebe.
The Talmadges, their own studio, New York.
Wish you'd consult our Studio Directory
once in a while.

HARRY CLARK, MADRA, CAL.—If you were
a little more observing, Harry, you would
notice that I have excused Bill Desmond,
and not Bill Russell, is married to Mary McVor
and the father of Mary Joanna Desmond.
Bill Russell is divorced. In the future, please
look again before you criticize. I am often
wrong, but once in a while I am right.

M. E. G., VERONA, OHIO.—Hoot Gibson is
married to Helen Gibson. Both are ex-
ponents of the athletic form of film-drake.
Hoot is twenty-eight; address him at Un-
iversal City. The only record I have of
Esther Ralston is her appearance in "Huckle-
berry Finn" for Paramount. You might ad-
dress her there. Clyde Fillmore is married
to a non-professional. Roy Stewart is thirty-
six years old. Will that be all?

BILL, IOLA, KANSAS.—So you are one of
these frank persons who always behaves as
he feels. Well, I hope you'll be feeling better
the next time you write. Enid Bennett is
married to Fred Nible. Both have their own
company now. Alice Joyce is still with Vita-
graph; her latest release is "The Vice of
Fools," in which Robert Gordon again plays
opposite her. Antrim Short with Viola Dana
in "Please Get Married." He is Blanche
Sweet's cousin. Dick Barthelmes in "Way
Down East"; his twenty-five.

DOROTHY, TORONTO.—No, I shouldn't call
him a great author. Everyone always agrees
with him. Irene Castle has not made any
pictures since "Mabel." Nazarova's new ones
are "Billions" and "Madame Peacock." Norma Talmadge in
"Branded."

MARTHA, MINNEAPOLIS.—I don't feel that
I really know the star you mention. I've
only run across him once or twice, and then
he was with his wife. Julian Eltinge has
been touring the Orient; he may make some
new pictures now that he is back in America.
Herbert Rawlinson opposite Ann Little in
"The Black Fox." Ann is again with Lasky.
She recently played a lead opposite Bill Hart.

MIGUEL GALLOPE, MANILA.—Thank you for
your kind letter. No trouble at all to answer
your questions, which are in good taste,
say the least. Lillian Russell is married to
a Pittsburgh millionaire, Anna Q. Nilsson,
Lasky, Hollywood; Mildred Reardon, Fox,
New York; Molly Malone, Goldwyn, Culver,
City; Mae Christie, Brodwood Productions;
Jean Paige, western Vitagraph; Marion
Davies, International. Your others are
answered elsewhere. Be sure to write again.

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DOOBY, LAMASIE—Constructive criticism is what you hand the other fellow. When he says the same thing to you, it's fault-finding. Edith Thacher was the leading woman in "The Whirlwind," did-nt see the picture so can't tell you if I admire the leading man's hair-cut. Which reminds me—I need one.

BLUE EYES, CARTBLACH—So the doctor told you you needed a little change. Why not ask him to give it to you—if he's anything like my doctor he has all of your sympathy. Natalie Talmadge very often plays in her sister pictures. She was with Constance in "The Love Expert," and with Norma in "Yes or No." That's all you have to know about them; they are all abroad right now—Mother Peg, Norma, Constance, and Joseph Schenck, as well as several secretaries and a corps of maids. Dorothy Gish and Mrs. Gish crossed at the same time as the Talmadges; all of them went for vacation purposes only. Your other queries attended to in other items.

L. M. F., PORTLAND—Talk may be cheap—but you should see my telephone bills! Yes, there is a Gaston Glass in pictures; he played the French officer in all of the Men of "M." was Leon Kantor in "Humoroscope" acted opposite Alma Rubens in "The World and His Wife," and is now in Canada playing the leading role in "The Forlorn." the first of the series of picturizations of Ralph Conron's stories.

E. M., SAN GABRIEL, CAL.—It is the rule of this department as of any other, that at the top of the Questions and Answers columns—to give only one cast at a time. Therefore I selected The "Barbary"; Merritt, Mabel Juler, Gurney; John Gaylord, Russell Simp-son; Dan Rogers; Mayor Lillian; Lieut. Meade Burrell, Victor Sutherland; John Gale; Russell Simpson; Poloen Doret, Mitchell Lewis; Ben Stark, Howard Hall; Ruman, Edward; Howard; W. H. Gross; Alluna, Mary Kennevan Car. You will notice that both Simpson and Hall play two parts in this.

K. M., TORONTO—Ruth Roland is doing a fifteen-episode serial called "Ruth of the Rockies." The first episode is called, "The Mystery Train." Jack Mulhall is married and has one child. You love him but don't you? Harold Lockwood died of influenza. Ruth Roland is about twenty-seven.

V. DE B., NEW YORK CITY—You were very nice to tell me all those pleasant things about my department. Now all I have to worry about is whether or not you mean them. His wife's enthusiasm about Bert Lytell is the care the Brunton studios. Los Angeles. He is married to Tsuru Aoki, who is also a film star. One of her latest pictures is for Universal: "The Seventh God." Eileen Moore has left Universal.

MRS. CARROLL A. MARSHFIELD—Many a hard-working husband finds it hard to make ends meet. His Susie Hayakawa may be reached at the Brwon Studios. Los Angeles. He is married to Tsuru Aoki, who is also a film star. One of her latest pictures is for Universal: "The Seventh God." Eileen Moore has left Universal.

MRS. CARROLL M. MARSHFIELD—Many a hard-working husband finds it hard to make ends meet. His Susie Hayakawa may be reached at the Brown Studios. Los Angeles. He is married to Tsuru Aoki, who is also a film star. One of her latest pictures is for Universal: "The Seventh God." Eileen Moore has left Universal.

MRS. SHORT AND SWEET—Vivian Martin has her own company, as I believe I have remarked before. Eugene O'Brien isn't married, and never has been married. His mother is his best girl.

R. B. B., HOPK, AK.—Your physician will never tell you which is better, the ounce of prevention or the pound of cure. He sells them. Mabel Normand is with Goldwyn, she isn't married. Katherine MacDonald releases her pictures through First National. Her latest, "The Notorious Miss Lily," in which she is supported by Nigel Barrie. Dorothy Gish and Mrs. Gish crossed at the same time as the Talmadges; all of them went for vacation purposes only. Your other queries attended to in other items.

O. J. M., CANSY, MINN.—You are refresh-ingly polite. I hasten to reply in kind. But of course I couldn't possibly be as polite as you were. Ade Rowland married Tsuru Aoki, who has been married before—several times. D. W. Griffith works in the east altogether now, in Mar-monneck, New York. David Wark lives in New York City.

JEAN, IOWA—In these days of equal suf-frage the widow's mite is now the widow's mite. You aren't old enough to vote, are you? But you seem to have your favorite candidates all the same. Here is the cast of "Bitter Sweet": Farmer Slater, George Stanley; Joan, his wife. Anna Shaeder; John, her brother. Stone, Joseph Griffin. Miss Griffin is now a Vitagraph star—and leading man Webster Campbell is also her husband.

B. D. B., KANSAS—Yes, the army was excel-lent training for many of our young men only some of them can't seem to get out of the habit of charging. Dustin Farnum in "The Corsican Brothers." Dusty is still with Robertson-Cole. Eddie Polo is very coy as to his age. He's married. Zenna Keef opposite Owen Moore in "Piccadilly." Constance, who is featured in "Bitter Sweet," is no longer in vaudeville now; last seen on the screen in Klever Komedy. Eileen and Josie Sedwick are sisters.

B. E. W., SALT LAKE CITY—I haven't the cast of that play. Are you sure that is the correct title? Besides, there are so many young men in pictures who fight well and make love better still. You'll have to give me a more complete description.

BILLIE WHISKEY—I can't shunny. As a rival of Gilda Gray I am decidedly not in the running. The only thing I can shake is my head, and that works overtime. People are always asking me questions to which I must perforce reply that I don't know. I really have no idea of the middle name of that actress' divorced husband.

BESSIE K. B., CHICAGO—Cowboy Tarle is forty. He is a star for Selznick, his pictures to be released under the National Picture Theater banner. I liked Doris Keane in "Romanza." Rod LaRocque is so good. I think he is the most middle-aged that rather rare for a leading man. He isn't married. Yes.

RAX LESLIE, SWAMOUS, B. C.—The last record I have of Gladys Leslie is in February, 1920, when she played in Ivan Abramson's "A Child for Sale." Have no information as to Bessie Washburn's brother but I now not acting in pictures. Bryant is abroad right now.

R F. P., LOUISVILLE—Emmy Johnson may be reached at Minnie, 1833 El Cortia Place, Hollywood, California. He is the hus-band of Ella Hall. I think he will answer you if you write him as sweetly as you wrote me. We leading men are so sus-ceptible.
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Paramount Pictures
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November, 1920

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Declaring War on Fake Picture Stock Promoters

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Five Cinema Stars Europe-bound.

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue
Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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

This is the starting assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the United States. Is his assertion glaringly statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Is the idea that the hiatus the idea the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed of doing it. Today he dives as a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and earths up at the once mortal atoms of his fellow humans. So my "impossibility" is a reality today.

The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be thousands of playswrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers. They will be coming, coming—a whole new world of them!

Do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? They are gathering into armies of them—young and old, new as mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling mercantile goods, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waited on tables at barber chairs, following the plow, on the rural districts, and women, young and old, in factories, hand-sewing machine work. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story in your life, just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you aren't simply "bushed" by the thought that you haven't the "gift." Many young people are simply getting the "dilly." 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 rare chance, you had 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 exercise your ability of turning a story you develop it. Your imagination is something you can build.

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 dominoes. Forget your fears and fearsome blocks. It is amazingly easy and a full-fledged natural grasp the "simple knowhow." Also, a little patience, a little perseverance, and the things that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as you imagined it was going to be.

In tens of people imagine they need a special education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Almost everybody can write and the ordinary principles of writing are not difficult. All that is needed of people imagine they need a special education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Almost everybody can write and the ordinary principles of writing are not difficult. All that is needed of
The Subtle Art of making the foot look smaller

It is all a matter of shoes; if they are made to fit the foot in action, their lines will give that small, trim look.

There was once a beautiful Princess, so the old story goes, whose feet were the wonder and admiration of all in her father's kingdom.

So small, so dainty, of such slender grace were they that artists loved to draw them. So high was the shapely curve of her instep that water could run under it without wetting the sole of her shoe.

Story book, rather than flesh-and-blood feet, they were. And yet — where is the woman who does not wish her feet to appear small and shapely; who does not love to wear small shoes; to be always snugly fitted, trimly shod? It is such a natural, feminine desire — now so easily possible of attainment.

The secret is in shoes made to fit the foot in action.

What moving pictures show

The strip of moving picture film shows the foot in various positions of action. It illustrates how different the moving foot is from the foot at rest.

If a shoe is not made to accommodate itself to the different positions and motions of the foot, it is bound to be thrown quickly out of shape.

The secret of making the foot look small

The outline of an object determines its appearance of size. And a moving object has different lines than it has at rest.

Shoes designed for the foot in action have different lines — soft, snug, clinging lines that move naturally with every motion of the foot — not against it.

The designers of the Red Cross Shoe recognize these principles. They base their measurements upon a study of the foot in every possible position, as shown by hundreds of movie photographs.

Then they test each style on live models in continued action, for weeks, before its final acceptance.

The result is a shoe that is different — a shoe that retains its lines and gives to the foot in action that small shapeliness so much desired.

And there is wonderful comfort, too. Made to fit the foot in action, there is no pressing and cramping — it needs no "breaking in."

The new styles are ready

At Red Cross Shoe Stores everywhere the smart new models await your selection. Among them you will find just the one to give your foot the dainty charm you so desire.

Perfect comfort — from the first! Perfect style — to the last! Straight through wearing qualities! Now is the time to get this satisfaction — in Red Cross Shoes.

Write for the Footwear Style Guide Book — sent without charge. With it we will send you the name of your Red Cross Shoe dealer, or tell you how to order direct. Address The Krohn-Frecheimer Co., 812 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
We tried to publish one issue of Photoplay without running a picture of her. But we got so many letters complaining about it, we had to square ourselves right away. We present Alice Joyce: the very latest portrait of the lady.
IT is easy to imagine why they nicknamed her "Polly." Of staid Boston ancestry, she went on the stage via the chorus route. Did she remain in the chorus? She did not. Have you seen Pauline Frederick's finest effort, "Madame X?"
PORTRAIT of a Young Man. It wasn't long ago that Conrad Nagel was playing Romeo to some high-school girl's Juliet—in amateur theatricals. "The Man Who Came Back" on the stage is now a permanent fixture in films. He is married.
ONE would like to write a sentimental poem to Louise Huff. She is so fragile, so flower-like—but then whenever we get to the second stanza we are certain to remember that she is happily married and the mother of Mary Louise.
JUST look at Estelle Taylor! Would you not say she was straight from sunny Spain—perhaps Paris? With those so-ravishing eyes, and the fiery grace? But this new little celluloid ingenue was really born and brought up in Wilmington!
EVERYONE has been wondering who will take the place of Thomas Meighan and Elliott Dexter as the hero of Mr. DeMille's domestic dramas. We refer you to Forrest Stanley, whom you may recall as a leading man in Moroseo days.
YOU are always writing in and asking if Nazimova really has bobbed hair. The enigmatic Alla—who beat Irene Castle to it—here speaks for herself. She came from Russia and married an Englishman, Charles Bryant, her leading man.
MARY THURMAN used to be our favorite sea-going goddess. And now that she is Allan Dwan's dramatic leading woman, we have decided that any time Jim Kirkwood wants to throw up his job, we'll step right in and fight for her.
For Mabel and Jack

Would you, day after day, send your eight-year-old Jack into a luxurious restaurant and let him choose at random, brandishing a little boy's barbaric appetite to his own eventual destruction, or at least serious discomfort? Would you permit your ten-year-old Mabel to wield her wild will in the shops of ready-made apparel, emerging thence to amaze the pedestrians, humiliate you and frighten the few remaining horses in our streets? Would you encourage either child to read, or attempt to read, all our literary classics, or would you countenance a detailed study of every narrative in the Holy Bible?

You know you would do none of these things.

Yet, in a general way, you make few attempts to guide them in their film diversions. And every now and then, in consequence, some quack doctor of public morals talks about the "pernicious movies".

The mind of a child is the most susceptible, sensitive, permanent record in the world. There ought to be films especially for children, both educational and entertaining. There are such films now, but not enough of them, and there are no concerted attempts at children's evenings, children's afternoons, or children's programmes.

Your exhibitor is a business man. Prove that you want film education and film entertainment especially for your child, and you will get it. Many an enterprising picture-man has actually started children's days, only to abandon the practice because of neglect and non-appreciation.

You never will shut out the honest, though oftentimes tragic stories of real life. Real life is the basis of art in shadowland as well as in literature and the drama. But you don't cry down "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Easiest Way" because you know they are not proper pabulum for little sister and her brother. By demanding, you provide other books for Mabel and Jack.

You must do this in the photoplay.
The Parasites of the Fifth Industry

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is on the trail of the fake Motion-Picture Stock Promoter.

By JOHN G. HOLME

The movies have never hidden their lights under bushel baskets or light-proof receptacles of any sort. The industry has always gladly and frankly admitted its genius, influence and amazing growth. Thus movie fans hear every so often in the course of every twenty-four hours something about the marvels of the movies. They hear, for instance, quite frequently just now that the motion-picture industry has become the fifth greatest industry of the country—fifth greatest in point of capital invested, in money expended, the greatest in influence exerted.

And this magic structure has sprung to its high eminence from motion pictures less than twenty years. This new industry—this new art—has developed this amazing growth because America has been able to sustain all of its call a new type, of business genius, men who combine an artistic appreciation and imagination with sound business judgment and vision of the future possibilities of the movies. These leaders of the industry have established big corporations on reasonably firm foundations, some of which are listed with the safe and sound industries in the financial markets. Some of the leading institutions of the country have invested in the stock and bond issues of these enterprises.

No wonder the men whose genius and hard labor helped create this miracle of art and mechanical skill swell their chests in pride. Only a few years ago the industry was placed on an ugly duckling, sprawling, mangy and squint-eyed. And behold, now it has become a beautiful swan. But every now and then these fathers of the movies may be seen scratching their palms with worried look in their eyes. That is when they hear, as they so often do, that the motion-picture industry seems to be battling with place among American enterprises in a less enviable sense. It is mighty close to outstripping any other industry in the number of unscrupulous financial adventurers that have collected about its fringes.

Every day of every week sees new motion-picture companies organized, big stock issues thrown on the market, and new and wonderful plans disclosed to coin vast fortunes. The public is invited and cajoled by promises and pledges of great earnings to invest its money. While these new companies are being organized and financed, other companies, which were new and full of pledges and promises a few months since, are going into bankruptcy while their promoters who were going to perform such miracles, actually do succeed in performing one miracle. They disappear—fade out, as they say in the movies—and with them disappear all the hard-earned dollars of the trusting investors.

Practically all of the companies whose stock is being sold to the public through alluring circulars and newspaper advertisements are being promoted and offered by men of little or no experience, technical, financial or executive. Yet these men hold out promises of fabulous profits in an industry which is known to be one of the most technically complex and financially hazardous of any modern commercial venture. These promoters assume and the public takes for granted that it takes no skill at all to make moving pictures and make them pay than it takes to sink a shaft and erect a derrick in an oil field. The fact is that the motion-picture industry is more than a commercial venture. It is more than an industry. It is an art, a new art, elusive and mercurial. The brainiest men of the business world have not yet succeeded in stabilizing it and bringing it fully under control of standard business principles. It has no fixed methods. It is changing from day to day—changing so fast that even the acknowledged "wizards" of the profession have a hard time keeping up with its developments.

PHOTOPLAY is daily flooded with letters of inquiries from its readers asking for advice on stock issues offered by men of whom the oldest veterans in the industry have never heard. Scores of other letters come from readers of PHOTOPLAY telling of new companies promoted by men who have never touched anything in the motion-picture world without blighting it. PHOTOPLAY has in its files the circulars of these adventurers. These circulars are generally alike in one respect. Novices and wrecker alike, promise hundreds and thousand-fold profits on a few dollars' investment. They all cite the great successes of the craft. They all tell about the fortunes made out of "The Birth of a Nation," "The Million Dollar Mystery," "Traffic in Souls," etc. Writers of these circulars have fairly bankrupted the generous deposits of laudatory adjectives of the English language in dilating on the future of the movies, and the growth of the movies. They tell of the millions who attend the movies, and the number of movie theatres now filled daily and nightly, and the number of theatres now being built, and the number of millions of persons who will see the movies this year and next year and the year after.

And every line in most of these circulars is distorted with exaggerations. No mention is made of the many failures, no mention is made of the millions lost. No judgment from these circulars, every person who has gone into the movie business is a magnate. The fact is that these promoters have hazed on the splendor of this new art till they are blind, and so they have to lie to themselves and to their victims about its splendors. They have become like the patrons of Tulish Fisher's boarding house who "lied about the purple Sea
That gave them scanty bread,
They lied about the Earth beneath,
The Heavens overhead."

And millions of persons, uncritical, unthinking and gullible beyond words, are induced by these fakers to part with their money to become "partners" in this miracle of art and celluloid. What are the results?

The motion-picture industry—the legitimate industry—to which honest business men have devoted their brains and money, to which thousands of actors and actresses, playwrights and novelists are devoting their genius and conscientious labor, is besmirched by these swindlers and hated by the victims of the swindlers who assume after they have been fleeced that all motion-picture ventures are built on fraud.

The files of the state and federal prosecutors bear many unsavory records of motion-picture fakers who have robbed (Continued on page 120)
Seriously Speaking

A very solemn consideration of Dorothy Gish.

By DELIGHT EVANS

It is a terrible thing to be misunderstood.

The fact that Oscar Wilde and other eminent authors have repeatedly assured us that to be misunderstood is often to be great, carries little or no weight with the heroine of this brief essay.

Dorothy Gish is our particular Little Nell. She is perhaps the most misunderstood star in pictures. Popular tradition has not, decidedly, done right by her. And I think it is only right that you should know about it.

I have no doubt you think she is a sort of female Fairbanks who delights in performing facial gymnastics after office hours, to the horror of her gentle mother, Mrs. Mae. That she wears her black wig all the time, not even removing it when she retires. That she does little in her spare time but stand before her mirror and practice new ways to act funny—

Well, she doesn't.

The youngest Gish, Dorothy, is not gay, but grave. She never laughs on Sunday; she could never be accused of impersonating Pollyanna; she is rather, a pessimist. Anyone who has to be terribly funny six days out of seven is a pessimist, I suppose. And a comedienne is expected always to be funny.

People watch her with a broad grin all ready to use, waiting for her to say some screaming thing, or make a funny-face. Dorothy gets a lot of fun out of being a pessimist; she wouldn't be one if she didn't enjoy it. She's an optimistic pessimist. She is pretty nearly always disappointed with herself on the screen and yet she is forever telling funny stories she hears on herself in the audience, as for instance when a man behind her said, "She's funny—but she certainly can't act."

She hates the words "personality" and "ingenue." So when you write her, eschew the two. Her motto is "The Worms will get you" and she believes they are particularly on the lookout for "ingenues" with "personality."

Dorothy is one of these individuals we call, for want of an apter name, "highbrows." She can talk about such things as the progress of psychoanalysis or the prose of Pater. But she believes, too, that too much study is worse than none, and finds hilarious relief in such mirthful moderns as Stephen Leacock. She wishes, by the way, that she were a writer instead of an actress because writers can write after they are old and gray, but most actresses are good only so long as their appearance pleases. When she speaks of old age—so many, many years distant from her—her mouth droops and her eyes grow very serious indeed, and you wonder if she can be the same baby who, a minute ago, was telling of her own "infant" days in the theater when she heard someone call her a "little comedienne." She burst into tears because she thought a comedienne had to be an extremely ugly person with a red nose and whiskers.

She is one of those natural-born leaders who would always be the presiding spirit of her own coterie. In boarding-school, where she spent a brief period, I've no doubt she was the undisputed princess of pajama parties, the empress of inter-class athletics. She would be—she was
born that way. It is quite unconscious, this imperial quality about the littlest Gish; she is charmingly oblivious of it. But I have noticed that whether it is at home bantering big-sister Lillian, or at the studio superintending a set, or at a dancing party where every man present wanted to dance with her, she is the ruling spirit. A very tiny, blonde-haired and gray-eyed ruling spirit, but none the less independent and impressive. She thinks she is afraid of burglars and earthquakes. bad directors and cruel cameramen, but she isn't.

I've seen her, on the other hand, cry when she didn't like one of her own pictures. She's as conscientious and unconceited as that. She has never made the usual mistake of believing herself a tragedienne, but she would like to do something besides broad comedy; something a little deeper, a little truer to life. She has a keen understanding, a subtle sympathy with all the world, and she should be permitted to give full expression to it. As a matter of fact, Dorothy is not an actress of grotesque exaggerations; she would fare far better if she could ease up a bit, throw away the wig, and act herself. If you saw "Old Heidelberg," one of her old Fine Arts films, or "Betty o' Greystone," you know what I mean.

She says she can't imagine herself married. Of course she will marry some day. It would not be possible for Dorothy Gish to go through life unmarried; she's far too feminine and too pretty, and such a good pal that all the men she knows adore her. The girls and boys she plays to. all over the country, have been disappointed because she hasn't married: (1), Dick Barthelmess; (2), Bobby Horton; and (3), Ralph Graves. Dorothy isn't engaged. When she is, it will all be announced in the accepted fashion and she will be married in a regular church and have a wonderful wedding. And I'll wager she will stay married—and everything.

It is Mrs. Gish, her mother, who deserves the credit for Dorothy. The Gishes never make up except for the "set," they dress quietly; and they have a real home. Dorothy and Mrs. Gish have gone to Europe for a two months' vacation. No work, no worry, no heavy black hairings for two whole months. "Think of the quiet, peaceful time we'll have!" said Dorothy, just before she sailed, "no war, no air-raids. You know when we went over before to make 'Hearts of the World' it was nerve-racking. We were in eight air-raids. We will go to Italy this time. I've always longed to see Italy. And Constance is crossing on the same boat!"

Constance, of course, is Constance Talmadge. Dorothy's chum. They are the Two Inseparables. Whenever any friend of theirs meets Dorothy without Connie or vice versa, he asks, "What's the matter—is she sick?" Dorothy sincerely believes that Constance is as pretty, as charming, and as clever as it is possible for a girl to be. Constance is—but not many other girls admit it.

It's been an uphill struggle for fame for Dorothy, who was a little girl in a little Ohio town. Only her own determination and her mother's carried her and her sister to New York. When they were child actresses they met Mary Pickford, and later Mary introduced them to David W. Griffith at the old Biograph studio. They had very tiny bits to perform at first. "Everybody in Massillon, Ohio, turned out to see us," says Dorothy, "and those who didn't watch the screen every minute missed us altogether."

And now the home town turns out en masse to welcome the sisters when they make one of their celluloid visits. And they have not forgotten old friends, by any means; they play personal engagements in Massillon whenever their work permits.

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**Still Waiting**

She was a waitress in a railroad restaurant in a small Montana town. She was a good waitress.

"Say, kid," he said confidentially, "you ought to make good in the movies."

She saved her tips and in a year had hoarded enough to get to Los Angeles. She had her name on the extra list of a large studio, and one day she was called. It was her first chance, and she became content when she was given a cap and apron to don, and told that she was to have a bit as a waitress in a restaurant scene.

The assistant director took the trouble to explain the scene to her. "We want somebody to look like a real waitress. Deft, efficient. You and Mrs. Truelove have this scene alone. You ought to photograph. Go to it." She did; she spilled the soup down the star's back.
production of "Richard III." Not solely because of its dramatic artistry and intensity, but because she intended to marry John Barrymore.

And she has!

The beautiful young woman with the brilliant black eyes and the flashing smile was Mrs. Leonard Thomas. Quietly she had taken steps long before to secure a divorce in the Paris courts. It would be granted. There was no question, no doubt of that, but the law is tellious. Its steps drag with maddening slowness. The divorce was assured but certain documents were yet to be signed, certain seals attaxed. Therefore Mrs. Thomas deemed it wisest to sit in the balcony and avoid the banter and the questions of her set that was so near to filling the lower part of the little theater.

In her seat among the "gallery gods," with them but not of them, the brunette beauty known to society as Mrs. Leonard Thomas, to the reading public as Michael Strange, author of poems on life and love and disillusion, some published stories, and a few plays not yet produced, had a few uninterrupted moments in which to look backward. An unwise habit, if too

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John

The story of the wooing of America's leading young actor and Mrs. Leonard Thomas.

By

ADA PATTERSON

---

Two Poems by Mrs.


WHAT does it mean to have lived?
To have cried at the pain of our lot?
WHAT does it mean to have loved?
To have sighed for the things that are not.
What does it mean to have wrought some glow
For the gods to inhale?
Only the aching of thought with woe
That is silent and pale.
So if in this summing of mine
The only adventure is death,
Let us walk through the sea toward the line
That chokes and dissesver the breath,
To greet the adventure or — Death.
Barrymore's Romance

greatly indulged. Recall Lot's wife and her conversion into a
monument of salt for that same backward turning. But no such
menace hung about Mrs. Thomas. She could look back upon
the girlhood of Miss Blanche Oelrichs, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Charles Oelrichs of New York and New York and New-
port. A gilded girl she had been, for society's exclusive sum-
mer capital had no more admired denizen than brilliant
Blanche Oelrichs. Some of the millionaire youths of the
millionaire colony were a bit afraid of her because the whisper
had gone round that she was really clever, don't you know,
had even admitted that she wrote verses now and then. One
youth had seen the verses and swore that they rhymed. All
save one that stumbled its way along a bit, "like the Walt
Whitman stuff that Prof. Eyeglasses fed us upon in the liter-
ature period at college." But the lure of her smiling black
eyes and her flashing smile had outweighed the fear of her blue
stocking propensities.

The young men were wooing in battalions. Leonard
Thomas, son of a Philadelphia banker, partner of the Drexels,
own. The most exclusive set in
America was well represented at the wedding. "It seems to be a
love match," whispered Mr. High World to his wife, who
whispered back: "There is no reason why they should not be
happy."

At first they seemed to be.
Mr. Thomas, who dabbled in
music for amusement, composed
a waltz dedicated it to his wife,
and called it "The Blanche." It
was reported that Mrs. Thomas
took a studio, as narrow, as
cheap and as dimly lighted as
others of its kind, in an ancient
building on Fifty-seventh Street.
She sought seclusion in which to
set down her thoughts without
interruption. Apparently Mr.
Thomas had no objection to her
frequent withdrawals to flirt
with the muses. His was not
the stand of a New York lawyer
who, failing to dissuade his
wife, a fairly well known author,
from writing, told her that if
she wouldn't divorce herself
from the pen she must divorce
herself from him.

Barrymore

INTO the Fields with me,
The grey windy fields of
complete freedom:
And as you pass the well,
Throw into it all your material
inheritance!
Don't regret the hot sun,
But learn to warm yourself in
the wind.
Neither must you languish after
companions.
For your solitude will teach
you to find out someone.
Run into the fields with me,
The grey windy fields of com-
plete freedom.

Mrs. Thomas had been married ten years before. Since
that event she had been declared by Helleu, the visiting etcher,
to be the most beautiful woman in American society. She
had led the suffrage parade through Fifth Avenue. There was
a book of "Miscellaneous Poems" signed _Michael Strange_
and known to be hers. And there were two small sons, Leonard
Moorhead Thomas, aged nine, and Robin May Thomas, aged
five.

She was distinguished for original entertainments. One of
the fetes given by herself and her husband displeased one of
the Newport clergy, who fulminated at it. The ball which
stirred him to denunciation was given on Saturday night. It
ended Sunday morning at six o'clock with Moncure Robinson
in the costume of an Apache chief leading Mrs. Thomas's
guests across the golf links while some devout ones were going
to early church service. She smiled a little reminiscently at
this. She had defended the ball vigorously as a typical and
harmless Newport affair.

(Continued on page 124)

John Barrymore—a very recent portrait.
How strange are the contradictions of the pictures. Charles Ray, the poor country boy of the screen, designed this home himself. It contains many real antiques and is set in the artistic background of the Beverly Hills. It represents to Ray and his charming wife a real home of dreams, for they have planned it for years—ever since Charles made his first screen success in "The Coward." Its simplicity is striking and typical of all the Ray characterizations.

ACTORS have long been considered a migratory race, nomads wandering from hotel to railroad station in pursuit of the will-o’-the-wisp, public favor. Because of that very fact they have always been a home loving people. Every actor has at some time dreamed of settling down on his, or her, own chicken ranch.

The coming of the motion picture brought the actor a chance to build his castles in Spain. The pictures offered a permanent place of abode, and money enough to enable the actor to indulge his passion for home building.

As a result, Los Angeles, capital of filmdom, has become a city of beautiful homes. The little chicken ranch of the wanderer's dreams has become a real castle at the touch of the new Marlin's Lamp.

Plain and rugged as the face of William S. Hart himself, is this old fashioned home among the foothills. The grounds are in process of construction. Bill lives here with his sister, Miss Mary Hart. There will be not only a garage for the Hart motors, but—whisper—a very modern stable for that prince of pintos—Bill's own horse that he has ridden in so many films and has now retired to spend the rest of his equine life in green pastures.

Two generations have laughed with the famous Canby of "Arizona," as interpreted by Theodore Roberts. This is the modest mansion of Canby's creator, in Hollywood, near the studio where Roberts works. They say Roberts has a larger menagerie than any celluloid celebrity. He has not only kennels for his blue-ribbon dogs, but an aviary which houses many varieties of birds. And Mrs. Roberts has a family of cats.
No, this is not a chateau built in the feudal days of France. It is the new home of Sue Hayakawa, purchased from a wealthy society leader, and rearranged for the Japanese star. It is said to be modeled from an ancient French ancestral home, but its furnishings constitute the contributions of many nations. Rare tapestries, a museum, fine period furniture, and vases from the Orient make it a veritable treasure-house. Tsuru Aoki added to their collection on her recent trip to Japan. Their dog, 'A Boston built!
When they are not visiting the King and Queen of England, their Majesties Douglas and Mary Fairbanks, King and Queen of the photoplay, hold court in this chateau in the Beverly Hills. Doug's swimming pool is in the foreground. Mary has said that they have room enough for the largest house-party ever assembled—and as a matter of fact, the world-famous newlyweds plan to do a lot of entertaining as soon as they return from their honeymoon. One of the features of the dwelling is a spacious sun-parlor; another, the projection-room Mary built so that she could see the films of her friends whenever she pleased. Of course there are kennels for Doug's dogs.

Pauline Frederick's new home is not yet completed. In contrast to some of the structures erected by movie money, this is a gem of architectural beauty. It adjoins the famous Doheny estate. Polly lives here with her mother, who is also her pal; and they love to give wonderful dinner-parties, to which some of the most celebrated stars of the screen are bidden—and most of them come.

No, Louise Glaum does not live in a spider web, as you may have thought. The trail of the vamp has led to the beautiful country home pictured on the left with an old mill adding a quaint, picturesque touch to the spacious grounds. The Glaum place has perhaps the most old-fashioned atmosphere of any of the celluloid palaces. Louise has to perform in elaborate boudoir "sets" at the studio all day—and naturally she enjoys the spacious grounds which remind one of the old homestead. She can ride and swim and tennis—all within her very own domain. Nice, isn't it?
Film Reviewing from the Press Box

(The Editor's failure to tip his mitt handicaps the film critic.)

By WEED DICKINSON (John Handshaker)

READERS:

WELL, Readers, I will certainly tell the world that I am the Toughest Luck Guy in the Universe, bar none! At catchweights I would make Job (the Baby in the Bible, you remember, which is invested with Boils, Bunions and Unwelcome Advice) look like he was born with a silver service in his mouth, believe me! Was hard luck colors, I would put rainbows right out of business, by comparison!

Well, the other day I am called up by the editor of this Protoplan paper and routed away from a ball game I am covering for my paper. It seems this baby is hot on the trail of a guy to review some films, and sort of help out Burned Mantle who dopes out the Shadow Stage, so he gets me. Well, I figure he has done a pretty good daze work for himself at that, and tell him so saying I will take the job and no potations ast. It looks pretty soft for me, too, because Hay Broun which used to write baseball right alongside of me, is now calling actors and actresses names around town instead of balling out ball players, and has it softer for himself than a guy working in the Mexican Mint!

Well, as I am saying, this baby calls me up and says will I review a picture a month for this sheet, and he says I may as well sign on "Romanse," Well, he does not say anything about what this "Romanse" is—which I later find out to my sorrow and horror he should do! It is not right to send a guy out on a new job like this and not tell him is he going to a Funeral or a Frolic, Reader, hey? Did this Editor tip his mitt a little and leave me grab off the signals, I would know what kind of a game I am up against; but as it is I am more in the dark than President Wilson is on when Congress is going to cross him next! However, of that anon, as we reviewers say.

Well, I take it right out of there on the lam, being anxious to get my work done, and hurry around to the Theatre where this "Romanse" is being showed up and sit through it in "wrapped attention" (Keats, I believe). I do not like the show, I had to set the plays in the park and not real my oats after I get out which never happens in a ball game at the Polo grounds, believe me!; but I am a Game Guy when I undertake a job, and I figure I can go back and show a couple of more times and then will not need any oats. I am full of ideas, two way!

Well, Reader, I do not want to miss any bets (as I am very anxious to make a impression in the Editor of this sheet the first time out), so I go back and see the show three more daze hand running. It is all about the real Triangle with a grate Souprana in it named Cavil Leany, which makes a very suspicious Debew in New York singing in "Filet Mignon," the Grand Up roar piece. This is in the boxes, or Thereabouts, in the Uncivil War period—or about the time Bull Ran. Well, the Debew gives her a big drag with all hands, so far as I can make out, and she is Fated and Dined all over the lot.

Of course, this Cavil Leany is the heroine of the show, and the hero is Tom Armstrong, a Skruple Slinger, which looks at first like he is going to be the kind of minister which spits on his hands before offering Advice! Well, this baby meets Miss Leany at a tea-fight which is pulled off in her honor, and he does not know right away what he is up against; but he finds out later, believe me! It seems one of the Male Sowing Circle of the Gotham of that period, as we reviewers say, tips Tom off before that Cavil is a Demi-Mundane sore of dame which has the late Gavvy Debris looking like a pike. Well, this bird tips Tom, as I am saying, that Cornelious Van The tone of Tom's friends and the clean-up guy in the batting order of Tom's Church! builds Cavil a castle in Southern France, or Somewhere, some time back: but of course Tom does not take many stocks in this, figuring perhaps this guy is a Gossip—which is a high order of Feminine Life, of course. Reader, but a very low form of Masculine Protolazum, as we geologists would scientifically label it!

Well, Reader, Tom falls for this Jane like she has pushed him off the Flat Iron Building. It is "Love at First Night" with him, and before one real is over he is giving her his Baby Shoes and a couple of Tintypes of himself—which is a tip off on what a A-i Sap he is. I do not know how he expects to get by with a dame which has been given castles to on a pair of old shoes and Tese Degarriotypes; but I suppose Ed Sheldon (the author) sticks this in to show that a simple, unworried mug he is. He is simple, all right enough; but not so awful unworriedly, as he develops later when he comes around to Caval and ends up in a clinic.

(Continued on page 84)
“I understand Jim Rittenshaw has forgiven his wife,” one of the gossips of the New Netherlands Club observed to the idlers in the lounging room.

“Say rather that God has forgiven Jim Rittenshaw,” Harvey Breck retorted.

“Still talking in riddles, Harvey,” the first speaker said, with the sort of tolerant smile they all used when speaking to or about Breck. He was regarded as something of a lunatic—harmless, of course. No danger of him going off his head and creating a scandal like Rittenshaw did, though of course Rittenshaw had provocation. But Breck—well, Breck was a privileged character, moony, dreaming, always dragging God and the future life into the most commonplace, worldly matters. Sometimes amusing, sometimes a bore—and yet you couldn’t help liking him in spite of everything.

Perhaps you would like to know the inside facts of the Rittenshaw affair, in words of one syllable, without any of what you call riddles,” Breck suggested to the gossips.

This was promising. There was a murmur of eager anticipation, and chairs were edged nearer to Breck. Everyone knew that he was closer to both Jim Rittenshaw and Nick Desborough than anyone else, and it was generally supposed that it was he who had persuaded Daisy Rittenshaw to testify voluntarily at her husband’s trial. If he would tell what he knew, it might be worth hearing.

“Of course, there’ll be a good deal of this that you know already,” Breck said. “But I’m going to tell it from the start, and if I wander off into the occult, well, you’ll have to forgive me, for the dividing line between what you call real and what you call unreal is sometimes pretty hard for me to see.”

The thing really started when Nick Desborough, Jim Rittenshaw, and I, were at college. I don’t know how it happened that I ever became a close friend of two such hard-headed fellows, but probably it was for something the same reason that a big woman is sure to marry a little man. Opposites attract each other. They were all for the practical side of education. Fortunately—or unfortunately—my ancestors had made it unnecessary for me to earn a living, and so I went in for philosophy. Nick and Jim used to try to figure some way that I could make a living out of what I was learning.

One night, in my rooms, I turned on them. I told them that philosophy was the only way of discovering what we really live for, and everyone must be living for something. I challenged them to express their idea of life in a creed, and after a long discussion they wrote one down. It read:

EARTHBOUND

A powerful story of the struggle of a man’s spirit to pass in peace from the earth.

By JEROME SHOREY

Nick looked at Jim, his face full of yearning, sorrow, and pleading. He spoke, not in a human voice, but a message from his spirit. “There’s only one life, Jim, and it’s eternity.”
Jim has killed Nick!” she screamed, and fainted.

There was nothing I could do, and I was unable to reach Caroline before the news came to her from elsewhere. This was a harder task, for I knew how devoted Caroline was to her husband, though I did not know that she had suspected the state of affairs between him and Daisy. As I went up to the floor a curious sensation came over me. You know how you feel when someone approaches you in the darkness—the absolute knowledge that a person whom you cannot see and who is not touching you, is very near. Well, I knew that Nick was beside me—knew it so well that, instinctively, I looked around and spoke to him:

"Tell me what to say, Nick," I implored.

And suddenly I received the assurance that Nick, with the clearer vision that now was his, would give me the right word.
when the moment came. Caroline, too, seemed to be prepared for my news, but she was stronger than Daisy. There was no hysteria, no outbreak of grief, but only a slight quivering of her lips as she turned away silently and went up the stairs to her room.

Dr. Roger Galloway, the rector of St. Mary Magdalen's, Caroline's uncle, was there, and Connie. The child was bewildered rather than grief-stricken.

"But I saw papa, just now," she insisted, plaintively.

Dr. Galloway was equally puzzled by the child's remark. He said that just before he arrived, he and Caroline were in the drawing room, and heard Connie, out in the hall, say, "Hello, papa." The child then went to the door of the room and called to them, "Papa's come, but he looks—different." Dr. Galloway and Caroline went out into the hall, but saw nothing. Caroline put her hand on her daughter's brow.

"She's feverish," the mother said anxiously. "I hope she's not going to be ill."

"But mother, I saw father, and so did Lee. Look!"

Connie's constant playmate, Leo, a big wolf hound, was standing in the hall, looking, seemingly at nothing at all, but the hairs on his neck were bristling, and he was trembling.

As they stood there, wondering, I came in to tell them that Nick had been killed.

"Make what you like of it—I'm telling you the facts. But I'll tell you what I believe, and this accounts for what hap-pened, both then and later. What we call death is simply the line that divides one phase of our life, the life we know, from the other life we cannot know. If we cross that line at peace with our-selves and our fellow men, we pass at once to the other life. But if we have done wrong and are not forgiven, or have caused troubles which we have not righted, we are earthbound. We cannot go on to that other life until we have been forgiven, or have straightened out the tangle we have left behind. In this transitory stage, we seem to be visible from time to time, only to those who are in sympathy with us, who understand our trouble, or who love us deeply. Daisy saw Nick, though only vaguely, because she really loved him, in her way. Connie saw him, because she loved him. Caroline could not see him because her heart was still bitter against him and Daisy. With Jim in jail, accused of murder and estranged from his wife, and Caroline unfor-giving, Nick's spirit was earth-bound. All that happened subse-quently was due to his efforts to extricate himself, and pass on to that other life.

I don't mean that, all of a sud-den. Nick's character changed, and he began trying to do good instead of evil. That came gradually.

At first he was just bewildered at the circumstances in which he found himself. He wandered around the familiar scenes and among familiar people, because he didn't know what else to do. He had to learn, like a child. And little Connie, with her clear, child's vision, seemed to understand best of all of us. She followed her mother up-stairs to try to get some light on the thing that was troubling her.

"Mamma, you are driving papa away from you," she said.

"But Connie—I loved him so!" Caroline moaned.

"Yes, mamma, but you don't believe he loves you and wants to be near you," the child persisted.

She couldn't have understood what she was saying, herself. She was just a voice for some influence she could only feel. But it broke her mother's cold reserve, and the tears flooded down for the first time since she heard of Nick's death. Yet she could not find for-giveness in her heart.

To tell the truth, I wasn't think-ing of Nick at all, up to this time, but of Jim. He was in the clutch of the world's oldest law—a life for a life. There was a good de-fense—the unwritten law—and I supposed he would use it. I said as much when I went to see him.
I shall make no defense," he said.

"But Jim, I say, if you don't, you'll hang."

I killed no one trifling over a foolish misunderstanding," he replied slowly and with significance. "I am prepared to take the consequences.

"I know why you killed him," I began, but he interrupted me.

"Her name must not be brought into it," he said. "I know what you are thinking, but you are wrong.

I was not arguing with him. His jaws were set, and he would not budge. He declared he would not take the stand in his own behalf, nor would he ask Daisy to testify. Unless she spoke voluntarily, Jim would hang. There wasn't much hope, but I decided to see her myself, and put it up to her straight—whether she wanted two lives on her conscience instead of only one.

Unfortunately, I met her at the church where Nick's body was lying. I had intended leaving a wreath on his coffin, before going to see Daisy, but as I was entering the church I met her coming out. This was unfortunate, because she and Caroline had just faced each other across Nick's coffin, and Caroline had glared down. She had regarded Daisy's presence in the church as hioius ehirnony, bordering on sacrilege, and said as much in a half dozen biting words. This hurt Daisy all the more because her visit to the church was half affectation. She was fond of Nick, of course, but it was half her sense of the piety that has led her to St. Mary Magdalen's. The unexpected encounter with Caroline had put her in a bad humor, and she tried to avoid me. But I was too full of my determination to be diplomatic, and I led her over to one side, insisting that she hear what I had to say.

"Jim isn't going to make any defense," I blurted out. "He is determined to protect your name.

As to protect my name? What do you mean?" she demanded in a steely voice.

"He insists that you had nothing to do with his quarrel with Nick," I told her.

"Of course he'd say I had nothing to do with it, if I hadn't. Wouldn't he?" she replied, and I could see a flash of something like elation in her eyes.

"Hasn't you tried to help her, point blank?"

She turned away with a great pretense of offended dignity, but I stopped her.

"Why did you scream, 'Jim has killed Nick,' when I went to tell you about it, and before I had a chance to say a word?"

I asked her.

"Because," she gasped, "I—saw—him!

I thought she was softening, and I followed it up.

"You are the only person in the world who can save Jim."

I pleaded.

She stiffened again.

"I don't know what you are talking about," she said coldly, and walked past me, out of the church.

I came back here to the club, wondering what there was that I could find there, and the thought turned to Nick. I realized how much he had been, as seeing now as he must see, what a mess he had left behind him. Sitting over in that corner, in his favorite chair, suddenly the same feeling came over me that I had experienced at his door when I went to tell Caroline of his death. I looked up, and there he stood before me, as plain as any one of you is this minute.

I never want to see the face of a man, dead or alive, with such an expression as was upon Nick's then. All the suffering in the world was written there, and an unutterable appeal for help. Then, in a flash, I understood the whole difficulty, and understood, too, that the solution of the problems of the next world was the same as the solution of the problems of this. You were here, Rhodes. You remember, I spoke to him. I said:

"Love, Nick, love. Not love mistreated and gone wrong, but pure love is our salvation, in this world, and in the next."

He seemed to understand my meaning and was trying to ask me what to do. Rhodes, when you broke the spell, and he disappeared. You seemed to think I had gone crazy, and came up and slapped me on the back. I told you I had seen Nick, and you thought it was a tremendous joke, and asked me what he looked like. Do you remember what I said—'

It was Dr. Galloway, though, who finally set Nick on the right path. It was shortly before Jim was to come up for trial, and Dr. Galloway—there wasn't that time evening he went to the church to pray for guidance, and he found Nick there—saw him as I saw him, an agonized soul. Roger Galloway's entire life has been passed in close communion with God; his is a great soul. He understood Nick's need.

"My poor boy, you're suffering," he said.

Nick bowed his head, and Roger continued:

"You'll only suffer unless you go right away. As long as you cling to our world, you will suffer the torment which our world never fails to inflict. The creed by which you and Jim lived has led you both to catastrophe, but your world is not the final ruin. There is a world that would welcome you, that would teach you through this very agony to begin again at the bottom, and climb toward the heights."

As Roger was speaking, Nick seemed to be undergoing some tremendous struggle. It was his effort to readjust himself to a new outlook upon life—his new life as well as his past.

"You are earthbound, Nick," Roger said. "Square your accounts, and go!"

As the apparition faded away, as in obedience to Roger's command, Dr. Galloway told me afterwards that it seemed as if he had been dreaming, but as he awakened he could not doubt the reality of the experience. Nor will you doubt, when I tell you how Nick set about it to square his accounts.

Daisy had gone to stay with an aunt, who had been an invalid for years. She lived in seclusion, on a big estate, and it was in a little summer house near her house that Daisy and Nick had most of their secret meetings. The day of Jim's trial, Daisy was sitting with her aunt in a little arbor, when a strange restlessness came over her, which she could not explain. Telling her aunt she was going for a walk, she strolled away into the woods. Hardly realizing what direction she was going, she soon found herself at the summer house. She had not been there since the last time Roger and Nick had seen her, she agreed to run away with him. She tried to turn and go back to the house, but something held her there. She did not see Nick, and as she afterwards described to me what followed, she said it seemed like the sudden awakening of her conscience. Something said to her:

(Continued on page 128)
They’re off!

When the Imperator left the Statue of Liberty behind, it carried Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford to Europe on their honeymoon. Yes—Olive and Jack have been married several years, but they never had time to take a vacation together before. And Europe is infinitely more interesting than Niagara Falls.

Everybody’s sailing—here are those celebrated sisters, Norma and Constance Talmadge, about to depart for a hard-earned vacation. Both worked night and day to finish their new pictures in time to catch the boat. Joe Schenck went with them and they met Mrs. Talmadge and Natalie on the other side.

And here is Dorothy Gish. When she went to Europe before it was as “The Little Disturber,” to take pictures in the war zone for “Hearts of the World.” Now, with her mother, she is traveling in Italy and France. Whatever happens, Dorothy’s latest trip will be comparatively peaceful.
“She is a tall, graceful, pretty, nice, entrancing, ruddy haired girl about five foot seven and weighing about one hundred and thirty-five pounds dressed

A Misplaced Interview

The famous writer of Texas stories loses his notes but becomes a great admirer of Miss Nilsson.

By EDWARD S. O'REILLY

B y the way,” said the editor nonchalantly, “Want you to interview another movie lady?”

“Mighty sorry,” I announced hastily, “but I got an important appointment.”

“What is it?” he wanted to know.

Have to give a Chinaman a music lesson,” says I, not having time to think up a better one. “It will take all day and most of the evening.”

“What day have you got this Chink booked for?” countered the editor.

“Tuesday,” said I, taking a chance on a seven to one shot.

“That’s all right,” he chuckled. “You have an engagement for Monday.”

“Who is the lady?” I asked surrendering to the inevitable.

“Miss Anna Q. Nilsson,” he admitted.

I felt a little better about it then, because I have always heard Miss Nilsson spoken of as an awful nice young lady. She worked in a picture down the Texas border once, and the boys all favored her highly.

Therefore on Monday I shaved, put on my green necktie and wandered up Fifth Avenue to the Netherland House where Miss Anna Q. is boarding. It is a fine hotel too, with plenty of furniture and decorations, and staff of ex-crown princes in uniform to show you around.

When I got out of the elevator I was met at the door of Miss Nilsson’s flat by a maid. It is queer how these stars always have a maid standing around in the background when they are getting interviewed. Sometimes they even have the house detective when I arrive.

Miss Nilsson sure seemed glad to meet me, even though we were as you might say, practically strangers. She invited me into the parlor and set me down in one of these big stuffed easy chairs, with padded arms that just fit your knees.

While she was taking her corner I stole a sly look at the famous lady. She is a tall, graceful, pretty, nice, entrancing, ruddy haired girl about five foot seven and weighing about one hundred and thirty-five pounds dressed.

Her gown was a creation of dark cloth with a kind of mosquito netting of white lace sewed on the outside of it. She wore sorrel silk stockings and bay shoes. I may not get the description of her costume just right but the effect was sure swell.

“Well, I’m ready to be interviewed,” she said, settling herself daintily in the corner of one of them lounges they make in Davenport, la.

When I had started up on this interview I wrote down a lot of questions I intended to ask, but when I dug down in my vest pocket I discovered to my chagrin that I’d lost it. It sure put me up a tree but I had to say something so I began:

“Is it true Miss Nilsson that you are a Swede?”

(Continued on page 118)
"I have always heard Miss Nilsson spoken of as an awful nice young lady. She worked in a picture down on the Texas border once and all the boys favored her highly."
How To Hold Him

By DOROTHY PHILLIPS
(Mrs. Allen Holubar)

The famous motion picture star gives a few pointers to
wives. The reverse side of this interesting question
will be told in a future issue of Photoplay.

GOOD wives often do a great deal of harm in this world. They make badness so extraordinarily attractive by contrast.

Women are matrimonial ostriches. They hide their heads in the sand of virtue and moral law and refuse to admit that marriage is a competitive game in which getting a husband is merely the first trick.

And it is my absolute conviction that more men are driven from the path of marital virtue than are led. Marriage is a woman’s game.

I never heard of a man deserting a good audience, did you?

That is my personal idea of the prime requisites of a good wife. It typifies the woman against whom every alone might dance with or without her seven veils in vain. Man may want but little here below, but part of that little is to be listened to. I am more afraid of the woman who knows how and when to ask intelligent questions than I am of the one who wears a heart-shaped beauty spot on her eighteenth vertebra when in evening dress.

There is one thing dearer to a man than home or mother—more powerful than sex instinct “tiger-tiger”—and that is the sound of his own voice. Clever women have that weapon against him since Ninon de L’Enclos was wildly adored at 70.

Women are always puzzling about the sort of women that attract men. When they’ve analyzed that successfully they’ve solved the problem of how to retain a husband’s affections, circumvent the wildest vamping and reduce the divorce average.

A man may be infatuated with anything that wears petticoats—but there is only one kind of woman that inspires lasting devotion, and that is the woman who always makes a man feel good.

The other woman wouldn’t have a chance in the majority of cases if the wife didn’t stage manage the affair for her. A husband is as hard to drive away from a good home as a bull dog. But he’ll follow the first stranger that whistles if he doesn’t get enough to eat, a good place to sleep, his own comfortable reading chair and light, and a little petting now and then.

You see, when you come right down to it, there is no such thing as a “good wife” or a “bad wife.” Wives are either successful or unsuccessful. And I want to tell you right now that nothing that keeps a man from breaking any of the commandments is beneath a woman’s dignity. Pink crepe de chine will sometimes tie a tighter matrimonial knot than sheepskin or clean linen.

Don’t let anybody kid you that it’s mid-Victorian to fetch your husband’s slippers. If he gets his shoes off, his slippers on, and his feet comfortably settled on a foot stool, it will be a lot more effort to go out to meet some chicken.

First of all, be frank with yourself. Don’t pose and pretend you are superior to the task before you. The trouble with a lot of good wives is that they aren’t working at it. Admit that you love your husband, that you want to hold him. A woman with a good looking husband is in the same position as a woman that owns a diamond necklace. Possession is nine points of the law but she mustn’t leave it lying around loose.

The first thing a woman must learn is that all men are exactly alike. Some are fat and some are thin, but that’s as far as it goes. Men get older, but they never get better. Age is the Great Reformer. Don’t let yourself believe that “John” is any different from any of the rest of them. You can always tell a woman who trusts her husband by the unhappy look on her face. Men are like babies. They have to be taken care of.

But the very psychological facts that have made marriage a permanent institution give you an 87% handicap if you only take it.

Man is naturally a domestic animal. Every man has a secret hankering for marriage. He is afraid of the emotional excitement of single life. He knows he’ll get caught sooner or later and the uncertainty is unpleasent to him. He wants a home. He is primarily a victim of the “woman legend”—the dear old legend that represents woman as “an helper for man.” He craves rest from the turmoil. He dreams of a tender breast where he may gain strength to carry on the battle of life.

Does he get it?

Not always. Not often, even. But when he does Cleopatra herself couldn’t wear him away.

Marriage is a habit. Nothing is so hard to break as a habit. The wife who becomes a pleasant sort of habit with her husband can leave a long sigh of relief. It is a hard thing to find someone that you like to live with, that doesn’t either bore
or antagonize you. When you've established it, it takes a lot of vamping to break it down.

Men are tired. It is almost chronic. We are living a terrific pace. The man of the house comes home almost every day physically, mentally, morally tired, worn out. It takes a lot of unpleasantness to rouse him to the effort of going out to look for some other woman to help him recover his sense of the joy of life.

But dear Heaven, how unpleasant women can be! I wonder why. I often wonder why. I have been wondering why for years. A woman seems often to have an impulse of cruelty toward the man she loves that expresses itself in sulking, in coldness, in unkindness. But she purchases this wine for her pride at a terrific price!

Nothing but only love-sick men that are led on by coldness and indifference. Most men need to be encouraged. They like the subtle flattery of being chosen, singled out. Their ideal is the woman who always expects victory of them but to whom they can express their failure with every assurance not of censure but of comfort. Whatever the tradition, women are always the stronger. They are the mothers, not the fathers but the perpetuators. That is—or should be—"what every woman knows."

A man may forgive a woman forty lovers, arson, theft and treason, but he will never, never, never forgive her for humiliating him in public. Don't make your husband out a liar for a couple of miles or a few thousand dollars. Let him get away with it. It isn't necessary to contradict him even if he claims that Hiram Johnson wrote the League of Nations.

Men are lazy, generally. They haven't much social instinct. Many a man has grown over her head and with a club to get him to go to some party where he met the pretty girl that started the trouble.

Economy is the one thing for which a man never forgives his wife.

The woman who saves money for a man at the expense of her personal appearance is merely starting a bank roll for some other woman to spend. Men do not admire fashions, but they insist upon charm and no woman can be charming without pretty clothes.

Have dainty clothes—not necessarily creations, nor extremes, but pretty things. I don't care if your husband declares you're heading the bank of matrimony straight for the Bankruptcy court—that's better than the Divorce court, isn't it? The sex instinct of a man may have been polygamous in the old days when a harem was easy to get and inexpensive to keep, but nowadays a wife who always looks charming, whose hair is bright and attractively dressed—whose skin is soft and delicately tinted—whose figure is graceful and vital—whose clothes gratify his eye even if they put the fear of God in his pocketbook, will make her husband look as monogamous as Adam in the garden of Eden.

The ancient courtisans of Alexandria laid aside a certain part of their income for perfumes—a sum nearly as large as that which they paid for their homes. (Perhaps they figured it wasn't much use to have a home if you had to live alone in it.) I've never seen a man who wasn't susceptible to delicate, discreetly used fragrance.

There are three things a successful wife has got to be—a good cook, a good listener and an inspiring sweetheart. She can hire a substitute for the first, but Hubby will do the selecting if there have to be any under-tudies for the last two.

Always encourage your husband to say pretty things to you. Men are apt to believe what they say rather than to say what they believe. When a man gets out of the habit of saying nice things to his wife he gets out of the habit of thinking them. And it's nature for a man to be thinking nice things about some woman. The only way to encourage him is to be appreciative when he does say them and to give him some cause.

Don't use the words "always" or "forever" if you can help it. Those two words send an actual chill to every man's heart. If he gets the idea planted that this is apt to be his last romance, he'll start on a still hunt for adventure. Women shorten their romances by starting to make them last forever. The only way to make romance last is to make it so pleasant it cannot be forsaken.

It's a mighty hard thing to tell a man his faults without directing particular attention to your own. Human nature is ever on the defensive. Would you rather make a perfect husband for somebody else or keep a medium one for yourself?

The happiness of a lot of these pretty little No-Twos you see nowadays is built on some woman's attempt to reform a man. The finest line in the world lies between what a woman can actually do to help a man in his development and what she can do that will drive him from her.

Remember, if a man is happy, he is apt to be good.

A happy love, a pleasant home, a contented companionship are a man's best protection against vice of every kind. The vampire seldom finds her prey in the man who is happy at home. She steps in usually when discord troubles, nagging, petty quarrels—the little foxes that eat away the vines of man's virtue. She has made, a man mentally ready for her advances. Happy love insures her own fidelity.

But if you have let some other woman step into your wife's life—you've still the upper hand. You will save the time and patience to use it.

There are three things that you must never do.

Don't cry. The only time a woman can cry successfully is in the dark and even then it isn't the most effective thing to do.

Don't make scenes. Men hate them unless they can play the star role.

Don't let him know you know. You can stand a lot of things if the world believes you in ignorance of them.

A woman should try to analyze the charm this "other woman" has upon her husband. If it isn't because of her own failings—as I believe it is in nine cases out of ten—it's probably novelty. So have her around as much as you can. "The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady"—you know. She soon won't be so much of a novelty after all.

The secret of success at a time like this is to take it very, very easily. Dynamite is quite harmless unless you light the fuse. He'll come back, and next time she'll have better sense than to let him get away from her.

Don't try to compete with the "vamp" at her own game. Too many women do that. As a matter of fact, the average wife cannot expect to compete with the professional beauty, the studied coquette. Anyway, men are generally little intrigued by beauty or so-called seductiveness.

A man generally has just one essential for his second wife—a good disposition.

(Continued on page 122)
Which—Actor or the Camera?

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

"LISTEN: that guy has been married five times and now he's looking for a—"

"My dear, he may be a perfectly good actor, but you will never make me believe that he—"

"Say, that girl acts as if she was about sixteen instead of—"

"Don't repeat it. Lillian, but he tried to date me up, and his wife hasn't got a decent rag to her back, and—"

"What is it?"

"Aw, you know . . . Gossip!"

Really, though, super-plus-gossip. That is the special kind that one hears when hanging around a studio, and hanging around a studio out here in the City of the Angels, i.e.—Los Angeles—is the greatest of all round sport there is. It has even barked the Pursuit of the Lonesome Pint which, right after Mr. Volstead's tail sacrifice, was quite a popular pastime.

So barking about the charming rose-clustered courtyard of Thomas H. Ince's Culver City studio I lent ear, as the saying goes to William Conklin who was favoring lovely Florence Vidor and myself with his various opinions concerning—the moving picture, of course. Miss Vidor and Mr. Conklin had just finished with a scene for the new picture "Beau Revel"—the gossip as truthfully set down above was mere studio atmosphere.

We were gossiped. Various things. Enid Bennett leaving to have her own organization, the great success of the Douglas MacLean comedies. Edwards of New Jersey for President. And then someone—maybe I did it—started the old round of chatter to the effect that one thing is as important as another in the production of a picture.

Then William Conklin barked.
"The camera is the most important thing for a picture."

And I made a mental note right there and then that he had said a mouthful.

"The way they talk about pictures nowadays reminds me of the story about the little boy whose mamma gave him a good whaling one morning for shooting B-B shots at a neighbor's cow. The spanking rankled in Willie's bosom and he burned for revenge. When night came he sat at his mother's knee and his face held a beautifully chaste and innocent expression. His list of blessings was unusually long and included all from S. Claus to the new kittens. But when he rose at last he faced his mamma triumphantly and shouted:"

"Doggone it. I hope you noticed you weren't in it!"

"That's what they'd like to do to us actors, I wager. I hope you noticed you weren't in it."

"But, although I was a stage player for years and years—I made my debut with Grace George twenty years ago—I am strong for the photoplay no matter what they do to us."

Conklin is just closing his second contract with Ince.

He has played prominent parts in many big Ince pictures. His most recent successes were "Sex," in which he played the lead opposite Louise Glaum; "Hairpins," with Enid Bennett; "The Woman in the Suitcase" with the same star; "McNier" with Hobart Bosworth and now "Beau Revel," with an all-star cast, including Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor, Lloyd Hughes and Kathleen Kirkham,
Madame Petrova is known in many lands; she is an international celebrity. But she always comes "home" to a simple estate in Great Neck, Long Island, where she really keeps house for her husband.

Chez Madame

WHICH means, if you know your Ollendorf at all, that you had previously been invited to attend a personally-conducted tour of the sumptuous Long Island estate of Madame—of course, Madame Petrova. She of the Continental figure, eyes, and wit. She whose first name is Olga, certainly the name of names for one born in Warsaw, Poland. You have accepted. And you are greeted on the velvety lawn of the Great Neck home, by Madame herself—dressed all in white, so charmant, so chic, as she lowers her brilliant blue sunshade at your approach.

She is an international personage, Madame. Born in Poland, educated in France; a student of literature in London, a thespian struggler there also. Now a triumphant goddess of the stage and screen in America. She speaks many languages, preferring the French. She writes—poems, satires. She sings, and her voice, on the black disc, has penetrated almost every other home in America. She had just returned from a tour of the States, where she broke all records in the varieties. She sang a little and recited a little—her own songs and poems. A far cry from "Panthea," the sensuous lady from abroad who vampéd Broadway.

Now Petrova is planning a trip abroad. And then she will come back to America—for she is a citizen of the United States, having married a famous American surgeon—and return to pictures.
WEST IS EAST

Mildred Harris Chaplin

Looked at me sadly.
"Pears—" she said,
In a low voice—

"Pears—I Love them.
I Would love to own
Many Pearls. See—
This is my favorite ring—
A Pearl.
I have this little pearl necklace—
But they say
Pearls mean tears.
Mine have meant—
Tears."

I thought she was
Going to cry, but
She didn't.

"Charlie's Picture
Is playing here this week."
She said, still sadly,
"An old picture,
A reissue, and
It's just as popular
As if it had been made yesterday.
Of all Charlie's pictures,
I like 'the bank best.'
Please," she said,
"Do not ask me
About my domestic troubles.
Isn't this
A lovely cameo?
"She sighed
As she sipped her soup.
"It belonged to my
Grandmother—no,
My great-great-grandmother."

"And your diamond wristwatch—
Is that, too, an heirloom?"
She paid no attention to me.
"I love fords," she said instead,
As she buttered a roll.

"They are such fun.
I don't know whether
To get a cadillac or a
Loco. I'm having
The most terrible time
Trying to decide."
She wrinkled her lovely brow
In thought.

"In future I hope
To spend six months of the year
In California, making pictures.
And the other half
In New York.
I love
My next picture—
I play
A society girl in it.
Oh!" she stopped a minute,
"That reminds me
I am going to meet
Reggie Vanderbilt
Next week."
We were awed into silence.

"I may go on the stage,
Mr. Woods wants me to,
I'll have to have my voice trained."
She gasped reproachfully
At her ice-cream with chocolate sauce,
Which, in turn,
Gazed back at her reproachfully
For not eating it.
The poor girl
Hasn't had time
To shop, even, she
Has been so busy in manhattan
Appearing in person
In the theaters and
Meeting mayors and
All the best people.
But she seemed bored—
Bored with it all.
She rose—and
Walked out, slowly and sadly,
As if I followed her
I heard people say,
"That's Mrs. Charlie Chaplin—
She's suing him for divorce."

"Don't ask me about my domestic troubles," begged Mrs. Chaplin.

A Few Impressions
By Delight Evens

When I said goodbye to her,
She let her limpid blue eyes,
That always look as if
She were about to burst
Into tears,
Rest on me a moment,
Contemplatively.
But all she said was,
"I'm so glad
You didn't ask me
About my domestic troubles."

This is just to remind
Charles Meredith
That he broke his promise.
He promised me
To have his picture taken
To go with this; admitting
At the time, that he always felt
An awful boob
Sitting for a photographer
And always put it off
As long as possible.
He certainly did.
There's no reason why
He shouldn't have his picture
Taken, except
That you would never say
It was a good likeness
Of an actor
He doesn't look like one.
He started out to be
An architect.
He went back-stage
At Stuart Walker's theater
In Indianapolis, and
They thought he was an actor
Looking for a job—and
Engaged him on the spot.
He's been a leading man
Ever since.
He has ideas of his own
About picture production,
And tries them out
After office hours.
He's a young
Jekyll-and-Hyde
Who makes love to
Nice ladies like
Ethel Clayton all day,
And then comes home
And puts on a character make-up
And astonishes the neighbors
By beating a film wife
On the front lawn.
(He's married—happily.)
But
He went back
To California without
Having his picture taken.
So how can I write
Anything about him?
Your Home and Its Winter Clothes

Household suggestions, particularly interesting to servantless women, brides and flat-dwellers.

By NORMA TALMADGE
Photoplay's Fashion Editor

I read once of a woman whose life had been passed on a farm, and who suddenly fell heir to quite a sum of money. Some one asked her what she was going to do, now that she needn't work so hard. "Well," the woman replied thoughtfully, "I reckon that I'm going to get me a good comfortable rocking chair and set it here by the window where I can see the sky, and then I'm going to set and rock for quite a spell."

You see, in the sort of home she had there hadn't been time to "set and rock for quite a spell" and I think this is true of a lot of our homes, it doesn't matter how handsome they are. Most women in this servantless era are inclined to think that the time to rest will never come again. In my opinion one of the chief advantages of this disturbed period is the incentive it gives a lot of us to put our mentality at work in figuring out ways to simplify this serious problem of running a home and making it a lovable, livable place.

I believe a home should be the place for good times for every member of the family, and— it doesn't matter how industrious you are— good times aren't associated with a place in which you have to work all the time.

The four walls of our home will see more of us in the coming six months than they have in the six months just ended. Those who have been away for the summer are back from mountain or seashore with renewed interest in the spot in which they will spend the winter. And for those who haven't been away it is highly important that the home should seem "different" than it was during the summer. It doesn't matter if your home is a spacious edifice with many rooms, or a tiny apartment— one of the chief joys of a home is the fact that its size doesn't matter, it is our place, and that's all that counts.

I know a woman who gets, I believe, as much fun out of changing her house around every spring and fall as some people do out of a trip to Europe. There isn't any danger of a person like that getting into a rut, or finding her home monotonous. And it is the inspiration of the good times she has that has made me want to chat with you this month about the homes we are going to live in this winter.

Personally, I like to have a bit of home with me wherever I go. In the studio I have one—a two-room-bath-kitchenette. The latter is fitted up with all sorts of electric things and is the dearest place in the world to prepare a lunch—or tea, if the director lets us off in time for the latter. In the closets in this tiny apartment we have worked out a plan whereby everything may be found at a moment's notice. A set of boxes, labelled plainly with their contents, helps one to find any hat, furs, or similar articles without loss of time. The different clothes needed in making a picture are arranged in the order in which they will be needed.

If you are storing away the summer things, you will save much time and wear and tear on your temper if you devise a system for your attic or store room. Do not, if you value your patience and strength, use the family trunks to store things in. If yours is a traveling family, likely to flit at a moment's notice, make things easier for everyone by having all the trunks, placed nearest to the door. Store all summer things in boxes, that are labelled with a list of their contents, and put the things that are least likely to be wanted farthest from the door.

Another time-saver for the servantless woman is a sewing closet. Try if you possibly can, to devote one closet to this purpose. Again provide yourself with a group of boxes, pasteboard ones of convenient size to store on the closet shelves. In these boxes place the different articles that will be needed in the sewing room, thread in one box, laces in another, materials, hooks and eyes, etc., each one with the list of

Store all summer things in boxes that are labeled with a list of their contents, and put the things that are least likely to be wanted farthest from the door.
toward the table. So little woman you processes tell is going holding her. Be—it: behold. the wonder. 

Speaking of sewing makes me think of an old lady I used to hear about when I was a little girl. She was looked up to as the greatest example of thrift on our street, because she always saved the bastings threads when she pulled them out of a garment. A lot of the girls who were June brides are beginning their first serious attempts at housekeeping this fall, and let me tell you, girls, you are going to have some wonderful times putting that new home to rights—as well as some tragic ones when the cake falls and the oven burns. A lot of you are going to be called good housekeepers. It's a splendid title and you'll be proud of it, but I hope that every one of you will be prouder if you are known as homemakers. There is such a difference between the two! And it is such a marvelous thing when one can combine them.

A certain man of my acquaintance frequently calls at a friend’s house and goes through a procedure that has come to be a rite with them. First he solemnly seats himself in a comfortable chair, pulls up another one, to put his feet on, then pulls out an old and very black pipe which he proceeds to “load.” The smile on his face when that pipe is going well and his feet are up on the other chair is wonderful to behold. You see, he is married to a “good housekeeper,” the kind of woman who wouldn’t dream of letting him smoke in the house or put his feet up on chairs. I don’t suppose that woman ever heard of the “two bears.” My Sunday school teacher used to tell me that the bears were “bear” and “forebear” and somehow I always wish every girl had learned about them when she went to Sunday school.

Perhaps there are more of the big girls who try to make home a comfortable place for their husbands. Of course, it is a bit trying to have your window curtains all smoked up and you don’t like ashes on the living room rug. Perhaps you won’t mind it so much, however, if you remember that curtains will launder and ashes are good for rugs. Besides, and this is something that a few married girls seem to overlook sometimes, it’s blossoming onward, and a built-in window seat piled high with many-colored cushions. To give a greater effect of space in this room rugs have been abolished, and a narrow strip of velvet carpet in dull blue runs around the davenport and table. This room combines the maximum of comfort with the minimum of effort in making it as a home. By the way, the narrow dining room in this house has been made strikingly lovely by means of a narrow table in black oak that runs down the center, with pedestals at either end of the table for holding wide, low brass bowls for flowers. Like the living room, the floor has narrow strips of carpet, that

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

By Burns Mantle

Adding their bit to the revenues of the postoffice department are those who write to inquire of the editor why, in the name of all that is reasonable, this picture, or that picture, is permitted on the screen; why, in fact, there are any poor pictures shown, and when will the cheap and the vulgar exhibition cease to irritate a faithful but fretful moviegoing populace?

Occasionally the queries are varied. One gentleman recently inclosed a stamped envelope to carry back to him an answer which would tell him just where to lay the blame for a poor picture. He was not discouraged with the average quality of entertainment his home theaters offered him, but he was puzzled. When a picture was not quite up to snuff whom should he blame? "Is it the producer's fault?" queries he; "or the scenario writer's? Or the director's? Or the star actor's? Or the exhibitor's? Or the fans?"

The ready answer to which is that not knowing, we cannot say. It may be the fault of any one of these—or of none of them. They have all been party to the picture's production, but no one of them has been directly and absolutely in control of its making.

Frankly, the more I see of pictures the less patience I have with the complaints about them. Not because there is not plenty of reason for complaining, but because the general improvement has been so marked of late that that seems of vastly more importance. True, there are still many poor pictures being made, just as there are many poor plays being produced, poor books being written and poor pictures being painted. The poor we have always with us in more senses than one. But the improvement in pictures is steady. There were more good pictures made last year than in any other twelve-month period since genius fitted a crank to a camera. There were more good pictures made or begun in the last six months than in the six years previous thereto.

True, the improvement to date is mostly confined to the larger and more ambitious companies. But they are the leaders, and the standards they set are certain to be followed. Goldwyn is accomplishing wonders with its Eminent Authors' series, not in its productions under this trademark alone, but in the influence the series is having, and has had, on the output of the regular staff. And as each of the competing companies recognizes the quality and importance of this competition they, in turn, have tried to better it. Famous Players long since decided that the old Paramount cry of quality above everything, which was lost in the various amalgamations, is after all the best slogan to tie to and is making valiant attempts to recover from the effects of hurried and careless production into which its working staffs were allowed to slip a year or two ago. Metro is still struggling earnestly to make good with "Fewer and Better Pictures." Cosmopolitan, which, heaven knows, has produced its share of cheap pictures, has given its staff a new mark to shoot at with "Humoresque." The William Fox interests are in the market for better material than they ever have bought before, and Universal leaves their poorer productions with an occasional special that does the new order credit.

No, it is a time for cheering rather than complaining. And doubling in the role of cheer leader now and again adds variety to a critical gentleman's life.

But, to get back to our correspondent and his bewilderment as to whom to blame, this much is to be said against the system of picture making: No industry in the world makes so brazen a practice of hiding behind an alibi. No one is responsible for anything. The bad picture is always some other fellow's fault. The good picture may be credited to this man or to that one, but there is always the whispered information that it really is the work of a struggling unknown, or the result of a half hundred suggestions from various members of the staff.

If title cards told the exact truth, nine out of ten would in effect read: "Mr. Hiram Bumby presents Miss Stringa Pearls in 'Her Second Set of Uppers,' written by Thompson Underwood from a suggestion by Grace Remington, and rewritten..."
six times by our own scenario staff to meet the approval of Mr. Bazam and Miss Pearls, and later completely revised by the director, of Cuthbert, with the assistance of Cuthbert's wife, and finally edited, assembled and titled by the Messrs. Bazam, Sutcliffe, Underwood and Smith, their wives, neighbors and intimate friends, and approved by Miss Pearls and the office force.

You cannot reasonably blame the producer, for he is almost as wax in the hands of his associates, after he has furnished the money to buy the original story. He must be star and his distributing agents and what he conceives to be his public if he is to make money for his shareholders.

You can't blame the scenario editor or the continuity writer or the production editor, for they are beholden to the director who will make the picture if he likes it, or refuse to make it if he doesn't, and the star, whose contract includes a clause permitting her to accept or reject any story or scene submitted, and to order the rewriting of any character she does not understand.

You could blame the director if you knew nothing of his handicaps. But if he doesn't take liberties with the script no one will accept the picture as being his. And if he does not please the star she (and often he) will not. And if he does not do the things, or at least a few of the things the producer suggested he should do he will be unpopular in that quarter. And directors are human.

The star is responsible for a lot, but my dear, doesn't she know positively that there is a conspiracy on foot to ruin her reputation as a star by not giving her the right kind of parts, so they can cut her excessive salary? Doesn't she: You ask her, and see.

You could blame the exhibitor for wiring his exchange to send him another of those hot ones—if you hadn't gone in great numbers to see the last one because you had heard it was a little off color. And you could blame yourself and the other fans if you did not know that the movies are the only moderately-priced entertainment left you and that every normal human being is curious and restless and craves some sort of relief to the deadly monotony of merely living.

And so it goes. But this situation is clearing, too. It is the system which is really to blame, and the system is gradually changing. Just now there is a superfluity of cooks and the broth is frequently scorch ed. But one by one the cooks are getting their two weeks' notice. The production unit is growing smaller and pictures better. First the producer was everything; then the director; now the writer is in the ascendant. Eventually the three will work in sympathetic cooperation—these three and no others—and then you will see—what you will see!

No one can see as beautifully screened a picture as "Earthbound" without being conscious of, and grateful for, the steady improvement the screen drama is making. The dignity with which the subject is handled is on a par with the fineness of its photographic beauty and its technical perfection. Its message is provocative of helpful and sane discussion, whatever one's personal convictions may be concerning spiritualism and its attendant theories. And yet the underlying drama is basically as simple as it is sound. One who has lived by the creed that there is "no God, no sin, no future life" beholds his friend and is unfaithful to the woman he has married. He meets a violent death at the hands of the friend and his soul remains earthbound until the wrong he has committed are righted in the light of the knowledge acquired "over there." Thus his unhappy spirit haunts the scene of his untimely taking off while he attempts to get the message across to those whom he has wronged. Until they understand and forgive him he cannot go on. The thing we call conscience, Basil King, the author, suggests, may reasonably be no more than the whispered warnings of those who have passed on and then been drawn back through love of us to show the way. Through the influences of the restless spirit of the dead man the temp tress who was mainly responsible for his sins of the flesh voluntarily takes the stand at the trial of the man accused of the murder and, by her confession, frees him. A little less reasonably, but still with dramatic effect, the injured wife is made to understand and to forgive. And then the earthbound spirit is released to seek the higher realms of the spirit world. It is not essentially a sympathetic picture. I found, for example, that my own interest in it broke somewhat with the appearance of the ghost. Somehow he seemed to me richly
to deserve his purgatorial experiences, and to treat rather shabbily the devoted wife whose forgiveness was so necessary to his progress heavenward. But it may be I was led to concentrate on the cleverness with which the director, T. Hayes Hunter, has manipulated his double exposures, rather than on the story. Probably I should see the picture twice to do it full justice. I believe, too, it could be trimmed to good effect. The actors are wisely chosen for their competence, but they are given too much chance to act and then hold up the story doing it. A few feet of suggestion is worth yards of pantomime in the footage of a tense story. The performances of Wyndham Standing, both as man and ghost; of Mahlon Hamilton as the friend who shot him; of Naomi Childers as Flora Ravalles as the wicked lady and Lawson Butt as a sort of Sarasota friend who served as the author's spokesman, were all good. Elfrid Bingham is responsible for the excellent scenario.

"SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT"—Paramount-Artcraft

I AM pleased to report that, temporarily, at least, Cecil De Mille has moved out of the lingerie department into the storybook section of the Famous Players' studios in Hollywood. His newest picture, "Something to Think About," is as old as "Hazel Kirke" and as new as a novel by Mary Roberts Rinehart. But it is a good picture, an interesting picture and beautifully screened. The "something" of the title will be accepted as Christian Science, I suspect, by the scientists; but it is largely a sermon on the text that love can conquer all human ills, and not likely to excite controversy. A wealthy young man living in the big house on the hill becomes interested in and pays for the education of the blacksmith's little daughter, who lives below him. When the child returns from college, with her hair up and skirts of fashionable length, the wealthy young man falls in love with her, but he is lame and cannot ask her to marry him. Then the little girl, out of gratitude and to please her father, proposes to the lame man and he is very happy. But she runs away with her schoolboy sweetheart next reel, and darkness settles over the big house. Only the kindly philosophy of the gray-haired housekeeper helps the lame one stand up under his disappointment. "Right will triumph," she preaches, and holds love thoughts over everyone. Sure enough, years after, the blacksmith's daughter returns, a widow and in rags. And though she is turned out by her angry father, and contemplates suicide, the lame boy finds and saves her. After her fatherless child is born he still cares for the two of them, and by the time the lad is three or four, and both the gentle landlady and the grateful heroine have held love thoughts over everybody, the lame boy is able to throw away his crutches, grandly. It becomes forgiving and the ending is beautifully happy. The De Mille sense of beauty of scene, and his care in the selection of the decorative and significant detail, help immensely to cover the obviousness of the story's development. The visit of hero and heroine to the county fair is an illustration, with its ironic clown and his reiterated sneer that "the strong man always wins." The cast is as perfect as can be. Theodore Roberts is a masterful figure as the blacksmith. Elliott Dexter is entirely sympathetic but never maudlin as the lame man. Monte Blue is excellent as the schoolboy lover. Gloria Swanson plays the heroine with great earnestness and considerable dramatic power, and Theodore Kosloff serves the story admirably as the clown.

"A CUMBERLAND ROMANCE"—Realart

THE one-man producing unit is a great success so far as Charles Maigne is concerned. He writes his own scenarios and directs his own pictures, and as a result he is able to take a simple story and develop it as it appeals to him, without the interference of a producer with a star to exploit or a star with nothing more important than her own ambitions to serve. "A Cumberland Romance" is a pleasantly told, consistently developed little drama, prettily decorated with the scenic beauties of the open landscape and an occasional dash into the rougher mountain country. The John Fox atmosphere is admirably preserved, and the mountain-folk characterizations not unduly exaggerated. An easterner, working in the southern mountains, meets a maid taking her corn grist to mill. He is much the grandest man she ever has met, and she falls in love with

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GENTLE Reader, after you read this you will probably murmur, "some lyin';," but I assure you Daniel had nothing on me when I interviewed Miss Normand! When I was ushered into Miss Normand's drawing room, the sounds that reached my interviewee's ears led me to believe the latest record was being played but when I looked around I thought I had wandered by mistake into Bronx Park! Believe it or not, G. R., there was Miss Normand sitting calmly in a chair stroking the brow of a rumbling lion! She smiled sweetly and said, "Pray, be seated!" I prayed all right, and seated myself gingerly on the edge of a chair, with one eye on a window. After I could catch my breath I stammered, "Are these y-your p-p-pets?" She laughed and patting a leopard, crouched on her other side, said, "Yes, I'm just crazy about wild things! I only need two more now to complete my collection—a Director and an—"

Before she could say "Interviewer" and "Sic 'em," I Fairbanksed out the window!

Imaginary Interviews
MABEL NORMAND
CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Labelling. There is a fault, common to most of our directors and scenarioists, which they inherited, more or less legitimately, from the less subtle part of the old speaking stage. And the less subtle part is by far the greatest part of the speaking stage, as anyone knows. The reference is to the practise of artlessly labelling vice and virtue, personified, by the attitude of the surrounding characters.

Let us explain in particular. The villain of the average piece needs no designation from his first entrance. From the first he is always performing against the grain of the audience. On the contrary, the Good Boy Who is Going to Get Her is always doing the right thing, though his compatriots on the screen may not realize it at all. As we write we have in mind an excellent photoplay, not yet released, in which two sisters, running a parallel course of life, are so plainly Right and Wrong, personified, that from the middle of reel one there cannot be the slightest doubt as to the romantic outcome.

This is wrong not only because it destroys suspense and dramatic interest for the intelligent, but because, as well, it is a violation of the laws of life. Not one of us is all good, and there are very few people in the world who are all bad. Moreover, the leading percentages in female virtue very seldom tie up with a correspondingly high ratio of masculine honor, and vice-versa. The best subjects for photodrama are not fairy tales and allegories of good and evil, but selections from the infinite and facetful variety in the drama of life. And nothing is lifelike, nor even highly interesting, which is plainly labelled, like preserved fruit, at the moment it is pickled in celluloid.

The Gospel of Americanization. There is one artist to whom no call of fashion or vagrant or hysterical sex furor has ever appealed or shadowed her work upon the screen. She has not sold her birthright of true American womanhood for a mess of wanton scenes to jack up the satiated palate of the film fan.

The true standard of patriotism is built upon racial instincts derived from social customs. These customs become part of us and form the basic principles by which we guide our daily conduct and upon which we have built our ideas of American Womanhood. Miss Pickford has standardized and definitely outlined a type and spread it throughout the world to the lasting benefit of the rest of us. This little woman in ten years has done more to spread the gospel of Americanization than any other living medium. In every part of the globe she represents American womanhood to its best advantage and we women owe her a debt for never having proved recreant in her latest pictures to the trust which she invited in her earlier efforts.

Wherever a Pickford picture has gathered and held firm admirers it has recruited just that other part of the world to the banner of Americanization.

That Super-. The original use of the florid "Super," word "super," theatrically, and pictorially speaking, was to designate a person of the cast of so little importance that he was not even classed as an actor. Now, like a poor relation who has struck oil, "super" has become prominent and important, omnipresent and annoying, a verbal creature of many aliases and as busy as a cardsharp among immigrants.


These only remind us of a flirt's protestations of love. It is a pity that the publicists and the labellers of the movies cannot exercise more ingenuity—to say nothing of taste—in the adjectival side of their proclamations.

The old excuse that the reading and buying public wants nothing but standard goods and the old stuff in words doesn't go any more. A real science of sensible advertising has risen around crackers and leather belting, motor tires and ladies' hosiery, steel saws and tooth-paste. This tempered, sane and consistent though persistent advertising is effective and enormously profitable. In the sense that it depends upon cash sales for its continuance the motion photoplay is as much a ware as Akron rubber, and its buglers should be aware that they are not sounding their calls to fools. In description and characterization it is probable that the photoplay is susceptible of a more diversified and more interesting range of expressions than any other form of artistic or industrial activity. It gets less than any other—much less. It almost seems as if nowadays they were trying to do it with one word: super.
The Art of Dry-Point

An appreciation of the medium of portraiture reproduced on the opposite page.

By W. H. de B. NELSON
Editor of the International Studio

In the good old days which were not really good except by virtue of 19th century patronage and tradition) when the sum of all learning could be grasped by one man and inscribed into one volume, people knew quite a lot or else nothing at all, there was no compromise between intense ignorance and surpassing knowledge, with a decided leaning toward the former condition. Today, however, nous avons change tout ca, and so many and devious are the paths of learning and information that every one is, perchance, a laggard behind the current of progress, in the nigh hopeless task of attempting to keep pace with the infinity of pursuits, each demanding a certain amount of expert acquaintance with the mechanism, even to understanding something of the matter if it should only chance to be the subject of conversation. Which explains how the degrading institution of administering tabloidial intelligence, or knowledge-in-a-nutshell, has come into being and grown into real significance! It is more than likely, therefore, that quite a number of well-informed people are unacquainted with Walter Tittle, dry point portraitist, and his unusual dexterity in his chosen medium.

First, then, a word or two about the artist.

Before taking up etching, Tittle served a strenuous apprenticeship to illustration, running the entire gamut of the principal magazines, to all of which he has amply contributed. Besides finding time to write and illustrate books that have met with good success. All this endeavor, however, has been subservient to his love of portraiture, in every medium including oil.

He sat at the feet of the late William M. Chase and the very present Robert Henri, excellent masters of direct outlook, and as far removed in their pursuit as one could well conceive. Between their conflicting ideas of art Tittle has interposed his own, and with the grammar and syntax of his profession at his fingertips, he possesses a wealth of endurance, vigor and individuality more than sufficient to bring his bark into good anchorage. And from the “bark” it is a short step to the “bite,” which is after all the essence of etching, be it dry or wet. An etching is achieved by corroding the copper plate, that is, biting into it by the aid of acid in contradistinction to a dry point where no acid is employed, but where the drawing is done direct on the plate with a steel point, or a diamond. With the etching, not longer the exposure to the acid, the deeper and richer the portion of the plate acted upon, during which action the other parts of the plate are protected from the acid by a coating of etching ground. The etcher works on either side of the furrow, resulting (after printing) in a line much wider than the actual line incised. Besides width and blackness this line presents a “feathery” edge. A black tone made of such lines suitably separated yields a quality luminous and velvety, of an intensity that lovers of this medium find intensely alluring. The “burr” sometimes is scraped away when delicacy of line is required.

In a dry point the point cuts into the surface of the copper making faint or deep lines as hand and wrist dictate. When taking a proof, the ink is spread upon the plate and the artist proceeds to wipe off the ink by a horizontal application of the rag, leaving a deposit of the tough ink on either side of the furrow, resulting (after printing) in a line much wider than the actual line incised. Besides width and blackness this line presents a “feathery” edge. A black tone made of such lines suitably separated yields a quality luminous and velvety, of an intensity that lovers of this medium find intensely alluring. The “burr” sometimes is scraped away when delicacy of line is required.

When a variety of tone is wanted, grays within grays, in subtle gradation, dry point is not the best medium to employ and hence we find the great masters of the past, only to mention Durer, Holbein, and Rembrandt, combining etching and dry point on the same plate.

In conclusion, one cannot but notice with delight how Tittle brings out a charming and distinct quality in each sitter. Emphatic blacks in each face are well distributed and make a point in the language of the sitter, not only speaking of a hole. Good visible shapes of dark give “class” to his drawings. Walter Tittle has of late been pleasantly occupied with portraits of Billie Burke, Geraldine Farrar, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and other celebrated stars that have found time to dazzle him in his workmanlike studio at No. 1 Washington Square, North.
Miss Norma Talmadge: the first of a series of six dry-point etchings drawn especially for PhotoPlay Magazine. Next month, Miss Billie Burke.
DIVINITY of the dance was Diana Allen. But like many of her pretty Ziegfeld Follies sisters, she found an opportunity in films and recently made her silversheet debut. Diana from Sweden has been an American since the age of five.
MADGE KENNEDY has joined the “Own-your-own-company” movement. After a vacation trip abroad, she went to work on her first independent picture, and will also make her long-awaited reappearance on Broadway in a new play.
MISS JOAN WARNER, here seen in her Hollywood home, says she is not yet ready to announce her future plans, but is glad to say that she will permit her father, H. B., and her mother, Rita Stanwood, to make new pictures.
Drawn by Norman Anthony

To Be Shot at Sunrise
Keeping Up
With Alice

Devoting a day to the undertaking, only to discover it can’t be done.

By ARABELLA BOONE

First, you call up her press-agent to find out what time she will—or will not be in. It really doesn’t matter.

Then you make an appointment—for any old time. And you go. And you wait.

Then you call up her press-agent. “Miss Brady hasn’t shown up,” you say. There will be many excuses from the press-agent. Then she will suggest, “You might call up her home.”

You do that. Her secretary answers, “No, I don’t know when she’ll be in. You might try her at the hairdresser’s—she may be there, and then again, she may not.”

She isn’t. You remind yourself that Alice’s husband, James Crane, is opening that very evening in a new play, at the — Theater. You go over to the — Theater. You ask to see Mr. Crane. He appears—affable, smiling, urbane. “My wife?” he says. “No, I haven’t seen her since lunch. She may be at the modiste; then again, she may have gone to the photographer’s. If she isn’t there—”

But you have gone.

The studio. Miss Brady’s director directing Miss Brady’s company, but not Miss Brady. Miss Brady’s maid in Miss Brady’s dressing-room wondering where Miss Brady is. Mr. Pemblyn Stanlaws, artist, looking for Miss Brady—he had an appointment to make a sketch of her. You sit down by the side of the camera—and wait.

There finally comes a small-sized but noisy commotion from the door marked exit. Someone is, as usual, using it for entrance. The commotion becomes a crowd, moving in the general direction of the Brady set. Miss Brady’s director, Mr. Stanlaws, Miss Brady’s maid, and several assistant directors add themselves to it.

You hear a very determined feminine voice say, “Not today. I’ve got a thousand appointments I haven’t kept; anyway. Some other time. No close-ups—I’m tired.” No—I DON’T know where that hat is. Maybe tomorrow. Is that the new camera?—etc., etc., etc.

The crowd parts; the commotion subsides. Out of it walks a small straight figure in brown, with brown hair and brown eyes. It is Miss Brady—Alice Brady, daughter of Bill, wife of Jimmy Crane. Very much the wife of Jimmy Crane. Married a good many months and more in love than ever. You can tell it to look at Alice when she talks about him. She’s not a sentimental person, Alice, but she does love Jimmy. Wouldn’t have married him if she didn’t.

You may think that because Alice is within speaking distance one can keep up with her. You don’t know Alice. She meets an assistant director’s friend and discusses clothes with Hilda Hopper, the vamp in her new picture. She kids Lowell Sherman—you have to be a fearless heroine to kid Lowell Sherman. She goes off in a corner for two seconds with Mr. Stanlaws—the artist chap—and comes back bringing a lifelike sketch of herself. If you aren’t out of breath you follow her up to the projection room while she watches several new feet of her latest film. Then she settles down to talk about—Jimmy.

“I didn’t have anything to do for a week,” she says, “so went over to Atlantic City to see Jimmy’s new play—tryout, opening night and everything. Then I traveled around with him for the first week of it. Awfully funny, I said to my father, ‘To think I should come to this—to be the faithful wife of a traveling actor.’ It’s going to be a great success, that play. See if it isn’t.”

“No, Jimmy won’t play with me next season on the stage in ‘Anna Ascone’—title will be changed, by the way—and he probably won’t be my leading man in pictures, either. You know there is usually only one good part in every play and I always get it in my own, and that’s not fair to Jimmy. I’d got a wonderful joke on Jim. We were leaving the theater in Atlantic City where he was playing and three girls were hanging around waiting for the hero of the occasion to appear. They saw Jimmy first and just as they were about to mob him caught sight of me.

“They forgot all about Jimmy. ‘Oh, there’s Alice Brady!’ they yelled. ‘I certainly stole that show!’

“We’ve got a new apartment. That’s why I was so late.

(Continued on page 121)
A Peep Into a Man’s Diary

By
MARY WINSHIP

This is a shameful confession. But it’s all Harrison Ford’s fault. Not even a leading man should be so trusting and guileless. He never should have left me alone in that apartment!

Nor should he have worn those horn-rimmed sun glasses. For while they undoubtedly protected his eyes from the glare of the Hollywood sun on the Lasky lot, they also screened “the windows of his soul” from my investigatory eyes. It’s just impossible to actually judge a person if you can’t see his eyes.

So when he left me in that wonderful library of his, one of the finest, most carefully selected collections in California by the way and the result of years of search, study and investment, I fell.

On the antique desk I saw a little black book. Like a good many other little black books, it started all the trouble.

I didn’t intend to more than peep. But I caught a word or two, and I always did adore diaries, and the masculine scrawl seemed so much more the real Harrison Ford than the man behind the glasses, that as I have confessed, I fell.

This is what I saw:

July 3rd—I stumbled across an old magazine in a book store today. On the front page was the explanation of some sort of contest, or selection idea that President Eliot of Harvard was working out concerning the five books a man would most want to take with him if he were going to be cast away on a desert island. What strange ideas people do have, even college professors. But that struck me as odd, and I’m pretty sure prove a rather good chart of character, if one could have a list of one’s friends’ selections.

I’ve been looking over my books. Of course I should probably insist on taking at least twelve and so get sunk before I ever hit the island.

However, I weeded out five. “Lord Jim” (Conrad), the Doves Press Bible, Shakespeare’s works complete in one volume (I have one that I’m quite fond of, though I prefer to read him in separate volumes) Alice in Wonderland, and Dan Beard’s Out-of-Door Handbook. (One must have some utility, eh?)

Yes, that list isn’t bad. I should miss my “Soldiers Three” dreadfully, and all Shaw—why isn’t he complete in one volume, and my early English plays? 

But it is a bit of an idea

July 4th—This is a strange Independence Day. However, my port is holding out nicely and getting mellower every day. I am becoming convinced that a bit of implied philosophy can turn all things to account—even 18th amendments. Socrates had Xantippa. I’ve a new thing on the Russian Ballet, with illustrations by Rene Bull that is a magic carpet into the heart of Persia. One can find a kick in many things besides liquor.

Such a funny thing happened to me last night. I discovered that I am probably the only living screen actor who hasn’t any stilts of himself. It never occurred to me. In some ways I have a very strange mind. I wonder why I never kept any

Harrison Ford in the library he’d like to take to Eliot’s Island
It was spring in the smooth green stretches of the park, all flecked with violets and daffodil-bordered; spring in the long, cleanly-washed miles of thought-interesting thoroughfare in the world; spring in the faint notes of the hurdy-gurdy floating over from the next avenue—a block away, geographically, a thousand miles removed, socially.

It wasn't spring in the heart of Rex Van Zile, striding across the park with nothing but a savage, decapitating flack of his cane for the smiling daffodils. It was November, or possibly late February. Bleak and raw, with a cold, dripping fog creeping in from across the sea, with a wind shrilling plainly through bare, creaking branches; with oceans of ice—sloshly, slithery, soggy, soft ice—spread over everything, but especially over Rex's spirit.

Indeed! His cane wasn't the only flack of the recent prams cluttered the exit. For Ripley standing, a bit uncertainly, at the apartment door.

The uncertainty came from the fact that the door was ajar, just the width of a book which kept it from slamming as the breeze from the river tromped through. Inside, someone was playing the piano and singing in a joyous, lilting, unmistakably young voice, snatches from old ballads that Rex's mother had sung to him, at bedtime, several thousand years ago.

"Have they got a lady visitor?" he wondered, his mind making a running survey of the families of Clay Cullum and Harry Richardson. "No sisters, no cousins, no young aunts! I feel it my duty to investigate."

His light touch at the bell brought silence, then light, swift foot-steps tapping to the door. The singer is opening the door herself," he thought. But the door, swinging wide at that instant, showed only a girl in the black dress and white apron of a parlor maid.

But such a maid! A face that was all fresh, dewy innocence, all pink and white-rosiness, all wistful, dark-lashed eyes, full-curved, rosy lips, and fluttering waves of color, running up from creamy satin throat to hide in that cloud of dusky hair.

"Come in, Mr. Van Zile," she invited, "Mr. Cullum and Mr. Richardson will be in any minute now."

"How did you know my name?" he demanded.

"I've been here three months," she answered, "you've called often in that time."

"But I never saw you. You mean you never happened to notice me," she corrected. "That proves I am a perfect maid, neat, useful, unobtrusive. Like a door mat. Now, your hat there, your stick there. Will you wait in the music room, Mr. Van Zile?"

Polly with a Past

NARRATED by permission from the Metro photoplay adapted by June Mathis from the David Belasco stage play by Guy Bolton and George Middleton. Produced under the supervision of Maxwell Karger and directed by Leander de Cordova with the following cast:

Polly Shannon ......... Ina Claire
Rex Van Zile ........... Ralph Graves
Clay Cullum ............. Clifton Webb
Harry Richardson ......... Harry Benham
Myrtle Davis .......... Louisila Valentine

"There's company," he demurred, hanging back. "I heard her singing." Her eyes took on a startled expression. "Don't tell them, please. I oughtn't to have done it, with the door open. But Thursday's the housekeeper's day out, and I couldn't resist."

"Nonsense. The boys are a good sort. I fancy they'd like a singing maid."

"Oh, please don't say anything about me!" I promised Mr. Mason, the housekeeper, that I'd be just a regular, well-behaved maid."

"And what were you before you began maids-ing, may I ask?"

"Nothing interesting. Just a girl from the country who couldn't make her dream come true."

"Dreams don't come true!" The gloom that had lifted for a moment, settled again over the face of Rex Van Zile. The girl laughed out, like a gleeful child.

"Mercy! What a thundercloud! What's your dream, Mr. Man-with-a-grouch?"

Quite innocently, perhaps, but not the less effectively, she had taken the one never-failing way to a man's heart. Never since the dawn of creation has there been a male being who would fail to respond when asked to talk about himself. Rex drew a long breath, and settled down comfortably on the divan. She perched on the piano bench, nervously alert, like a bird ready to dart away at the slightest warning.

"My dream is a girl—the most wonderful, beautiful girl in the world," he declared, solemnly.

She took this as seriously as if it were unusual for a black frown and a pessimistic tone to spell girl-trouble. "You love her and she doesn't care for you, you say?"

"She never will. She's different. She doesn't care about anything other girls fall for. Dances, tennis, motorizing, teas, country clubs, theaters—none of them mean anything to her."

"Gracious! She isn't a girl, she's a—"

"She's worse than that. She's a reformer!"

"A reformer?" The girl frowned inquiringly. "It's amazing the difference in frowns! Van Zile's had been a black disfigurement, but this one had an absurd, provoking appeal. Then she laughed, and when she did that her nose wrinkled up in the funniest little grimace.

"You're laughing at me," she accused.

"I'm not," defensively. "Reforming is a disease. A slow, lingering, incurable disease. Those who get it can't do or think of anything else. Nothing interests them unless it needs reforming. For instance, this girl cannot go to a cheap dance hall, to do something about it, you understand, uplift it, or put it out of business. Or she might attend a rotten show for the same reason. Or he friendly with a man because he was bad and must be made good. You see what I mean?"

"And you are so perfect you can't be improved, so she's not interested. I understand," said the girl, demurely.

"Oh, come now. I'm not such a conceited fool as I sound. But I haven't any glaring vices, any ways that are wild enough to make her see me as a 'case.' I'm just an ordinary chap in her own walk of life."

"It was manufactured for her, so she didn't have to live it down—just turned it into a Future."
with a PAST

By
LULIETTE
BRYANT

"Well, can't you get any wild ways? Seems to me you might be able to acquire some vices, temporarily," the girl began. Quite suddenly, she flew from the edge of the piano bench and alighted on two trimly shod feet, some distance away, where she stood, impassive and demure, as two young men came in. Then, having given them a bunch of letters on a tray, she vanished, without a glance toward Van Zilc who was staring after her rather foolishly.

"Who's that girl?" he demanded. "Where'd you get her?"
"The maid? Darned if I know," said Cum. "Where'd we get her, Richie?"
"Mrs. Mason picked her up somewhere. Name's Polly. That's all I know about her. But by all that's unusual, what does this mean? Has the irreproachable Van Zile, the perfect specimen of American manhood in its pristine purity, been flirting with our maid?"

"I have not!" snapped Van Zile. Remembering the scared eyes as she said "Please don't tell ... I promised to be a regular maid!" he went on hastily: "She looks like a girl from the country—unusual type, you know.

"Ahem!" coughed Richardson, suspiciously. "Van Zile, the immaculate, is beginning to sit up and take notice. Well, you let our little Polly alone. She's a deit, efficient, self-effacing little creature, which is all that a maid should be."

And suddenly, unreasonably, hot anger flared in Van Zile's heart. "Don't be such a darned snob!" he snapped. "You mention a maid as if she belonged to another order of humanity. After all, the girl is flesh and blood like the rest of us, you know."

"It's the spring weather!" declared Cum with mock solemnity. "It's gotten into his blood! They always begin that way—seeing pretty girls where once they saw but serving maids."

"Or maybe he's caught the reforming fever," ventured Richardson. "They say it's contagious. He's going to uplift the lower classes, beginning with our Polly. How about it, old man, does the fair Myrtle still play 'round with the submerged tenth and fail to notice your existence?"

The black frown came home to roost between Van Zile's brows. "She does," he confessed, "won't even go to the Club dance. Says it's a waste of time!"

Inside, someone was playing the piano and singing in a joyous, lilting, unmistakably young voice.
"Positively! Why waste time with a man like you when she might be associating with a burglar?" jeered Cullum. "Look here, old man, why don't you fall from grace and need reforming?"

"You're the second person to make that suggestion this afternoon," Van Zile said. "Pol—er—that is, a girl I know said the same thing to me. In fun, of course."

"Well, it might help, at that." Cullum was warming up to the idea. "Take the downward path and little Myrtle will come dashing after you!"

"By George, it might work," said Richardson. "Let's see, what can she do? He can't start a career of drunkenness very well, it's too hard to get the makins. It's got to be women, my boy. That's the best way!"

"Sure thing!" cried Cullum. "Works two ways: makes Myrtle jealous and at the same time proves you're going to the dogs. You've got to fall into the toils of a regular dashing, devilish, dangerous female who'll make you notorious. Preferably French. The French ones never shy at a little publicity!"

Van Zile was horrified.

"But I couldn't!" he protested. "And even if I could get into a thing like that, how could I get out when I wanted to? No—it wouldn't work."

"Lord, that's some groaned Richardson. "The poor, helpless baby! His vamp would hold him up for a couple of million! Listen! I have the inspiration now—a make-believe vamp! One who'll play the game with us, for a consideration, and then go peaceably away."

"But where are we going to get this vamp-person?" demanded Cullum.

A peal of the door bell interrupted. The demure Polly appeared, answered the ring, brought a special delivery letter, stopped to straighten some breeze-tossed papers. Richardson tore the letter open and gave an exclamation of dismay.

"It's from Duquette, and he's written it in French! Rotten luck! I'll have to wait till morning to get it translated at the office."

"I will read it, sir, if you wish me to!"

They all stared at Polly, who had come forward looking more demure than ever as she made the offer. Too amazed for speech, Richardson handed her the letter. She read it aloud, translating as she went, without the slightest hesitancy.

"Are you French?" asked Cullum, as she finished.

"My mother was," she answered. "I learned French wholly with my English, from the time I could talk."

Polly's voice had grown moistfully reminiscent. For a self-forgetful instant she stood quite still, a little flush staining her soft cheeks, her eyes staring at something far off, something beloved. The others were silent. They could not know that little Polly saw a shabby, rambling country parsonage with a garden at the back where a child and a laughing, sunny-haired mother had played; with a pansy-bordered path at the front, down which the winsome mother was carried one day, leaving the child to comfort the gentle, broken-hearted parson until God heard his prayer and let him follow her; with a little white bedroom where a girl had packed an old trunk, and sung, and sobbed, and started off to make her dreams come true. They could not see all this, yet, as she came back from her reverie with a little shrug, half-apologetic, half-saucy, but wholly adorably French, Cullum saw a great light.

"There!" he exclaimed, "is our French vampire!"

"Of course!" cried Richardson.

"Thereupon they all fell to explaining, elaborating, assuring, cajoling, bribing, and finally pleading. But Polly was obdurate. Masquerade in wonderful clothes at a fashionable inn on Long Island as a fine French lady of international heart-wrenching fame? Go to dinners and balls and club events with Rex dangling after her as if he were bewitched? Be coached on all social points by the charmer they would furnish her? Stir up the whole colony by her daring flirtations? Pretend to be saved from drowning by the well-known millionaire clubman, Rex Van Zile?

Oh no, thank you sirs, not little Polly! Half of Polly's blood was Parisian-actress, but the other half was Methodist-parson.

It was Van Zile who had the winning inspiration, just as they were ready to give up in despair.

"Miss Polly," he said, "what is your real ambition? The thing you've dreamed about and hoped for and prayed for all your life? The thing you meant to do, when you came to the city?"

And as he spoke gently and sincerely, so did little Polly answer, out of her frank, innocent heart.

"To cultivate my voice, first here and then in Paris. To be a great, great singer!"

"And for the sake of making that dream come true, couldn't
Mlle. Paulette made her first appearance at the Gilwick Inn, whose register bore her dashing unscrupulous little signature, on the evening when the Life Savers' Association was being given a benefit performance. Everyone was there. Even the severe and purposeful Miss Myrtle Davis had graciously lent her presence to the noble cause. She was sitting with Rex Van Zile, Cullum and Richardson near by, when Paulette came down the broad, open sweep of stairs, quite alone.

A little flutter of excitement ran along the assembly room at sight of the regal little figure, audaciously gowned, wonderfully coiffed, descending the stairway, as unconcerned, apparently, as if there had been no staring eyes focused on her movements.

"The brazen creature!" whispered the women, "not even a pretense at modesty. Do you see how low that gown is?"

"The plucky little thing!" muttered the men, "holds up her head and takes the women's once-over without a tremble! Do you see that throat and those shoulders?"

"Paulette, coming on like a lopers and the murmurs, had a little mishap. The clasp which held her superb string of pearls, slipped its fastenings somehow, and the necklace would have fallen had not Rex Van Zile suddenly sprung forward and caught it.

"Well! I never saw Rex so observing or so dextrous!" exclaimed Miss Myrtle, rather tartly.

"He hasn't often had anything like that to observe," laughed Cullum, who had moved nearer. "Look at that, now! Old Rex is making progress with the fair one!"

For Mlle. Paulette had paused, let her eyes rest full on the face of Rex for an instant, then smiled and murmured something for his car alone. And he, with but a backward glance at his friends, had turned and walked beside her toward the conservatory.

To Miss Myrtle's utter amazement she did not see Rex again that evening. At twelve o'clock she went home filled with surprise, rage and a queer feeling of chagrin which she was unable to classify. Next morning, out early to collect subscriptions for her Mission, she heard nothing but talk of Mlle. Paulette. And through all the comment ran allusions to Rex Van Zile's capitulation to her wiles.

By evening she had begun to worry about Rex. She went so far as to telephone his home, only to hear that he had a dinner engagement with Mlle. Paulette. "I suppose he couldn't refuse to dine with her, after he had saved her life," cooed Rex's sister sweetly. "Oh yes, this afternoon. The whole colony is talking about it! Wonderful of him, wasn't it? They say she is irresistible—she must be, to take our Rex off his feet so completely. Yes, it doesn't worry me a little, but what can I do?"

Miss Myrtle's thin, rather colorless lips were set grimly as she turned from the telephone.

"I rather think I can do something about it!" she thought, and for the first time in her life began to think earnestly about Rex and his affairs.

And while Miss Myrtle planned her campaign for reclaiming Rex from his wicked infatuation she sat with the siren at a conspicuous table in the Gilwick dinner room, while all the fashionable world looked on and wondered.

"It's going wonderfully, isn't it?" he demanded.

"Yes, they all think you're quite mad about me," said little Polly. There was the faintest touch of something—was it wistfulness, or fatigue, or what?—in her voice. Under her eyes lay faint violet shadows. Rex looked at her closely.

"You're too tired," he said, authoritatively. "I'm going to carry you off for a long, moonlit ride. It will do you a lot of good."

"And give them something fresh to talk about," she said.

"They'd better not talk about you," he

(Continued on page 109)
It's Easy When You Know How

One of the scenes in “Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath” shows an automobile with a 1920 license, yet our hero is able to get all the champagne he desires at a hotel.

J. B. P., Boston, Mass.

Hollywood Aristocracy

Mary Miles Minter’s picture, “Nurse Marjorie,” is laid in upper-class England. But when a man-servant brings Mary a newspaper, it is plainly seen to be The Morning Telegraph—a New York theatrical publication.

H. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Beg Your Pardon

In answer to J. A. E., New York City: I would like to say that the mug used by William Farnum in “The Adventurer,” supposedly bottomless, was really quite all right. Just the common pewter pots, with glass bottoms, are often seen in Europe; they are used in any first-class hotel. I own several myself, but evidently they are not generally known in the United States. That director must have lived abroad.

Charles F. Walling. Toronto, Canada.

Never Mind—The Snow Was Only Salt

In “Just a Wife,” Mary is giving a Christmas party for a crowd of little children from the slums. When they leave, several are seen to have no hats, and one is actually barefoot, I pitied the poor children.

Mrs. S. A. Pratt, Des Moines, Iowa.

A Little Wet Weather

Tom MIX, in “The Daredevil,” after shooting up the robbers’ den, rides through the water from the falls above and a few minutes later is pursued by the villains, none of them wearing raincoats, yet their six-shooters are going like thunder.

The hero in “Captivating Mary Carstairs” after running on a wet pavement, gains the house, enters, sits on the arm of a chair and calmly strikes a match on the sole of his shoe.

Jack Kerrigan, in “Convict on,” escapes in a stray machine and finally runs it into a pond. He leaves the submerged car and obtains entrance to a mansion and is discovered by the daughter of the house. When he throws off his dripping outer ramous his clothing is perfectly dry.

C. L. Burlingham, Evanston, Ill.

Doris Does a Little Sleight-of-Hand

I noticed this in “Romance.” The young rector shows the opera-singer his mother’s necklace of many strands of pearls with a locket containing his baby picture. She removes her own long chain with its pendant cross and places it on the mantel-piece while he puts his mother’s necklace around her neck. In the next instant, as she crosses the room, she has on her single-strand chain, although it is supposedly still on the mantel-piece because she takes it from there in a few minutes and gives him back his mother’s. How did she do it?

E. B. A., Stamford, Conn.

He Lost That, Too

In a scene in “The Man Who Lost Himself,” William Faversham is wearing a dotted tie and soft collar. He then rushes into the next room wearing a white tie and a starched collar. What became of the dotted tie?

J. C., Springfield, Mass.

Pretty Chilly Up There

In Selznick’s “The Valley of Doubt,” a story of the northwest, it can be plainly seen that there is no glass in the windows of Hilgrade Lodge.

H. M. S., Akron, Ohio.

“The Last Straw”

One of the most glaring incongruities I have ever seen in pictures occurred in Fox’s “The Last Straw.” Buck Jones is hog-tied and his guns are taken away from him. He gets loose and later on in the picture he is seen crawling up on the villains with both guns on his hip!

E. J. G. South St. Paul, Minn.

A Mere Matter of History

In a splendid picture—“The Splendid Hazard”—an old manuscript writer of the manuscript, once an adherent of Napoleon Bonaparte, lamented the fact that the little King (Napoleon II)—François Charles Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, was not alive. As a matter of fact the younger Napoleon was then very much alive. His death did not occur until July 22, 1824.

R. P. M., Wake Forest College, Raleigh, N. C.

Bad Rebe!

As nurse in Wallace Reid’s picture “Sick Abel,” Bebe Daniels puts her pencil in her mouth. No real trained nurse would do that.

A Real Trained Nurse, Philadelphia, Pa.
The wrong and the right way to manicure

Cutting the cuticle is ruinous. When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

You should soften and remove surplus cuticle without cutting. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle.

The moment you use Cutex you realize how exactly it is what you have needed. It does away with all need for cutting, leaves a firm, smooth line at the base of your nails.

First file your nails. Then wrap a bit of cotton around an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it in Cutex, and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you need not manicure as often, apply a little Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Regularly, once or twice each week, give your nails a Cutex manicure. You will never again be bothered with coarse, overgrown cuticle or hangnails.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream come in 35 cent sizes. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent size. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, large enough for six manicures. Send for this set today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 711, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today

NORTHAM WARREN
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Bobbing
for
Apples

A heart to heart talk with the
Family Circle

By
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN I was a little kiddle I used to look forward to Hallowe’en with nearly as much happiness and nearly as many anticipatory thrills as Christmas or a birthday awoke in my breast. Christmases and birthdays were wonderful times of present giving and joy and congratulations and extra-special things to eat, but Hallowe’en was a day of mirth and magic and mystery! Hallowe’en was a day when you wore your old frock—a day when you could tear stockings and lose hair ribbons without being scolded. Hallowe’en was a boisterous day—a day when spirits were high and laughter was the king of the universe.

I remember the Hallowe’en parties I used to go to; not conventional parties—in the real sense of the word—not the sort of parties that made starched white frocks and blue sashes and squeaky shoes and ultra clean hands at all necessary. They were cordial, informal parties and one went to them cordially and informally robed in gingham—often laced gingham—and barefoot sandals, like as not.

The games played at the Hallowe’en parties were not polite games, either. They were more or less rough and tumble—more or less hit or miss. We weren’t interested, somehow, in the lady-like games of “Drop the Handkerchief,” and “London Bridge” and “Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush.” We played “Blind Man’s Buff,” and “Old Witch,” and “Tag.” And then, when every other game was exhausted, we bobbed for apples. And that, somehow, was the crowning point—the climax—of the party.

Who hasn’t bobbed for apples? Everybody, I reckon, who has had a real childhood has known the fun of seeing a great wooden tub filled with water and floating with red fruit. And everyone, with his hands held tight behind him, has ducked into the tub and tried to capture an apple in his eager white teeth.

Curiously, there was never any cheating in the game of bobbing for apples. If a child could not capture the wary prize he retired laughingly to the ranks—and another child took his place. No youngster—that I can remember—ever tried to encourage the apple with his fingers. He came up with his eyes and ears and mouth full of water—but he came up good-naturedly!

And then, once in every score of chances, some kiddle would get an apple. He usually got it after hard and desperate bobbing—but he got it. And when he did the others would clap their hands in whole-hearted appreciation and would show, by their unclouded faces, that they were not in the least bit jealous of his prowess. There were no whispers of—

“IT was only luck!”

There were no sneers—and no raised eyebrows.

Margaret E. Sangster

TO play Life’s game with childhood’s joyous laughter, And childhood’s disregard of doubt and fear; To play without the dread of what comes after, Will make the victories you gain more dear! To never win a single point unfairly, To praise the points that other folk have gained, Will make you meet the Final Test more squarely, With childhood’s vivid banners all unstained!

One cannot help wishing that folk were like that in big game of Success. For, after all, the game of Success is not unlike the game of Bobbing for Apples. And we who long for some heart’s desire, that spells Success to us, are like eager children—with much of the naiveté, and often the good sportsmanship, of childhood left out!

We gather around a tub filled with water—we grown-ups. And the water is bitter with the salt of tears—tears that were shed for a broken dream or a disappointment; and floating upon the water are the apples of desire. And some of them are labelled “Happiness,” and some are marked “Money,” and some are tagged with the label of “Fame.” And we watch the particular apple that we want with wishful eyes, and often we crowd forward, not waiting for our right turn. And when we do that there is confusion and chaos. And oftentimes heads are bumped and nobody gets anything—not even a bite of the fruit!

The pity of it is that the ones who fail in the game of Success—who come up with ears and eyes and mouth full of nothing but water—do not retire laughingly to the ranks. The pity of it is that sometimes they try to cheat—that sometimes they endeavor to win by using methods that are barred out of the game. And the greatest pity of all is the fact that the ones who win are sometimes sneered at by the crowd—that often the whisper of—“Oh, for his luck!”—follows the victor as he bears away the fruits of victory.

It’s like that in every field—in art and music, in poetry and business, on the stage or on the screen. Folk are often too ready to discredit the winners—often too anxious to reach their own victory by any method at all. They are too willing to take another’s place, to crowd forward. And they are too anxious to dig out some hidden fact, some unpleasant secret, in the life of those who have won.

The children at a party are seldom jealous of the one who wins the prize. Neither are they anxious to believe that the winner was unskilful or a cheat. They’re much more apt to be wholeheartedly glad when somebody comes out ahead.

The heart of a child is something to be desired by the wise man or woman. The soul of a child is a priceless treasure to be guarded against the world. And the ability to play games as a child plays them, is one of life’s greatest gifts!
When you examine phonographs, seeking to decide which make you prefer, note the shape of the Tone Amplifier. How does it compare with the oval horn of moulded wood on The Brunswick, as pictured above.

Look at the rear of the Amplifier—is there a cast-metal throat? Is merely the front of wood? Note that no metallic construction is used in the Brunswick Amplifier. These are vital investigations. For upon the proper application of acoustic laws depends the tone quality of a phonograph.

The Brunswick Tone Amplifier is a later-day development. It brings improvements and refinements. It avoids old-time deficiencies. It brings finer tone, truer artistry.

Other features of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction are similarly superior. The Ultima, for instance, not only plays each type of record better, but it is the only one that is counter-balanced. This cushions the contact between needle and record—doing away with the usual "surface" noises. It likewise prolongs the life and beauty of the record.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction brings many epochal advancements. So no music lover, in face of such developments, can afford to choose a phonograph until he has heard The Brunswick and made comparisons.

Your ear will quickly appreciate Brunswick superiorities, and you will realize that great strides have been made in phonographic reproduction. And in addition, Brunswicks offer exceptional cabinet-work.

Go to a Brunswick dealer. Hear this super-phonograph. Judge for yourself. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, playable on all phonographs with steel or fibre needles.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

When you write to advertisers please mention PHONOGRAPH MAGAZINE.
Their Dressing Rooms

YOU know yourself how it is about dressing rooms.
From the very beginning, as Mr. Kipling would say, the very word has been something to conjure with, not only for stage-struck girls, and college boys, but for everybody that loves the stage. What a lot of perfectly good novelists would have done without it, is difficult to conceive.

There's been just lately a bit of an eclipse. What with censors and the high cost of building, dressing rooms have had a tendency to become staid and small. The glamour has faded a bit, the wit and the gossip and the excitement have died.

But you've got to hand it to the movies. With them has come, somehow, a surprising revival of the social element of the dressing rooms—its innovation as a sort of "petite salon." Stars invite their friends to tea—husbands and wives working on the same lot manage quite a bit of home life over the electric coffee pot—members of a company congregate over the chafing dish, and gossip—there are even little dinners brought in hot from home by smiling maids when "Madame or Monsieur" is too tired to drive home between day and night sequences.

Florence Vidor's dressing room in King Vidor's home, suggests her taste in every line of its quaint old-fashioned paper and cretonnes, and the old mahogany furniture that came with her from the south. But she has one distinctly modern innovation in the shape of an electric waffle-iron on which she bakes marvelous waffles with honey. Here's her waffle recipe:

One cup sifted flour, one tablespoon cornmeal, one tablespoon lard, one tablespoon sugar. Thoroughly mix and stir well before wetting the mixture. Add enough cold water to make a good batter, then add yolks of two eggs, also the whites beaten stiff. Put into this batter two teaspoonsful of best baking powder just before cooking.
Bake in hot waffle-irons, well-greased.

Clara Kimball Young has a dressing room designed after the mission architecture and set in the midst of a most exquisite garden, where she sits under a striped umbrella and has her tea. Friends—intimate friends—sometimes are accorded the privilege of dropping in and occasionally having their fortunes told in the tea-leaves. Miss Young having a great reputation as a fortune-teller. When she wants to rest between scenes Clara Kimball ushers her guests into her tiny parlor and presides in gorgeous Oriental negligee as she tells about "that dark man who is soon to come into your life."

In Colleen Moore's dressing room at the Christie studios there is always a gay and festive atmosphere. Colleen likes to give tea parties. Here she and Dorothy DeVore are indulging in a thrilling game of checkers—it looks as if Dorothy has just made a disastrous move. But before they go back to the "set" they will have fudge, cakes, and tea—Colleen makes delicious tea by putting a bit of dried orange peel in the tea pot. Try it some time.

Anita Stewart and Mildred Harris Chaplin have adjoining white California plaster bungalows, that cost $6,000 apiece. They are three-room cottages equipped with kitchenettes. Anita is a gracious hostess; if you are lucky enough to be invited to visit her dressing room, you will have your selection of Anita's good-looking husband, Rudolph Cameron, or her leading man, Ward Crane, for a dancing partner while Anita turns on the phonograph and takes up the persian.
Little rules that help you look your best

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because they know the rules. To make the powder stay on, to prevent roughness, dullness, lines—requires intelligent care. Here are a few simple rules, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.

Never permit your face to look shiny

Never permit your face to look shiny Powder—Yes, just enough powder to have that soft, natural look. And when you powder do it to last. Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearance.

The only way to make powder stay on is—not to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base. Then you can carefully powder your face, and never have a moment’s concern about its losing its soft, fresh appearance.

For this you need a cream which will not reappear in an unpleasant shine. Pond’s Vanishing Cream does not contain a bit of oil. It disappears at once never to reappear. Before you powder take just a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream—a tiny bit—on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Notice the instant smoothness it gives your skin. Now powder as usual. See how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.

The bedtime cleansing that brings a clear skin. Never retire without it

One of the chief reasons for a “muddy” look in the skin is the dust that gets lodged deep within the pores.

The only means of keeping the skin clear is to remove deep-seated dust. For this cleansing you need an entirely different cream from the one you use for a powder base, and protection. The right cream for cleansing is one prepared with an oil base. The formula for Pond’s Cold Cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power. At night rub Pond’s Cold Cream into the pores of the face, neck and hands, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. Give your skin this cleansing with Pond’s Cold Cream regularly and you can keep your skin clear.

Mail this coupon today

Free sample tubes

POND’S EXTRACT CO.
116 West Madison St., New York City.

Please send me, free, the items checked:
☐ A free sample of Pond’s Vanishing Cream
☐ A free sample of Pond’s Cold Cream
☐ Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
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POND’S
Cold Cream &
Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

When you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
MIGHT NEVER HAVE KNOWN.

N.}- From the search charged with stealing a watch.

His employer, a Mr. O'Malley, testified to the prisoner having been an honest fellow in the past, but other evidence went against Pat

and he was sentenced to imprisonment.

As his wife left the court in tears a friend spoke up to her to comfort her.

"Only, my dear," he said, "don't take on so. Just think what a splendid character Mi'sler Mr. O'Malley gave Pat. Why, if he hadn't stolen that watch we never have known what a fine fellow you had there!"—Ty Buz.

COMPARE these last words of great men—

Luther's last recorded words were "I thank God I have done my duty.

"If you pull the curtain, the force is over."—Veipsian's last words were "A king should be steadfast!"—It was General Wolfe who exclaimed, "What! Do you run already? Then I die happy.

"It's 6:30. I've lost my watch to you fellow and you know it too. Don't let poor Kelly starve."—Geethe Sheldon. (More, light.)—Byron, dying, said "I must sleep now!"

DIRECTOR: You run to bridge, look up and jump!

Young Actor: But I can't swim!

Director: Oh, that's all right. You'd spoil the film if you did.—Life.

SHORT Yamps, says an ad, are in style now. Do you think the tall kind would film better?—A. F. Sun.

FREE DISTRIBUTION.

"More discussion about free seeds from Congress. Do you think farmers really care for the free seeds?"—Brownlow.

WHAT is the difference between a man and a woman?—A man and another woman.

COULD you name, offhand, sixteen great American inventions? Try these: Cotton Gin; Printing Machine; Grass Mower and Reaper; Rotary Printing Press; Steam Navigation; Hot Air Engine; Sewing Machine; India rubber industry; Horseshoes manufactured by machine; Sand Blast for Carving; Gas Range; Grain Elevator; Airplane; Ice box by very cold; Electric magnet and its practical application, the telephone, the airplane.

WHY he superstitious about 137 Richardson Court and thirteen letters in his name? He was born in 1833; he wrote thirteen toasts; he finished one of his greatest operas Sept. 13th, 1846 and the same opera Tannhauser was produced March 19th, 1861.—Edmond Rostand also has thirteen letters in his name, and he was elected the thirteenth member of the French Academy. And what about the thirteen colonists?

MRS. ANNE ROYALL, born in Maryland 1754, is the first American woman journalist. Incidentally she was the first "interviewee" male or female. If one adds her to her paper the interview was a favorable one, otherwise, not. Anne Royall was sentenced to a "ducking" for some of her "writes" but just before the event the jury modified her punishment.

EXECUTIVE ability has been variously defined, but the following from an English humorist seems to cover the whole subject. He defines ability as the ability to hire some one to do work for whom he is paid, and if there is a surplus, paying some one at whose door to lay the blame.

"Why do you wear glasses, my friend, 'she asks, if you

Do you know why you throw salt over your left shoulder when you spill some? All because the old Romans used salt in their sacrifices and therefore regarded it as sacred to the Penates, and to spill it was to incur the wrath of these household divinities. By throwing some of it over the left shoulder the ancient Roman believed that he was calling down the displeasure of his household gods upon himself rather than his neighbor.

"We get a good many queer customers at this time of night," said the policeman, "and we have to keep a close watch for suspicious characters. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of a good many other officers, there's one fellow we don't have to worry about. That's the man who walks along the street whistling or singing to himself. Crooks don't do that.'

"The same thing is true of the parties of young fellows we get walking along the streets at night and trying out their voices. They've sometimes a nuisance to other people who want to sleep, and we have to tell them to put the soft pad on the mouthpiece, but they're all right so far as lawbreaking is concerned. Crooks don't sing when they're on their way to a job or coming from it.

POLICEMAN—You've been loafing round this corner for a week watching that building. Now beat it. Citizen—I'm not bothering anyone, officer. There's a sick man across the street and if anything should happen, I want to be on hand to rent his apartment.

ENGAGED at your neck! Why, you can't get married for fourteen years yet. "That's all right, muver—we can't get a house till after the next presidential election," said the lecturer.

THERE is a celebrated lecturer at a local university who is said to command the awe not only of his students but of the dean of his department. His famous "busting" course comes at an inconvenient hour in the afternoon and recently his students petitioned the dean to change the time of meeting. The dean, they say, summoned the lecturer and mentioned the matter.

"What would you like to alter the time?" asked the lecturer.

"Eleven o'clock would be excellent," suggested the dean.

"It's a good hour," agreed the lecturer.

"That's fine," said the dean. "I'll have the announcement made to the students.

"All right," remarked the lecturer.

The dean, it is said, condescended himself on the ease with which the change had been made until the next morning, when the lecturer telephoned. "Concerning that 11 o'clock class," he said, "who's going to teach it?"

ACCORDING TO TIT-BITS BEFORE

RATE father: "I distinctly saw you kissing my daughter over my very nose."

Duck (calling): "Excuse me sir—under her very nose!"

AND AFTER

MINISTER meeting a parishioner who had been recently married, and about whose domestic happiness terrible stories were rife, saluted him and said:

"Well, John, and how is all going on?"

"Oh, happily enough!" returned John. "I'm glad to hear it—you know there were rumors of rows or—"

"Rumors?" said John. "Oh, yes, there are plenty of rows. Whenever she sees me she catches the first thing to hand, a dish or anything, and flies at me. If she hits me, she's happy, if she doesn't! Oh, we're getting on fine!"

IN HER HANDS

FIRST Flapper—"I think my husband is a bit of a hypochondriac.

SECOND Flapper—How's that?

FIRST Flapper—She says he gets tired of meeting him.—Columbia Jester.

TRAMP: "Is it here where a reward is being offered for a lost dog?"

Second Tramp: "Yes, sir. A ten shillings. Have you any news of my terrier?"

Tramp: "No, not yet. But as I was just going in search of it I have come to ask if you will give me a little on account."
The Message That Every Morning Brings:

The daily bath—with its stimulation of the skin to renewed activity.

Do you realize that, when you wash your face, it is not enough simply to cleanse it—that your skin needs a soothing, restoring influence to keep your complexion fresh and free from blemishes? Resinol Soap fills this need, combining as it does ideal cleansing qualities, with the power to soothe parched, irritated skin, and protect the constantly forming new skin—preventing blotches and other defects. Here, indeed, are most valuable helps to rounding out the beauty of every day.

A generous sample of Resinol Soap will be sent you on your request. A postal will do. Please address Dept. 7-X, Resinol: Baltimore, Maryland.
The Car That Made Good in a Day
THE Crabbled Scene

The director was ready to shoot the big scene. Goldine Gladgirl patted her sequined bosom and prepared to smile upon the he-vamp who was to call upon the stroke of midnight.

"All set?" shouted the director, through his rusty megaphone.

"Aye, aye, cap," quoth Props, who personally preferred water stuff to this.

But suddenly Goldine Gladgirl screamed.

"There ain't any—" she cried.

"Ain't any what?" shouted the director.

"There ain't any chay-long—"

"True.

There was no chaise-longue.

And what clandestine rendezvous can be held without one? — The Close Observer.

MILLED, KENTUCKY—Your questions weren't too long—there were too many of them, that's all. Six answers is about my limit. I've got to protect myself some way, you know. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio; she is in her late twenties. June Caprice is not dead; she has gone to Spain with the George B. Seitz serial company to make a picture. She'll be back soon. Marguerite Courtot went, too. Eugene O'Brien, Selznick. Dick Barthelmess, Griffith.

FLORENCE, WASHINGTON—Wanda Hawley is her married name—J. Burton Hawley is her husband. Wanda used to be known on the screen as Wanda Pettit when she played for Fox. Her eyes are gray-blue, and she is just twenty-three years old. Realart is starring her. They do say she makes wonderful lemon-cream pies.

SUSAN DOLORES, PALO ALTO—There is no doubt that most criminals have a good side, but it isn't that good side that lands them in jail. And we wouldn't have any drama on our screens if the scenario writer, in introducing Pesky Pete, informed us that he was really good at heart. James Crane is Alice Brady's husband. You say he wears enough make-up to cover three actors. He plays with Alice in "A Dark Lantern." Yes—and write again.

LILLIAN, NEW YORK—The Mayflower would have had to be ten times its size to accommodate all the people who claim to have come over in it. J. Barney Sherry is your favorite. He's a fine actor. Sherry was born in Germantown, Pa. He commenced his screen career with Thomas Ince; he has also been with Universal. He is five feet nine and weighs two hundred pounds. Also, his hair and eyes are gray.

BLAND, BROCKWAVILLE, PA.—A Danish prince has received the degree of doctor of philosophy. The princess is said to be the first college girl among European royalties. She probably won't be the last. Royal ladies are becoming quite modern posing for moving pictures and everything. Ann Little is with Lasky, playing leads opposite the various male stars. She co-starred with Jack Hoxie in "Lightning Bryce," a serial for another concern. She was the Indian girl in "The Squaw Man" for Paramount. Wish they'd give Ann another part like that.
Lillian, Stanhopefield.—I am overcome by the number of letters Shirley Mason has received. Her latest is a request for her address by some friends who found her in Kansas. They are trying to locate her friend Margery Wilson, who is directing a company of the famous Flying-A pictures in Colorado. They haven't heard from her since her disappearance last summer. They hope to meet her soon.

A. B. H. S. G., Brooklyn.—It was so long ago that you first wrote to me, I don't remember the story of the "Bad High School Girl." It is a lost play, and I don't know if it was ever produced. I have a copy of a letter from the author, which I can send you if you're interested. She's a wonderful writer.

J. E. O., Oshkosh.—I find the most interesting of the old actresses to be Mary Pickford, and the young actresses to be Corinne Griffith and Betty Blythe. They are both blondes, and both have won critical acclaim for their performances.

J. W. S., Springfield.—Thank you for your question. I assure you that Footlights and Shadows is a wonderful film. It was released last month, and I strongly recommend it to all moviegoers. It tells the story of a young man who discovers his true love through the magic of the cinema. A must-see for all cinemagoers.

D. M. F., Britt, Iowa.—The new woman is J. Arthur Rank. He is married to Robert Leonard, and they have recently returned from a month's vacation in Europe. They are马上会结婚的. The wedding is expected to take place in the next few weeks.

M. J., Denver.—I don't notice many people making use of raisins any more. Lotte Pickford is Mary's sister; she is the mother of the little girl-Mary Pickford Rupn—who have appeared in pictures with Mary and with other leading ladies. They are all working hard to establish their careers.

S. T., Brooklyn.—Please consult our studio directory, which will give you all the addresses of the companies you're interested in. We also have a list of the current productions and their release dates.

J. W. S., Springfield.—Thank you for your question. I assure you that Footlights and Shadows is a wonderful film. It was released last month, and I strongly recommend it to all moviegoers. It tells the story of a young man who discovers his true love through the magic of the cinema. A must-see for all cinemagoers.

H. S. Jordan, Barre.—Sorry, your other answers were delayed. Perhaps your queries had been answered before. Juanita Hansen is twenty-three, she is working in the east now, for Pathe. George B. Seitz directed her new serial, "The Boy in the Attic." Jean Novak are sisters, Jane is a well-known leading woman for Goldwyn. Marshall Neilan productions, Lasky, and others. Eva, her younger sister, played in "Up in Mary's Attic" and other comedies. Bill Hart's leading woman in a forthcoming Hart release, and is now a star. Eileen Percy, Fox, in "Three Weeks," First National. (Continued on page 126)
How I Make Money—Right at Home!

"I" look at this check for $25.00—payable to me.

"I made this money easily and pleasantly—in the spare time left over from my housework and the care of Bobby and Anne, my children. In fact they helped me to make it. I make as much, and often more every month.

"Before I found this new, easy way of making money right at home, in privacy, freedom and comfort, my husband's salary, while sufficient to meet our absolutely necessary expenses, was really not enough to give us any of the little extra pleasures that mean so much to a family. Everything we eat or wear has gone up so high, and salaries haven't kept pace!"

"But now we have more than the necessaries—we have bought the terrible old H. G. of Il— and we have our little luxuries and amusements too."

"How did I do it? Simply by knitting socks. Not, by the slow old process of hand-knitting, but with the Auto Knitter, a marvelous, but very simple, easily-operated machine.

Now that I have gained practice with the Auto Knitter I often make a sock in 10 minutes!

"And the best part of it is that I have a guaranteed, constant market for every pair of socks I make, at a guaranteed price. I simply send The Auto Knitter Company the finished socks, and back comes my check by return mail, together with a new supply of yarn to replace that used in the socks sent them."

"You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosery your family needs—wool or cotton."

"But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out Employment Offer at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone."

Read What Satisfied Workers Say

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you the chance to devote your entire time to the business, and thus, to be independent of bosses, rules, time-clocks, working-hours, etc. The Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canning" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

More Than Two Dozen Pairs a Day

The Auto Knitter has proven very satisfactory. The work done on the machine cannot be surpassed. The only requirement is to learn the work and then work. The Auto Knitter is very rapid and any person of good judgment can knit from one to two dozen pairs of socks a day, if they wish to push the work they can turn out more. The treatment by the Auto Knitter Company is the best, and I have found them to be absolutely reliable.

Furniture Appreciated

I am sending you today one shipment of half hose. I wish to compliment you on the promptness with which you return replacement yarn and check.

Goya, Ill.

Getting Along Fine

I am sending you another lot of socks today. I am getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the promptness with which you have accepted and paid for my hosery.

Lancaster, Tenn.

Thanks for Attention

I have just sent you a lot of half hose made by my Auto Knitter with yarn supplied by you. I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to tell you how much pleased I am with the machine and what pleasure it gives me to work it. I take this opportunity of thanking you for the courtesy and prompt attention you have always shown me.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Send Coupon Now

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 5511K, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I will consult 2c postpaid to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.

Address.

City.

State.

Photoplay 11-20

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE.
“How I Would Run a Motion-Picture Theater”

Winners of Photoplay Magazine’s Letter Contest

PRIZE WINNERS

Following are the lucky contestants in PHOTOLAYS letter contest, “How I Would Run a Motion-Picture Theater,” as announced in June PHOTOLAY.

First Prize, $25.00 — Adelaide F. Brown, 97 Union Street, Rockland, Maine.

Second Prize, $15.00 — Edna M. Newman, 3819 Hays Street, Dallas, Texas.

Third Prizes, $10.00 each — Crawford Wheeler, Monument, Colorado; Vera Williamson, 2523 Gettysburg Avenue, Sawtelle, Calif., and Janie Maurine Hagy, 1926 Buena Vista Street, San Antonio, Texas.

T

HE third PHOTOLAY Contest—“How to Run a Motion-Picture Theater”—revealed the secret desire of thousands of readers and motion-picture devotees. But whether the dream was being nursed in Mexico or Maine, the dominant desire was to have the motion-picture theater a community center.

The larger palaces and auditoriums are admired but not desired. The picture theater of today must have the intimate note to make it a success and anything which will tend to make the audience feel at home creates a new friend for the box office. In the smaller cities the majority of the audience is composed of women and so women have been the most critical in their suggestions. True to the fact that the theater must be comfortable above all else, the consensus of opinion made the following deductions final:

1. Comfort
2. Ventilation
3. Atmosphere
4. Pictures
5. Music

In the first class there was a unanimous demand for comfortable seats with plenty of room between the rows. The disturbance caused by the late comers suggested a remedy in using the center aisle for exiting and the side ones for entrance only. Thus, as the audience arrived, it would move to the center, leaving the ends of the rows free for the later arrivals who would not then disturb any one by passing. Another suggestion was also made for larger chairs to be placed in the center rear at a higher price for those wanting extra room and comfort. Courteousness of employees seemed as important as comfortable seats and in this respect the preference was given to young women both in front of the house and in its management.

The second most important asset was fresh air in winter and summer.

The impression in the dark one feels the need of better air circulation is true of the theater as in the home where the windows are always opened wider during the night. One must feel the fresh air in the theater when seated in the theater.

Third—The atmosphere of the auditorium must communicate a restful impression. The motion-picture theater is the only one of its kind to which people go to rest body and mind and the decorations can spoil or produce the atmosphere of quiet and rest more than anything else inside the theater. Garioshness jars and lessens the hygienic effect of the interior but simple tones in mural and lobby decorations will attract more than gaudy lights and violently colored display bills. The motion-picture theater has passed the circus-carnival stage and the less of this about a theater the better. The house should look as though a good housekeeper was running it as she would her own home and no good housekeeper packs up and leaves with artificial flowers or curtains.

Fourth—There is a universal demand that certain types of pictures be shown on stated days. Thus Monday would be shown Western films; Tuesday a feature; Wednesday a serial and so on throughout the week until Saturday brought the slap-stick comedy for the kiddies who had come for their money’s worth of fun and could shout themselves hoarse in getting it. If this regime were followed the suggestion of season or weekly tickets is a good one. In this way a regular attendant could buy a book of coupons at the beginning of the year and pass them on to any member of the family who desired any particular kind of film on a regularly set day. A slight reduction from the year or monthly book would be advantageous to both manager and patron. In connection with the pictures there could be a slip supplied to be filled in by the patron stating his favorite brand of film, actor or suggestions for the betterment of the management of the theater itself.

One will often write a criticism when not able to tell it or have the time to register a complaint. This suggestion box could be in the lobby and be the means of the house manager handling his hand on the pulse of his patrons. There should also be a time-table of the runs of the films in the front of the house that one could know before entering at what hour the film which they have come to see, would be shown. This is done in the vaudeville houses and should be adopted by the moving-picture theaters where the greater majority of the audience drop in between trains or appointments. An illuminated clock over the proper theater should act as an invariable help. The European theaters have had these time pieces in all their theaters for years and we need them more here where the clock is king.

Fifth—The expensive orchestras are not appreciated or desired by the regular patron of a motion-picture theater. Here again, the home effect is preferred by a small number of players who are stronger on the right theme for the right film than determined to make the audience to see how well they can tear a symphony to pieces in between pictures. The old violin and piano brought more tears in a show scene than all of the fifty-piece orchestras could extract in a year. This symphony idea is a refinement of the old carnival bally-hooing idea and costs more money to the manager than gratitude from his patrons.

A few women would like waiting rooms for their children and nurseries where they could be left while the mothers watched the show in peace to themselves and to the surrounding patrons. These nurseries could be attended by young girls in exchange for their admission or if a slight fee were charged by a regular attendant. But the whole scheme of the manager is today to get and keep his patrons it is proved by this contest, that the “play’s not all the thing” by any means—it is the house and its management and intimate atmosphere which encourages and holds the little individual who forms the great majority and backbone of this country—the moving-picture patron.

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Film Reviewing from the Press Box
(Concluded from page 38)

The costume is also very good; Cavil running around with Whoop Skirts below the waste, a Policeman’s badge to hold the corsage of flowers on her stom尼克, and a Bar Sinister across her back! She has on White Sable and All, and is further equipped with a rope of pearls which looks like garlic strung on spaghetti! It is a very funny write-up, saying there is new producers in the field which will make Max Semence comedies look like they was a Topical Review of a Funeral.

Well, Reader, I turn this to the Editor, and I give you my word he is madder than a Politician just deprived of his voice! He says I am so dumb I make a Half-wit look like Shakespeare, and that this is a very bad Drama, and a Powerful Film, and all and here I have handed it a review like it was a Keystone! However, Reader, I can not tell what it is only by being the pitcher, believe me, and I do not see, as I am saying to begin, why the Editor does not tip me off to the kind of film it is, so I can review it easier! I am better on technical criticism of Dramatic Stuff; but this Editor, which is now very sore, does not let me know what is coming off! It is really all his fault I do not see how he comes he does not tell me this is real Heaven Heart Stuff; unless perhaps he thinks it is the Author’s Secret, and that he should not spill the beans on the guy which writes the show, hey? Reader? That is it, probably.

Well, I am pretty sore over this, of course, because I am figuring I will make a Big Rep for myself off of these articles I am to write, so I feel this Editor do them for nothing will he only print them. I am after fame, Reader, more than Money, as the poet says. Well, he says the articles are good for nothing all right, but that he will run a few and see can find his strain. He says he always wants to put the magazine to a good test, so he can prove to the advertisers what a good Medium it is, as we publishers hail it.

This is the reasonable sense he hands me, but if you ask me I will say that this guy is willing to run the articles because he is getting a lot of them for free. Was somebody needed to release the copyright on Webster’s Work you would probably see the Dictionary being run in installments by this baby, believe me! He has enough of a guy, as I am saying, but tight, he will not let the figs upon the waters they would return to him after many days” with the pockets filled with freshly caught fish on every rich fish hook. I will bet this baby is so thick they stumped Oyster look wide open as the Grand Canyon of Arizona!

However, I am going to write the articles for nothing. I am saying because I was always wanting to write for the magazines for a living, so I will not kick for a while. I at least break even, which is better than these Fish do which hire Camerons and Lushingall for music recitals and pass out free duckets or Annie Oakley’s “for capacity,” thereby pulling themselves in a swell financial hole, hey?
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him. He realizes that he shouldn't marry her, but hasn't the heart to tell her so, and the wedding is arranged. Then there is a threatened tragedy that straightens things out admirably, with the right boy getting the right girl in both sections of the country. Mrs. Niles Minter plays the barefoot heroine modestly and effectively, and there are good performances by John Bowers as the "furrier" and Monte Blue as the mountain native.

WHAT WOMEN LOVE—First National

The Doug Fairbanks of the Screen Girls' Athletic association is Annette Kellermann—or would be, if there was any such organization. She is the stuntiest of the feminine athletes, and poised for the dive, the stunningest as well. In "What Women Love," which is her newest picture, she opens the meeting by boxing with the bachelor. After that she takes a swim in the lake, stealing the bait from off the hook of a mystified fisherman and twirling his boat about like a merry-go-round until he throws her home brew into the water and pulls for the shore. Later she joins a lot of other bathing girls on the beach, displaying her prowess as a manipulator of the giant ball, and goes from there to diving from a stern and excessively rockbound coast presumably into the seething whirling below. Finally she dives from the crosspieces of a schooner into the bay and there, under the water fights with the villain of the play and kicks him in the stomach until he is not only willing to cry quits, but probably to lay off playing villain for several weeks. Connecting these activities of the tireless Annette is a story which seeks to prove that even a goggle-eyed mollycoddle may win a heroine if he will mend his ways and learn how to fight and whip Walter Long. What women love is a fighting man. It is a fine picture for the Kellermann fans and an entertaining picture for anyone. The swimming and diving exhibitions are quite wonderfully screened by the trick of showing the start of the dive and then cutting to Annette under water in her tank. Wheeler Oakman, Walter Long and Carl Ulman are in the cast.

HAIRPINS—Ince-Paramount-Arthcraft

I must have taken quite a little courage for Fred Niblo, as director, and C. Gardner Sullivan as author, to try again with the familiar theme of the slovenly wife who blossoms forth as a fashionable beauty when she realizes that her husband is slipping away from her. But it is greatly to their credit that they have proved again by the trite but true observation that it is not what you do, but the way you do it, that counts on the screen. "Hairpins" is as simple a story as any Cinderella romance. The heroine keeps her household accounts in perfect shape, and is a perfect wonder with dustcloth and sweper. But she looks a trump, and can't see that it matters. She's married isn't she? She's made her fortune— such as it is. She loves her husband, and he loves her. What is there to worry about more important than saving money, and keeping the house clean? So husband begins casting his eyes at his nifty little stenographer, and is beginning to think of a separation and that sort of thing when his careless wife comes to. She buys herself some clothes, acquires a fast friend, goes on "parties" and finally, when her now outraged mate demands an explanation, succeeds in convincing him that they are both wrong—and both right. A human, consistent, psychologically sound, well told little story, admirably directed by Mr. Niblo, among the sanest of his tribe, and as carefully and prettily played by Enid Bennett. Matt Moore, too, is a reasonable sort of proteéting husband.

CUPID THE COWPUNCHER—Goldwyn

My twenty-year-old niece assures me, with polite condescension, that Will Rogers is much too old and too homely ever to be a popular movie star. Not for me. And I have as much right to my heroes as she has to hers, haven't I? Better six reels of Rogers (with titles, say I), than whole cycles of the pretty youngsters who don't know how to do anything but make puppy love to vacant-faced flappers.

Still, I confess Rogers has his limitations. So long as his scenarist keeps him just outside the circle of romance, without daring to venture inside, he is as holding a hero as any of (Continued on page 104)
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(In Canada, Jonteel prices are slightly higher.)

Perfumed with the Wonderful New Odor of 26 Flowers
Less than a week after the death of Robert Harron (a story concerning which appears on page 00), the film world of artists and fans were shocked anew by the death in Paris of Olive Thomas. Her death occurred early in September following mercurial poisoning, a fatal potion which was taken by mistake for headache sleeping powder. She and her husband, Jack Pickford, were in the midst of their honeymoon trip which had been planned repeatedly since 1917, the year of their marriage. Jack Pickford made a heroic effort to save his wife's life by forcing her to swallow thirty-two glasses of water as first aid treatment. Miss Thomas' real name was Olive Elain Duffy. Hard work in the Triangle, Follies and the Ziegfeld chorus won her distinction in both Follies and the Midnight Frolic. She was at one time one of Gotham's most favorite artist models, and was declared by Harrison Fisher to be "the most beautiful girl in the world." She was a full-fledged Broadway favorite when the movies "got her." Her first try-out was in a Famous Players Owen Moore Picture. Later, with Triangle, she found real screen success and her marriage to Jack Pickford followed. Their marriage was kept secret for more than a year. This was as she wished as she did not want anyone to think she was trying to win prominence on borrowed celebrity. She was 22 years old at the time of her death.

His friends in the Hollywood and Beverly Hills motion-picture circles are much regretting the change in a youthful male star, whose sudden rise to fame equaled only by Fairbanks and Chaplin, seems to have spoiled a natural sweetness and simplicity which were his chief charm both on and off the screen. Anyway, his household in the exclusive circles of Beverly Hills, is about to go provisionless as a result of the royal methods of existence which he and his hitherto charming little wife have assumed. Beverly Hills, though the most fashionable suburb of Los Angeles, is small and boasts only one grocery. This grocery boasts only one small, drier delivery wagon.

A few days ago the grocery boy drove the truck up the white gravel driveway of the star's home. After the manner of Ford trucks, it spit a bit of oil on the entrance way. Whereupon Mrs. Star appeared upon the step within a few feet of the delivery boy, accompanied by her English butler. She regarded the boy firmly, then turning to the butler, she said, "James, will you please tell this young person that he is never, never to drive up our driveway again? It he does, I shall have him thrown out." "Young person," said the butler, turning to the boy, "Mrs. Star wishes me to tell you that you are never to come into our driveway again. If you do, she will be compelled to have you thrown out."

"By golly," said the boy, relating the incident to the cook of another Beverly Hills star later in the day, "they'll starve before I ever deliver 'em another load of groceries."

Funny of course, but of such stuff are Bolsheviks made.

Can a leading woman love her director even if he chances to be her husband? We judge so by this photograph, which would indicate that Florence Vidor will even stand by and watch friend husband frolic on the fifth hole without laughing. That's the supreme test. Florence is the young lady who has since justified PHOTOPLAY'S stellar predictions for her, made when she was doing bits. King Vidor is perhaps the youngest successful director of the present-day screen.

Gwendolyn is the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Holubar—Dorothy Phillips. Gwendolyn had been naughty and her father, as he kissed her goodnight, told her to ask God's forgiveness when she said her prayers. After she had been tucked in bed, Mr. Holubar asked if she had obeyed him. "Yes," said Gwendolyn, "I asked for God's forgiveness and now I'm sorry I did. Mr. God wasn't home and I asked Mrs. God, and I expect it's all over Heaven by now."

John Blackwood, acting as representative for Thomas H. Ince, came to New York looking for beauties. He picked several of Broadway's choice chorus girls, gave them contracts and tickets for Los Angeles.

(Continued on page 00)
Here are two Mary Pickfords — I and II. Mary Pickford Fairbanks has a new sister and namesake, for Mary Rupp, daughter of Lottie Pickford, has been legally adopted by Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, mother of Mary, Lottie, and Jack. The child's name has been changed to Mary Charlotte Pickford. The two Marys and the mother of one and the grandmother of the other are seen here in the garden of their Beverly Hills home.

Following the accidental discharge of a pistol, Robert Harron passed away in Bellevue Hospital, New York City, Sunday morning, September 5. The fatal injury was received late Friday night while the young film star was unpacking his trunk in the Hotel Seymour. The revolver exploded when it fell out of some clothes. The bullet passed through Harron's chest and he was able to get to the telephone and notify the hotel desk. He was rushed to Bellevue Hospital. Robert Harron's screen history is well known among movie goers. From office boy in the old East Fourteenth street Biograph studios he climbed. His winning personality and sure-fire dramatic talent earned him to eminent position that was only really beginning. Many will remember his enthusiastic work opposite Mae Marsh in those wonderful old Biographies. They will recall him when Griffith aspired to greater productions— "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World" and others. "Robby's" pictures were to be released by Metro; he had just started production of one with a dominant comedy strain, in the studio at Mamaroneck. He was unmarried.

(Continued on page 92)
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IF YOU heard that rumor that Mary Miles Minter, or Juliet Shelby, really Reilly, was to change her name again, don't you believe it. It seems that a childhood friend of the young star visited her and her mother recently, and they were seen together frequently, and Dime Rumor got busy, so that Mrs. Shelby, Mary's mother, had to issue the following denial: "Percy Helton (for such is the young man's name) is a childhood friend of Miss Minter, the two having played together as children of the stage. Because of this long friendship I personally invited him to come west and spend his vacation with our family. We are all good friends of Mr. Helton, but as for an engagement, that is absurd!"

P A U L I N E F R E D E R I C K has filed suit against Willard Mack, for divorce. Mack's real name is Charles McLanahan. Miss Frederick charges him with misconduct, mentioning "an unknown woman." The Macks were married in 1917, shortly after Mack was divorced from Marjorie Rambeau, who named Miss Frederick as corespondent in her suit.

G E R G E ARLISS is, at last, positively to appear for the first time on any screen. The occasion will be "The Devil," a play in which Arliss acted on the stage. About three years ago it was announced he would make a picture of his legitimate success, "The Devil," but the deal fell through.

E V E R Y Thursday night is "Photoplay's Night" at Sunset Inn, a popular seaside resort at Santa Monica, within a few miles of Hollywood. You have to reserve tables about two weeks in advance because it's well worth seeing.

One night not long ago Viola Dana entertained with a supper party of about twenty congenial spirits. They favored the rest of the gathering with an impromptu program that brought down the house. Buster Keaton did a Salome dance, in a costume concocted mostly from the kitchen utensils.

"Neither Julian Eltinge nor Polly Frederick count a day complete until they have had a canter in the park." That's the way the society journal would phrase it. We only know Julian and Polly were glad to renew an old acquaintance when the vigorous impersonator of bewitching widows returned from his trip around the world.
How We Solved the Clothes Problem in Our Family

By Irene Stevenson

A YEAR ago I found the way, not only to have pretty, attractive dresses and other things for myself, but to a solution of the clothes problem in our family. What is more, I found the way to make more money than I ever expected to earn. Altogether my discovery has meant so much to our happiness that I am sure other women will be interested in it.

Soon after leaving school, I started to work as a clerk in an office downtown. There were four of us, Ted, my ten-year-old brother, “Sister,” just six, mother and myself. We had practically nothing but my meagre wage, and this, with the small income father had left us, provided funds enough to just about pay for our rent and food. There was never any money left for clothes.

Well, one night after the children were in bed, mother and I had a serious discussion of our finances. We decided that we could save quite a little if I became the family dressmaker. So I tried—evidently after I had finished my day’s work. But soon my troubles began! I became discouraged by my mistakes and the laughable garments I made that I told mother I would surely have to take at least a few lessons. But when we canvassed the possibilities for getting the necessary help and instruction, the outlook was gloomy indeed.

I couldn’t possibly give up my position and leave home to learn how to make our clothes. We simply had to have the little money I was bringing home each week. And there seemed to be no other way.

Then just when I was most discouraged, I read in a magazine the story of a girl just like myself who had been unable to take her rightful place because her clothes were not like those of other girls she knew. But she had quickly learned right in her own home, during spare time, through an institute of domestic arts and sciences, how to make just the kind of dresses and hats she had always wanted.

It was so true to life that I read every word and mother agreed that it was surely worth finding out about, at least. So I wrote the Woman’s Institute and asked how I could learn to make our clothes. The information I received was a revelation to me. The Institute offered just the opportunity I needed, and I joined at once and took up dressmaking.

I could scarcely wait until my first lesson came and when I found it on the table at home a few nights later, I carried it upstairs and read it as eagerly as if it had been a love-letter.

Nothing could be more practical and interesting and complete than this wonderful course. There are more than 2,000 illustrations, making every step perfectly plain, and the language is so simple and direct that a child could understand every word of it.

Almost at once I began making actual garments—that’s another delightful thing about the course. Why, I made a beautiful waist for mother after my third lesson! And in just a little while I was making all our clothes with no difficulty whatever.

It’s perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world! You see, it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have house-hold duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the work as you wish, and just whenever it is most convenient.

I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

But the biggest thing my Woman’s Institute training taught me was the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

Well, when I found I was getting along so splendidly, I decided to turn my study to further profit. I called on several women who for years had gone to expensive city shops for their clothes. They welcomed my suggestion that I could create the kind of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.

The very first afternoon one woman gave me an order. I worked like mad on that dress! When it was finished she was so delighted she gave me two more orders—one for a tailored suit. From that time on, it was easy.

In less than six months, I had given up my position at the office and had more dressmaking than I could possibly do alone. I had to get first one, then two, women to do the plain sewing. Now I am planning to move my shop from home to a business block in town.

Of course, our clothes problems are a thing of the past. The dresses mother and I wear are always admired, the children have an abundance of attractive clothes and there is no more worrying about money.

More than 70,000 delighted women and girls have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman’s Institute, to make all your own and your children’s clothes, or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman’s Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the coupon below, and you will receive—without obligation—the full story of this great school that has brought happiness, savings and independence to women and girls all over the world.

WOMAN’S INSTITUTE
Dept. 17L Scranton, Penn.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking
☐ Professional Dressmaking
☐ Millinery
☐ Cooking

Name
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address

When you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Cuticura Soap when used for every-day toilet purposes not only cleanses, purifies and beautifies but it prevents many little skin troubles if assisted by occasional use of Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. Cuticura Talcum imparts a delicate lasting fragrance leaving the skin sweet and wholesome.


None Better No matter what the price Genuine artistic photographs of your favorite movie stars. Nine by twelve, one for 50c each or 12 for $1.00. You will be delighted with the beauty and artistic finish of these artistic photographs. Make your selection from the following list.

Theda Bara, Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Valentino, Inta Billie Burke, Jeanette MacDonald, Loretta Young, Louise Dresser, Pauline Lord, John Gilbert, Billie Burke, Joseph Ilk, Madge Bellamy, Selena Royle, Katherine Bond, Billie Burke, Douglas Fairbanks, William Claxton, John Murray, etc., too numerous to mention.

Soap 50c. Each 12 for $5.00 Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Mail order with name and address plainly written to S. Rham, Dept. 89, 209 W. 48th St., New York City

Plays and Players
(Continued from page 92)

We wish we could call this the first domestic disturbance in the new serial, "The Married Life of the William Duncans." Mrs. Duncan is Edith Johnson, the lovely heroine for whom Bill performs all those daring deeds in chapters. But here it's only a case of not enough gas and neither of them seem to take it seriously.

that will forever remain a classic in the minds of those who saw it. Viola Dana and Alice Lake played a game of strip poker, which was unfortunately interrupted at the psychological moment by "Fatty" Arbuckle garbed as a cop. Teddy Sampson gave a remarkable imitation of the good old days before we went dry. Fatty also made a speech, announcing some of the coming releases:

Such as: Mildred Harris Chaplin in "A Cure's Life."

Mack Sennett in "Twenty Thousand Legs Under the Sea."

Charlie Chaplin in "The Price of a Good Time."

Earle Williams in "The Price He Paid."

Jack Pickford, star of "Everywoman."

Miss Fitzgerald (Mr. Arbuckle's suzette partner) in "I Know I Got More Than My Share."

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in "Married Life."

FORDS have become a byword in filmdom. Every star who is a star has her limousine, of course; and sometimes a red carpet in addition. But just for fun—for lack to the beach, picnics and such—some of our loveliest leading ladies have purchased Henry's product. Blanche Sweet has one; so has Anita Stewart. The Gishes are seen every day—off on the roads of Mamaroneck in their divans. And all of them probably get vastly more enjoyment out of this mode of travel than they do in their custom-built chariots.

If we are to believe all we hear, Helen Ferguson will become the bride of William Russell in December. Helen started out as an extra in Chicago for Essanay; then she proceeded to Manhattan and thence to California, where she is now in great demand as a leading woman. She has played with Bill Russell in several pictures. He was divorced from Charlotte Burton some time ago. Helen is still in her teens.

We'd like to see any other company try to take any of its stars away from Vitagraph, we would. No, it seems, would Albert Smith. Alice Joyce and Larry Semon were reported to be about to leave, but President Albert E. has let it be known that he will protect his contract rights in the courts on the slightest provocation. He has issued a "warning" to the "trade" in which he says Comedians (Continued on page 96)
You get to smoking Camels because you appreciate their fine, refreshing flavor! And, you like them better all the time because they never tire your taste!

Camels quality makes Camels so appetizing, so continuously delightful. And, Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos gives them that wonderful mildness and mellow body.

You have only to compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price to know personally that Camels are a revelation!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.
WHAT woman of forty, or fifty, does not prefer to receive the deference everywhere paid to feminine beauty rather than the reverence the world accords to old age?

How many women entering at forty upon the golden period of woman's life with all their other attributes of beauty and loveliness preserved, have seen their brightest dreams shattered by the premature graying of their hair?

Fortunate those thousands who have learned how BROWNATONE eliminates mouse-gray streaks and restores to leaden dingy hair the colorful beauty and life that makes even theplainest young girl attractive.

BROWNATONE

Many a woman has found the whole course of her life changed by this truly wonderful preparation that brings back to gray, faded and streaked hair the raven black, light golden tint or exact shade of brown it had in girlhood. Absolutely harmless, it is easily applied, instant in results does not rub off and cannot be detected.

Send 11 cents for Trial Bottle and valuable booklet on the care of the hair.

Two colors: "Light to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black."

Two sizes; 50 cents and $1.50.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.

COVINGTON, KY. U. S. A.

CANAFA ADDRESS—WINFRED, ONT.

Winifred Westover was reported to have gone to Sweden to star for a Scandinavian company. The report happened to be true. Here is Winifred in a scene from "The Smile that Was Found Again," her first film to be made in the land of the midnight sun. She is supported by an all-Swedish cast.

Semon is under contract for thirty-six pictures and has made only five so far, and that Vitagraph has not spent money to boost Semon only to have him lured away just as he is winning considerable recognition. And, after all, you can't blame Vitagraph for feeling that way about it.

IRENE CASTLE TREMAN may yet be a senator's spouse. Her young husband has been nominated for state senator. He is Robert Treman, son of an Ithaca, New York, banker.

SINCE Irene Castle left the stage, Dorothy Dickson has become the acknowledged favorite of dance-loving Broadway. She came from the Middle West and married Carl Hyson and the two of them danced their way through Chicago cabarets to Manhattan musical comedy. And now George Fitzmaurice has persuaded Miss Dickson to make her debut in celluloid. There is a role written for her in "Money Mad," an original scenario by Mrs. Fitzmaurice—Ouida Bergere—which will give the dancer an opportunity to display her talents. The Hynos have a home at Great Neck near that of the Fitzmaurices, so it's a friendly affair.

 Buster Keaton declares that his ambition is "to have money enough to travel and amount to absolutely nothing."

Anybody who saw "The Saphead" in preview recently, however, will declare absolutely that Keaton is going to run Harold Lloyd a close race for the honors that Charlie Chaplin appears to be about to relinquish.

DO YOU remember Pauline Bush? She hasn't been in pictures since they served two reels and an illustrated song for five cents. She used to play for American and later starred for Universal. Then she married and retired. She's coming back soon.

IT takes quite a bit to stop traffic—even a pedestrian in Hollywood. Eve herself would probably be passed by as a new movie version of Aphrodite, or something like that. But one very beautiful star, of queenly stature and delightful candor, who shall be nameless, managed it the other day without malice or intention. The star was in one of the smart little shops on Hollywood Boulevard trying on some new models. She saw a friend drive up to the curb in her limousine—a friend she hadn't seen for some time and particularly wanted to speak to. She dashed out of the shop and perched on the step. But her welcome was coldly repulsed. "My God, Betty," shrieked the friend. "Oh, heavens, quick!" The star fainted across the sidewalk and fell into the shop. She had forgotten that she had removed everything except her shoes and stockings and a chiffon teddy-bear for the purpose of "trying-on!"
Plays and Players
(Continued)

George Stewart is our latest leading man. Perhaps we should say juvenile, as he only recently left school. He is Anita's only brother, and you shall see him as Mildred Harris Chaplin's leading man in "Old Dad."

THERE is an empty place in the happy Hollywood motion picture clan. We miss "Locky." We miss the sound of his dashing, brilliant aeroplane, that at last betrayed him to an untimely death. We miss his smile and his quiet, pleasant voice, and his good fellowship. We miss him, bar-headed and grinning, so often with his little "pal," Viola Dana, at his side—his playmate, in all the fun and work of the picture game.

An aviator who saw the fatal plunge declared that—blinded by the glare of the searchlights and the reflectors on his wings and the confusion of coming out of five spins—Locklear and his pilot Elliott, evidently thought the lights on the oil wells were the stars and that they were headed upward as they drove into the ground 150 miles an hour.

Many of his friends followed the flag-draped basket beneath the squadron of air-ships that paid him honor. And many a gay party is hushed while they "turn down an empty glass."

MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN is suing her husband for divorce—again. She is said to want half the proceeds of his unreleased picture, "The Kid"—a five-reeler into which Charlie has put his best recent efforts. At this writing, Mrs. Chaplin is in New York, while Charlie is in Salt Lake City, Utah, where papers cannot be served on him. He intends to hold this picture of his in spite of First National's warning that it has contract rights to it and will prosecute any company which tries to buy it direct from Chaplin. Charlie is quoted as saying, "I have spent $100,000 on 'The Kid' and two years' hard work; my best has gone into it. I am willing to give Mrs. Chaplin her divorce, and a dignified and substantial settlement, but I will not permit her to restrain me from selling the picture. I will remain here until the picture is sold and there will not be any divorce until it is sold." Mildred Harris meanwhile is making plans to further exploit her married name on the legitimate stage. She charges Chaplin with mental cruelty and failure to provide in her suit—charges that will be denied.

$18 25 Per Year
Serves Quaker Oats each morning to a family of five

Quaker Oats, the food of foods, costs one cent per large dish. The price of one chop serves 12 dishes.

Five dishes daily cost $1.825 a year, while just five eggs a day would cost you $82.

Quaker Oats supplies 1,510 calories of nutrition per pound. That's the energy measure of food value. Round steak yields less than half that.

A boy needs 2,000 calories per day. They would cost $1.50 in Quaker Oats, in eggs about $1.30.

These costs mean little in a day. But note what they mean on a year of breakfasts for a family of five.

Cost per year for serving five, based on this year's average prices

| 1 chop each, per day | $219 | Average meats, $146 |
| 2 eggs each, per day | $164 | Average fish, $146 |

$125 Saved

Quaker Oats breakfasts, compared with these other desirable breakfasts, save at least $125 per year. The Quaker Oats forms the supreme food, almost the ideal food, the greatest food that grows. It is rich in elements growing children need. As vim-food it has age-old fame. The best food you can serve in mornings is a dish of Quaker Oats. Serve other foods at other meals. People need variety. But use this one-cent breakfast dish to cut the average cost.

Quaker Oats
Extra-flavorful flakes

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. The delightful flavor has won millions the world over. It is due to yourself that you get it, for it costs no extra price.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover.
$95 an Hour!

"Every hour I spent on my I. C. S. Course has been worth $95 to me! My position, my $5,000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe it all to my spare time training with the Institutes Correspondence Schools."

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million I. C. S. students telling of promotions or increases in salary as the rewards of spare time study.

What are you doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much? One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Two million have proved it. For 24 years men in offices, stores, shops, factories, mines, railroads—in every line of technical and commercial work—have been winning promotion and increased salaries through the I. C. S. More than 100,000 men and women are getting ready right now with I. C. S. help for the bigger jobs ahead.

Your Chance Is Here!

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to you. No matter what your handicaps, or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply written, wonderfully illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the I. C. S. plans will grow up to your needs.

When everything has been made easy for you—when one hour a day spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success can give you—will you let another single priceless hour of spare time go to waste? Make your start right now! This is all we ask. Without cost, without obligation to you in any way, put it up to us to show how you can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

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Stewart Edward White, who is famed for his wit among other things such as novel writing, big game hunting and soldiering, journeyed from his home in Burlingame to the Ince studios at Culver City to see the film version of his famous story, "The Leopard Woman," the latest Louise Glaum starring vehicle. According to his description, he sat for a while watching the screen. Then he leaned to his nearest neighbor and said: "This is very nice, but I came to see my story. When are they going to run that?" "This is it," said the neighbor. "Oh, is it?" said White merrily. When it was over he staggered forth, so he put it, and remarked merrily to a friend. "It's a wonderful picture. I was completely fascinated. But you see my book was 436 pages long. I devoted two pages to the Leopard Woman's past and four hundred thirty-four to her present. While they've given four and three-fourth reels to her past to one-half a reel to her present. But then, I don't say I'm right. It's certainly a wonderful picture. Perhaps it would have been better if I'd written the book that way."

The Pickford Family now seems to be fairly well established. Jack Pickford took out naturalization papers this month in Los Angeles, Cal., when the process that made him an American citizen was completed. His name became legally Pickford instead of Smith. Mary's brother, like herself, was born in Canada, and Mary became an American citizen only when she married Douglas Fairbanks. Just think, she can cast her first vote this fall!

Following this, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, mother of Mary and Jack, petitioned the California courts to change her name legally to Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, stating that all her children now bear the name Pickford; that one of her daughters is known as Mary Pickford Fairbanks, the other as Lottie Pickford Rugg and her son as Jack Pickford; also that she has an adopted daughter legally named Mary Charlotte Pickford (the child of her daughter Lottie), and that therefore for business and social reasons it would be a great relief and aid to her to be Mrs. Pickford, and could harm no one. Undoubtedly the courts will grant her request, the Pickfords will be a part of American history as are the Barrymores, and the name Smith lose forever its cinematographic glory.

New Sleep
With a film-coat on your teeth

All statements approved by authorities

Millions of people on retiring now combat the film on teeth. They fight it day by day. And those glistening teeth seen everywhere now form one of the results.

You owe yourself a trial of this new tooth-cleaning method. Dentists everywhere advise it. The results it brings are all-important, and they do not come without it.

What film does

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. Feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And dentists now trace most tooth troubles to it.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So, despite all brushing, much film remains, to cause stain, tartar, germ troubles and decay.

Watch the teeth whiten

You will see and feel results from Pepsodent which brushing never brought you heretofore. A week's use, we think, will amaze you.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva into starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Watch these effects. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. Note how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The book we send explains all these results. Judge what they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.
Send for FREE Your Copy

Here is the Style Book that surpasses even the wonderful book we issued last spring—your regular performance! It is correct in dress for this fall—a marvelous extension of what the fashionable world will wear, and it is free to you. A book you must have to make the best choice in clothes. No other book like this. Just mail request or post card today.

All-Wool Tricotine Suit

Just give your choice! We are confident that the Style Book that surpasses even the wonderful book we issued last spring will be correct in dress for this fall. It is a marvelous extension of what the fashionable world will wear, and it is free to you. A book you must have to make the best choice in clothes. No other book like this. Just mail request or post card today.

Will Rogers—and Will Rogers' kids. Mrs. Rogers is trying to hide behind Jimmy—whom we all know—astide the pony. Rogers owns a ranch in California and maybe you think all the little Rogerses don't know how to swing a rope and ride it.

CALL KANE is now Mrs. Henry Iden Ottman. They were married at Ottman's comedy palace in Saratoga. Miss Kane is appearing now in "Come Seven." Octavia Roy Cohen's comedy of negro life in which Earle Foxe has the leading male role.

JUNE ELVIDGE comes back to the screen in an important role in "Fine Feathers." Louise Hufi decided she didn't want to play it, after all, so Metro asked upon Clair Whitman and June Elvidge to fill the gap. The statueque June has been playing in a musical comedy on Broadway since her desertion of the Bicker drama.

EDNA FERBER is said to be considering a Universal contract to write her inimitable stories in scenario form for Priscilla Dean and other stars. Fannie Hurst is on the coast now confering with Universal preparatory to preparing her first original story for the screen.

AGNES AYRES, a beautiful young woman who has done some good work with Marshall Neilan and others, should fill the exacting De Mille role to perfection. She has been "loaned" to the De Mille company by Al Kaufman, who manages her career. Incidentally Goldwyn has been endeavoring by every known means to borrow Ann Forrest from her five-year Lasky contract, to star in "Buntu Pulls the Strings," but without success. She was originally with Goldwyn.

The following telegram was received the other day by Robert Gordon's dotine parents, who live in Hollywood. "Am leaving for Tahiti on location with three women who love me and my wife—Everything going fine—Rob."

"What does the boy mean?" gasped his father, while the mother began to wring her hands. The telegraph company, being careless of caps and quotes hadn't given "Three Women Who Love Me" the attention proper to specify that it was the title of the new Robert Gordon picture. But homes have been wrecked on less.

While they were in New York, Mary and Doug attended a performance of the Folies as guests of Florenz Ziegfeld. There is a dance performed by two principals named "The Mary and Doug" after the famous honeymooners. They were watching the stage with interest when Mary noticed a pretty little girl with dark eyes and curls in the chorus. "She would make a good leading woman for your next picture, Doug," Mary said. "She certainly would," agreed Fairbanks, "providing she photographs well" Ziegfeld was decidedly averse to surrendering still another of his famous beauties to the films but when Mary Pickford did some of her most persuasive, Flo couldn't say no. So Kathleen Arlelie—that's the little girl's name—packed up and caught the next train to California. She'll have a film career if she photographs anywhere near as good as she looks.

HOLLYWOOD is having an epidemic of dark sun glasses. All the pretty movie girls are hiding behind them. Katherine MacDonald is disguised in a particularly vicious-looking pair. Because she declares that the Hollywood sun actually fades the color of her eye.

The recently terrific gasoline shortage in Los Angeles hit the motion picture people hard. For days cars lined up fifty deep at the few stations that had gas to be portioned out three gallons. One fine evening, May Allison said to her Japanese chauffeur as he polished her new limousine: "Well, Tom, have you gasoline enough to take me for a little spin?" "Madame," said Tom, "I (Continued on page 102)
Importers Prices Direct On DIAMONDS

We are diamond importers. We buy direct from the cutters in Europe and sell direct to you by mail. In that way we eliminate brokers’ profits and save you in many cases from 35% to 50% of retail prices on diamonds. This year we are able to offer more extraordinary values than at any time in our 42 years of business. Through the vastly increased buying power of the American dollar in Europe we were able to make large purchases far below market prices. We are giving customers the benefit of these big savings in the new 1921 Basch De Luxe Diamond Book. A copy is waiting for you free. Send the coupon today. Don’t buy a diamond until you have had a chance to examine our wonderful money-saving offers. Just compare the amazingly low prices in our Diamond Book with retailers’ prices and judge for yourself.

1921 Basch De Luxe Diamond Book Free

Let us send you at once this great book displaying thousands of wonderful diamond offers, showing the very latest and finest designs and settings, and all at rock-bottom, importers’ prices—no profits to middlemen. The Basch book also tells you just how to judge diamonds—tells you the exact meaning and importance of color, brilliance, degree of perfection, carbon spots, etc.—how to know when you get your money’s worth. Before buying a diamond, learn how to judge one, and above all—see our list of remarkable diamond offers—more remarkable this year than ever before. Get the Basch Diamond Book TODAY.

Money Back Guarantee

We guarantee the exact weight, quality and value of every diamond in our catalog. We give a legal binding contract to refund in cash full price less 10% any time within one year should you wish to return your diamond for any reason. We also guarantee to allow you full price in exchange for another diamond at any time.

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Offered in Pure Silk, Silk Faced and Lusterized Lisle styles for men, women and children.

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Born with Club Feet, Garth
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young adults. Our book
"Deformities and Paralysis"
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free. Write for them.

McLain Orthopaedic Sanitarium
504 Ashurst Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

W.H. Co.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

have four gallons. I pleasure to ride you for
three."

T. HAYES HUNTER, who directed
"Earthbound," which is a great picture
despite the fact that there were practically
but five principals in the cast, tells this one
A well-known director was filming "The Last
Supper" as an insert for a picture. The pres-
ident of the corporation came on the set
and counted the thirteen figures in the scene
"What's this?" he howled, "only thirteen
men in that great big set!" "Certainly," re-
piled the director, "Twelve Apostles and
the Master." "That won't do; you'll have to
fill it up," retorted the manager, "add some
extra apostles."

MARY PICKFORD FAIRBANKS is at
home in Beverly Hills. However, no
body but her family has seen her. Because
Mary is resting from her vacation.

A LOS ANGELES paper recently printed
a story that Tony Moreno's youthful
ambition was to be a bull-fighter. The fol-
lowing day two indignant and irate gentle-
men of evident Spanish extraction called
at the studio to see Mr. Moreno. They then
stated that they were representatives of the
bull-fighter's union (or words to that effect
in Spanish) and that they had heard he claimed
to be a bull-fighter. "If so, where and what
bulls have you fought?" demanded they.
"My goodness," said Tony, "I never fought
any bull. But I guess at that I could
these little bits of calves. I see you guys
fighting all the time in the movies. If you're
such good bull fighters as all that, why don't
you go back to Spain where they raise real
big cows, eh?"

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT, the novelist,
whose works have been successfully
screened, was married August 6th, in San
Diego, to Winifred Mary Potter Duncan.
The wedding was very quiet and news of it
did not leak out for some days after the
ceremony. Wright was divorced from his
first wife about a year ago.

BARABBETH RUTH has made a picture called
"Headin' Home." Ho-hum.

SOME years ago—we won't say how many
—Bill Hart and Tom Ince were sharing
pot-luck together in a hall bedroom in a
New York boarding house. Now when Tom
passes Bill on the street he barely nods.
Ince put Hart into pictures; later Bill went
his own way. Now J. Parker Read, Jr.,
Ince's business associate, is swing Hart for
$84,000 alleged to be due Read for services

FRANCIS X BUSHMAN and Beverly
Byrne and the youngest Bushman—four-
teen-months-old Richard Stansbury—have
arrived in California. They have settled
down in a bungalow and expect to appear
soon in a new play by Oliver Morosco and
at the same time take part in "The Half
Breed" and "The Master Thief," the latter their
legitimate vehicle of last season, to celluloid.
The Bushmans have been decidedly popular
in the provinces but have not yet got on the
west coast to New York in their stage play.
The nearest they got to Broadway was the
Bronx.

HENRY WALTHALL is playing in San
Francisco, on the stage, in Maude Ful-
ton's new play, "The Humming Bird." Oliver
Morosco will probably make a picture of this
latter on Nazimova is mentioned as the star
who will probably play the leading role in
New York.
PLAYS AND PLAYERS

(Continued)

President Wilson has become a candidate for the honor of being world’s champion picture fan. Almost every day, we hear, he calls for his projection machine and operator and in the East Room of the White House has a little performance all his own. His favorites are Bill Hart, Doug Fairbanks and Charles Ray. In fact, the “wild and woolly” western picture have even supplanted his once-favorite diversion, reading detective thrillers.

Hobart Henley has married Corinne Barker, last seen on the screen in “The Silent Barrier.” And where do you suppose they went on their honeymoon? To Europe!

Irene Rich has just secured a divorce from Lieutenant Colonel Charles G. Rich in Buffalo. This will be a surprise to many who did not even know she was married. She is, you know, the young woman who always admits in the final reel of a Will Rogers picture that handsome is as handsome does.

Douglas Fairbanks is back at work again. He is being directed by Fred Niblo, who will not begin work on his own productions until he has completed the Fairbanks’ feature, “The Curse of Capistrano.” Mary Fairbanks, too, is buckling down to work after her triumphant honeymoon tour, and Frances Marion is directing her. The story? Oh, that’s a dead secret.

Zasu Pitts eloped with her leading man, Tom Gallery. The pair, chaperoned by King and Florence Vidor, left Los Angeles for Santa Ana, where they were married, the Vidors witnessing the ceremony. Zasu and Gallery played opposite each other in two pictures and decided they’d like to keep it up in real life. He’s the son of a former Chicago chief of police, while Zasu is the quaint child whom Mary Pickford discovered and gave her first part in “The Little Princess.”

Catherine Calvert has returned to the screen. The handsome brunette—private life the widow of the late playwright, Paul Armstrong, and the sister-in-law of Rolf Armstrong, who paints Photoplay’s covers—makes her reappearance in a Vitagraph special. She has signed a three-year contract with the Smith organization. Miss Calvert has one small son to whom she is devoted.

Patti Harrold, sometimes erroneously designated as “Pattie,” but in reality named for the great singer, Adelina Patti—is about to make her film debut. She is the daughter of Orville Harrold, the opera and concert singer, and recently filled with great success the role of “Irene,” left vacant by Edith Day and Adele Rowland in the popular musical comedy of the same name. Patti was in the chorus at $75 a week when Miss Rowland decided she didn’t want to play any more; Patti was hustled into the leading role at a moment’s notice, also at $75 per; she made a hit—and it’s safe to say she’s getting considerably more than her original salary now. David Griffith took a film test of her and she passed. She’s a petite brunette.

Mrs. Sidney Drew is to write scenarios and direct Alice Joyce for Vitagraph. Miss Joyce consulted her lawyer not long ago as to the advisability of breaking her contract with Vitagraph—it has two more years to run. Her lawyer told her she must

Discovered!

—but who wouldn’t be charmed away by such good company—and Nabisco?

* * *

Many appetizing discoveries are made with the aid of Nabisco Sugar Wafers. These alluring dessert aids enhance the goodness of fruits, ices, beverages, and sherbets, blending delightfully with any sweet, however delicate its flavor.

Sold in the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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Expressive Eyes!
Pictured by Friscilla Dean
Universal Star

Eyes that mirror emotion, eyes that attract attention— their beauty is emphasized by luxurious lashes. Eyebrows and lashes darker than the hair accentuate the piquancy of your face. Lashes that are glossy reflect a sparkle in your eyes.

Use Lashlux after powdering. It darkens the eyebrows and lashes, makes them lustrous and well-groomed. In addition, it nourishes the lashes with a delicate oil and stimulates their growth.

Lashlux comes in two shades, Dark and Brown. Also Colorless, for use on retiring. In a dainty brown box, with a tiny brush, 50c.

Ross Company
29 E. 23rd Street, N.Y. C.

 Plays and Players
(Concluded)

Mrs. Sidney Drew is to write scenarios and direct Alice Joyce for Vitagraph. Miss Joyce consulted her lawyer not long ago as to the advisability of breaking her contract with Vitagraph—it has two more years to run. Her lawyer told her she must honor the agreement. Now Albert Smith has purchased an Ethel Barrymore legitimate vehicle of some seasons back for Miss Joyce, etc., and other well-known plays. By the way—Alice’s husband, James Regan, Jr., is interested in several hotels in which Alice’s brother, Frank, has been set up as manager. Frank used to be a vaudeville actor. Mr. Regan, Sr., was the manager of the Hotel Knickerbocker, now only a place of pleasant memories along Broadway.

Ellen Terry will make her farewell dramatic appearance on the screen. Anyway, she says that after one more motion picture she will leave both stage and studio. Her daughter, Edith Craig, and sister of Gordon Craig, the artist, is art director for a London film producer.

How I Would Run a Theater
(Continued from page 82)

Wider seats and more space between rows. Better indirect ventilation.

More thought and money expended on restful and harmonious coloring.

A crèche where children under four can be cared for largely by school girls paid with free tickets.

A box into which requests and criticisms may be dropped.

I should want my town theater also a Social Center, hence:

A tea room where young people might meet for dancing or other social affairs.

A rest room where out-of-town women may meet, open all day, where classes in citizenship, domestic science, etc., might be held.

And last, the very best line of plays I could possibly afford—and no censorship, b’heav!

Adelaide F. Brown
97 Union St., Rockland, Maine.

Would Think With the “Fans”

Such a delicious subject! And only three hundred words to discuss it with.

First, comfort. One cannot enjoy the best picture ever screened, if one’s legs are threatening to snap across a miserably sharpened seat. Nor if one’s back is breaking against a recumbent set of gate-legged latticework. Warmth to be maintained in winter from the opening of the doors to the closing of the same. In summer, fans to run so long as the show runs. This play house to allow the regulation after-dinner crowd almost exclusively has become a nuisance.

Second, service. A corps of polite young persons, able to see some sort of a connection between “pep” and seat-hunting. In the box office, a lady, neither a flapper nor a spinster. With a reserve stock of patience and human understanding.

Third, atmosphere. Built out of service, courtesy, a square deal. And giving my patrons a “clean” run for their money.

Down to the heart of the matter. I would enter neither to the highbrow nor the blockhead. I would think with my people, not for them. Therefore, being an average normal human being with an average normal taste, the “flash” on my screen would appeal to the average normal American public. That happy medium, that overwhelming majority that goes to make up the larger part of our national life.
How I Would Run a Theater
(Concluded)

I would sacrifice "money" an offering on the altar of "bunk." I would give the eternal lie to the pet notion that the people want rotten pictures. We do not. We do not ignore such pictures, and leave the show, it's true. Because when we have paid over our precious "quarter" we are determined to stay and see the thing through. It's grit, folks—not taste.

When I get my ideal show started, everybody drop around.

Edna M. Newman,
3810 Hays St., Dallas, Tex.

Co-operate With Schools and Churches

If I were to undertake the operation of a motion-picture theater somewhere, I should wish to build or remodel a moderately large theater in a city of about forty thousand people. I should then base my policy of management on the following principles.

First. A roomy, well-ventilated theater interior, equipped with comfortable seats. Quiet decorations, in which harmony, simplicity, and symmetry might be combined. An entrance and foyer free from flashy colors, blinding light, and too-numerous mirrors.

Second. A staff of employees who could develop a real interest in their work and whose courtesy would attract patrons to the theater.

Third. An orchestra in which ability should outweigh numbers. A musical director who could place the musical program on a high level.

Fourth. A well-balanced program of pictures unqualifiedly clean, inspiring, and true-to-life. Selection of feature films on the principle that "the play's the thing." No lurid sex dramas, stories of extravagant social life, or portrayals of crime in its various forms. A news or topical weekly every day, and once a week two or three special informative films on matters of education, health, and industry. Clean, sparkling comedies as often as they could be found. Clear, steady projection.

Fifth. Suggestion boxes in the foyer, with blanks available on which patrons might write their comments upon the programs shown and present suggestions for better service.

Sixth. Cooperation with schools, churches, libraries, and public welfare institutions in their efforts to promote civic progress. The presentation of special films during campaigns, on holidays, and at the various seasons.

In conclusion, I would endeavor so to manage my theater that it would be counted as a civic asset and would be patronized as such by the families of the city.

Crawford Wheeler,
Monument, Colorado

No Vaudeville or Amateurs Here

If I were running a neighborhood theater I would consider these two big essentials the foundation for success. First—the selection of only high-class pictures, and, second, the faultless presentation of same by means of a perfect screen and up-to-date equipment in projection room. These two essentials should be combined with the following refinements:

You must wear Burson Hose to appreciate the comfort they give.

No seams, yet they are strictly fashioned by a patent process of "knitting-in" the proper shape.

Sold at leading stores

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Rockford, Illinois

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HERE is a complexion blessing for every woman who values her appearance. Just think of it—a dainty face powder cold creamed. Something new! Something different! A marvelous blend that enjoys the distinction of a United States Government Basic Patent.

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder

Use La Meda Cold Creamed Powder in the morning and you are sure of a soft, velvety smooth, powdered finish that lasts all day regardless of weather or perspiration. A skin charm that gives no overdone or artificial suggestion.

While the rest of your friends are finding it hard to keep themselves presentable, you can look fresh and sweet at all times, without continually dabbing with your powder puff.

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder is a really wonderful preparation of distinctive originality and merit. Scientifically correct. Made by a special process. Absolutely pure. The toilet requisite of exquisite refinement.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get La Meda Cold Creamed Powder for you or we will send it postpaid on receipt of 65 cents for a full size jar. Three tints—Flesh, White, Brunette.

Send 12¢ for Guest Size Jar

La Meda Mfg. Co., 103 E. Garfield Blvd., Chicago

Please send handsome miniature test jar of LA MEDA Cold Creamed Powder in the _______ tint. I enclose 10¢ cents silver, and 2¢ stamp for postage and packing. (Or 12¢ stamps if more convenient.)

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Wonderful new system of teaching into music by note. To first qualify in each lesson, we give a $20 value Violin, Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Cornet, Tenor Banjo or Tenor absolutely free. Very small charge for lessons only. We guarantee our students complete ability. Complete methods free. Write now. No obligation.

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc., Dup. 42 Chicago, Ill.

How I Would Run a Theater

(Concluded)

Extra fine ventilation—even John Barrymore cannot hold the breathless attention of a yawning, headachy patron.

Comfortable seats—wide enough that your neighbor’s elbows will not encroach on your territory, and spaced far enough between rows so that your knees and feet will not suffer as your neighbor goes past you to his seat.

Music closely interpretative of the picture, yet not intrusive, and distracting not one iota of the attention from the story or the screen. Attractive lobby. The neighborhood theater must reflect hospitality and this should be most apparent in the lobby.

Different fare for the theater winter and summer. Most of the patrons are "steady" customers and a change of samplings, lighting effects, etc., will have a stimulating effect upon their interest. An unobtrusive perfume used throughout the theater gives a delightful and restful effect.

Restraint in the use of advertising posters at the entrance would reflect good taste. A very few carefully chosen sheets, artistically framed, give an inviting appearance to a theater not to be obtained by placarding as though for a circus.

No amateur nights, or vaudeville. The mixture of vaudeville and pictures is not satisfying, and as to amateur performances, the only spectators who do not actually suffer are the relatives of the performers.

By considering patrons as guests, and training employees to be courteous, efficient, and hospitable, I believe a neighborhood theater conducted along these lines would be highly successful.

VERA WILLIAMSON, 2523 Gettysburg Ave., Sautelle, Calif.

How a Little Girl Would Conduct a Theater

Of all the many movie houses in the United States, the ones which show the best pictures are the most popular.

The movie theater of my dreams is not in the crowded streets of some large metropolis; it is in a remote town, in the western part of the continent, where the people are uneducated and without the means of cultivating the arts and sciences which are increasing around them.

Sufficient ventilation would make my theater comfortable in summer and winter, and according to the health laws, it would be considered a clean place. Plain in design and pleasing to the eye would be the interior decoration.

I would employ the best of films to educate my patrons, while an electric piano would furnish an added attraction for those who loved music.

I would try, through my theater, to bring joy and happiness into some lonely cowboy’s life and to lighten the anonymous labor of the western girl.

Then, by way of educational advantages, I would show twice a week, News Reels, terrific slow motion films, and any other showing the progress of the world.

How happy I would feel to know that my theater, simple and plain as it would be, could be the foundation of a large, thriving city.

JANIE MAURINE HUGI.

1006 Buena Vista St., San Antonio, Texas.
Ten Rules for Humor

The author of "Pigs Is Pigs" gives them for aspiring humorists.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Ellis Parker Butler, author of "Pigs Is Pigs," "The Jack Knife Man," and other humorous stories, has Ten Rules of Humor as clearly defined as the Ten Commandments. This fact became known the other day in California, where, with Mrs. Butler and all the little Butlers, four in number, he is enjoying the weather, writing a new novel, and overseeing preparation for the screening of his novel, "The Jack Knife Man," a First National attraction, for the picture rights of which King W. Vidor recently paid $15,000.

"How do you make people laugh?" Mr. Butler was asked.

"Well," said he, "you know you can get just as big a laugh by poking a baby in the ribs as you can by composing the finest line in the world. There isn't much degree in laughter. Humor is largely mechanical. It has certain paces, rules, systems. All humor is merely a variation of these methods. "Wit, however, is different and originates in the mind. Goethe once said that every bon mot he coined had at least $5 worth of education, reading and knowledge behind it."

Mr. Butler outlined his Ten Rules of Humor as follows:

1. "The first Method of Humor is what I might call a breezy exaggeration. It predominates in American humor. It is an inflated chest expansion. You take something only slightly important and permit it to grow, to wax large, until it is extremely important. A slight variation from the normal, aggrandized, enlarged tremendously, is a sure-fire success. Mark Twain was fond of this style. I used it in my article "Movies Is Movies" in Photoplay for July.

2. Second, we have the use of the other person's real or pretended ignorance. Almost all child humor is founded upon the child's ignorance of something we fully understand. An irrational and rural humor of various kinds emanate from this. Wrong use of words, or, even to go further, another person's faults or peculiarities, may be chased here.

3. "Third is what I call the naive mode, which Barrie so often employed in his early Scotch stories. By that I mean a seriousness, an alertness, about something that is really impossible, absurd or ridiculous. For example, I read a story just the other day about a postage stamp society which, at a meeting, decided to deplore the unornamental design of postage stamps, appointed a committee to do away with the plain stamp now in use in the United States and persuade the government to issue a series of stamps displaying the scenery of California. That is the height of naive humor.

4. "Fourth is the ridiculous, the calling direct attention to something we consider impossible in connection with ourselves—the fat man, in the silk hat, on a slippery pavement, for instance. This is probably not funny to fat men in silk hats on slippery pavements.

5. "Fifth is the repetition of something more."

(Concluded on page 123)

Decide, Madam, After you try Van Camp's

We cannot hope to win you to Van Camp's if there are better Baked Beans in existence. But we deserve a test. We have spent years and fortunes to perfect this dish. Scientific cooks have done their utmost in it. The finest kitchen in the world has been built for it. Compare it with ordinary ready-baked beans. Then decide, once for all, between Van Camp's and other.

The Ideal Dish

Scientific cooks, famous chefs and domestic science experts have perfected here the ideal baked bean dish. The beans are selected by analysis. They are cooked in water freed from minerals. They are baked in modern steam ovens, where high heat can be applied for hours without bursting or crisping the beans. They are baked in sealed containers so no flavor can escape. They are baked with a matchless sauce, which gives to every granule delicious tang and zest. They come out mealy, whole and zestful. The skins are tender—the beans easily digest. Find out for your own sake what such baked Beans, ever ready, mean to you and yours.

Van Camp's Pork and Beans

Three sizes, to serve, 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products include:

- Soups
- Evaporated Milk
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- Chili Sauce, etc.
- Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

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Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. It will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, strappas, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can remove the traces of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect should know about the remarkable

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which remove lumps and "crow's feet" and wrinkles, fill up hollows; give roundness to sunken necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or hollow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this Free Book which tells just what to do to bring back the freshness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

KATHRYN MURRAY, Inc.
Suite 1158    Garland Bldg.    Chicago Illinois
Polly with a Past
(Concluded)

Around her waist was a trailing scurf of some soft, shining stuff. She caught it up, now, and drew it lightly over her shoulders, covering her wrap of waist and jeweled shoulder-strap, fold andäll into a quaint fichu that transformed the brilliant siren into a quaint, country maiden. With a word to the accompanist, she lifted her face, fixed her eyes on far-off things and began to sing in a voice of wistful, tremulous sweetness, a simple, goodnight song, almost a hymn. And to all these men and women, as she sang, came memories—triumphant white trundle beds; low-roofed rooms with the sun peeping through dormer windows; villages set in woody spots; tender, wrinkled mother-hands.

In the silence that followed, she turned with a little bow, gave her hand to Rex and slipped away. But not too soon to hear the voice of Myrtle Davis: “Quite a wonderful actress, is she not? Well, Rex’s uncle will be here tomorrow, and none too soon! The girl can be bought off, of course!”

Van Zile whirled, angrily, but Polly’s small hand held him back.

“After all, it is what I want! To be bought off! Two thousand dollars I shall ask. Then, my dream will begin to come true. And as for yours—Miss Myrtle surely is interested now. Our little plan has succeeded admirably. Come, you promised me a long, quiet ride.”

He did not trust himself to speak, just then. He helped her into the waiting car, took the wheel, and they were off, down a fairy trail of road sprinkled with dust of stars. On, on they went, out through the open country, where little Polly smiled and dreamed, and the moon laughed on ahead.

At last, when the road ran down to the sea, they stopped, and the waves came up to meet them, singing of age and youth, of dreams and dangers, of sorrows and gladdess, of death and life and love. And as they listened the wise old sage gave to both of them peace and wisdom and understanding.

“Little Polly,” he said softly, “my dream wasn’t what I thought. I’m awake. And it’s you I want—just you! Could you love me, little Polly?”

The round child-eyes looked up, sweetened, deepened. The funny grin came twinkling through her face. He bent, until her lips, fresh and full and incredibly innocent were almost touched by his. Then—

“I meant to have you love me!” said demure little Polly.

The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 36)

But once the course of true love smooths out for him he is practically gone. In “Cupid the Cowpuncher,” for instance, the early scenes are all but perfect. William is a good matchmaker—for everyone but himself; a homely, humorous philosopher of the range, heart whole and fancy free. Then comes the rancher’s pretty daughter, and “Cupid” falls. The beginning of this romance, too, is fine—so long as there is doubt as to the outcome. But pretty soon the story’s ended before it is well begun by the plainly established preference of the girl, and the attempt to pick it up again by having her decide she must go to New York and try for a career is only partially successful, and not at all reasonable. Despite this break, however, there are few as good comedies to be seen these days as “Cupid the Cowpuncher,” few as rich in detail and incident, few with as well handled scenes as those of the medicine show and the
lashed Ford and mighty few with as many honest leaks in the title role as Charles Braid- wick, who has talent as well as beauty, is the leading woman. Clarence Badger did the directing from an Edith Bingham scenario and an Eleanor Gates story.

TRUMPET ISLAND—Vitaphone

TRUMPET ISLAND* will be one of the most talked about pictures of the fall season. It is easy to believe that Tom Terriss and his cast spent months and endured all manner of hardships that this might be a super-feature in fact as well as in the advertising. The location of the story is that of an airplane is sent hurtling through an electric storm and ends with a crash in the treetops of a lovely island, however it might have been. The story is the more realistic of any similar scenes to which we have been witness. The story is a Gouverneur Morris romance, which is sufficient to stamp it with a certain originality and clarity, and the scenario and titles are by Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester, which is something of a guarantee of quality. A young girl, convent reared, falls in love with a sailor boy. Her father decrees, however, that she shall marry one of those wretched ruses of the drama who can bring her wealth but no love. The sailor boy acquires sudden wealth and loses his head, and then seeks to recover his equilibrium by going to live on that good old abandoned island of the movie seas. The girl, dutifully agreeing to marry the ruse on promise of being taken in an airplane on her wedding tour, from which she expects to dash herself to death, is eventually dropped at the boy's feet on 'Trumpet Island,' her memory gone, her suffering not preserved. Together the young lovers travel through several happy weeks, and then they are found and threatened with a separation that you very well know never takes place in a movie romance, and an interesting picture, rich in adventure, not too extravagantly illogical and pictorially arresting. Marguerite de la Motte is an attractive heroine. George MacDonald is a plausible and likable hero.

THE JACK-KNIFE MAN—Vidor-First National

THE family will indorse "The Jack-Knife Man," Mother and the girls will like it because it is homely and true and sympathetic. Father and the boys will approve because it is shot through with bits of adventure on a Mississippi houseboat. There is wholesome comedy and a strain of sentiment that is not permitted to become cheap or maudlin, and what the sophisticated fan may discover in "Jack-Knife Man" is a honest touch of old-time humor. In addition to the commanding virtues it presents King Vidor at his atmospheric best in his treatment of Ellis Parker Butler's story. The scenes are effective, the language unstrain, the rain, the lightning and the wind combine to make the film a little thick but very real and the river shots are enough to suggest that they were taken along the shores of the old Father of Waters itself. The story suggests a moment in the life of a gentle old man brought into contact with the love of a child. Peter Line, something better than a tramp, considerably less than a gentleman, falls heir to "budding," the forty year old man who dies childless, while she is escaping from a life of which she has grown weary. The little fellow squeezes down close to the old gentleman's heart and when the authorities are represented by an avascular agent of a home-finding society, attempts to take him away. Peter dez

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The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 110)

possession of Ethel, and the resulting bout is, for all its familiar features, both pictorially and dramatically one of the best of the last eighteen or twenty similar scenes we have seen in movieland. There is a real interest in the outcome, and a well sustained suspense. In the end Ethel reveals herself as quite a different sort of secretary than anyone suspected, and the Englishman proves to be a British Secret Service agent worthy of any heroine's admiration. Jack Holt, who continues to improve as actor and plausible hero, plays the English chap, Frederick Starr is excellent as the sailor, and Miss Clayton is an agreeable heroine.

THE WHITE MOLL—Fox

THE Pearl White fans, than whom, I understand, there are none fannier, are going to enthrall over "The White Moll." It is the serial queen in ten reels in place of forty, and it can all be seen at a single sitting. It is the first appearance of Miss White as the heroine of a feature picture. Usually she has been left from week to week hanging by her eloquent eyebrows to the skylight above the villain's den, or suspended over the cauldron of boiling oil, or just on the point of shooting a succession of holes through the miserable carcass of old man Nemesis. But in "The White Moll" she starts and she completes her portion of the evening's entertainment without interruption. Her adventures are much the same as they have been in the serial, but the story is a better story than most and the settings and direction are much above the average. The heroine in this instance is a girl of the underworld who is led to reform when her father, a master crook, is shot and killed while trying to rob the poor box of a church. The girl's repentance is sufficiently sincere to inspire a wealthy man to finance her as a settlement worker. As "The White Moll" she circulates among her former pals, and though she labors earnestly to convince them that crime doesn't pay, she never "squawks" on them to the police. Her chief adventure concerns her efforts to prevent the leader of a gang from dragging a released convict who wants to go straight back into crime. It is an exciting story and holds well together in the scenario prepared by E. Lloyd Sheldon from a Frank L. Packard original. Miss White is convincing, a courageous and frequently a very pretty heroine, and her serial experiences have developed her sense of melodrama. She is most ably supported by Richard Travers, Thornton Baston, Walter Lewis and Eva Gordon, and Harry Millarde's direction is excellent.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES—Paramount-Arcaft

THE effort to rewrite George Broadhurst's farce, "What Happened to Jones," for Bryant Washburn turned rather sadly. What there is left of the old plot inspires the sort of a laugh that ends in a yawn, because it is a palpably forced comedy with nothing resembling a reasonable situation on which to hang the story—or the star. Washburn successfully escapes marring his handsome-ness with the side-whiskered makeup allotted to the fake reformer he is forced to impersonate, and there is a bit of humor in the effort of two shy young men to get a drink despite the Volstead Act. But most of the tricks are as old as the farce itself, and they result in very little. Three or four as uninteresting pictures as this one I should say, would completely obtrude a star and leave a big black mark against the sponsoring firm of producers.

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A DARK LANTERN—Realart

IT is a trite sort of romance that is unfolded in “A Dark Lantern,” adapted from a novel by Elizabeth Robins. Alice Brady wears some beautiful clothes but even the most modern fashions cannot disguise the fact that this is an old-fashioned story. What modern girl falls in love with a Balkan prince? What modern girl suffers a nervous breakdown because she is disappointed in love? The picture is the sort that is devoted mostly to conversation about obscure problems and you come out wishing that the whole cast had dashed over a cliff in an automobile. James Crane is Alice Brady’s leading man. The author says that he has a face like a dark lantern, from whence comes the name of the story.

THE GREAT REDEEMER—Metro

THe Great Redeemer” is one of the new pictures that is really worth seeing. In spite of a conventional melodramatic beginning and a rather cheap and weak ending, the picture achieves a certain dignity and distinction. H. H. Van Loan is said to have taken the story from real life. Briefly it tells of a bandit who is serving his term in a state penitentiary. Near him is a murderer who, facing death, refuses the consolations of religion and hurls the Bible from his cell. The bandit picks up the Bible and in it he finds a painting of the crucifixion. Having some skill as an artist, he copies it on the wall. In the dead of night, the living Christ takes the place of the painted figure. The murderer goes to his death at peace with his Maker and the bandit goes back to the world, a man with a soul.

The production was directed by Clarence Brown under the supervision of Maurice Tourneur. For the most part it is fine and sincere and beautifully acted. House Peters, as the bandit, and Joseph Singleton, as the murderer, have moments of inspiration. Marjorie Daw brings real feeling to a conventional role. “The Great Redeemer,” like “The Miracle Man” and “Earthbound,” proves that religion, properly presented, is a stronger theme than sex.

IN FOLLY’S TRAIL—Universal

CARME MEYERS returns to the screen in “In Folly’s Trail,” which isn’t meant to be a joke. The picture tells a trite little story of an artist and his “inspiration.” Except for the attractive presence of Miss Meyers and some pretty settings, it is just an “evening killer.” Thomas Holding, a good actor, is leading man.

HER HONOR THE MAYOR—Fox

IT is a short-sighted policy that selects a poor vehicle for a new star. Eileen Percy is the star. We don’t know why. But then again we don’t know why not. Anyway, “Her Honor the Mayor” was adapted from a weak and foolish stage play and it is no better on the screen. Outside of that, Miss Percy is welcome to her front row seat.

THE POOR SIMP—Selznick

OWEN MOORE plays another “silly ass” role in “The Poor Simp.” It isn’t a dazzling comedy and the humor doesn’t exactly push up as a gift from nature, but still Mr. Moore is funny as the man who is a hopeless nut until he is forced to fight. And then he tells it and gets a lot of pleasure out of it. Nell Craig, who has been off the screen for a long time, is Mr. Moore’s leading woman.
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The Shadow Stage

MARY'S ATTIC—Finarts

WHAT burlesque shows are to the theater, pictures of the "Up in Mary's Attic" type are to the screen. Their public is that which is attracted by the appearance of a diving girl in a one-piece suit—and more numerously attracted by a row of diving girls in several one-piece suits. The adventures of Mary in this instance are merely an excuse to introduce the girls in the gymnasium of her college, and though the comedy peg is legitimate enough—having to do with Mary's attempt to conceal the fact that she is married to the athletic director and the mother of her months old baby—it is employed to give the slap-stick boys and the pursuing comedians who fall over everything a show, including a chance to perform. It is, to employ an ancient illustration, exactly the kind of picture you will enjoy if you enjoy that kind of picture.

Howard Donaldson wrote it, W. H. Watson directed it, Jane Novak and Harry Gribbon play its principal roles. The bathing suits form a fitting background.

By Photoplay Editors

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER—Paramount

A PICTURE that would have appealed to maiden ladies of the mid-victorian period is this latest vehicle of Elsie Ferguson and Oliver Hardy. It is a story based on Paramount's "Dorothy and the Dragon," and is very, very, English—that is, we suppose it is English. It has a crockery old Lady, and a wicked Captain with a mustache and medals, and a young good Lord, and Elsie. Elsie has to pay and pay and pay because twice in the first part of the picture she ran away from her husband—she plays her own mother and grandmother, you understand. She really makes it look easy, dear, and heaves, and blinks her eyes, and finally takes poison. It doesn't kill her; just makes her realize what a good sort the young Lord is, after all, and what a blasted blackguard the fortune-hunting Captain. He dies. Since he was well played by David Powell, we were sorry. Hugh Ford has done nothing in his direction to help things along. Burns Mantle is blamed for the scenario but we believe the original fault goes back farther than that. Whoever thought this story would make a good picture ought to be made to sit through it.

THE LOVE FLOWER—Griffith United Artists

FIVE years ago David Wark Griffith kept his own counsel and made "The Birth of a Nation." Today he takes double-page advertisements in the Saturday Evening Post to tell about "The Love Flower."This new Griffith release is, admittedly, a "short story"; it makes no pretensions to greatness. But even so it is not Griffith It might have been done by any one of our better directors. It has beautiful moments in photography, a heart-throb or two, a bit of young love. It has vague references to "The Law." On the other hand it has true drama and suspense. As is usual in the later Griffith stories, we have a careful introduction to our principals: a painstaking planting of atmosphere—and then, for three reels, nothing. Nothing that is, with the exception of one gorgeous girl. If Mr. Griffith wishes us to become well acquainted with his latest discovery he will not be disappointed. We've seen Carol Dempster through the misty close-up and under water; we have seen her outlined against the sky, the wind
whipping her flouncy costume about her. We have seen her one expression for love, hate, fear, and the other cardinal emotions. As an actress Miss Dempster is an excellent high
driver. But she may have doubled; we never
thought of that. There is one thing to be
thankful for: the villain, such as he is, does
not desire the heroine. He confines himself
to hounding her father, who is finely drawn
by George MacQuarrie. Richard Barthelmess
plays a young man of wealth who is sailing
round the world looking for adventure.
Does he find it? Perhaps not—but he has
an opportunity to win Carol and many
close-ups. Griffith really went to a southern
isle to get atmosphere for this, but his
"Broken Blossoms," made in Hollywood, had
more of the breath of the Orient than this
has of the South Seas. That delicacy and
poetry he used to give us are absent. You
will go to see it; perhaps you will be en-
tertained. But in a year which also presents
"Earthbound" it will make no great im-
pression.

LITTLE MISS REBELLION —
Paramount Artcraft

LONG, long ago we cherished a hope that
sometimes they would let Dorothy Gish
play a real girl again. Every time we see a
new D. Gish effort it goes glimmering.
It went out altogether during this one—the
story of a pigeon-toed princess of a
mythical kingdom overthrown by the
bolshievists. It isn't good enough to read about
them in the newspapers every day without
having their make-believe activities thrust
upon you. And we can't help but think
that the real article doesn't strut and pose
like George Stepinoff, here, as the chief bol-
shevist. There are several moments when
you'll laugh, and laugh—that's Dorothy.
Others when you want to have a good cry
—that's the plot. For Ralph Graves, the most
beautiful boy in pictures, plays the lead.
Let's do something about Dorothy. Sign a
petition or something. One more like this
and—goodnight, Gish.

IF I WERE A KING — Fox

WILLIAM FOX walked right into the
lion's den when he produced "If I Were
King," for Justin Huntly McCarthy's story
calls for the sort of odds-bodkins atmosphere
that is the avowed specialty of every picture
on the screen. For his bravery Mr. Fox is being
rewarded with success. The public likes a
change and "If I Were King" furnishes the
proper relief from modern, realistic dramas.
Mr. McCarthy's novel has been filmed with
spectacular dash. The picture has enough
dramatic scenes to satisfy the most greedy.
J. Gordon Edwards's direction is adequate with
a little more inspiration, and never get the
impression of seeing the France of Louis the
Eleventh, but you do feel that you are wit-
nessing an excellent reproduction of the times.
The adventures of Francois Villon, the
French poet, have been suffi- ciently
celebrated in song and story by E. H.
Sothern, to need recounting. In fact, he is
one of the truest and most real of romantic
figures. There is much gay and humor in the
tale of his meeting with the King and there
is romance in his winning of Catherine.
To speak frankly about William Farnum's
performance in this, we think that the
part should have been intuited to a younger
and slender actor. But to be strictly fair to
Mr. Farnum, he knows his business and his
long stage experience has given him a certain
matured and poetic in a part that demands
virility. Betty Ross Clarke is a charming,
although placid, heroine while Fritz Lieber
gives an impressive picture of the king.

The Shadow Stage
(Continued)
The Shadow Stage

(MORE MOORE. The star of "The White Rider" is brother Joe, who is a mere child. However, he can do stunts and in the picture he seems set on breaking his neck. The thrill provided by Joe, his brother is the only thing in the picture that will make you glad you parted with your dime and war tax. Lilian Selden is co-starred with Joe Moore.

LOVE MADNESS—
J. Parker Reid-Hodkinson

AND still we have another picture with a Moore in it. This time it is Matt. He is not starred because Louise Glaum is the lady in electric lights. C. Gardner Smith wrote the story and it is a good one, once you have forgotten the hectic title. It provides Miss Glaum with an angel-and-devil role. She is a good woman who turns vamp—

AN ARABIAN KNIGHT
Robertson-Cole

THIS is an improvement over previous pictures starring Sessue Hayakawa because it gives the Japanese actor a real chance at character drawing. He is seen as a lying, likable Arab who is mistaken for a re-incarnated soul-mate of a rich American spinster. The melodrama is routine but the humor has the flavor of the Oriental stories.

BRIDE 13 — Fox

WOOF! Woof! Oh, to fly even higher in higher criticism. But here is William Fox's very first serial. Although the reviewer only saw the first five episodes, it is easy to tell that the plot is a hard one that will have to be killed with a club in the fifteenth chapter. The serial is all about a gang of pirates, the United States Navy and the glory of American womanhood. In all pictures of this kind, the characters are just sheer slap. But if you love delicious—

CONVICT 13 — Metro

WHILE we are on the subject of unlucky numbers it will be well to mention "Convict 13." It isn't a serial, it is merely a two-reel comedy, but it is so bright and clever that it deserves a friendly word. "Buster" Keaton has something of Willy Collier's city of humor plus a wonderful ability for clowning. The burlesque gong game is recommended to all those who want a natty club.

THE LITTLE WANDERER—Fox

IF you want to marry a millionaire, all you have to do is to run away from home and buy one. A year-old baby, Cat-

Illustrations in this advertisement are reduced in size about one half. A year-end banner Cat-

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Have Restored the Natural Color of Their Hair

Gray hairs are the first tell-tale sign of age. Yet they are often premature.

Women have long suffered their hair to become gray because they did not want to use greasy, distasteful dyes.

Now women no longer hesitate. For science has discovered the way to end gray hairs without resorting to the old-time, crude dyes.

It has given to women this scientific hair color restorer. In from four to eight days it restores gray hair to its natural color.

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"Yes, I was born in Sweden," she admitted.

"Where were you born?"

"Texas," I confessed.

"You know I worked in a picture in Texas," she volunteered. "It was Rex Beach's 'Heart of the Sunset.' I loved the border and the great desert spaces. Oh, those rides over the mesas, and the ranches and wonderful sunsets.

The desert was very dry, hot and deserted though. It all needed was water and good society."

"That's all hell needs, ma'am," I said before I thought how it sounded. Overwhelmed by confusion I just held my hat, but she looked right politely. Seeing that I was speechless Miss Anna Q. came to my rescue.

"How do you like moving pictures?" she asked, with a quaint touch of originality.

"Not so bad," I answered, "everybody has to fall for them. Even old Hank Laidlaw." 

"Who was Hank and how did he fall?" she queried. 

"Hank was the meanest man west of the Pecos and one of the richest," I told her.

"Get his start hiring a bunch of Mexicans to build wood to the railroad and paying them half of the wood for their work and the use of their teams.

"Never was known to over look a dollar or get beat in a trade. Used to charge the prairie dogs rent for their holes. Owed a big ranch and his cowboys on jack rabbits. In the morning he'd send the hands out before breakfast with three rocks and if they didn't come back with two rabbits they got fired.

"In this way he piled up a stack of money so high it would take a run to jump over it. One summer he went to El Paso to do his winter drinking before the fall round up, and there trouble followed him.

"Saw a moving-picture company workin' and got kind of hypnotized with the idea. Hired the whole outfit and brought them back to the ranch to get rich quick. He had a highly original idea. Wanted to produce Shakespeare's drama in cowboy costume. Thought the public wanted novelty.

"Six months later he was busted. Everybody is liable to fall for the pictures.

As I talked my eyes had been scouting around the room. It was different from the usual ranch of a movie lady. There wasn't a Pekinese pup on the place nor a picture of Miss Nilsson on the walls. Books lined the room and I discovered that most of them were in foreign languages.

When I asked her admitted that she spoke German, French, her native Scandinavian, and of course English.

"How many languages do you speak?" she questioned.


When she first landed on the side from the other side, she was selected by the artist Pernith Stanlaw as the most beautiful American girl. From posing as a poster girl she went to the old Calum company and stayed there four years.

I ain't well posted on the biography of pictures so I mulled ove the names of the photopales she retired famous. One I remember seeing in San Antonio once was called "The Auction of Souls." It was all about the time the Armenians were massacred by the Turks, and the Kurds and Whysers. "What are your plans for future work?" I asked. That's always a good question when you're looking for information and knowledge.

"They are rather vague," she confided. "I'll tell you a secret, however. There is a probability of my returning to the stage for a time. I am considering an offer to appear in a Broadway production now. Of course I will never desert the pictures altogether.

"For some time she had been plotting at her wrist watch, so I thought I'd better go."

"Please don't hurry," she pleaded, putting on her hat and picking up her parasol.

"Sorry, but I must go," I insisted, although I hated to disappoint her.

So we rambled down stairs and she invited me to ride to Forty-second street in her car. First thing I knew there I was floating down Fifth Avenue, sitting right beside Miss Anna Q., where anybody could see me. I felt mighty proud.

Alas, all too soon, as the authors say, we came to Forty-second street.

Saddly I watched her enter the building and step into the elevator. I was saddened by the thought that perhaps I might never see her again.

Just then I found that cigarette paper with the question on it. Waving it wildly I dashed after her.

"Just a minute," I beseeched. "Tell me what does that Q. in the middle of your name stand for?"

"It means Quirientia," she shouted back.

"Are you married?" I yelled, referring to my paper.

But the answer was lost as the elevator shot up into the vaulted gloom of the upper floors.

If I ever see her again I'm going to have them questions written on a shingle.
How To Hold Him

(Continued from page 47)

Most men are vamped by some woman not nearly as attractive as their wives. Wives ought to be smart enough to deduce from this that it's because they don't play their cards right. The history of war shows that a strategic general with a few men often defeats superior forces.

But the great thing—she ever, all important thing for every wife to remember is this—men are always disarmed, controlled, won—by flattery. It is the one thing they never outgrow—the one thing they are never proof against—the one thing that they never learn to combat even when they desire. It's impossible to give them too much.

Men can resist everything except temptation. And it's "no disgrace to run when you're scared." Take a little trip with him—manage a vacation, go away from the scene of disaster.

Serenity is the jewel in the crown of womanhood.

Remember I am writing all this for wives. I am not saying it is as it should be. But it is as it is. I'm not writing a defense of wives nor a condemnation of husbands. One could do that, too. I am simply telling you a few of the things I have learned in studying women and men and the world.

But as I said in the beginning, marriage is a woman's game. If she doesn't like it, let her stay single. But if she marries, she must accept the fact that the responsibility for its success is 99 per cent on her shoulders.

The Movie Broncho

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

I'm the pinto
You see in the Pictures.
I'm the double-cinched goat
That the she-star mounts
And rides like a Spring-Bok
To reach—(O Gawd, is there time?)—
The Governor's home,
Before some Hank in hair-pants
Gets the nose in the neck.
That's what I've come to—
But a time there was
When I unrelaxed a mile
In a shade over three,
And a seven-barred gate
Was fun to me,

But, hully-gee,
Those good days went
When they made me into a ferry-boat
For Breeds and Moors and Mexicans
And Arab Chiefs and Texicans!
I'm a mattress now for their tumbling stunts;
I'm a target now for their pistol blanks,
And a racing mate for the old Way Freight;
I'm a back-drop now for the Cupid stuff,
And a balance for the Hero bluff;
And at every mile
There's a worried boob with the same black box,
And all the while
There's a clicking sound that gives me shocks,
As I'm straddled by stiffs and jerked up short,
And headed with ladies in dire distress
And confronted by Sheriffs with ledged gats,
And sent racing up in the nick of time
To save the Blonde from the Outlaw Bird.
I'm beginning to wish
That these poor fish
Could get a touch
Of what, by golly.
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Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

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Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

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The Parasites of the Fifth Industry

Continued from page 2

The Post Office Inspectors throughout the country are busy trying to keep fraudulent advertisements and circulars out of the mails.

Advertising associations having for their object the exposure of untruthful advertisements, divide the press between the oil and the movie fakers whom they are trying to chase out of the advertising columns of newspapers and magazines.

The honest motion picture companies are far by the heaviest individual loss, for the losses are heavier than those of the persons who give their cash to the fakers. The latter lose only their money. But the reputation and credit of every reputable motion picture producer and exhibitor suffer every time a movie bubble bursts and the details of the robbery of women, children and wage-earners comes to light.

Photoplay has undertaken to expose some of these parasites of the motion picture industry. It promises to be a mess, and rather an unpleasant job. But someone has to do it. It has got to be done. This magazine is fairly conversant with the motion picture industry since its inception. It is Photoplay's business to know what is going on in the moving picture world.

But Photoplay does not know of a single instance of a company, promoted by popular subscription through circulars, newspaper and magazine advertisements, that has paid back one cent of dividend. Nor does Photoplay know of a single company that has paid back one cent of the capital injected into the motion picture industry. And although the editors of Photoplay know most of the leaders in the motion picture industry, they know of no person who has ever heard of a company that has paid back any money, through popular subscription, that has ever been made a success.

And why should the percentage of failures be so high?

Because the motion picture industry is an art. Because it is so highly technical. Because it requires high-salaried directors, high-salaried actors and writers, and to operate and utilize this amalgamation of artistic skill and the highly complex mechanics of film production, the motion picture craft requires trained and experienced directors of the very highest order.

"But," says the promoters, "Wall Street and the great masters of finance in this land of great financiers are investing in the motion picture industry."

Well, Wall Street has been known to gamble in the past. Our big financiers are not above taking a chance with their money. But when they sit in a meeting and they examine the books of the companies in which they invested, and when they do invest they start along their own trusted representatives to look after their money. Wall Street has invested in a few of the soundest of the motion picture companies, but only after Wall Street had looked into every nook and corner of said companies.

Moreover, the big banking houses which have invested in motion picture companies expect no amazing profits for the very simple reason that the motion picture industry cannot bear a thing such as amazing profits in the long run.

There are two millionaires who have made their money in the business. One picture
The Parasites of the Fifth Industry
(Concluded)

may reap a fortune, but the next one loses half of it. The third picture eats up one half of what remains, and at the end of the year, the producing company officers put themselves on their weary backs if their books show a net profit of seven or eight or ten per cent on the capital invested.

As we pointed out in the beginning of this article, the promoters of motion picture companies who seek financial support from the public always harp on the great individual successes of filmdom and never mention the failures. They always cite the case of "The Birth of a Nation." Now "The Birth of a Nation" was produced by a company which has never produced any other picture. To David Ward, Griffith's genius and the genius of his well chosen assistants, the phenomenal success of this film epic was largely due.

But the stock promoters never mention Triangle Films, which gave us some excellent screen dramas but failed, nevertheless, to live up to the glowing advertisements on which its stock was sold. Instead of the brilliant promises made to investors, Triangle stock is now floundering in the market at less than fifty cents a share.

In its next issue, PHOTOPLAY will offer its readers some concrete examples of motion picture companies which have cost the public dearly in cash. PHOTOPLAY believes in a square deal for all engaged in this great industry, having no financial interest in any motion picture company. In these days of high cost of paper, the publishing business is not the easiest in the world, but it is a whole lot safer than the motion picture business.

In the meantime, if your curiosity is tickled beyond endurance, if you have no hypnotic motion picture promoter should get a conversational half-Nelson on you, and pour into your ears the magic tale of gold to be minted in the movies, just break away for a few minutes. Extract from your pocket-book two red copper pennies, invest them in a postage stamp and write PHOTOPLAY for advice.

Loves of a Leading Man

The women I have loved—in pictures... Alas!

There was Dorothy who loved the parts of the thwarted virgin. She fancied herself quite in love with me (modest me!) but when we came to write fins, she scorned me and said I was a weakening and clinging vine, whereas I should be the sturdy oak... I left her unashamed.

Came then fair Lady Lydia who loved the luscious things of life and who delighted in pictures pretty as a skirt, the divan with lemon coloured moire, and silver lanterns, and pomegranates. At the end she wept and said I was a good sport. For which I did not care, since there are so many of them.

And the delightful Virginia. Dear girl, she flattered me and said I was a waster and a roarer. I was only twenty-seven and who ever heard of a roarer? I ask you, at that tender age?... She said, when she kissed her farewell beneath the stars, that I would never forget her. What man ever does forget any woman he has kissed?

Came Camille!!!... Exquisite as pain; cruel as Herod; cold as a winter dawn; intoxicating as crimson wine; clean as crystal and chaste as Diana. And when I whispered good-byes, she said: "You have been a perfect gentleman!"... I can never forgive her.

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Your Home and Its Winter Clothes

(Concluded from page 52)

run around the table at just the right distance to support the chairs. One of the innumerable clever touches in this house is the insertion of mirrors in the paneled walls, at the right spot to give a reflection of the opposite room and thus enhance decidedly the desired effect of space.

If your table lamps are too bright for reading or recreating, in the winter evenings, there is a clever convenience in the way of tiny Japanese screens that break the light sufficiently for comfort. These pretty screens are made in just the right height to set about a table lamp and in colors to harmonize with any room.

A girl I know recently inherited a lot of that golden oak furniture that is an adornment in the sight of the Lord. Moreover, it came just at the time when she was planning on furnishing a tiny apartment for herself and having visions of a few nice bits of mahogany. With the chest,-of-drawers, and the girl pluckily gave up her dreams of mahogany and set to work with a paint brush. Two coats of dull black paint worked wonders on that old, and the pattern was brought into play, and class knobs used in place of brass handles. The result was one of the prettiest apartments that you can imagine, the dull black furniture and soft yellow curtains harmonizing beautifully. Yellow curtains, I would like to add, are the best color for a north room. In this way you make your own sunshine and may laugh at dark days.

If you kept your eyes open during your summer trip I am sure you must have brought back some notable additions for your home. In spite of the talk that our country people make nothing distinctive, you will find plenty of things that are unique and lovely. Go out far enough among the farm houses and you will find hand-crafted rugs that will be lovely in your bed rooms. Patchwork quilts may also be had, and if your vacation took you south, you will find lovely examples of hand-woven materials in our nation, table covers and rugs. The South-west will give you Indian pottery in many patterns and colors, while there is still pewter and bits of brass to be had in out of the way corners, if one searches.

With the present prices of everything relating to the home, the wise housekeeper who is getting ready for the winter months will study the matter of reducing her electric light bills. This can be effectively accomplished by supplying two sizes of light bulbs. For a general illumination in halls, closets and other overhead lighting use ten-watt bulbs. Then for reading lamps, or where you want other strong light, use fifty or seventy-five-watt lights. You will be surprised what a difference this makes in your light bills.

But no matter where else you save about the house, I hope you’ll be extravagant about one thing—do have long, heavy curtains that may be pulled over the living room and dining room windows. When there is a storm howling outside, think what it means to pull those soft, red curtains over the windows, pull up the fire to a brighter blaze, and turn the reading lamp at just the required brightness! Try it, if only to find out what a delightful nest your home in winter can be if you make it so.
Ten Rules For Humor

(Continued from page 107)

or less unexpected. "Pigs is Pigs" is a good illustration of this. It starts as a sane story about an express company, an express man and a pair of expressed guinea pigs. Due to the well known rapidity of guinea pigs in multiplying, every time the express man comes around there are a few more pigs. Then there are more. Each time, it's funnier. This is what I call beating upon the drum of humor.

"Sixth is the sudden letdown from the extremely serious to the extremely frivolous. Mark Twain uses this where he is describing a young man who receives a severe call- ing down. The arrangement is noble, serious, solemn. But when he described the young man, he says he reminded him of a spider dropped on a hot skillet. First, a look of wild surprise, then he shrivelled.

The sixth example likewise explains the seventh method, the use of extreme analogy, calling attention to an agreement or likeness between things in some circumstances or effects when the things are otherwise entirely different. This is the basis of many cartoons.

"The eighth is the more or less disguised practical joke, horse play, physical humor— the custard pie in the face. Strangely enough, if this is used in the right way, it is not raw or coarse, but is apt to be more effective than any other form of humor."

"Ninth is the gradual expansion of an idea that has delineated possibilities, on the theory that if a little of a good thing is good, more is better.

"The tenth is intemperateness, untimeliness, something that has no particular humor in itself happening at an opportune time—mal apropos humor. For example, things happening at a funeral, a wedding, a christening, or a gathering of a serious nature.

"Of course, it is understood that the author and the reader set themselves up as a superior set of persons. Humor is always laughing at something and the author must convey the impression that he and the reader are laughing together at something.

"Characterization is not humor. Characterization is the setting for humor. The better the setting, the more effective the humor. The contrast of action is more sharply defined. Things are often funny because of the character of the person who does them.

"The after dinner speaker who starts out by saying 'Mike and Pat were walking down the street one day' is the bunk. Everybody at the table knows instantly that he has taken a stock setting—no setting—for some words. There is no humor.

"The great American novel? A myth—a symbol—an impossibility. None can write THE great American novel any more than he can describe the spectrum in one word."

A LARGE—speaking both as to corporation and avoirdupois — producer is very strict about the "No Smoking" signs on all the stages of his huge studio. Heaven help the poor actor caught smuggling a fatima or corona-perfecto. Whenever the producer leaves his luxurious office to take a trip around the plant, he deposits his black cigar in a convenient cubby-hole in the wall. A little ingenue had watched him hide his smoke in that place several times. One day, when he was carefully watching the scene, she found the cigar and carefully laid it on the floor in the producer's path. Of course he found it—but could he raise a row? He could not—and the actress knew it. He was the only man in the place who smoked a cigar like that.

Right care means good-looking hair

Men and women both should have it

Authorities agree that regular wisely directed care is the secret of good-looking hair. They agree on the use of "La Creole" Hair Tonic. Its important ingredients — "Eresol," is recognized by the Council of the American Medical Association for the treatment of dandruff and other scalp affections. No other hair tonic possesses such distinguished approval. Apply "La Creole" two or three times a week, rubbing it into the scalp with a rotary motion of the fingers, Scalp circulation is stimulated; hair roots supplied with needed nourishment, and a beautiful, vigorous growth of hair results.

La Creole Hair Tonic, 75c. La Creole Liquid Shampoo, 50c.
La Creole Hair Dressing, $1.00.
At drug stores and toilet counters.

Shampoo regularly also

"La Creole" Liquid Shampoo brings a combination of delightful, stimulating, cleansing qualities never before attained in a shampoo. Its formula, based on mentholated coconut oil, is a new achievement. It keeps plants and pores of scalp glowing with clean health and vigour for proper functioning, and makes hair look its best. After shampooing always apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic.

"La CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING is a treatment for the gradual restoration of the natural dark color of hair that has grown gray, gray streaked, or faded. It must not be confused with dyes. Reform- ulation improves its use.

If you cannot obtain these preparations at advertised prices, write us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

LA CREOLE LABORATORIES
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The glorious hair of the Louisiana Creoles is a mark of their pure French-Napoleon blood, an inheritance from their distinguished European ancestors. For generations "La Creole" hair treatments have been favorite among them.

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PhoToPlay Magazine—Advertising Section

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S. B. COUGH DROPS.

Put one in your mouth at bed-time.

REMEMBER Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY is guaranteed, not only by the advertiser, but by the publisher. When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY.
Keeping Up with Alice

(Concluded from page 64)

Well, not because of the apartment, but trying to get it ready in time for a dinner party tomorrow night. Wonderful, having a home of your own, but an awful bother, isn't it?

(You forbear to remind her that interviewers seldom experience the sensation of having homes of their own.)

"I may do 'Forever After' sometime on the screen. Don't know yet. I'm having a grand time studying for my new part in 'Anna.' I have the role of a little Assyrian girl—broken English and all that. I have to sing, like this"—and Alice aired her voice. "And I've got to cut out this"—and Alice lit a cigarette.

A telephone call for Alice. "Yes—oh, was that for four o'clock? It's only forty-three now. I'll be right over—"

Back to you. "Awfully sorry—simply have to rush—always late for something or other—goodbye."

And then, as you're leaving, you overhear a third-assistant-director and a cameraman.

Alice Brady has a charming camaraderie, a piquant good-humor, an enthusiasm. She's too busy to be up-stage, too sensible to be over-modest. She's Bill Brady's only daughter and Grace George's step-daughter. She's been on the stage ever since she was a sub-deb, and she will probably always be on the stage. She wouldn't be at home doing anything else, and she couldn't stand doing nothing. But as for keeping up with Alice—it simply can't be done.

John Barrymore's Romance

(Continued from page 33)

The stage had interested her. She with Mrs. Norman Hapgood produced "Magic," Gilbert K. Chesterton's play, and "The Little Man," by John Galsworthy. Immense Elliott's theater was secured for the purpose. Since she was interested in the stage it was natural that she should have been a red letter day for her when she then fast being recognized greatest of the younger American actors, John Barrymore.

It had come about with such ease and naturalness that fate did not reveal even one designing little finger in the matter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Thomas took a cottage "down Eashamport way," as the natives said it. The smart little colony in the Long Island town where John Henry Payne lived in a weatherbeaten house for which he longed when he wrote "Home Sweet Home," and where the great popular preacher, Talbot, lived, was denominated by gentle folk. It was healthful for the two young sons as well as their elders.

There Mr. and Mrs. John Drew lived in Kyai (a substitution for "Where we live"), a substantial villa on the sand dunes near the ocean. Mrs. Russell Colt (Ethel Barrymore) came often with her children to visit "Uncle Jack" and "Aunt Dodo" and "Cousin B." There came, too, John Barrymore for week end visits to his distinguished uncle. Mrs. John Barrymore, once Katherine Harris, and a member of an old and honored New York family, was conspicuous by her absence. There were rumors of an estrangement between the pair. Mrs. Barrymore elected to remain in Los Angeles, where it was said she had frequent conferences with lawyers.

The meeting? It came about in the cozy way of summer cottages. There was a neighborhood tea. Followed the daily gathering
John Barrymore’s Romance

(Concluded)

of the smart clans on the beach at the fashionable hour of eleven. Everybody was there. Everybody included the Thomases, the Drews, the Barrymores.

The acquaintance thus pleasantly and informally begun in the summer was vitalized into a friendship by the winter. The Season’s Miss Colt (Miss Barrymore) always a favorite with New York society, went about now and then to homes where she met Mrs. Thomas, Sometimes Brother Jack accompanied Mrs. Thomas, being deeply interested in the theater, there was much shop talk when the trio met. Mr. Thomas preferring golf to tea, and Uncle Muldoon, as he was called, was absent, ready, at East Hampton and in New York, rumor had said that in the Thomas menage there was not complete harmony. The pair who had been married seven years were discovering incompatibility of tastes and temperaments.

Early in 1918 Fate’s finger was perceptible.

Mrs. John Barrymore had secured a divorce in Los Angeles. She had alleged desertion. Her plea was granted. Mr. Barrymore was free to resume his bachelor life.

It was predicted that soon again he would become Mrs. Reynolds. But gossip had no set for her willing tongue. For two years the young actor devoted himself with fierce assiduity to his art. By rums of “Redemption,” the Irishman Leopold Wharton called him the “Richard III” he had swiftly mounted to eminence. Yet for all this full and frank review of the past Mrs. Leonard Thomas could not force herself to believe that the young actor, who had plainly overworked and was painfully nervous, should break down utterly at a performance of “Richard III.” That good Uncle Muldoon would take him up to the far north of White Plains. The next five weeks he should be kept incommunicado.

“My boy—you seem to me because I knew your father and mother before you were born—your own special answer men, ‘I believe you are in love. Nobody told me, I know the symptoms. When a man is in love he is at his worst in every way. The reason is—difficult to explain: Whimsical. His judgments are bad. You must not go to the telephone. Don’t I remember your father, Lionel, was in love with her. Favorite of his was to draw up a chair and use my telephone for an hour and a half at a sitting. You must receive no messages so that I may cure you soon.”

But there was one bit of news that the unbending Muldoon did not keep from his patient. One of the numerous calls that rang over the wire to White Plains con cerned the final signature to Mrs. Thomas’s long delayed Paris divorce. Mr. Muldoon had no reason to regret letting this bit of gossip sift through his guard. His patient’s long vigil was at an end. As he watched his bloom after that news. The news came on April 10. Mr. Barrymore left Muldoon’s on or about the first of May.

The couple moved into a friend’s apartment at the Ritz Carlton August 5. Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore were present to bestow the approval of the brie droom’s family. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Richs smilily witnessed her daughter’s plighting of her vows to the actor. So these two, both of whom had been married ten years before, assumed new ties in a new decade.

They left New York in an automobile. The brie droom made a vague reference to the Adirondacks, But they went to the small little seashore town where they had met. They teazed and gorged with John Drew and Ethel Barrymore, with Mr. and Mrs. John Devereaux (Louise Drew). The romantic cycle was complete.

ARE YOU Going thru Life BLINDED FOLDED?

The Power of Great Men

The biggest thing in life is the power to make others like you. The power to be loved, to have strangers feel important in their lives. How often in a social gathering do you see graduates of leading universities who are affable, self-conscious, and lack that electric spark of life—Personality! Others without even a grammar school education, because having developed even a few of their hidden talents, are able to hold attention, make friends, and are always welcome in social or business circles. They are building in themselves supreme personality.

The hidden powers you possess are like the gold in the mountain, the seed unplant, the unborn invention, wasted and useless until you bring them to light and put them into action. You cannot afford to let them lie idle a moment longer.

Get This Free Book, “PERSONALITY SUPREME”

This book has a message for you, big, broad, inspiring. It brings you the starting news that no matter what you are, what you are doing and what you are to do, personality can be consciously acquired and developed by anyone. It sheds the clear light of science on your problems and makes personality of its mystery. “Personality Supreme” tells you of the wonderful life work of Dr. Stanley L. Krebs, internationally recognized and endorsed by authorities as a leading psychologist, educator, and lecturer. Dr. Krebs has helped thousands of grateful men and women along the pathway of life, giving them the vision and power to think more, to be more, to be happier, The Commercial and Financial World, New York, said of him editorially: “It is no more than the exact truth to say that Dr. Krebs is one of the great master minds of the age.”

This book tells in a clear, simple way of principles, methods, and plans which you can adopt and use in developing a successful and winning personality. Tear away your own blindfold! You need this book—your philosophy. It is no matter whether you are successful or not, the secret of success is shown in this book. It is the key to your own personality. Send this book to you, and you can have it for the asking! Fill in the coupon and mail it NOW.

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Gentlemen: I have set my heart on success. Will you give me the help of your book, “Personality Supreme”? Please send it to:

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Questions and Answers (Continued from page 80)

L., CENTRAL CITY, NE.—“Doris Keane is married to Basil Sydney, who played opposite her in ‘Romance.’ Chet Witney and not David Griffith directed this. I hear young Mr. Sydney is coming back to America to accept a film offer from Carol Dempster and Clarke Seymour, Dick Barthelmess and Hobbs Harron all appeared in D. W. Griffith’s war picture, ‘The Girl Who Stayed at Home.’ Perhaps I should say one of D. W. Griffith’s war pictures—he made several.

E. C. F., MILLVILLE.—“You didn’t offend me in the least. I appreciate honest criticism almost as much as I appreciate praise, which is saying a great deal. You see I am frank, anyway. Monte Blue is working in the east now, playing the leading role in Charles Maigne’s production of ‘The Renegades.’ It is said Blue is slated for stardom. There will have to be a new crop of leading men to take the place of all those we are losing via the stellar route.

DUDIE, TACOMA.—“Broadway by day is a distressing spectacle. The Great White Way thrives on artificiality—and the sun shows it up. But by night—ah, that’s different. There are the giant kittens rolling up an eternal ball of silk against the sky; there is the girl in the great swing—swinging, swinging over the tops of twenty-story buildings; there is a motor car that seems always about to bear down upon you—and never does. I am speaking of the electric signs. You say you broke your ankle climbing for apple blossoms. What an inquisite privilege—to be able to break one’s ankle climbing for apple blossoms! What is an apple blossom? Marjorie Clark has been married only twice. She is Mrs. Arthur Williams. She’s in New York City now.

M. D., NEW YORK.—“He who wastes his own time usually wastes other people’s as well. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde, who used to play with Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons in Universal comedies. She is not in pictures any more. Jack Perrin played the title role in the serial, ‘The Lion Man.’

NELLIE B. LYONS, N. Y.—“One of the first lessons my husband learns is that the ‘only hat that would ever be becoming to me’ is the most expensive one in the shop window. William Scott is your best bet among leading men. He is with Fox and is usually seen opposite Gladys Brockwell in this emotional lady’s pictures. Gladys leads such a hard life on the screen—if some scenario writer would only write her a part without a past in it!

ALLAS KAY, EVANSTON.—“I know several celebrated Horns. There is Cape Horn, and Green Horn, hornin’ in and that hornin’ and that cornin’ to film! I suppose you mean Horn with an e—James Horne, who is Cleo Ridgely’s husband and Lew Cody’s director. The Hornes have two children, a boy and a girl.


Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

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Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
Questions and Answers

(Continued)

M. F. L., CHATTANOOGA—I have failed miserably. All my life I have tried to give biting, caustic answers. And now you tell me you think I am "a teeny bit sarcastic— at times." That is certainly damning with faint praise. Gloria Swanson is in retirement at present; when she returns to the screen it will be as a star. Eugene O'Brien has never been married. Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay are newlyweds.

P. J., TACOMA—You want a telephone book, not an answer man. Do you really expect me to tell you the addresses of ninety-seven stars? If it were only ninety-six I might stretch a point or answer you—but the ninety-seventh was one too much. You can reach Martha Mansfield at Selznick, Mary Pickford at Goldwyn, Culver City, Douglas McLean, Thomas Ince studios, Culver City.

P. T., VANCOUVER—In India, I am told, there are squirrels as large as cats. Which is not very important even if true. Anita Stewart is married—and happily—to Rudolph Cameron, who is her business manager. Cameron played opposite Anita in several Vitagraph pictures—perhaps you remember him in "Clover’s Rebellion." Anita is twenty-five. She’ll send you her picture.

A. M. W., FALPURRIAS, TEXAS—You say you have been thinking over that little argument we had last month and have finally decided you agree with me. I’m sorry, but it’s too late. I’ve changed my mind. Constance Talmadge has blonde hair. Sometimes she wears a wig in her pictures. Bessie Love isn’t married. Her real name is Morton.

STAR, ELECTRA—Never had so many Texas correspondents before. You’re pretty faithful—to retain Richard Travers as your best favorite although you haven’t seen him for two years. He was a captain in the army. He is married to Mary Franklin and appeared with Pearl White for Fox. Address him there.

YOUNG AMERICA, HAVENHILL, MASS.—You want to know if that picture is worth staying home from a party to see. It depends upon the party. It’s a good picture, but a good party would lose competition. Tos a coin or something. If it’s a birthday party I’d say see the picture—which will only set you back about two bits and tax. While cut-class punchbowls, candlesticks and other birthday remembrances have considerably advanced in price lately. Of course, suit yourself.

B. M. L., DUNKIRK—Bob Leonard isn’t married to Ella Hall, but to Mae Murray. Miss Hall is, in private life, Mrs. Emory Johnson. Monte Blue is not related to Rod LaRocque, although there is a resemblance now that I think of it. I am one of those unsuspecting persons who can sit through seven reels of film without seeing one single thing to contribute to the Why-Do-They-Do department. Vivian Martin was a child actress with Richard Mansfield and other noted actors. She was born in Grand Rapids.

ISABEL, WESLEYVILLE, PA.—Yes, she’s a very clever girl. After she’s talked to you five minutes she has convinced you that you are the bestchap she ever met. Pat O’Malley with Anna Ayres in Marshall Neilson’s “Go and Get It.” Pat has a wife and little daughter. Harold Lloyd, Kolitch, Pathe, Bebe Daniels, Realart, Priscilla Dean, Universal City, Cal. (Continued on page 130)

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But under the cooling, soothing touch of SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY, the pink complexion cake, the skin becomes smooth and firm. Used before going out, it supplies the natural oils your complexion needs, and prevents chapping. Used after coming in, it cleanses the pores from every particle of dust.

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Earthbound
(Continued from page 42)
"In an hour, Jim will be on trial for his life.
She tried to escape the thought, but another
came hammering home—
"You alone can save him."
She tried to answer this by telling herself
that he had declared his love for her. Was her life
if he had to owe it to an exposure of her
dishonor. But the voice that had spoken
to her before, replied:
"You have paid. You must pay, too."

The thought of the scene in court, her
confession, the ordeal of public disgrace,
terrified her. She shrank from it and
shrieked aloud, "No, no, no!" and fell, weep-
ing, to the ground.
Meanwhile the trial was swiftly coming
to a close. Little evidence was needed,
merely the formal proof that James Ritten-
house, on a certain afternoon, on the steps
of the New Netherlands Club, had shot
Nicholas Desborou and killed him. The
prosecution "rested" and Jim's attorney,
helpless in the face of Jim's determination,
announced that the defense had no evidence
to submit. There was the pause that
 preceded the final summing up, when the door
of the courtroom opened, and Daisy came
slowly to the lips of the assembled crowd.
She looked. A rush of excitement
overwhelmed her. She clung to him.

"I am Mrs. James Rittenhouse. I want
to speak for the defense.

While the bailiff was taking the message
to the judge, a buzz ran through the room.
There had been gossip, but nothing definite.
The courtroom was cleared. The judge
consulted briefly with the attor-
neys and then requested Daisy to take
the stand. Jim had risen when she came in,
as if to protest, but sat down again and stared
at his attorney with a shine in his eyes.
He had not even gone to see him after his arrest,
and the last thing he expected was that she
should volunteer to clear him. She wasted
words in preliminary introduction. She
was calm, and her voice was clear and
deep. It was a story of the room.
Mr. Rittenhouse shot Mr. Desborou
in an hour. Mr. Desborou and I
would have gone away together.
She paused, as if waiting for the attor-
neys to question her, and then went on:
"Mr. Desborou was anxious to be
loved by his friend, and to his
wife and child, but I urged him to go
with me."

Her words came more slowly now, but
without faltering. It was as if he had
declared that it was not enough for Jim to
be acquitted, but that nothing short of com-
plete revelation would suffice.
"We must all pay, " she added, "I want
to pay now. It was all my fault."

Jim knew what the confession must have
cost her, but he showed no sign of gratitude.
His expression was hard and unforgiving, and
there was a hard glint in his eye.
Of course it was a foregone conclusion
that the jury would bring in a verdict of
"Not guilty," after this dramatic denou-
ement. As the courtroom cleared, Daisy
came up to her husband, looking as
if she expected some word of forgiveness,
but he merely said, coldly:
"You saved my life, Daisy. I thank you."
Then, in an afterthought, he blurted out:
"Why did you do it?"

The question, but perhaps even more,
Jim's manner, took her unawares, and she
stammered:
"I—I think—Nick told me to."

It was undoubtedly the truth, but it was
truth at a wrong moment, its effect dis-
toasted by Jim's anger and jealousy.
"He had you in, " she sobbed, "and
even in death he stands between us."

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Earthbound (Concluded)

With this, Jim turned away from her, and left her standing there, a woman shamed before all the world, without a hope of recompense for her sacrifice.

But it was only of Nick that I was thinking now. Earthbound through Jim’s refusal to forgive, he must linger on, and on, exiled from his proper realm. His accounts were not squared until Jim could be led to see the truth. The days passed, and there was talk of a divorce. Jim was living at the club. He had not seen Daisy since the trial. You remember what a pitiable spectacle he was, not caring how he looked or what anyone thought of him. He was barely existing, in a sodden state.

Then, at last, one day Nick was able to reach him. It must have been a supreme, sublime effort. You all recall how Jim, after having hung about the club, brooding, a that hope, until the place became frightfully dismal and there was talk of requesting him to resign, suddenly moved out and went home. There was no explanation, and it wasn’t just the sort of thing you could ask him to explain. So you said, a while ago “I understand Jim Rittenhouse has forgiven his wife.” Well, here’s what happened.

I was standing at the head of the stairs, where I had been talking to Jim, and he had started down. Just as he did so, I looked down, and saw Nick at the bottom of the stairs, starting up. They were in exactly the same positions they were when Jim shot Nick. Jim hesitated, seemed about to turn and run upstairs, and then stopped. Nick looked up at him, his face full of yearning, sorrow and pleading. Then I heard Nick speak—not in a human voice that I heard with my ears, but a message from his spirit, and Jim heard it too:

“There’s only one life, Jim, and it’s eternity.”

Nick came up the steps again, and laid one hand on Jim’s shoulder, and again came his message:

“Life, live on and on, as the sum total of what we have made ourselves.”

Jim seemed to be trying to ask something, but his lips would not frame the words. Nick, his face lighted with love, went on:

“Jim, were both wrong. Jim, Old Harvey was right.”

Slowly a new expression came into Jim’s face. One of Nick’s hands still rested on his shoulder, the other was pointing upward, and his eyes followed it. The bitterness and harshness vanished from his lined features, and suddenly he exclaimed, softly yet eagerly, one word:

“Forgive and be forgiven,” Nick said, with a smile of infinite happiness—and disappeared.

Jim staggered and clutched at the banister. I ran down and put my arm around him, and he clung to me frantically.

“Take me home, Harvey, take me home,” he gasped.

Harvey Breck’s audience was silent a few moments after he stopped speaking. Then Rhodes said, with a nervous laugh:

“Your story is convincing, Breck. But do you think—Nick has gone—for good?”

“For good,” Breck answered, with emphasis. “Caroline saw him that same evening. He went to say goodbye to her. She had already seen Daisy and forgiven her. He had squared his accounts, and she saw him disappear into the sunset.”

“And that’s what you meant when you said God had forgiven Jim Rittenhouse?”

“As I hope, when the time comes. He will forgive me, as all of us need forgiveness—yes!”

“You’ve Gone Way Past Me, Jim!”

“Today good old Wright came to my office. All day the boys had been dropping in to congratulate me on my promotion. But with Wright it was different.

“When I had to give up school to go to work I came to the plant seeking any kind of a job—I was just a young fellow without much thought about responsibility. They put me on the pay-roll and turned me over to Wright, an assistant foreman then as now. He took a kindly interest in me from the first. ‘Do well the job that’s given to you, lad,’ he said, ‘and in time you’ll win out.’

“Well, I did my best at my routine work, but I soon realized that if ever I was going to get ahead I must not only do my work well, but prepare for goings-on better. So I wrote to Scranton and found I could get exactly the course I needed to learn our business. I took it up and began studying an hour or two each evening.

“Why, in just a little while my work took on a whole new meaning. Wright began giving me the most particular jobs—and asking my advice. And there came, also, an increase in pay. Next thing I knew I was made assistant foreman of a new department. I kept right on studying because I could see results and each day I was applying what I learned. Then there was a change and I was promoted to foreman—a real money, too.

“And now the first big goal is reached—I am superintendent, with an income that means independence, comforts and enjoyments at home—all those things that make life worth living.

“Wright is still at the same job, an example of the tragedy of lack of training. What a truth he spoke when he said today, ‘You’ve gone way past me, Jim, and you deserve to. Heads win—every time!’

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Present Position

Address
Questions and Answers

(Continued)

JEAN, DETROIT—Some stars send their pictures gratis. But more ask twenty-five cents and donate it to charity. Alice Joyce turns over the money thus received to the Actors’ Fund. Nazimova is with Metro. Tom Moore, Goldwyn.

SULTAN, SAUK RAPIDS—I’d do almost anything to gain a friend for life—even to asking the editor to put your favorites in the art section. Thank you for the nice things you say about this department. My strongest rival, it seems, is the art section—and I’m sure I can’t hold that against the beautiful ladies who grace it. There—isn’t that a grand speech? Come again sometime.

L. J. B. HERRIMAN, N. Y.—No. “In Search of a Sinner” wasn’t written from Constance Talmadge’s real life. Haven’t I told you, child, time and again and over and over, that Constance has not yet met the man lucky enough to persuade her to say yes? She probably has more proposals than most princesses and heiresses but she has not yet taken any of them seriously. She’s in Europe now. Lionel Barrymore is in Whitman Bennett—First National pictures. The first two are “The Master Mind” and “The Devil’s Garden.” He is married to Doris Rankin. Brother John is married to Blanche Oelrichs-Thomas.

MOMA—I liked that “Hello” way of opening your epistle. Just like that—Hello. As good as shaking hands any day. Louise Huff? Well, I don’t know just where you can locate the lady at the present writing. She was with Selznick, and left; then she went with Metro—and left there, too. Perhaps you had better wait until she signs a new contract before you write to her. She’s Mrs. Edgar Stillman in private life.

JOSEPHINE.—Lewis Sargent played Huckleberry Finn, and Gordon Griffith was Tom Sawyer in “Huckleberry Finn.” Sargent has the lead in Director William Taylor’s new kid picture, “The Soul of Youth,” in which the famous “boys’ judge,” Ben Lindsey, appears. Gordon Griffith has played the young “Tarzan” in the picturization of Edgar Rice Burroughs’s fanciful tale.

FRIEND FROM JAVA—Thank you for such a good letter. So you go to picture theaters Tuesday, Friday and Sunday, and wonder why the American companies, with the exception of Pathe, have such poor translations of captions. I certainly will look you up if I ever come to Sourabaya, but I’m afraid I’ll never meet it. Who would write the answers while I was gone? Write to Eddie Polo, care Universal City, California.

MRS. J. G., WYOMING.—Like dentists, Benvenuto Cellini was a worker in ivory and gold. Wonder if they called him “Ben” for short? Eric von Stroheim was born in Austria. His latest production is “Foolish Wives.” Write to him at Universal City.

JULIUS STARKS, ANGUS, TEXAS—So you are an ardent movie fan and reader of Photoplay and live out in the country and get sort of lonesome at times and would like to hear from people interested in the same things that you are. Well, we don’t go in for correspondence clubs or anything like that, but if somebody reads this and wants to write to you, I can’t help it, can I? Mary Pickford is working again in California. Frances Marion, her warm personal friend, who has written some of her best scenarios, is now directing her. They haven’t given out the details of the production as yet.
Questions and Answers

(Continued)

ISABELLA, MARTINSBURG.—I do not know Mr. Francis X. Bushman, so cannot enumerate his personal habits. I can only say that I know that there is a large amethyst ring among them. That is, he wears one. William Russell was divorced from Charlotte Burton some time ago. Write to him, and to Buck Jones, at Fox western studios.

ELIZABETH, ELIZABETHTOWN.—Cynics say that you cannot understand the little poet. That doesn't seem to prevent a lot of people from trying to write verse. Hope is always springing. I suppose. At all events, I wouldn't have any light summer fiction. I don't know how many times Willard Mack has been married but I do know that both Marjorie Rambeau and Pauline Frederick have been Mrs. Willard Mack at various times. Miss Frederick has sued Mack for divorce. They have been separated for some time.

S. K., OHIO.—I haven't heard what Doris May's new plans are. Alice Joyce was Mrs. Tom Moore; they were divorced and now live in Florida. Mrs. Jane Dougherty, daughter, Alice Joyce Moore, spends half the year with her father in California. Jack Pickford has left Goldwyn; haven't heard what concerns will release his future. Misses or even what these pictures will be.

MISS FLANNEY, WASHINGTON.—You say you like to shimming at home. Too bad some of the more strenuous shoul-der-shakers don't share your opinion. Some shouldlers don't seem to care who shakes them. I suppose I shall have letters of protest from devotees of this so-called dance from every civilized country. Oh, well—I am always getting letters of protest about something. Geraldine Farrar in The Riddle: Woman.

CONNIE, BROOKLINE.—The suicide of a good scenario is always a tragedy. However, it's more often murder, on the director's part, or the star's. I can't imagine sometimes who selects these stories: we see anyway. So few of them are really adaptable to the screen. I don't know why until I read that part of your letter referring to the "dandy fellow with the smile." Earle Foxe, Jr., was Silver Sports. Foxe is now on the stage playing with Gale Kane in a new comedy, "Come Seven." Can you imagine the debonair Foxe in blackface or should I say, tan-face? But he does it—in a play of negro life by Octavus Roy Cohen.

B. D., MEDICINE HAT.—Oh yes, these an- swers are easy to write. Much easier to write than they are to read. But I really can't say I can with them. Some of them need a lot of discipline. Helen Holmes isn't dead; she's just involved in litigation Her company sued her and now she's suing them. Simply don't figure out who's suing whom these days. John Bowers, Goldwyn.

L. B., MANILA.—You say Wallace Reid won't write with your letter because there are so many letters between you two. Why the contrary, that may be why you'll get an answer—particularly if you told him you liked his eyes. Constance Binney, Relief, and Greta Garbo can't have anyone in New York with her mother and sister Faire. Yes, I know her—she's a charming young lady.

NELLIE, TOLEDO.—That picture is too old. Warwick's new one is "The Fourteenth Man." He is no longer affiliated with Paramount. My Pickford is working at the Robert Bruntin studios in Los Angeles.
Questions and Answers

(Continued)

LOUISE, OMAHA—I venture to remark that many pictures originally laid in America will be released with all sorts of European settings. Everything's Europe these days. In a perfectly good small-town romance we'll probably have the heroine pack up suddenly and go abroad to tell the hero, via the subtitle, "I'll meet you in front of the Parthenon," so they can use a shot of that edifice obtained "over there." This epidemic will last to the films anyway. Mary Garden is not making pictures; she is abroad right now but will probably come back here for the season at the Chicago Opera. Viola Dana, Metro.

K. K. K., KNOXVILLE—Yes, you are right. Sometimes a player is made a star and maintained a star for years on the strength of one fine part secured probably by luck. That, we might say, is the artistic unearned increment. Dorothy Gish is twenty-two. That was Natalie Talmadge with Constance in "The Love Expert."

T. F., LANSING—As I am not a genius, I am pretty well behaved at all times. You can come up to call on me without any fear that I will juggle my desk and typewriter—although I may juggle words. Clyde Fillmore was Mary Miles Minter's leading man in "Nurse Marjorie." I do not know whether he is married or not. You may write to him care the Lasky studios. He has also played opposite Ethel Clayton. Miss Minter is not married. Her new picture is "Sweet Lavender."

KATHERINE LOUISE, NASHVILLE—Perhaps you will write poetry some day. "Not I, sweet soul, not I," as the poet says. But if you ever do write poetry don't convey it by a postcard, or a pretty girl to a flower. Still, if you simply adore Antonio Moreno you probably won't be that kind of a poet. Tony lives in California and works for Vitagraph, making serials. Olive Thomas is abroad right now but she is coming back soon to continue her picture work for Selznick.

LOIS, ARKOMO, OKLA.—Yours is the first letter I have ever had from there, so you are blazing a new trail. Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport have only one son. Jack Pickford and Lillian have no children. Have no record of a Carl Miller—but you mean Charles Miller?

H. H., GEORGETOWN—Certainly colored stationery may be used—but it takes a lot of nerve. So you think I earn enough. It depends upon what you call enough. I manage to get along, yes; and I probably enjoy life more than I would if burdened with a worry. I always try to think up new ways to spend my money. As it is, I have no such difficulty. Shirley Mason, Fox. She and Viola Dana are sisters. Mahlon Hamilton is married. Does one have to be educated to join the movies? Not especially?

MYSTIC ROSE, PLAINFIELD—I wouldn't tell you for anything. So don't ask me anything. Mystic Rose can do no wrong. I like what you said in your letter about illusions: you have the right idea. Please believe that I look like that drawing only of course I am much more handsome. Pearl White works at the big new Fox studios on Tenth Avenue, Manhattan. All the Fox eastern companies are quartered there now. Yes, Ann Forrest is a fine actress; pretty, too. So you admit what I said about women. Well, you're a good sport, as we plebes put it.
Questions and Answers (Concluded)


I. B. TEXAS. —I believe I am the innocent means of more people losing wages than any other individual. I really can’t help it. If you have a sensitiveness that Dorothy Gish is married, and I tell you she isn’t—and you lose—I can’t help it, can I? I’m only trying to tell the truth. I’d be glad to help you along in any other way. Vincent Coleman, William Bechtel. —Violett Willard. —Folmver. Others answered elsewhere.

SILVIA, HAVANA. —I hope we’ll be good friends, too. We’ve been rather naughty. I believe you really look like that, if so. I wonder still less that many people I know are spending their vacations in Cuba. I think your father is quite right—you should wait until you are older and have completed your education before you even think of going on the stage or screen. Mary Miles Minter may be reached care Realart. She will write to you. I am sure. I would if I were Mary.

M. W. WARSAW. —Don’t be discouraged just because your first script was returned. There is a market for beginners. Some of the greatest writers have had to submit their stuff again and again before it was finally accepted. Try again. Grace Darling in "The Shining Band," adapted from the book of the same name. Clara Kimball Young did "For the Soul of Rafael"; it has been released. Watch out for it. I can’t identify that picture from your vague synopsis. It isn’t "Sinners," however, although most of the characters seemed to be.

DORIS, ALBERTA. —Don’t worry — Pauline Frederick has been in the screen for so long and is such a contemptible person. She just signed a new contract for a term of years with Robertson-Cole. Her first release will be "Iris," from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero’s play. Talk to you later. Don’t let your eyes get the scenes. No, no. Gish pictures. Miss Frederick is divorcing William Mack. She has no children.

H. P. OMAHA. —I do not know everything about everybody. I’m not nearly as old as that. Outside of offending me very much by attributing to me the wisdom that might be acquired in only one or two lifetimes, I like your letter. I like girls with green eyes and freckles, anyway. Mary Pickford. Anita Stewart. The Gishes, Talmaudes and Shirley Mason with their new type of photgraphs. I think. Won’t you drop in any time?

JUST MARY LOUISE, OAKLAND. —Yes, I remember you. I never get so many letters, I afraid I have lost one or two in years. I like your letter. I like girls with green eyes and freckles, anyway. Mary Pickford. Anita Stewart. The Gishes, Talmaudes and Shirley Mason with their new type of photographs. I think. Won’t you drop in any time?

D. S. KANSAS CITY. —Learn to listen to other people talk before you begin to take lessons in elocution. Then, of course, you won’t want to take any lessons. Charles Mergenthale is the "nice young man" who played with Marguerite Clark in "Lack in Paw." Merged is married. He has acted opposite Ethel Clayton, Blanche Sweet, Constance Talmadge and Herta Ware, Olga Lemoine, Donald Mead, Selznick, Walter Hiers. Lasky studios, etc.

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Chicago, III.

Commercial advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

M. E. M. WASHINGTON. —Does Mr. Irving Cummings expect to return to the stage next season? If so, you’d better consult your own wishes. I’m not a mind reader. Irving is married and has a small son.

B. M. F. NEW YORK. —We had a review in the Shadow Stage department of Bert Lott’s Metro picture, “The Right Way.” It was splendidly done. You want to hear more about Zasu Pitts and Cullen Landis? I don’t know what I can do for you. It was Violet Heming and not Martha Hedman who was “Everywoman” in that Paramount production. A Bebe Daniels story is coming soon. Thanks for your interest.

BROWN EYES, PHILADELPHIA. —Some ladies who have been disappointed in love go in for ambitious and admiration. They are often Left to the old Detroit. Corinne Griffin is married to Webster Campbell, who played opposite her in "'Bab's Candidate." Marie Prevost is not married.

KATHERINE A. JACKSON. —Glad to meet you. You insinuate into my good graces by subtle feminine flattery and then deliver an attack. Is this the way of answering too many questions. However, you'll find the answers to most of them elsewhere in this department, so I won’t hold it against you this time. Dorothy diGrazia is a blonde again some time. She will probably form a new affinity upon her return from Europe, as her Paramount contract expires soon.

BETTY, GRAND ISLAND. —Hi, they’re talking about Cocx cocktails, why not Harding highballs? Made of grape-juice, of course. Pickford’s famous, you know. Mrs. Smith: no, it’s Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Mrs. Charlotte Smith is now Mrs. Pickford, the court having permitted her to change her name. At the same time Jack Smith changed his name. Mr. Pickford, Mrs. Pickford, Lotte’s little girl, became Mary Pickford.

BOBETTE, NEW ENGLAND. —Your uncle says he is willing to buy any screen star for one thousand dollars a week and how he can get on the set, as he has red hair. Tell your Uncle Bob most of us feel the same way—not only those of us who have red hair or—not only most of us wouldn’t have to be paid. And tell him the little girl who fell in the well in Mary Pickford’s picture, "Daddy Long Legs," was pulled up all right and that Wesley Barry’s freckles are real and he’s made a fortune off ‘em. And tell your Uncle Bob you can write to them as often as you like as I’m a woman. With all little girls of eight wrote such good letters.

L. R. STRATFORD. —You like the Norma Talmadge fashion articles? So do a great number of girls. I sometimes wish I were the feminine persuasion when I read what Norman has to say. She makes shopping such a very delightful diversion indeed. Write to Norman for her studio—address given in our Studio Directory.
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Remember that your skin is changing every day—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. By giving this new skin as it forms, intelligent care, any girl can have the charm of a fresh, attractive complexion.

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A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.
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Now, indeed, will Mademoiselle exclaim, "un noël très joyeux!"

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“A Romantic Adventuress”
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Cecil B. DeMille’s Production
“Behold My Wife”
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“Lady Rose’s Daughter”
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

Vol. XVIV

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Illustrated by Will Foster

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What Is Nerve Force

By Paul von Boekmann

Nerve Force is an energy generated by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, but we do know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force. It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. It is life, for if we understood what nerve force is, we would know the secret of life.

Our brains, every vital organ, every muscle, in fact, every cell of the body is directly governed by the nerves and receives its power through them. Nerve Force, therefore, is the basis of all efficiency—Mental, Organic and Muscular.

Nerve Force is exemplified by the difference that exists between a slow, plodding plow horse and a high spirited race horse; or a dull brained negro, who is just as well and people who lead in making history, progress and higher civilization.

Ninety-five per cent of humanity are led and dominated by the other five per cent, and it is Nerve Force that does the leading.

The forgoing facts are cited to point out the relation Nerve Force has to Health, Strength and Vitality, rather than its importance in attaining authority in life. After all, Health and Vitality are the greatest things in life, and the basis of Success.

Health and Vitality demands first of all, that our Nerve Force be at a high level. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Dr. T. Scholfield, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of Health is, that the nerves should be in order." Common sense tells us that when the nerves are weakened through mental strain, worry, grief, excesses and abuses, every organ and muscle concerned in the maintenance of health will be correspondingly weakened.

If your Health, Strength and Vital Force is not what you think it ought to be, the first question you should ask yourself is, can it be due to lack of Nerve Force? Perhaps your physician has told you that your nerves are out of order. The truth is, people often have frayed nerves, and if you have escaped the strain of our present day strenuous life, with its trouble and worry, you are indeed an exception.

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 elbows.

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; occasional 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.

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 cure these nerves. The cost is only 50 cents (coin or stamps). Bound in cloth and gold finish, 50 cents. Address Paul von Boekmann, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life interesting. To frayed nervousness means to be dull, uninteresting, insensible to the beauties of nature, to lack mental courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system. It does not behave in that way 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 Sympathetic Nervous System

The Sympathetic Nervous System is a vital organ governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the abdominal brain, is the great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

It is through the sympathetic Nervous System that anger, fear and other emotional actions are controlled. The vital organs, which in turn duplicate the constitutional forces and health.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at your leisure. In other words, if after reading the book given in this book does not improve your health, 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.

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and tracts which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen-page booklet entitled, "The Prevention of Colds." There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds, however, those who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc.

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‘I said, ‘Billy, I’m going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you’ll follow it I’ll let you have the hundred, too. You don’t want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?’ Of course he didn’t. ‘Well,’ I said, ‘there’s a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we’ve got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.’

“That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he’s making real money. Owns his own house, has quite a little property beside, and he’s a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time.”

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get along in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do something well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you’ll simply give them the chance. More than two million men and women in the last 30 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over $13,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now.

Is there any reason why you should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for you. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

| Name |  
| City |  

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Facts about her skin that every girl should know

Is your skin a constant source of worry to you? Do you find its care continually perplexing? The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for—does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess?

You are wrong if you think that a beautiful skin comes merely as the result of good fortune. Any girl, by giving the skin the special care its special needs demand, can win the charm of a smooth, clear, soft complexion.

How to keep your skin fine in texture

Perhaps the pores of your skin are becoming enlarged. If so, your skin is not functioning properly—the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should. To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment persistently, and it will bring about a marked improvement in your skin's texture.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.

"Your treatment for one week"

Send 25 cents for a beautiful little set of Woodbury's skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week

You will find, first, the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; samples of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream, Woodbury's Cold Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 512 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ONE of California's favorite children is Carmel Myers. She became an actress at a very early age indeed—when the price one paid to see her was two pins. Now it costs considerably more to see Carmel. Last season she was on the stage.
ANN FORREST has successfully solved the problem of how to be pathetic though beautiful. The little blonde with the plaintive eyes is one of our most persecuted heroines, and has won additional distinction by being pretty even when she cries.
DOROTHY DICKSON has made her film debut under the guidance of director George Fitzmaurice. She is Manhattan’s smartest dancing star—in fact, there are those of the opinion that no musical play is complete without her.
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG was born to the theatrical purple. She is the flower of a long line of illustrious actors. But Clara was not content with tradition; she blazed a new dramatic trail by adopting an infant art—and growing up with it.
Here is Whiskers, who appears in Charles Ray's support in "Peaceful Valley."

Wallace Reid. His acting is just as gratifying as his interesting profile.
AGNES AYRES is apt in the delineation of everyday girls—girls you and I know. She created many O. Henry heroines in her sub-deb days. Now Agnes is to see her own name in electrics—she was recently appointed a full-fledged star.
It is a tribute to Geraldine Farrar that she has carved a career for herself on the screen which in no way depends upon her many operatic triumphs. Gerry's first celluloid contribution was "Carmen"; her latest is "The Riddle: Woman."
Miss Billie Burke, in private life Mrs. Florenc Ziegfeld. The second of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's series of dry-point etchings of silver sheet celebrities by Walter Tittle. Next month, Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin.
The Boy of Destiny

It is the history of every art-form that the master comes early. Not in the very beginning, but while the art is still young; after the pioneer, the greatest builder. After the first glow of the Renaissance, Michelangelo; after the tinklings of early Italian opera, Verdi; after the pioneer symphonists of Germany, Beethoven; after Marlowe and Ben Jonson, Shakespeare.

Beyond any doubt the Shakespeare of the screen is already living. Beyond any doubt he is an American, for every art-form is true to its nativity.

If the pendulum of the world is not stopped by the hand of unrest, the classics of optic literature will be conjured into celluloid within the next twenty-five years. Their maker will be an American to whom the photoplay is now familiar; he is today a real boy, who loves baseball and everything, for enduring art has never emanated from the anemic. Right now he is unconsciously learning to talk by pictures, to argue with pictures, to think in pictures.

It will take at least twenty years to solve the remaining primary problems of camera and screen and projection, just as twenty years must pass before this boy of destiny, born into a picture world, will know himself or other human beings. Our photoplays, emerging more or less unscathed from the ills and weaknesses of an art's childhood, are entering the serene field of character depiction and criticism of life.

This already-living Shakespeare of the screen will not only direct but will write his own works. From their very inception, they will be peculiarly his own. From now on, we eagerly await him.
CECIL DE MILLE is probably the film's greatest authority on matrimonial problems. His theories of sex, marriage, women, and divorce are here presented for the first time. Whether you are happily married or not, or even if you are not married at all—you must read this absorbing account.

This is not a defense.
Neither is it an explanation.
No one who knows Cecil de Mille can imagine him either explaining or defending anything he found worth doing. He is capable of leaving the thing to the ultimate judgment of its own achievements.

Therefore it is merely a statement of purpose.
For, just as surely, one cannot conceive of Cecil de Mille as purposeless and wanton, doing a thing only for its effects, for gain or glory.

It is a statement of what Cecil de Mille believes about his own pictures. It is the first voicing of his mental attitude toward the criticism his productions and their immense popularity have received—a declaration that he believes he has a message to deliver to the world for the world's good, and that he is employing the most effective medium for delivering it.

It is a brutally frank, white-hot exposé of Cecil de Mille's own theories of marriage, women, sex, divorce—the theories that have led him to produce such drama as "Why Change Your Wife?", "Don't Change Your Husband" and "Old Wives For New."

It was not in the least intentional. We had been discussing the method, instinct, genius of selection which has enabled him year after year to hold his title of "The Star Maker."

And somehow or other, a question or two—the discussion of a great book and its philosophy of love; the first, cool, California night breeze bringing relaxation in the dim, deserted studio, after a blinding, hot day of hard work—led him to a wholly unexpected statement of his purpose, his message, that held me spellbound as I am frank to admit I have never been spellbound by any conversation before.

Cecil de Mille and his "sex pictures"—they have not gone uncathed. They have been too daring for that. Yet how few people have ever stopped to analyze the motive behind them. No one can vouch for the sincerity of another. Nor can they decide the right or wrong of a belief. I can only say that I felt a sincerity and leave the right or wrong of it to each one who reads.

"I believe I have a message to give," Cecil de Mille said, when we had been talking some time, "I believe I can do more to prevent divorce, that I am doing more to prevent divorce than any minister or anti-divorce league in the world. In the first place I reach so many, many more people. And in the second place, they see it so much more quickly."

The next time I interviewed Cecil de Mille I am going to have a dictograph installed first. Memory can never reproduce the exact, brilliant, diamond-cut phrases. Some were startling enough to have left a decisive record on my brain—others in the rapid flow of his eloquence slipped by me.

But even with a dictograph, I still should fail to reproduce the personality of the man. He awakens at once an intense awe. Yet he stimulates a keen, mental enthusiasm. He seems vitally, almost painfully alive—a driving, compelling, yet pleasing force with which one could not be at ease for a long, long time, but to which one would return again and again.

It is, I think an unusual welding of the ability to think and the ability to feel. Most men who have a capacity to do one to the limit, neglect the other. Great analytical thinkers have seldom possessed consummate emotional power. Nor have the artists of what is called "living" been real thinkers.

The welding of the two in De Mille accounts for the combined magnetism and compelling force of the man.

What Does Mar

As Told by
Cecil B. de Mille

Every man's wife looks like this to him when he wins her. Men love their wives—most men love their wives more than anything on earth. But later come scenes like this one—in the center above. And why? The man goes elsewhere to find the beauty he doesn't find at home.
riage Mean?

To
Adela Rogers St. Johns

If his pictures convey to others what he conveyed to me, they are messages.
He taught me.
I am quite, quite sure that because of the things he said to me that night I shall be a better wife.
He opened doors to me, as a woman, that had been discreetly veiled if not tightly shut to me.
I had been describing an episode in a book—a man's reaching out for the last flame of his youth, the autumnal passion he knew to be his last love experience.
"And I suppose about that time he goes back to his wife," said Mr. de Mille musingly, "They always do. If a woman has the mental strength to stand the gaff, her husband will always come back to her and come galloping back at that. If she just has the moral poise to weather his yieldings to the beast within. Every husband in the world would go back to his wife if she stood pat."
"If women could only see that!"
"A man does something he ought not to do. I make no excuses, understand. I do not condone. It seems the nature of the beast, that's all. And why, oh, why will reformers try to reform the world from the standpoint of what ought to be instead of what is?"
"Anyway, he strays, falls from his allegiance to his wife. In reality to him it's a matter of small importance, so far as his feeling for his wife is concerned—if no importance, I might say. It isn't a thing he's at all pleased about. He takes a cold shower and says, 'Good Lord, what have I done? Why did I do that?' He goes home—cradles home, curls up at his wife's feet and says, 'Lady, please step on me.'"
"You know that's actually what he does. He probably buys her a diamond, or a lot of roses, or a new car. It isn't to buy her off. It's a sincere attempt to show her his love hasn't been changed."
"If she accepts his repentance silently—if she receives him gently, such experiences will not take from him, they will bind him to her—until ultimately they cease altogether."
"But no. She doesn't do it. She draws down the corner of her mouth and says 'Where were you last night?' And he, of course says 'Oh, I had a business conference, darling.' She finds out he didn't have a business conference and she says, 'Where were you?' Then he tells her he was playing poker with Jim. She finds out he wasn't playing poker with Jim. 'Ah,' she cries, I know where you were.'"
"And the fight was on."
"From an intense humility and repentance she weeps, scolds and berates him into anger, defiance—finally into open revolt. She drives him into a corner where he is obliged to fight. Pretty soon he throws up his hands and says, 'Oh, hell, I can't stand this,' and goes out and does it all over again."
"You see?"
"Why, take a horse. Because it is his nature, he will shy at things. If, when he shies, you steady the rein, speak gently and ease him along, he settles down again and no harm is done. After a while he gets more sense and doesn't shy at all."
"But if when he shies, you take a rawhide whip and lash him with it, he will probably run away, upset the buggy, and kill you."
"I honestly believe that if I could show women the exact similarity I would have done the world a great, an inestimable good."
"Because sex is the one thing that everybody has.
"Its effect is a universal problem. It is the one thing one

"FOR centuries sex has brought disaster to the world because it has been shut behind a stone wall, the object only of hushed voices. You can't fight an unacknowledged thing."
Women get into a strange habit of picking. It's a habit, purely and simply a habit. They start by saying, 'Please don't do that dear,' and end by saying, 'Go see what George is doing and tell him to stop it.'"
"A man doesn't buy his wife a diamond or a lot of roses or a new car to buy her off. It's a sincere attempt to show her his love hasn't changed."
it never fees of. If the relations between a man and woman are not right, not harmonious, every other relation of their lives is affected—the home, their children, his business, hisature as a whole.

I have seen men and women go a wild to make time kept for keeping his mate steady. It is a potent, powerful thing. He pulls up and down, working, walking, pacing endlessly. He expresses perfectly the burning, distressing, horrible thing that happens to a man when he is driven from his mate. And before me I saw that it is not wholly material. It is in some deep way associated with the spirit of the man, the way he treats and the flowers in the home.

For centuries it has brought disaster to the individual. Why? Because it has been that behind a mask, it is the object only of husk, a mere drop in eyes. You can't fight an unacknowledged thing. "My purposes are to better what was once modest, to carry my soul, as I see it, and so preach a great reform and create a greater strength than has ever been practiced. I am trying to pull the thing that is the whole of every other thing.

And, yes, you see, in acts I am not creating an imaginary thing. It is to the soul that the marriage covenant— the scene of all sufferings—is to be gained. It is to the inward man, to pull honest, their bodies into uplifted measure and drive them awry. At the present stage of the game, it is to be gained only by. and working with men. Not, not. not, not. not. Charity should not be swept up, but it is the basis of all the things.

As a woman able to read the world of the experience of man, able to read the Bible, the Constitution, every time he comes home on his position so attractive that he doesn't go out!

No one, man, women, children, always ready, better than a man's soul. It is a psychological study. "Habit— there's all.

Such a habit in a wild should be handled humanly. I have seen women plot an a child's way. I have loved modern mothers see into a habit of correcting every such a child. It is in a psychological study. Habit— there's all.

As distances, we traveled in a little place that we had

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille, with their daughter, Cecilia, and their son, John, in their home at La Jolla, Calif., Los Angeles.

night creates a departure and a return. When I go, it is a departure.

When I return I am greeted, my mail takes its last up. I am unexpectedly glad to be home again. I look upon my surroundings and belongings and appreciate their presence. It is a return, and a departure, and a return. It is a renewal of something. And everything in nature demands seasons of renewal.

Then consider for a moment the immense amount of strength, of character, of moral stamina it takes for a woman to refrain from doing that fatal "Where have you been" every Saturday night for eighteen years. Think of the effort it creates in the mind of the man. Think of the ability it creates in the man to proceed.

If the past ten years have been that question, I should simply have stayed away for four or five days next time.
"Now there is positively nothing immoral about beauty.

"Beauty is god-like. Why do women so consistently put up with ugliness in themselves and their surroundings?"

"I was bitterly criticized for the bathroom scenes in 'Male and Female.' The sunken bath, its beauty, the sien curtain for the shower that left a space at the top for a pretty head and shoulders. Why? Stop and ask yourself why. It doesn't cost a dime more to build a beautiful bath sunk in the floor that permits one to take a bath gracefully than it does to put up one of these hideous affairs on top that bump one up like a camel. It doesn't cost any more to have the water flow gracefully out of some pretty carved thing than it does to have it come out of a queer, straight nickel thing that chips off and gets black.

"As for the shower, why not use a lovely curtain to reveal the pretty face and shoulders instead of a stiff white thing that only shows a pair of queer-looking feet paddling about, probably with corns. A man takes a look and says. Oh, I wish I hadn't come in.

"It isn't the ugliness of line, of face and form, but the ugliness of just such things as that breaks up homes."

"Women too soon become careless of themselves.

"Sex must have its veil of mystery. It must have this mystery which a woman exercises on her neck when she must. How often do you look at the pictures that are on your wall every day? But suppose one of them had a veil? Suppose you were only allowed to lift that veil every Thursday? Why, some about Saturday you'd begin to talk about lifting that veil, summoning the moments of anticipation.

"Don't you see that all this is the real 'domestic economy'? Don't you see that if women learn to hold the affection of their husbands within the bounds that the Bible has laid down, they will have effectively done away with the breaking of at least one commandment? The breaking of the law comes from adultery, not from sex. And the real prevention of adultery is to hold your husband's love."

That's actually the thing I am trying to show—trying to teach by my pictures. It's difficult to tell. I have never told it before.

"The Bible says, 'She that is married, careth how she may please her husband.'"

"I'm just trying to show them how to do it, that's all."

The Magnificent Mirage

By

HENRY HARCOURT

In Cairo.

Behold El Kadif Abbah, a lovely devil

Cradled in the stall of a lady camel

Than which there is no viler beguiling

And now at four-and-twenty years

A sly fellow who fakes waste vices

From the pariah-dogs. . . . . And not

Above the killing of some simple-minded

Fatalsim from the country above.

Today he is in luck. He has a silver silhette.

"Shall I buy food for my aching stomach or "What?"

He ponders

. . . . . And spends the precious coin

At the Cinema to witness "The Perils of Pauline"

In Shanghai.

Meng Fuy smiles for the first time in seven moons (the door-pawnbroker who bequeaths the red papers he buries upon the grave of his father).

"Why does he smile?" demands Li Moom Fat.

The fish-sanners, sourly,

"Ali-dar!" chuckles Meng Fuy, the usurer.

"I have a ticket to see Mary Pickford.

"At the Cinema."

In New York.

A youth with brown-buttoned suede shoes

And a ten-cent gardenia in his hair.

Strolls past a granite palace—

Its classic facade ablaze with strange lights.

He pauses to inspect a bizarre announcement.

"The world's best pictures."

"Bah!" mutters the youth. . . . He starts, un

Hesitates

And returns, and enters the palace.
Raising Riches

Irene's record — both as to family and fortune.

It is strange, but I gained a sense of motherhood the moment I met her. She had been introduced to me as Miss Irene Rich. She has been consistently presented to the public in a way to give the impression that she stepped from college on to the screen.

But there are some women who by the light of their eyes, the gentleness of their hands, suggest the completion of woman's destiny in motherhood.

Irene Rich, for all her splendid youth, is that sort of woman.

Behind the illusion of the screen where she has become so identified with the kind of a girl who would fall in love with Will Rogers, I found a human interest story whose depths startled me.

Perhaps the screen public, which has taken her so swiftly to its heart, really does prefer to think of her as a young girl whose only tears have been shed over a crumpled dance frock. Perhaps they do cling to the idea that she went into the movies because she loved art, or desired fame, or self-expression.

Personally, I am not interested in girls just out of college. They know too much—and too little.

The Irene Rich I found behind the veil is more appealing than any I had dreamed of. A woman whom the world has buffeted, a woman starting the long upward climb from the ashes of a shattered romance, with two small girls clinging to her skirts, and their bread and butter as the star to guide her.

For Irene Rich has two children, two lovely little girls, just leaving babyhood. The home she has built in Hollywood as the outward and visible sign of her three-year assault upon the temple of motion-picture fame, is their home. Her plans enter entirely about their future, her conversation about their needs. Her own career, though she loves it with the passionate love of personal accomplishment and independence possible only to women who have experienced unhappy married lives, is only a means to an end—and Martha Jane and Frances are that end.

"My life always seems to me to have started backwards," said Irene Rich. "My romance, my marriage, my children came first, and now my work. Usually, it's the other way, isn't it?"

Yet I think she has been very fortunate. Because without

By

MARY WINSHIP

her experience of life, I do not believe for a moment that she could have brought to the screen what she has brought. Only hard knocks have saved her from self-complacency. Only sorrow has kept her extreme sweetness from the saccharine.

She married first at sixteen—a boy and girl love-dream as fleeting as it was tragic. It fled, leaving behind, as a sign of its passing, little Frances, a slim, blonde youngster with steady, clear blue eyes.

And on the rebound, she told me, the failure of this rosy romance flung her into the arms of a colonel of the U.S. Army nearly twice her age. (Even now she is apt to speak of "orders from Washington" instead of "the New York office").

She must have been quite lovely as the "Colonel's Lady." The army life, the experience as wife of the commanding officer though she was much younger than women below her in rank, beyond doubt gave her that poise, that assurance, that sweet dignity of bearing that has established her in pictures.

What it was that wrecked the bark of this second marriage, after a few short years of struggle and discontent, she did not tell me. Only that she found herself a few months after little Martha Jane's birth, alone—unwilling to accept aid from the husband she refused to live with. But since divorce, separation, is not looked upon with favor in the army, it goes without saying that she went through some deep waters.

Her shoulders rippled with a little shudder when she spoke of it.

With her mother to care for the children, she came to Hollywood.

"I was willing to scrub floors," she said calmly. "But I do it so badly I'm sure no one would have me. I wanted to be economically independent. I wanted, after what I had seen, to be myself and my children's mother. I decided pictures were the only place I could—if I succeeded—find work that would give my little girls the things I wanted them to have."

Then began the weary round of casting offices and agencies. She put her pride in her pocket and said quietly, "I've come

(Continued on page 113)
The Male Background

In which David Powell, our leading mere male, speaks his mind.

By JANET FLANNER

"I'm tired of being a male background," David Powell said seriously one afternoon. "Ever since I came to America and started playing 'leads' in cinemas I have been like a groom continually at a wedding with everyone whispering, 'Here she comes.' And that's because I am in America. It's because I'm in a land where the worship is not of hero but heroine. Had you ever noticed that?"

"Do you mind if I talk about this thing a little?" he interrupted himself hastily. "No? All right. America worships women, then. And if you choose to doubt me, look at the cinemas. You have many more stars feminine than masculine, which is not the case on the other side. And more than that, and this is the most interesting thing, you have developed a taste for getting at a love story only through the women's angle. That's why," he laughed, "I feel always like a groom at a wedding."

"In England," he says, "the audiences do not demand that their love stories be handed to them from the woman's angle. Even when the leading character in the play is a woman."

"A chap has a chance there," he repeated stoutly. "He's part of the story there: not, as here, a prerequisite of the emotionally successful woman without which, after she settles down, no home can be considered complete."

"I suppose I see it differently than you do," he apologized, smiling. "A visitor sees a land and its customs with keener eyes than the native ever does. Besides that, I went into pictures fresh from Shakespeare and Shaw and that heightens one's critical faculties, doubtless. I came over here in 'Capt. Brassbound's Conversion' and before that had been with Sir Beerbohm Tree in his Shakespearean revivals. The difference between the dramatic tastes of the British and the Americans," he hurried back, and we felt this time he would finish the discussion with superb nicety, "is that you are interested in emotions solely. That's why you are more interested"

(Continued on page 125)
THE Person Behind reads all the titles aloud and follows the action verbally just as he does in America. But here he has an added joy—the seats are so designed as to leave a convenient aperture at the back large enough to admit his hardest toe. Antidote: sit down suddenly on entering and pinch it off.

HOW to force an entrance into the Parisian movie-theatre. (In one lesson—with diagram below.)

1st—Draw yourself up to your full height and attempt to ignore the "barker" and the electric bell.

2nd—Read the sign carefully and choose which of a half-dozen kinds of seats you prefer.

3d—Enter into negotiations with the two lady experts involving the calculation of the droits des pauvres, the old and the new war taxes, and the eternal shortage of small change.

4th—Place what change you may have won in the various pockets you may have assigned to the postage stamps, paper notes, pence, centimes, centesimi, reis, paras, lepta, ochr-el-guerche and perhaps a few French coins of which the said change consists.

5th—Tender your ticket to the two personages in the conning tower to have it vixid and marked with an altogether illegible seat number.

6th—Abandon yourself to the damsel with programs (1 franc each), electric torches and—open palms.

7th—And there you are.
A CROSS-SECTION OF PARISIAN CINEMA

In addition to the drawings on these pages, will be found on Page 117.

The French are never so movie-mad as the Americans. It is, for example, quite possible to find a setting like that at the right — two young things and a kiosque full of cinema advertisements — and to find, on eavesdropping, that they are not whispering the inside story of the latest Hollywood divorce at all, but are two demobilized war-brides, back from Ohio, each claiming to have had the worst American mother-in-law.

"— elle m'a dit, 'I don' like painted face!' et j'ai dit, 'Eef I tal you all I don' like here I talk to meednight!'"

Sketches and Satire by
RALPH BARTON

Douglas Fairbanks, burned black in contrast to the somewhat pale messieurs de la presse cinematographique, and Mary Pickford, pale in contrast to the somewhat colorful Frenchwomen, did more in a few minutes at a déjeuner given them at the Restaurant Langer, for the entente cordiale between France and America than all the envoys ever sent from Washington. They were fagged (and looked it) by the way London had gone on over them and Paris was allowed time only to feed them, give them a hearty bon (that curious French "three cheers" expressed by clapping the hands in three series of five rapid claps each, followed by three single claps) and to promise them a welcome on their return in October "such as one gives to kings and emperors — or, rather, such as one gave to kings and emperors, since there aren't any more in Europe.

"Maree" read a little speech in a very American and charming accent but "Dooglass" plunged in without notes and committed this original bit of French:

"Messieurs et Madame! J'ai tres difficile pour parler francais, mais j will tell you something, j'ai ecrit le speech de madame. Je vous aime beaucoup. J'aime tres beaucoup Paris, les rues et les edifices, mais la beauté de Paris — c'est les femme! Pour nous — Paris toujours!" Then every one went mad. Too much ado over a pair of movie-actors? Well, what two framers of the Treaty of Versailles have done the world as much good?
She started in the Winter Garden chorus. How pregnant with meaning are those few words! She started in the Winter Garden chorus! Right off, what does that make you think of? A sable siren with priceless pearls and luxurious limousines—several; pet poms and pellucid understanding? Exactly. One could write a book about it. It has been done.


She started in the Winter Garden chorus! But she did not stay in the Winter Garden, or any chorus. Mary just learned enough about choruses in the Winter Garden chorus to be able to play, later, and very dramatically, chorus girls for the camera. To describe her as I, Mary would never in the wide world describe herself—(she wouldn't anyway)—she's a sweet, wholesome, vigorous young woman, with a courageous gaze—those clear cool blue eyes always look straight and frankly at you—and a finely poised head, and nice hands and athletic ankles. And she loves—at midnight, at noon, at any other time—chocolate-coated pecans. Pounds—and pounds of 'em!

She had just come back to New York for the first time in four years. Mary— and Mary's mother.

"We used to live here, you know. I went to school in Jersey. But when you live in a place you never go to see any of its show-places, do you?"

And later Mother and I went back-stage at the theater—the Winter Garden—where I used to be a chorus-girl. We watched all the girls for a while, and then chatted with the door-keeper. It all seemed strange—and far off. And I wondered what have happened to me if I had stayed—instead of going on—"

Why didn't Mary stay in the Winter Garden chorus? Simply because Mary didn't like it. She wanted to go on the stage in the beginning, of course, and she thought the thing to do was to start at the beginning. Be a chorus-girl, in other words. But she discovered after she'd been one for a short while that she didn't want to go on being one. So she threw down the spear.

The family—Mary's mother and her three daughters—moved to California. Mary still wanted to be an actress. This time she visited the studios. She was looking on when Lois Weber saw her. Miss Weber wanted a sixteen-year-old girl—or a girl who looked sixteen—to play the leading part in "Shoes." She saw Mary. Mary was sixteen—and then Mary became a star.

Only recently did she attain her real standards— with Fannie Hurst's story, "A Petal on the Current." Miss Hurst, by the way, wrote from the East an entirely unsolicited letter to Mary commending her for her splendid work in it.

Mary and her two sisters once holidayed in a fashionable California watering-place. They met many of the younger set there and went swimming and riding with them. Mary used her mother's name and they never suspected she was connected with motion pictures in any way.

"When they found it out," says Mary, "they wouldn't believe it. They said, 'Why, she was such a nice girl!' in such a surprised way. That is all wrong.

"I should hate to think that a career could prevent me from marrying—some day," she said. "I think every girl wants to get married, and have a home, and children. It's silly, any-

way, to say that the public doesn't want its favorites to marry. The most successful film stars are married—and many happily."

Perhaps I imagined it, but it seemed to me I caught a hint of some chap who was merely waiting around until the right girl—Mary—said yes. Mary's mother doesn't want her to marry until she's twenty-five.

Mary has two sisters—one of them is married to an army officer. The other is Katherine MacDonald. Katherine embarked on her own film career while she was managing Mary's. Mary will probably remain in the East for a while, anyway. International thinks she will make a lovely blonde addition to their stellar lists.

In "Shoes," her first role for Lois Weber.

She started in the Winter Garden chorus. How pregnant with meaning are those few words! She started in the Winter Garden chorus! Right off, what does that make you think of? A sable siren with priceless pearls and luxurious limousines—several; pet poms and pellucid understanding? Exactly. One could write a book about it. It has been done.


"It's silly to say that the public doesn't want its favorites to marry! I should hate to think that a career could prevent me from marrying. Every girl wants to get married and have a home, and children."

Her life and her thoughts on things.

By

SYDNEY VALENTINE
"Here I devote myself to a fair lady all winter," complained Livingston, "and then she throws me over on the biggest night of the year, for a mere husband!"

The Woman in His House

By LULIETTE BRYANT

Proving that love and a simple faith sometimes triumph when science fails.

THERE are those who fail to believe in the mystic communion between the spirit land and this one. There are those who scoff at the idea of true friendship and loyalty, untainted by passion or selfishness. There are those who smile indulgently when they hear of a miracle wrought by mother love.

This story is not for them. It is for the man or the woman who has known a friend, a mother, and the blessed gift of faith.

When Philip Emerson, one of the best known of London's younger physicians, sailed his yacht up through the North Sea in search of solitude and rest, he took with him two things: a set of tired, jangling nerves, and the one person whose presence brought solace to them, Peter Marvin.

When he sailed back again, after a summer amid the mystic beauties of the Northland, he brought with him three things: a set of nerves that were healed and comforted; Peter Marvin, faithful, serene and unchanged; and a bride—a little maid of the North, named Hilda.

She was a quaint, delightful creature, all moods and passions, all fire and ice, all swift, short-lived anger and soft, tremulous tenderness. Untaught in the ways of the world, but wise in the lore of nature and of the books that lined three sides of the library that had been her grandfather's and her father's. The room where driftwood fires flung opalescent flames against dark panelled walls, and the sea thundered up to splash the window panes.

"She'll be sorry!" said the men in Doctor Emerson's circle. "He has the cold, logical soul of the scientist. He never will fill the life of a tender, womanly thing like her."

"He'll be sorry!" said the women. "She's a quaint little thing, but utterly unfitted to take her place as the head of his house. She can't fill the life of a strong, brainy man like him!"

"Neither of them will be sorry, in the very end," said Peter Marvin, with his slow, calm smile.

And all the men were right in some measure, but Peter most of all. And all the women, for once, were wrong! Philip never once was sorry. Careless was Philip, neglectful at times, absorbed in the experiments which for years had been the absorbing passion of his life, but never, never sorry that he had won the little maid of the Northland and brought her to his home.

She adapted herself quickly to the new life, as women do. She whose morning bath had been a dip in a deep, clear pool formed by jutting rocks, became fastidious in the matter of porcelain tubs, fragrant bath salts, exquisite monogrammed towels. She who had been wont to run for miles over the rocks, with strong bare feet, learned to shrink from the touch of any fabric coarser than silk, to wear the daintiest of shoes, to walk only from the door to the curb where the motor
waited; to play at exercise with fashionable, idle men and
women, on the tennis courts, at the country club, or more fre-
cently at the tea tables on its broad veranda.

Philip, when he had time to think about it all, looked
on at her transformation with an amused twinkle. Peter wor-
ned, at times, in his slow, calm way.

"Nonsense!" laughed Philip. "She's happy. She knows I
have my work to do. Don't croak, old man. Since you won't
practice nor experiment yourself, I must do enough for two.
Meanwhile, you can play with Hilda—two children together,
in Fairyland!"

* * *

Philip could never quite forgive Peter for having given up
the practice of medicine to "go in for dreaming," as Philip
expressed it. "Psychic fiddlessticks!" he called the new science
which absorbed the attention of the gentle, sensitive Peter.
Philip would have none of it, but Hilda, with the touch of
mysticism that the Northland gives to all its children, would
listen for hours, her wide, half-wistful eyes alight with interest
and faith.

"Love and faith can work wonders!" she said to Philip, on
one of the rare evenings when he left the laboratory and sat
with her in front of the grate fire carefully hemmed in with
brass trappings, a pale phantom of the blazing fires of her
childhood. "I know they can. And yet, I worry sometimes,
dear. You seem so far from me, in there, with the nurse, the
door closed, your whole mind engrossed in science, no room
for a thought of me!"

"You don't understand, sweetheart," he protested, gently.
He was always gentle with her, but doubly so now that the
time of her motherhood was near. "There always is room
for you in my mind. Other things come and go, but you are
there. How can I explain?" He paused for a moment, then
his face brightened. "You know how it was with the sound of
the sea, up there in the North? You grew up with it in
your ears. You loved it. You always knew it was there,
though you didn't think, consciously every minute, 'I love the
sea. I love the sea!' It was a part of your mental self. And
that's what my love of you is to me—a thing that's there
always, singing in my heart, though my mind is centered on
other things and I'm not saying, consciously, 'I love her, I
love her!'

"What a lovely, lovely thought," she whispered, star-eyed
and flushed with rapture. She would remember it always, she
told herself, no matter how absorbed or indifferent Philip
might seem.

She forced herself to think of those tender sentences many,
many times in the months that followed. Philip, after the
birth of his little son, felt that Hilda had an absorbing interest
of her own now, and became more and more absorbed in his
work. But though she loved her child passionately, Hilda was
not the type of woman who immolates herself completely in
motherhood. Home, child, husband, made for her the perfect
triangle, and her mind revolved against the third side being
always missing. Little by little, discontent and rebellion crept
into the mind that had known only trust and affection.

When Philip Junior was three years old, Hilda began to go
much into society.

"I'm not going to bury myself," she declared. "I have a
wonderful nurse for Junior, and if Philip won't play with me,
others will. Bob Livingston, for instance."

Philip laughed indulgently at her, across the breakfast table.
"Seems a good sort, Bob Livingston," he said. "A change
from our proxy Peter, eh? Well, enjoy yourself, my dear.
You're young, and gayety is good for you."

But Peter's eyes were troubled, and Philip stirred uneasily
under his unspoken rebuke. "I'll surely go to the New Year
party," he promised. "Even if the discovery I've been after for five years comes and sits on my shoulder and whispers in my ear on New Year eve I'll chase it away and go play with my wife!"

She was very happy in this promise. She planned a new gown for the occasion. She told all her friends that her wonderful husband was coming with her. Bob Livingstonulked openly.

"Here I devote myself to a fair lady all winter," he complained, "and then she throws me over on the biggest night of the year, for a mere husband! Rotten, I call it!"

"Couldn't you sue her husband for alienating her affections? That would be original!" laughed a bright-eyed girl, newly home from a western state, bringing the latest thing in divorces. "Cheer up, I'm quite anxious to see this wonderful physician who will deign to honor us with his presence!"

"If he comes, he'll leave his mind at home in the laboratory!" declared Bob. "I hope you have a dull evening, Hilda. Won't you at least have tea at the Ritz with me after noon?"

"Indeed I won't. That afternoon belongs to Junior," she told him. "It's his birthday, you know."

"Too much family stuff! I'm all fed up on it," Bob averred, discontentedly. "Can't I come to Junior's celebration, then? I'll bring him things!"

"Indeed you cannot! Peter is coming to that. You don't care anything about children. You'd spoil our party!"

So Livingston was left to amused himself as best he could, while Hilda and Peter romped with Junior all afternoon, and gave him a wonderful tea, with a real birthday cake, very simple and plain, but topped with four red candles, bravely burning. And at the very end, Philip came out to say good night.

"Nice birthday, son?" he asked.

"Yes! Muver-dear played with me, and I hid in the ice box. And I fell and hurted my hand. It bled a little," proudly, "but I didn't cry!"

"Let Daddy see it, son," with quick anxiety.

"It's all well now. Muver-dear kissed it.""You see, Philip, your son knows that mother love is a better cure than all your drugs!" laughed Peter.

"And Muver-dear told me a story about a man named Sigurd that pushed her in the water, and you pulled her out!" went on the child. "And then you brought her way down here, away from him. And Sigurd was poor, 'cause his back was all twisted, since babyhood!"

"That's what Daddy is working for—something that will prevent little boys from being cripples," Philip said, speaking in the man-to-man fashion which all small boys adore. "If my experiments succeed, there will be no more little twisted backs."

"Oh, it would be worth all the work and loneliness!" Hilda exclaimed. "Nothing is so dreadful as that—I'd a thousand times rather a child of mine were dead!"

She caught Junior down from his perch on the banister now, and ran upstairs with him. "I'm going to have on my beautiful new gown when I come down," she called back. "Get ready, Philip!"

"Right-o!" he called. "My gladdest clothes are laid out!"

But when she came down, all lovely in her shimmering blue and silver frock, with the joy-light in her eyes, Philip was still shut up in the laboratory. For half an hour she waited. Then, as the clock struck nine, she tapped on the forbidden door.

"Philip! It's nine o'clock. You must dress."

"I can't!" His voice came out through the closed door, cold, unregretful, utterly detached. "I've reached a crisis—I've almost got my serum! I cannot leave it now!"

Without a word she turned, face pale, eyes blazing, lips set in a firm, straight line, to confront a distressed, anxious Peter. "I shall go with Bob," she said. "He said he would call, in case my husband deserted me at the last moment. Well, my husband has, and it shan't spoil my fun. Bob cares for me, really! Philip cares for me when he has nothing else to do!"

"Don't be bitter, little girl," begged Peter. "Go along and

"He isn't there," flamed Hilda. "Oh, Bob was right!"
have your party, if you will, but don’t take that reckless mood
with you!”

“It’s the only mood I have!” she flung back, “and you
needn’t care. Philip doesn’t.”

When Philip emerged from the laboratory, two hours later,
flushed and triumphant with his hard-won success, a stern-
eyed Peter met him.

“You may have gained an honor in the field of
science,” he said, quietly, “but if you are not
careful you will find it has cost you your wife.
Hilda has gone to another man for comfort—and
she will get it! You’re a fool, Philip!”

And Philip, human and understanding now that
the spell of the work was thrown off, nodded in
quick contrition.

“I’ll dress now, and go down and surprise them,”
he said.

He was half-dressed when a telephone
call came. He listened, anxiously, then
changed back to street clothes, and ran
down to Peter.

“Old man,” he said, “there’s a serious
outbreak of infantile paralysis. Nineteen
cases brought into the Elliott this
afternoon. It’ll spread like mad through the
East side. The children who
die will be the fortunate ones. The
others will be cripples, unless my serum
works. And it will! It’s got to! Now’s
my chance. Explain to Hilda, won’t
you?”

The door banged behind him
while Peter stood, shaking his
head doubtfully. The epidemic
must be fought, of course. In
a real crisis, no
physician could
shirk. . . .

But he wished
Hilda had not
gone away feeling
so bitter.

It was going to
be very hard to
make her under-
stand, now.

Faithful Peter
put on his hat
and went out
for a brisk
walk, to let the
night air clear
his brain of its tangles. So it
was that when Hilda, urged on
by the suspicious whispers of
Livingstone, telephoned to ask
if Philip were still in the labo-
ratory, the butler answered, “No,
Madame. He went out with
the nurse, after you left the house!”

She turned away, actually sick
with horror and dismay. Was
Livingstone right? Did Philip
take for the war his
constant companion through the
long hours when she, his wife
was shut out from his presence?

“He’s still in the laboratory,”
she told Livingstone, bravely.

But he knew that she lied, and
she knew that he knew it. It
was the beginning of a new
chapter in life, for little Hilda

It was broad daylight when she got home, wan-eyed, with
strange hard lines in her young face, and dashes of rouge
supplying the color her pale cheeks lacked.

“I suppose you’re waiting up to scold me,” she beamed.
“Well, you needn’t bother, Peter dear. I’ve got my eyes open.
Philip can go where he pleases, and I shall claim the same
privilege!”

“The nurse came sobbing in from the
next room. “He was all right when I
went to bed, Ma’am. He never woke
once all the evening, and was as
natural as you please when I left
him, at eleven. I’m sure he didn’t
call out—I always hear him if he
wakes.”

“He didn’t call. It isn’t your
fault, Marie,” Peter said kindly.
“It takes them like this, always.”
“What takes them?” cried Hilda.
“What is it, Peter?”

But Peter did not answer. He
was watching the nurse who stood
at the phone, calling the hospital.
asking for
Philip.

“Is he here? He is
there,” Hilda
could hear her
insisting. “He
went there,
hours ago.”

That’s
when she told
you he was
going,” she
flamed, as
Peter came
back. “But he
isn’t there at
all! Oh, Bob
was right!”

“I have asked them to send
another doctor, and a trained
nurse,” Peter said, genteel. “And
as soon as they can they will
find Philip. Don’t be unfair.
Hilda. Philip neglects you for
nothing except his work.”

“His work! I hate it!” she
flamed. “I could bear his
disloyalty to me, but when he lets
his own child suffer it is beyond
forgiveness. If he does not
come now, before it is too late,
I will never speak to him
again!”

All day they fought for the
little life, the strange doctor,
the nurse, and Peter. All day
Hilda waited, torn with anguish
and love and dread. All day
they sought the hospital authori-
ties to send Philip to send
him home. And all day Philip sat
in the tiny bedroom of a
dark and filthy tenement, battling for the life and the
health of a wan, scrawny urchin, using his precious, hard-won serum
on a child of the slums, while his own little lad fought a losing
battle with the same dread disease.

(Continued on page 118)
Launching the

From Paris come hints
by Photoplay's

Photography by
Old Masters

By NORMA

The mode of 1921 emphasizes length of line. It was never better illustrated than in this dashing gown of black and white worn by Pearl White. It is of Mallinson pussy-willow satin with jet paliette panels.

PARIS, September—For the last month or two we've been wandering slightly afield in our fashion talks, but when I'm writing to you from Paris it seems the most natural thing in the world to come back to clothes.

Clothes are to Paris what steel is to Pittsburgh. I suppose if the average Parisienne were to be cast adrift on a desert island she would immediately begin to achieve a very chic and dashing gown out of sea weed. She is like that—every one of her that I have seen on the boulevards. If you have an eye for line and color your first trip to Paris will be one of unalloyed joy. No matter how shabby the gown or hat of a little girl of the Paris shops she will twist a bit of ribbon in her hat, or a knot of it at her throat, and—voila!—she is chic; she has attained the "something" that makes you turn about and follow with admiring eyes the trim, little figure and its trim, little, stubby shoes.

She is one of the lovely sights of Paris—the little girl who trips blithely along on her various errands—but one's thoughts grow confused in trying to differentiate between the lovely sights here; they are so many and so varied. Yet they all meld somehow into a harmonious whole. When you read this the first snow flakes of winter may be flying, and it will mean an effort of will for you to visualize Paris as I see it today—

the Paris steeped in soft, autumnal sunlight; the Paris that is lovely at dawn, beautiful in the mellow light of midday, and fascinating when the lights begin to glitter along the boulevards.

Viewed from the Arc de Triomphe—where one looks along the colorful length of the Champs Elysees—or across the Pont Neuf to old Paris, under sunlight or softly-falling rain, it is equally lovely, this Paris of the artist, of the dreamer, of the sightseer from many lands. One of the things that I notice especially about the Paris crowds is that they seem always happy. One doesn't look to find much happiness in France, but it is here and very evident to the eye of even the most casual observer. It is a quiet, cheerful sort of happiness, the

Such a rush for fur garments has never before been known either in America or France. This wrap of erora and kolinsky Gail Kane is hugging is amarly lined in printed pussy-willow from Mallinson. And she has a feather on her hat, too!
Winter Mode

for the new season, Fashion Editor.

TALMADGE.

kind that seems to endure under all sorts of difficulties—as, indeed, it has had to.

One finds it everywhere, but it is particularly in evidence in the ateliers of the great designers of clothes—those men and women whose business was almost at a standstill during the war and who are now frantically occupied in gowing a world that has turned its thoughts once more to pretty frocks and delicious hats. These people have more, much more, than they can do just now and they are getting a great deal of money for what they do turn out. The depreciation of the franc means little or nothing to the Paris makers of raiment, for they are tacking on a price that staggers even the lavishly supplied American buyer. I was present one morning in the

exhibition salon of a famous creator of modes when one of the New York buyers was trying to negotiate the purchase of a little confection in silver lace and pink chiffon. "But fifteen hundred francs" she was expostulating. "I want the dress, yes, but, good heavens! fifteen hundred francs, and the customs to pay after that—" she shook her head.

Madame was firm. She was sorry, of a certainty. She was desolated that such prices should be. It was lamentable, it was most lamentable! Still, she could do no better. When I went into another room for my fittings I saw the American buyer going through the time-honored motions of signing on the dotted line. That's one of the best things visitors do over here. I'm not complaining at all, it's worth it, distinct-worth it, yet it does seem that money instead of melting in its customary fashion takes wings and soars away. If you are planning to visit Europe this winter, my first advice to you is to double the amount of money you intend to bring along, and then tuck in another thousand for luck—you'll need it.

Right here I want to say that you needn't think it necessary to wait until you get to Paris for your clothes. In one of my previous talks with you I explained why the American tailored suit is far superior to that made anywhere else—Paris.

(Continued on page 111)
The bright lights of Broadway were dimmed for Olive Thomas. The gracious little girl who was known as one of the world's greatest beauties died in Paris of accidental poisoning in September. Her happy-hearted smile, her charm, made her a living memory. This was her last, and favorite, portrait.
"THE BOY" you knew on the screen was the real Robert Harron — human, lovable, genuine. His passing, as a result of an accidentally-inflicted bullet wound, left a place no one can fill. "Bobby," as friends and fans called him, had just completed his first stellar picture, "Coincidence."
Eugene O'Brien lives high up in a huge building fronting Manhattan's Central Park. This is his own small but exclusive balcony.

A Day Off

SOME screen stars go back to the old home-town for their vacations. Others go to the nearest fashionable watering-place. And some go to Europe, taking several months off with nothing to do but England, France, and Italy. They pose for pictures outside the Old Curiosity Shop in London; or in a park in Paris; or feeding Roman pigeons.

But consider the case of Eugene O'Brien. He didn't go to Europe. He didn't even go back to the old home-town. He had to work. He even thought he was in luck when his director told him he could have a day off. Guess what he did with it? He went home. Home is an apartment in Central Park West, Manhattan. A place where Gene's books are, and his piano, and his pipe. A good place to be.

Below—just loafing! The Winged Victory is presiding over a grand piano that is actually played upon every day.
I had realized for months that William was getting very tired of social working as it is worked. Not that he didn’t like his profession; he did. For fifteen years as part of a world-wide organization he had labored for the spiritual, mental, and physical welfare of boys, incidentally coming in touch with their parents, their pastors, their teachers and their aunts. Especially, he often sighed, their aunts!

He liked the boys and the boys liked him. And yet—well, William has the heart of a social worker, but the spirit of an adventurer, and by the many little signs by which any wife learns to interpret the husbandly mind, I knew that the spirit of adventure was approaching. So I prepared for a shock.

I got it. William came home from the annual banquet of the world-wide organization at one a.m. and woke me from a sound sleep by snapping on all the lights.

“Wake up and talk,” he said calmly—William says everything calmly!—“I want to buy a motion-picture theater!”


“A motion-picture theater. Somewhere in a very poor neighborhood. In three months. No, just perfectly tired,” he answered. “Wouldn’t you like to go away and do something different, just ourselves? Something unorganized?”

Sometimes William’s blue eyes get round and excited and wistful, exactly like the eyes of a small boy who hears about a circus and is afraid he can’t go because there’s a garden to weed. This was one of the times. Instantly, I decided I was not going to be a garden to weed.

“I’d love it!” I plunged boldly. “Tell me more, quick!”

“I’ve felt restless for quite a while, but I’ve kept it away from you. Till I had a definite plan to propose,” he said. I let that pass unchallenged. They love to think they can conceal things, bless ’em!

“I’m tired of being a spoke in the wheel of an organization. I’m tired of uplifting by rule. I’m tired of being paid for doing good,” he went on. “I want to make my living with a regular business and be good to folks because I like folks, not because it’s my job.”

I never had been introduced to a saloon-keeper before. This one was a clean-cut young man with good Irish eyes. “Your movies are certainly putting a crimp in my business,” he said.

The Mighty Messenger

How two social workers discovered their greatest ally in that modern Mercury—the motion picture.

By MONTANYE PERRY
Illustrated by Norman Anthony
By this time I was as enthusiastic as William. We talked until milk bottles began to rattle in the courts below, and when I went to sleep I dreamed I was selling tickets through a little round hole in a window and our rector came to the show with Theda Bara.

Just three months later we moved ourselves and our household belongings into a building next to the corner of two crowded streets in the East Side. The corner building was a saloon—practically every corner was a saloon in those days. Our building had had a beer garden on its first floor, a Tammany club on its second. Now the beer garden, remodeled, was to be our theater, the club rooms our living quarters. The exits from our theater, our second floor, and the back room of the saloon, all came into a hallway which joined the two buildings.

By the terms of the lease, this hallway belonged to us. At first I was all for compelling the saloon to close up its exit there. But William shook his head.

“Let’s wait a little,” he suggested. “We want to know our neighbors, and I suspect that a large proportion of them are pretty regular visitors in there.”

“Well, they shouldn’t be!” I declared, a little crossly, I fear.

“No, they shouldn’t be. That’s why I want to get acquainted with my neighbor, the saloon,” he said, soberly.

Our neighbor the saloon was not long in introducing itself. We were having a bit of lunch when there was a hearty rap at the door. William opened it and there stood a tall young man with clean-cut features and good Irish eyes.

“I’m John O’Reilly, your neighbor below,” he said. “Your piano’s come, downstairs, and the boys’ll give you a lift with it, if you’ll show us where it’s to go.”

“Fine!” said William. “This is my wife, Mr. O’Reilly.”

I'll confess I felt a bit dazed and uncertain. I never had been introduced to a saloon-keeper, in fact I never had seen one except on the stage. Maybe I subconsciously expected the hand he extended to be a hook. But it wasn’t. It was big, clean hand with a strong grip. “It’s nice of you to help us,” I said, trying to rise to the occasion.

“Not at all. You folks are the worst enemies I’ve got in my business, but as long as a show had to open there I’m glad there’s a Christian running it.”

“Your worst enemies?” William questioned.

“Certainly. Before the movies came, we were the poor man’s one place to go. We came in after supper and he spent the whole evening with us. And we got a dollar out of him. Now he can take the whole family to the movies for less than he used to spend in my place, and they do it—a lot of them. Maybe they drop in for a drink before or after the show, but maybe they don’t! Oh, it’s a crimp in our business, all right!”

They went down stairs, to put the piano in the theater. In a few minutes I heard the notes of a popular song, and a chorus of men’s voices came up melodiously. “The boys” were trying it out. But I sat for a long time beside my unfinished luncheon, thinking, planning. Somehow, my meeting with O’Reilly had made me see, as I hadn’t quite seen before, that in this new world I was vastly better fitted to be a student than a teacher.”

And I learned such a lot in the year that followed! William did, too, though he knew... (Continued on page 114)
WEST IS EAST

Mr. Trimble to Direct

MONTÉ BLUE
Came from Indiana
I Came
From Indiana. Too
So Unless you are
A Hoosier you probably
Wouldn't be Interested
In What we Talked About
Mr. Blue is
A Very Tall Young Man—
The Very Tallest Young Man
I Have Ever Seen.
He
Used to be a Cow-puncher,
And he Punched until
He Got the Idea That
He Wanted to be an Actor.
He Went to California and
Tried to Get a Job
In a Film Studio.
Nobody
Wanted him
He Hung Around Griffith's
Until One Day
When he was
Sitting on a Bench
With all the Other Extras, an
Assistant Director Came and said.
"I Want a Man
To Do Some Work
H-o-r-k!"
Monté Got Up;
All the Others
Sat There,
"Are you Afraid
Of Work?" asked the A. D.
Monté
Just Looked at him,
For Months Monté
Moved Props, until
A Director Noticed him—
He Couldn't Help It—
And Gave him
Small Parts to Play
He was a Heavy until
Cecil DeMille Saw him, and
Put him in Leads—
With Mary Pickford, and
Ethel Clayton, and Others.
You Saw "Something to
Think About"
Monté Almost
Drowned Making
The Subway Scenes.
Next Year he
Is Going to Star
There's Nothing
Upstage about Mr. Blue.
He still
Remembers when
His Job was
Teaching Connie Talmadge
To Drive her Chariot for
"Intolerance."
"But
I Want to Go Back West."
He Said to Me.
"As Soon as I Can
Manhattan Sure
Cramps My Style."

The Family,
Mr. Trimble Directed
"My Old Dutch"
With Florence Turner
Over Seven Years Ago—
It's Still Being Shown.
Miss Murfin is Going to Write
Some New Stories for

It's too bad Jane Murfin isn't on the screen.

"New York cramps my style," says Monte Blue

A Few Impressions
By DELIGHT EVANS

Mr. Trimble is a
Very Nice Man but
I Never can Pay
Much Attention
To him when
He Brings his Dog Along.
It's
A Dog all right—but
It's Bigger than a Bear and
A Maiden Lady Mightn't
Like to Meet it.
Mr. Trimble was
Making it Behave so
He Could use it in a Picture.
He
Always has a Dog—
You Remember Jean.
The Vitaphone Colie?
Jean was Mr. Trimble's Dog.
The New Dog
Acts
In "Darling Mine" and
Mr. Trimble would have
Given him More to Do
Only
It Seemed too Much Like
Keeping the Honors in

THE door opened, and
A very Pretty Lady
Walked In. She
Looked like a Page
From Vogue—she
Dresses that Way, and
She Smiled and said.
"How do you do?") and then
I Knew who it was—
No,
Not a Film Star, but
A Lady-writer—
Jane Murfin—she
Does Plays and Scenarios and
Is Easy to Look At
Into the Bargain—it
Only Goes to Show it Can Be Done.
She had Just Come Back
From California and
I Asked her if she
Had been Busy Out There.
"Oh, No," she said.
"I Didn't Do Much: Just
Two Continuities—and
Finished Several Plays—but Mostly,
I Loafed."
"Oh," I said.
I Didn't Ask her
How she Had
To be a Writer, but
I'd Like to Know. Anyway.
She's
Smart Enough and
Witty Enough, but
She Smashes all those Old
Theories about
Blue-stockings.
It's Too Bad
You Can't see her
On the Screen.

THEN
Larry Trimble
 Came In—with
His Dog.
Mr. Trimble is
A Very Nice Man but
I Never Can Pay
Much Attention
To him when
He Brings his Dog Along.
It's
A Dog all right—but
It's Bigger than a Bear and
A Maiden Lady Mightn't
Like to Meet it.
Mr. Trimble was
Making it Behave so
He Could Use it in a Picture.
He
Always has a Dog—
You Remember Jean.
The Vitaphone Colie?
Jean was Mr. Trimble's Dog.
The New Dog
Acts
In "Darling Mine" and
Mr. Trimble would have
Given him More to Do
Only
It Seemed too Much Like
Keeping the Honors in
Censor: “You’ve got to take that girl out.”
Director: “And shall I cut out the tropical scenery? That’s rather lovely too.”
How They Began!

**GOLD MINER,** soldier, motion-picture director. William D. Taylor started his career plowing on a wheat farm in Southwest Canada. The creator of "Huckleberry Finn" is now making another boy picture.

**GEORGE MELFORD** confesses that his first dollar was made as helper to a blacksmith. Making George Melford specials hasn't dimmed his ability at the anvil. Not to any appreciable extent!

**CHARLES MAIGNE** started earning money as a private soldier in the Spanish American war. He continued in the army for over a decade as enlisted man and officer, then becoming a war correspondent. Entering pictures his success was instantaneous. "The Copperhead" is considered one of the year's best pictures. He has just finished a new Mary Miles Minter production.

**SAM WOODS** hasn't always directed Wallace Reid productions. He broke into the pay check class by helping install a pipe line between Jim Peak and Central City, Colorado. "The Dancing Fool" and "What's Your Hurry?" are the latest things he has done.

**JOE HENABERRY** left the Douglas Fairbanks fold to give Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle the benefit of his directorial genius. Grubbing weeds for the neighborhood of his youth gave him his start on the road to financial success.
A Fade-Out Picture entitled "There's Millions In It—For Someone Else." Orchestra kindly play something soft and sympathetic.
“There’s Millions in It”

That’s the old reliable selling argument of the motion picture stock salesman—but is there?

By JOHN G. HOLME

WHY do some motion picture companies go wrong? Through greed or inexperience or both. They state out larger claims than their sub-stake warrants, and starve to death before they can strike pay-dirt. Promoters of motion picture companies are slaves to the bad habit of biting off more than they can chew, and so they choose their business-table manners are not nice. It is greed or ignorance or both that dooms more than ninety per cent. of the new companies that have been organized of late and that are now being organized, and whose stock is being sold to the public either “over the counter” or through brokerage agencies. Let us for a few moments stretch our imagination to the limit. Let us suppose that Mr. Jim Honest, president of the Jim Honest Motion Picture Corporation, is calling on us to interest us in his company. Now Jim Honest is an absolutely Honest man. He tells the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I have recently organized my company under the laws of the state of Delaware,” this is Jim speaking. “My company is capitalized for $500,000. We are issuing 50,000 shares of preferred stock with a par value of $10 per share, and 25,000 shares of common, no par value. We give a bonus of $250 per share with every two shares of preferred. “No, I don’t know any more about motion pictures than I do about the origin of the Chinese alphabet, but I can learn. I have never been inside of a motion picture studio in my life, so far as I know I have never seen a motion picture studio. I am by profession a veterinary surgeon—yes sir, a horse doctor. I have also been an insurance and real estate man. I have gone bankrupt twice but I hope to make a barrel of money in the movies, and pay up my old debts. “Yes, I admit this is a particularly bad time to organize a motion picture company. It is hard to dispose of our stock. I have to pay 30 per cent. commission to my stock salesmen, but they tell me that so many persons have been bitten by wild-cat motion picture schemes that it is impossible to sell our stock on a smaller commission. After we have sold our whole $500,000 stock issue we shall have in the treasury only $200,000 or $250,000 in cash. About half of our $500,000 will go to the salesmen, and, of course, we have to allow something for office rent, salaries of clerks and stenographers, cost of stationery, circulars, stamps, etc. And then, there is the item of my salary. I am running this company, and I am paying myself a decent salary for the first time in my life—$500 a week. “It is true I have never written a line in my life. I have never written a play or a piece of fiction or even free verse. I would not know a good screen play if I saw one, but I propose to hire the best screen writers in the business. The test directors and the best screen actors and actresses. My investigation has proved that the movie business is the biggest gamble in the world. But look at what the ‘Birth of a Nation’ retted. I am offering you a good thousand to one shot.” Whereupon Jim Honest fades out without having sold us much stock, but we are glad he called for this simple reason: That if ninety per cent. of the motion picture promoters who are offering you stock for sale were forced to tell the truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth, they would tell you practically word for word just what our friend, Jim Honest, has told us. And after listening to such a story, would you feel like buying any stock? But there are actually scores and hundreds of Jim Honests in the motion picture business just as there are in other lines of business. They know the motion picture art and business as thoroughly as it is possible for bright, hard-working men to know it. But when they go forth to seek capital, they lay all their cards, face up on the table. They admit the hazards. They admit their shortcomings and the fact that some of their ventures have turned out badly, while on the whole they have been moderately successful. Their securities are bought and sold by reputable banking and brokerage houses that value their reputations. The stocks of these motion picture companies are listed in the market. They are subject to fluctuations in price. They are sold on the strength of straightforward financial statements. But there are mighty few Jim Honests promoting new motion picture companies and selling their stocks “over the counter” to the public. If there were, the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry would not have taken the trouble to form its newly-organized Vigilance Committee with which Photoplay is cooperating in exposing the methods of motion picture companies which are inducing and inciting the public to finance their ventures. For let it be known right here that no persons are so charmed by the operations of wild-cat motion picture companies as the officers of legitimate motion picture companies with valuable assets. These legitimate producers have built reputations for themselves and their companies. Their reputations suffer whenever a wild-cat company blows up. Let us now review the histories of some of the companies which have been organized of late and financed by the public. The Birth of a Race Photoplay Corporation was incorporated in 1916 with a Delaware charter. It was capitalized for $1,000,000. Its purpose was to produce a screen play called “Birth of a Race” which was to be an answer to D. W. Griffith’s “Birth of a Nation.” The promoters of “Birth of a Race” were Chicago men, and the company flourished in Chicago during its flourishing period. The officers were Edwin L. Barker, president; F. H. Hibbard, Jr., vice-president; and E. E. Siler, secretary and treasurer. The personnel of officers changed. Orville W. Lee became “secretary and custodian of records,” and John Gallicksen, treasurer. The company launched a sales-campaign in Chicago immediately after it received its charter, a sales-campaign that the city of Chicago and the state of Illinois will long remember. The circulation contained the following bits of financial advice, quoted from the alleged sayings of J. P. Morgan, Chauncey Depew, John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie. One circular under the caption, “Officers and Directors and Prominent Persons Interested,” gave the names of officers of the company and the names of Ex-President (Continued on page 82)
From Two to Five

The playmate idol of Charles Ray's heart is Whiskers, the small wire-haired terrier who appears in nearly all of the star's off-stage photographs. Whiskers represents the third generation of Ray canine favorites. When Ray was a youngster Grandfather Whiskers was always with him at the old swimmin hole near Jacksonville, Ill. When he passed to the Doggy Beyond, Whiskers Jr. succeeded to his place in Charlie's affections, and now it is Whiskers III that shares Ray's fame. Ray calls him Whisky for short.

According to Constance Binney's mother, she was one of the prettiest babies that ever breathed. And so tiny! She was just like a big French doll. "The only thing I can remember about myself when I was young," says Constance, "is that I wanted to be a circus rider. I used to spend hours at a time perfecting a somersault or trying to balance myself on one foot. I certainly got more than my share of bruises and bumps."

At an age when most youngsters are clamoring to hear fairy tales Bessie Love was actually telling them. When she was only four, her reputation as a raconteur extended throughout the Texas town where the family lived and kiddies for blocks around would gather and listen in open-mouthed wonder to her tales. At seven Bessie was actually writing stories and for some time she expected to follow literature as a career. Overstudy broke down her health, so she took up motion pictures instead.
THE three Talmadge girls used to live in an old fashioned house in Brooklyn with a big stone cellar. In this cellar they kept their pets—turtles, dogs, cats, white mice and angle worms. When Norma was a baby, she adored digging worms for the collection. As the girls grew older, the three sisters turned the cellar into a hospital for wounded dolls and decrepit animals. When Norma was eight the animals and dolls had to move out to the barn, as she decided to organize a dramatic company with herself as the star, and the cellar became Brooklyn's first intimate theater with a seating capacity of eighteen, and an admission of five pins per chair.

ONE word in the English language that I hate is 'talent,' declares Mary Miles Minter (shown at the left). "There is a funny story connected with this word and my childish understanding of it, and even to this day my family frequently tease me about my 'talents.' When I was five years old I went on tour with a play called 'The Littlest Rebel.' One day I overheard a heated argument between the stage manager and one of the women in the cast, a large and rather unpleasant woman whom I did not at all admire. 'How do you expect to get by with that stuff?' the stage manager asked her indignantly. Placing her hands on her ample hips she sauntered insolently across the stage, saying calmly 'Oh, I guess my talents will get me by.' I gazed with horror at her well rounded hips and decided that her 'talents' must be that particular part of her anatomy. I was very chubby then. And oh, how it broke my heart when I overheard people telling my mother that I had remarkable talents for a child. I thought them very rude to speak of my unfortunate chubbiness and vainly tried to curb my healthy appetite, and I suppose I took up diet and reduction earlier than any other actress on record.

MADGE KENNEDY three-year old had a sunbonnet tied under her chin to match every single frock when she lost those sunbonnets! So she took the bonnet placed on her unwilling head one morning and the greyhounds next door were persuaded to tear it to shreds. The ghastly remains Madge very neatly hid in all kinds of nooks and corners. "Where's your bonnet?" queried her mother. And Madge answered "Mother dear, I don't know—I'll help you look for it!"

After three months of severe pangs of conscience Madge had to confess.

MABEL NORMAND rebelled against Sunday School! "There's no use my going," said Mabel plaintively. "Why should I get any better? I'll never be an angel 'cause they all have blue eyes and yellow hair. It was bad enough to find all princesses 'em too. That's why I'm through with fairy tales and with Sunday Schools."
CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Above—Robert Harron is dead, and there will be plenty to speak of him as a fine boy, a promising artist, or as a charming and engaging screen personality. PHOTOPLAY concedes these things, but it ventures to touch briefly upon another phase of his art—something perhaps too delicate to speak of were he still moving blithely and manfully among us—something in which he stood alone among all the artists of the screen.

That something was the absolute purity of the characters he played, a purity which belonged even more to the boy himself than to the impersonations.

During his life, Bobby Harron did not always play heroes, though he played many such. Under D. W. Griffith, his mentor and sponsor, he sometimes enacted young men more or less encompassed by the toils of iniquity, but never, in his whole range of characters, did he depict a lad whose actions or registered thoughts would have caused the fairest blush to come to the most sensitive, most virginal cheek in the world. He never played anything except virtuous young men, yet, in the moral aspects, he was always absolutely above reproach. Real and rugged and healthy as these characterizations were, there was always something lofty and unworldly about them. Harron was one of the few artists who have ever lived who could make absolute male purity not only endurable but believable and admirable as well.

The Universal Charlie.

Chapliniana is always turning up in some uncustomed place—it may be in China, where the funny little comedian is the plague of exhibitors, because Celestial audiences refuse to leave his pictures, or in No Man’s Land, where both sides have used grotesque statuettes of him as humorous targets—and here is a tribute from the Bolsheviks.

It is related that a Polish mission was isolated and captured near the frontier of their own country. Among their possessions was a camera and a few films; one, an ancient Chaplin. After a few days in dreary routine the Poles obtained the consent of their vigilant captors to set up a little show of an evening. The un-uniformed mujiks howled with delight, and several of them manifested as much interest in the machine as in the films. It was, therefore, but a few minutes’ work to teach them the first preliminaries of cranking, once the reel was in place. The Chaplin picture was put on, and the proud Bolshevik operators were permitted to handle the machine themselves. The ragged battalion grinned or laughed or merely frowned curiously—but they all looked on.

And when the picture was finished the Poles had gone in the darkness.

An hour later, uncaught, they crossed their own border to safety. But Bolshevism still has Charlie!

The Universal Charlie.

A number of film manufacturers had met in a discussion of the foreign market. Finally one of them remarked: "What we need in Europe, and in England first of all, is a raising of public taste to the level of the taste of the average American audience. The woman of leisure and culture, the art connoisseur, the man of the world—these, perhaps, have a discrimination much superior to our own, but the demand of the masses is far, far below our best photoplays, our finest travelogues and our advanced educationalists. This was not always so, but somehow, in the last half-dozen years, the American picture taste has risen as tremendously as quietly; the screen has actually been an educator of the American people."

Here is an unconscious tribute to the motion picture as a protector of patriotism. It is today one of the mightiest bulwarks of the American people against the germs of foreign unrest.

Ignorance is the bouillon in which the bug of anarchy is cultured. Education is best and most lasting when it is acquired as an interesting pastime. Every up-to-date teacher will tell you that the boy who absorbs his history thinking it merely a corking story has it for life, and for some useful purpose. If the professional detractor of the movies will pause a moment and consider the truth he may reflect that among much bad acting and amid many cheap stories there have been thousands of feet of information and many and many a lesson in politics and comparative welfare; telling about the other fellow is not one-tenth so convincing as showing the other fellow.

So the American film, in its various departments of laughter and romance, travel and discussion, comment, propaganda and exploitation, has served and is serving the highest ends of our people. It is an invisible bulwark against the destruction that stalks, a red wraith by day, a black spectre by night, on other shores.
The Shadow Stage
A Review of the new pictures, by Burns Mantle and Photoplay Magazine Editors.

By BURNS MANTLE

There are two kinds of super-feature productions—the Griffith kind and the others. But before you spiral to the conclusion that all that Griffith does is superlative and all the others do suffer something by comparison let me assure you that that is not what I mean. The things that Griffith does best he does better than any other director in pictures; the things he does badly he cheapens quite as noticeably. In "Way Down East," which is certain to be the most talked of and probably the most successful picture of the year, the concluding scene of the drifting ice and the rescued Anna Moore is probably the most stirringly realistic single scene that has been screened, and on the other hand the bucolic comedy is as commonplace and colorless and trivial as any.

Personally, too, I quarrel with the Griffith lack of taste in the development of such episodes as that in which Lillian Gish is forced to write a letter in the pain of childbirth and in the forced dramatic emphasis of such scenes as the night-long vigil with the corpse of the dead child—scenes that require the utmost delicacy of treatment to relieve them of that stark realism which is frequently revolting. And yet it is no more than fair to admit that there is effective tragedy even in these scenes.

There may be other directors who could have handled the age-old story of Anna Moore's attainment of happiness through suffering better than Griffith has handled it, but if there are I am unfamiliar with their work. This Belasco of the screen has a definite gift for detail on which he expends an infinite amount of pains. His backgrounds are never merely plastered in, or set up hurriedly and carelessly shot. They are etched in and become not only photographically true, but atmospherically consistent and helpful to the building of the story. For example, the bridal "suite" in the country hotel to which the seducer took Anna Moore after the mock marriage was rather elaborate when compared with what one might reasonably expect from the exterior of the same hotel, but it was a real room, perfect in detail and furnishings. And there was not an exterior that did not exude the very scents and smells of New England.

Griffith, too, is particularly careful in his choice of actors. After twenty years of Phoebe Davies on the stage Lillian Gish seems a little immature and childish for the suffering Anna, but she is thoroughly competent and her director, knowing so perfectly her histrionic limitations, is careful not to press her too far. She inspires a quick sympathy and is able to carry the emotional scenes tellingly. Richard Barthelmess is a good choice for the honest farmer boy and Lowell Sherman adds one more to his lengthening list of seductions. Creighton Hale, in the one intelligently directed comedy scene of the barn dance, was excellent, and little Mary Hay added a touch here and there that seems to promise a screen future for her. Burr McIntosh, Kate Bruce, Vivia Ogden and Edgar Nelson lent competent support. Like all super-features, "Way
Down East would be a stronger picture if it were not so extended—if it were eight reels in place of twelve, say. But it is the one of the few super-features that will be able to stand alone. Anthony Paul Kelly provided the scenario, which some one has spattered with a mixture of good titles and bad.

**FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY**—First National

HUMAN nature being what it is I presume it is only a waste of space arguing with the stars of the cinema that they should guard themselves against their o'erleaping ambitions as they would against a plague. They, like the rest of us, are eager to accumulate what they can while the accumulating is good. So, not being content with salaries larger than those paid the heads of great commercial enterprises they seek to make an independent fortune with each picture by becoming their own producers and organizing their own companies.

Theoretically this is sound business judgment; every man for himself and let the weaklings take what is left. But practically it doesn't work out. Load down a popular star with the responsibilities attendant upon picture production and he immediately ceases to be as good an actor as he was when he was comparatively free of them. Set him worrying about his cast and his settings, his director and his expenses, and he loses grip of the part he is trying to play. Give him full responsibility in the selection of the stories he buys and his judgment becomes so warped by his personal interest in the leading rôle that he is unable to judge sanely those other qualities essential to the success of the picture as a whole.

Set him playing the one part on which he knows the success or failure of the picture depends and he will overplay it nine times out of ten. Mary and her boy must make the same stake with the result that after a hundred years of drama in America you can count on the fingers of one hand the successful actor managers. And still have a digit or two to spare.

Charles Ray's recent experiences may be used to point the argument. Charles was doing very nicely until he decided to go it alone. Since then he has lost ground. His stories have not been as carefully or wisely selected, and his own performances in them have been lacking in the ease and natural grace that a measure of irresponsibility begets. The old boyish charm is giving way to the mature and deliberate performances of an anxious actor.

"Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" might have furnished a good picture for half a dozen of Mr. Ray's contemporaries, but for him it was a mistake. It is not easy for his followers to accept the engaging Charles as a pug, even though no attempt is made to make a fighter of him. Furthermore, the scenarist and director have made those adventures of "Kid" Burns which might have been the most appealingly pictured—the original meeting of the fighter with the young man who afterward became a millionaire and proved his friendship by sticking to his pal and making him his "sacredty." A previous meeting with the maid, Mary, too, would have strengthened and made more abrupt the development of the romance. There are, however, several good incidental scenes in this picture, and ray comedy is likely to be at least 40 per cent better than the average comedy.

**A VILLAGE SLEUTH**—Ince-Paramount-Arctet.

In "A Village Sleuth" Ray recovers a bit of the ground lost in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," but here, too, the effort to bring the old Charles Ray back is quite plainly forced. He is too old a boy, for one thing, to undertake the adventures ascribed to him as a youthful disciple of Nick Carter and the story of the sanitarium doctor who was obliged to hide his family away in order to retain the interest of his lady patients is rather far-fetched picture stuff. The other characters were more unreal than real, so that the handicap of providing all the reasonable entertainment devolved upon the hero. Several of the comedy scenes he played excellently, and the hope is strong that his new worries do not permanently handicap him as a player. He is one of the screen stars we cannot afford to lose.

**MILESTONES**—Goldwyn

Paul Scardon, the director of "Milestones," tried to achieve an old English print effect in the grouping and photographing of his scenes and the result is rather trying on
he eyes and depressing to the spirits. The fact, too, that Louis Shervin was unable to relieve the story of its repetition and lack of contrast without taking many liberties with the play as written by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock has not helped the picture. The second episode is practically a duplicate of the first, and by the time the third statement of the argument is reached the customers, as Louis would say, are ready to call it an evening and go home. The argument of the play, that youth is ever at loggerheads with age, and that the progressives of today are the reactionaries of tomorow, is as effectively driven home as it was in the play, and the cast, headed by Lewis Stone, is thoroughly competent. Alice Hollister and Gertrude Robinson both return to films with excellent performances.

THE RIGHT TO LOVE—Paramount-Artcraft

GEORGE FITZMAURICE’S “The Right to Love” is the familiar type of supercature. It is not strong enough to stand alone on its merits, but by reason of its magnitude and its physical decorativeness it will add strength to any program on which it figures. In the composition of the scenes, in the realistic background afforded by a storm-swept pavement on the shore of the Bosporus, in the splendidly imaginative interlude of a fairy story visioned by a small boy to whom it is related, it is all splendidly and most artistically handled by the director. But Ouida Berger’s story, or so much of it as has reached the screen, is at least dramatically extravagant and lacks the holding simplicity of the true stuff—the only qualities you will find on analyzing them that ever made for the success of super features, from the days of “The Birth of a Nation” to those of “The Miracle Man” and “Humoresque.” The story is of a horribly abused wife whose husband not only establishes his mistress in his home and flaunts her before his family and friends, but also seeks to rob the missus of her child and to fasten innumerable crimes upon her. Her lover of former days rescues her from her unhappy state, committing a neat murder in the process, and the two sail away to the land of happiness. There are several moments of melodramatic suspense and many well handled scenes. The cast, too, is far enough above the ordinary to guarantee the story a value it would not otherwise possess. Handsome Dave Powell represents the forces that make for righteousness and Holme Herbert the opposition. There is a good bit of characterization by Frank Losee, and Mae Murray did as much with the drama as her equipment permitted and contributed an occasional display of her fair figure. Alma Tell and Macey Harlam assisted capably.

THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION—Metro

THE price of Bert Lytell’s redemption in this picture, considering the cost of celluloid and actors, not to mention scenery, is excessive but justified. “The Price of Redemption” is a reversion to the Indian-mutiny, my-god-who-will-save-the-garrison? type of melodrama which gives the capable star plenty of opportunity to act right out in front of a series of colorful backgrounds, or in dimly lighted, thickly atmospheric corners underground, or through shadows of a deep blue night, with a bit of light burning fitfully in the immediate vicinity. An expensive picture, and impressive in its bigness, with Metro’s favorite crowd of trained Indians surging now here, now there, through imposing courtyards, into more imposing throne rooms, or milling menacingly around the outer walls of the beleaguered garrison itself. The story, that of the one-time hero of Akbar, who was brave enough to save the garrison but not strong enough to resist the Scotch, is a little lump. It starts with the establishment of Leigh Dering’s heroism in India, proceeds hence to London, where a loveless marriage and other things have driven him to the club and the bottle, and then hops back to Akbar, where he takes to drugs as well as drink and is finally brought back to decency through the discovery that he is the father of the child that he thought belonged to his wife’s second husband. Here he pretends his old pal, the Rajah, from blowing up a lot of English people and is reunited with his family. A good performance by Lytell in all the important scenes, with help from Seena Owen, Cleo Madison, Landers Stevens, Edward Cecil and several others.

(Continued on page 85)
It Happened To Her

All the gods smiled on Justine Johnstone and now she is smiling for the cinema.

By DELIGHT EVANS

A THING of beauty, some sweet singer tells us, is a

great thing—forever.
And a thing of beauty is hard to find. Beautiful
sonnets and beautiful bonnets, beautiful pearls and
beautiful girls—all these are extremely rare. You can go for
days, sometimes, without seeing one—a beautiful girl, I mean.
You may see pretty girls or piquant girls, girls with nice hair
or good complexities, but a downright beautiful girl—seldom.
She only happens once in a long, long time, but when she does,
poets praise her and people applaud her and the wealth of all
the ages is poured at her shapely feet. And right away she is
pursued by round varieties of producers who want to star her.

It is a dreadful thing to think of Beauty buried in a studio.
She is not buried as far as we are concerned, of course—but
consider the case—Beauty's herself. She may place one
French foot on the neck of the world—and yet she chooses to
spend her days—from nine till six, usually—in a bare barn of
a place, inhabited with loud gentlemen who always wear hats,
spattering and devastating lights which sometimes do their
best to prove that she isn't a beauty at all, and a deadly air of
Commercialism which might burn our Beauty if she did not
possess Beauty's twin, Youth.

And yet she chooses it, Fairly cries for it, as if it were that medicine that is advertised as the Children's
Friend in Need. Beauty isn't content to stay at home and
receive the homage of the world—and incidentally its best
products of modiste and jeweler and milliner and motoror—
from her choice boudoir. She must needs go out and conquer
a cruel camera which is often unappreciative of Beauty's super-
latant gift or sacrifice.

I went to a Studio the other day. It was an overcrowded
studio, and the set was a ballroom set. There were careless
ladies in decollete, and careful gentlemen in black and white
lounging on the perilous period furniture. There was a
cameraman. There was The Director, with a lavender shirt,
spats, and a hat which he often removed to scratch his head.
And, over one shoulder was Beauty, in a big chair, as far
away from the lights as possible, sitting there, absolutely
wasted, waiting for her call to come out to greet the "guests"
who wouldn't have recognized in real life.

Readers, let me introduce—before going a step farther—
Beauty incognito—in other words, Justine Johnstone, Miss
Johnstone, subject or object of the lengthy panegyric just
delivered, which you doubtless skipped, and with good cause—
Miss Johnstone, we say, has left the former haunts of Beauty
and secreted herself in a studio, where she will woo fame with
lovely lips and a perfect profile, marvelous eyes and a figure
which Praxiteles might have loved to carve.

Justine is a blonde. She was a blonde from birth and has
remained one unaided by her hairdresser. She has the com-
plexion of a baby, a daughter of the Northern lands. Jour's and fishermen, once removed. She has a slow
grace and a good humor which made her Manhattan's most
popular "hostess." She has a Good Husband. And yet she wants
to be a Film Star. Wants to be liked by thousands outside her
own immediate circle. Wants her name and her face known to
residents of Manhattan as well as Manhattan. She wishes,
in other words, to be Widely Known, where as now she is
merely a celebrity of theatrical New York.

Beauty is much maligned. Philosophers have tried to tell
us, by long-distance communication in the form of the printed
page, that Beauty is everything. But for the benefit of those
who don't believe Oscar Wilde and Keats, Shelley and Sun-
burne and others, we hasten to tell you that Justine is more
than Beautiful. Oh my yes. She has Intelligence.

They don't usually go together. And there have been
a time, who knows, when Justine was more concerned about
a new airgrette than a new idea. But that was before she be-
came ambitious. Once having decided to become famous, she
went about it very systematically. She studied. She bought
books—and what is more, she read them. She read them again.
Then she went out and looked for a career.

She didn't have to. According to the critics she was in a
fair way of becoming a second Lillian Russell and having new
cold-comedies and vibratos dedicated to her. She had been the
star of musical comedies and roof entertainments. But she
wanted to learn to act. So she went up to a small town in
New England and for six months forgot she was Justine John-
stone and applied herself diligently to studying many "sides"
and learning lines—a different collection every week.

She played slaves and shop-girls. Played, we expect, about
every woman's part included in a stock company's repertoire.
And when she went back to New York, she had her own reward.
She received offers for films and after her first picture was
made a Star!

Verily, Beauty is its own reward. Justine—to go back where
we left her, in the big chair just off the set—is playing a
Countess in her first picture for Realart, and has a chance to
be herself again, in gorgeous gowns and expensive hats and the
latest in anklet-straps and choker collars and a gold evening-
gown, modestly displaying the perfect shoulder-blades which
it is said caused several celebrated beauties to consider
which was the quickest way to end it all; diamond bracelets
sparkling on small but perfect wrists; a rope of pearls—

Let's say right here that Justine is a regular Greek goddess
when it comes to dimensions. There are a good many good-
looking girls with perfect figures; some women have perfect
heads which resemble the ladies on old coins; and very very
few have perfect hands and feet. But Justine—well, Justine
is nothing if not a ringer for the Venus of Milo—
supposed by some archaeologists to be the mysterious Victory
without Wings—but we'll not go into that; Justine has a classic
head and is sensible enough to make her hair conform to classical
lines. Justine is no beauty in a bandage and small wrists—and Real
Ankles. Any time she cares to desert the drama, Mr. Mack
Sennett, Hampton Del Ruth, and the rest of the beach-combers
will welcome her with open arms—pardon, check-books.

We fear we have suggested the idea of an icy aloofness in
Justine. Not so. She is benin as well as beautiful, sparkling
as well as shapely. She is awfully good fun. And she is very
much in love with her husband. He is very young, very
good-looking, and the production manager for Paramount.

Walter Wanger—a Dartmouth man—and an idealist in
the theater who came to the screen, bringing his ideals with him.
He is mapping out an interesting career for his wife—has
already bought "Moonlight and Honeysuckle" for her to play.
Her first "feature" picture is "Blackbirds," quite a heavy
dramatic assignment for such a small and perfect figure.
She is handling it very well, from all reports.

This will not be her very first screen appearance, you know.
She "tried out" in a Taylor Holmes' picture, "Nothing but
Lies," in which she had the opposite leading role to the star-
comedian.

Once upon a time Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wanger had a house
in the country where Justine could play at keeping it—and a
very good house-keeper she was, too. But now that she is
working, she must live in Manhattan, and so she has had to
make do with a suite in an ultra-exclusive hotel on Fifth Avenue,
where the appointments are perfect and picturesque; fit sur-
roundings for a cold Galatea, for even such a breathing hit of
ivory as Justine.
She has left the former haunts of Beauty and secreted herself in a studio where she will win fame with lovely lips and a perfect profile, marvelous eyes and a figure which Praxileles might have loved to carve.
S

EVEN men, perched upon an all but inaccessible shelf of rock, watched a wagon train winding painfully out of the draw, across the valley, down the road that led to Pan Creek. Their interest was remarkable, because wagon trains were not, as a rule, in their line. A stage coach, heading for Frisco with the month's clean-up, or a too successful gambler heading for some camp where his reputation was not such a handicap, always engaged their interest. But wagon trains coming in from the other side of the Divide had always been happily immune from their attentions, for hope was the principal treasure of such caravans, and hope is a commodity of no value to anyone but its owner. Against this rule, two of the seven rebelled constantly but unsuccessfully. Ringe, and the Indian Wolf, would have raided everything that came their way, with strict impartiality, to keep in practice if nothing else, but Sierra Bill said "No," and when he said "Yes" there was nothing left for anyone else to say. His "Yes" and "No" were the constitution, by-laws and all the amendments in the code of the band.

So while the seven watched the wagon train hungrily, it was not the hunger of the vulture. Nor was it because they appreciated in the slightest degree the beauty of the scene—the rough-hewn mountains scowling against the blue, the silver thread of the stream interlacing the brown and green of earth and woods. Theirs was the hunger of the penniless boy who watches the circus parade go past. For on their last raid into Pan Creek the seven had captured, among more valuable loot, a gay poster which now fluttered behind them, pinned by a Bowie knife to a big tree, announcing the imminent arrival of the Ellis Traveling Players.

Of all human desires, the first born and the last to die is the desire to play. From the baby with its rattle to the gray-haired with his golf, this desire persists, and the seven grim men on the shelf of rock were starved for play. And it was one thing to swoop down upon Pan Creek, raid the Red Front saloon, swim into saddle and off again to a rattle of shots, and something entirely different to take their places in an audience watching a show. You cannot enjoy a snow with one finger on the trigger and one eye on the door.

The afternoon was closing down, and already the long shadows were making twilight in the valley, though the high shelf was still bathed in the horizontal rays of the sun. The wagon train would not be able to make Pan Creek for supper, and apparently its members had so decided, for upon reaching a flat, open space, they drew up and began to prepare for the meal.

"Sure wish I could see that show," plaintively observed Slim.

"Know any other jokes?" demanded Ringe grumpily.

Sierra Bill said nothing, but a queer smile began to steal over his face as he gazed steadily into the valley. It was a smile that changed the entire appearance of the man. In repose his features were stern and forbidding—the features of a fighting man always braced for a fight. As the smile grew and expanded it made him over into a boy—the boy of Hallowe'en.

"Reckon you're goin' to eat that wish, Slim," he said at last. The others looked at him questioningly.

"Reckon they can give us a private performance right down where they're campin'," he went on. "Slim, you go down an' tell 'em to get ready, 'cause their audience is on the way.

There was no need for further explanation. The six saw the plan of their leader. They had stolen everything they ever wanted. Now they wanted a show, so why not steal that? The reasoning was simple and direct. Slim started for his horse.

"And tell 'em it'd better be a damn good show," Sierra called.

Never was a stranger or gayer theater party, than that which rode down the steep mountain trail that evening, and never had this band started out more eagerly upon a foray. But while the others laughed and chattered behind him, Sierra Bill at their head had lost his smile again, and was once more the stern and forbidding leader. But his thoughts were not sinister, for they were occupied with the picture of a girl which decorated the troupe poster that fluttered on the trees.

"Nellie Grey, Queen of Music" was the modest claim under the gaudily colored portrait, but even the crude reproduction could not conceal the dainty, wistful charm of the girl's face. So while the bandit's appearance was cold and hard, there was something soft and tender springing up within.

Slim had been diplomatic but firm, and the astonished Traveling Players warned the group of outlaws in the neighborhood, decided that nothing was to be gained by defying orders, so the little troupe was ready when Sierra and his men arrived. The stage was a canvas spread upon the ground. The burnt cork artists of the "Minstrel First Part" were enthroned upon trunks and boxes. The audience decided to remain mounted and masked—and the show began.

With keener enjoyment than could have been guessed from their heavy attention, the audience listened to the ancient mother-in-law jokes and heard Mr. Bones explain to the interlocutor why the chicken crossed the road. Their enthusiasm flashed up, however, when the minstrels, gratified and rather surprised to find themselves still alive, disappeared, and were succeeded by two almost young women who sang and danced. Little eruptions of boisterousness among Sierra's men were sternly quelled by the leader, who was temperate and by Ringe. All this Nellie Grey watched through a flap in a tent, and realized that this stern man was a master. So when her turn came she was not afraid, and trudging her violin under her chin she played her best for them.

She played old tunes, and played them gently, with feeling in every note, not so much as looking up at the sinister black masks. But behind the mask of the leader that strange emotion had built itself to the height of vanity, and he was as strong as ever. The girl was lovelier than he had expected, and the music recalled many things he had forgotten, things away back in distant years. Ringe was not so susceptible to the music, but there was a glitter in the eyes that peered through his mask at the shapely shoulders of the girl. And when she was through he drove impatiently from his saddle, and with outstretched hand offering her a strange assortment of gold coins and trinkets, said:

"You better'n a picture. Guess I'll turn actor an' join the troupe."

The girl turned away.

"Those were stolen—we don't want them," she said.

Before Ringe could insist, Sierra was by his side, gripping his arm and Ringe knew for the look in the leader's eyes that he was in no mood for argument.

"You runnin' the show too?" Ringe growled.

"Reckon," Sierra replied tersely and turned to the girl with a small bag of gold dust in his hand.
"Was ever woman in this humor wooed?"
"Was ever woman in this humor won?"

By
JEROME
SHOREY

"This dust wasn't stole, ma'am—it was panned. Reckon we oughta pay fr' the show."

He forced the bag into her hand, gave a sharp order, and in an instant the Traveling Players heard the sound of hoofbeats dying away in the distance, and breathed again. Quickly harnessing their horses they pushed on for Pan Creek, anxious to get away from the scene of the adventure, profitable though it had been.

It was a good-natured, merry crew that rode back to the mountain stronghold, though Sierra rode by himself, silent and moody. When they had unsaddled he sat apart from the others, gazing at the poster on the tree, and dreaming strange dreams. He did not notice that the merriment was growing more and more unrestrained under the influence of heavy draughts of whiskey. Usually he kept his men under strict allowance, and there were no orgies permitted. Tonight he relaxed his vigilance, and paid no attention to them until Ringe approached him with a handful of broken sticks, and told him to draw one.

"There's three women with that troupe," Ringe explained. "We're drawin' to see which gets 'em. The three winners'll draw again fr' first choice."

Sierra sprang to his feet. "You know the rule—no women allowed in this band," he snapped.

Ringe, Sierra knew, had long been waiting a chance to rebel against the leader, and now believed he had struck an issue upon which the others would stand by him.

"I guess the winners can quit this band if you don't like it," Ringe replied, defiantly.

Sierra looked around at his followers. Inflamed by alcohol and a thirst for excitement, they were momentarily beyond discipline. An order would not suffice—he would have to act. In any other circumstances he would have been glad to let the game go on, glad to rid himself of Ringe, who, he was confident, would take good care to be among the three winners.
But the thought of the fate of the girl with the violin made it out of question—so he made a quick decision.

"No man can leave this land until he fights his way out of it," he said. "I'll fight you—all of you. The last man on his feet—goes."

It was a challenge that appealed to the outlaws—one man against six, and it was a fair fight—as fair as such a fight can be. They came up, one after another, and one by one went down under his crashing blows, acknowledging their master, until only two were left—the Indian and Ringe.

"I'm a'gin' to take you last, Ringe," he said, and steered himself for the final struggle. Stripped and battered he met the rush of the wily Wolf, and almost went down, but the sight of Ringe's cruel eyes beside the poster of the "Queen of Music" put frenzy into his blows, until the Indian lay helpless, and Sierra turned to his most formidable adversary.

Sierra's physical strength was exhausted. He knew it, and Ringe knew it. But behind Sierra's physical strength there still stood untouched and fearless, the spirit of the man. Time after time it seemed that Ringe had him beaten, but each time he came back to the desperate battle, fighting mechanically and ferociously with strength he himself did not know remained. He only knew he could not lose, and at last Ringe saw, in a flash, that this was true—and this was the moment of victory for Sierra. With a savage rush he sent Ringe reeling, and gasped:

"The last man on his feet goes—and goes alone."

Pulling on his coat he staggered over to the poster and tore it from the tree. Then, saddling Pinto, the horse he loved better than anything else in the world, he rode down the trail. He was a different man from the one who had ridden down just a few hours before. For the fight had brought to the surface all the latent savagery of his nature, and the tenderness that had been springing up within him was buried in a tumult of wild emotions. He had fought for this woman and had won, and he was going to claim her. She was his, and he would own her.

With the town of Pan Creek asleep, the Pinto horse bearing a swaying rider with a terrible, blood-streaked face, galloped up to the little hotel. The landlord was roughly aroused from sleep by the fear-inspiring figure, who, producing the poster of the Traveling Players, demanded:

"That violin woman from the show—where is she?"

The landlord covered. "I'll have the law on ye," he whimpered. "I'm a Justice of the Peace."

"That'll save a lot o' time," Sierra replied. "Come on—where is she?"

Persuaded into action by Sierra's gun, the landlord led the way upstairs to a room where Nellie and her two girl companions were sleeping. Awakened suddenly by the flash of the light from the lamp, they were too terrified by the appearance of Sierra, even to scream.

"I've won you," Sierra told Nellie. "I'm goin' to marry you—now."

"What—what do you mean?" the dazed girl asked. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Learn my Pinto colt to carry double," the man replied. "Come on, Mr. Justice of the Peace."

Out of the terror and travail of that night of fear and savagery, a new happiness was born for the man and the woman, and five years later, in the gold camp of Placer, they had forgotten everything that was brutal in their mating. For besides the love which they had found there was the child, Buster. And far from the scenes of his outlawry, Sierra had turned his intelligence and strength into honest endeavor. He owned a small claim which well repaid his industry, and his one aim in life was to keep Nellie from ever regretting the
marriage into which she had been forced. So far from regretting it, she was by now able even to laugh about it, and in all cases there was no happier spot than the little cabin.

Then, one day, Sierra went out to meet the stage from Sacramento. He was expecting a set of "spellin' blocks" for Buster which he had commissioned the driver to bring. As he stood for a moment, chatting with the driver, one of the passengers inside drew back into the deep shadow. When they had started again, this man turned to the woman beside him.

"We're stoppin' at Placer, Rosita," he said.

"But, Mudder Ringe, I thought we go to Gold Bar," she answered.

"I've been waitin' five years to get even with that man that was talkin' to the driver," he explained. "We're stoppin' at Placer."

Rosita shrugged. One place was much the same as another to her. Ringe, unable to hold the band together after Sierra left him, had adopted the career of itinerant gambler, and found the woman useful as a come-on. So they drifted from camp to camp, at home everywhere and nowhere. That night Ringe made arrangements to deal faro at the principal saloon of Placer, and waited for his opportunity. He wanted revenge on Sierra, preferably some kind of revenge that would throw Nellie into his power.

That night soon after. Sierra rode up to the saloon on Pinto, and Ringe, who had coached Rosita for such an occasion, slipped out of sight. Sierra went to the platform where the musicians were stationed, and asked the leader if he could let him have a string for Nellie's violin. The leader said he would have to go to his room for it and started away. Ringe stopped him on the way out, and with a gold piece persuaded him not to hurry.

Sierra seated himself at a table, Rosita strolled up, and after the custom of the place asked him to buy a drink for her. He declined, politely, but she sat down opposite him, and produced a pack of cards, which she shuffled, and asked him to cut.

"Dios, senor," she exclaimed, as she spread them out. "The cards see you as an outlaw."

Sierra looked up, startled, and she went on.

"I see a wife, and a son. But the wife not love you. You steal her some time and she want to go back. I see her in music and dance. She leave you soon."

Sierra steeled himself against betraying his feelings, pretended he was bored, and sauntered out of the saloon. But so cunningly had the facts of the past been woven into the bogus prediction of the future that his head swam. What was true and what was false in the woman's story? He had often wondered that the beautiful girl he had made his wife, could ever come to love him. Now he was face to face with the question—had she been shamming affection all this time through fear of him? He could not believe it—and yet—there was just enough superstition in his makeup, that he could not shake off the thought.

Ringe meanwhile, hurried to the cabin. Nellie did not recognize him because the other only time she had seen him he was masked. He knew he had only a few moments and he wasted no time on preliminaries.

"Some of us know your husband used to be an outlaw, an' we thought you ought to know he's plannin' to take the trail again," he said. "He keeps meetin' up with a Mexican girl at the dance hall, an' we think he figures to work with her friends."

"I don't believe you," Nellie declared.

"All right, but don't say you wasn't worried, 'cause we're aimin' to break up this gang before it gets started," Ringe answered, and left her.

With the shadow of the past over their minds, the seeds of doubt found fertile ground. When Sierra returned, and he and Nellie could not but notice the change in each other's demeanor. A word, and it would all have been explained, but neither spoke the word. And when Ringe came again next day, and suggested that Nellie might learn something of interest if she looked in at Sierra on his claim, where he was at work, she hesitated, but went. And there, with little Buster playing near by, she saw what seemed a confirmation of Ringe's story. Rosita and Sierra, very close to him, it seemed to the wife, and they were in earnest conversation. There was nothing incriminating, but of course he would hardly make love to her in broad daylight, Nellie bitterly reflected. And with their boy playing innocently at the sluice—she was ready to believe anything. All she knew of the man she had married rushed into her mind—his record of crime, his savage abduction of herself.

"I'll go to Sacramento," she sobbed. "I'll get work. I won't stay with him another day."

"You're doin' right," Ringe assured her. "There's a stage in an hour. Better take it. We might round up his gang any time, an' you better not be here."

"But my baby—I can't go without him!"

"That's all right," Ringe promised. "I'll see that he's sent to you right away. Leave it all to me."

** * **

The fortune teller had told the truth. So clearly had events seemed to corroborate her prediction that Sierra did not even attempt to follow his wife. He had stolen her once, and he would not force her again to live with him. She did not even want her baby, it seemed, and all his love centered on the boy. Buster fretted and pleaded for his mother, but Sierra made up all sorts of excuses. Still the child was not satisfied, and between the lack of his mother's care and his fretting, he soon worked himself into a fever. Sierra was helpless. The nearest doctor was in Sacramento and it would take five hundred dollars to bring him. Ringe had discovered Sierra's little hoard of dust in the cabin, after Nellie left, and stolen it, so that Sierra supposed Nellie had robbed him as well as deserted him. All he had left in the world was Pinto, and he held Pinto himself a small sacrifice to save the boy. So he rode down to the saloon and asked for offers.

Sierra had seen Ringe about several times, but was so numbed by his misfortune that it had not occurred to him to connect his old enemy's presence with the fortune teller's information about his past. So when Ringe came forward with an offer to buy Pinto at Sierra's figure, he was grateful. Ringe smiled inwardly as he paid for the horse with the proceeds of Sierra's own gold, and checked off his score:

"His wife, his money, his horse—pretty good start."

Sierra started a messenger to Sacramento for the doctor and went back to his cabin. His world was narrowing down to a very small horizon, but he would not count all lost so long as he had Buster. He moved about the house, blunderingly trying to do something for the suffering child, when his quick ear caught the sound of a galloping horse. Rushing to the door he saw Pinto, covered with foam and bleeding, trembling with fear. All his old ferocity leaped into life and set fire to his brain.

(Continued on page 120)
The Glad Game

A Thanksgiving Time
Talk with the Home Circle.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

PROBABLY everyone who reads this article will have seen the photoplay, "Pollyanna." And they will have known the wide popularity of the book that the photoplay was written from—the book that was first a serial, then a best-seller, then a play and, last of all, a moving-picture success.

And—probably everyone who saw the photoplay went home wondering just what the charm of the story consisted of, wondering just why Pollyanna caught at the heart strings and brought tears of ready sympathy to the eyes, and brought just as ready laughter to the lips. For many people were quick to admit that Pollyanna was too sweet to be true, that the narrative was too tender, too natural, that the plot was too slight to be worth while.

Pollyanna was published some years ago, by a magazine that employed me. We didn't know, as we edited and cut and proof-read the manuscript, that it was going to be as at all famous—we joked about being happy and laughed at each other when things were all wrong and upside down.

"Don't be cross," we'd say when a page was late in arriving from the printer, "it might be two pages!"

And—

"Cheer up!" we'd advise when an overturned ink bottle deluged a white skirt, "it might have spoiled your hat, too!"

And yet, even though we grew a bit tired of the saintly little heroine, we grew rather fond of her. I remember that the interviewing of Eleanor H. Porter, the author of "Pollyanna," gave me a real thrill—and I remember that I went over half of the city with a fine tooth comb to locate the little girl—a shy, flaxen-haired kiddie—who had posed for the first illustrations of the story. Despite myself, almost, the charm of Pollyanna got to me.

After a while, at the office, we began to be a bit ashamed when we made fun of the book. And then we began to suggest, in rather good faith, that being happy wasn't such a bad idea, after all. And then the managing editor asked me to write an article about the "Glad Game,"—which, you will remember, was Pollyanna's life philosophy. And I wrote the article and, in answer to it, there came letters—many letters—from all over the country.

There were letters from pleasant people who approved of the glad game, and there were letters from not-so-pleasant people who were interested in it, and there were letters from peevish people who wanted to know more about it. There were thousands of letters from rich people, and comfortably situated people, and poor people. And not one of the letters said anything slighting about the glad game. Not one of them said anything in favor of being unhappy, and unpleasant.

"I'm a crank," one man wrote to me, "with extreme frankness, 'most everybody says so, and those that don't say so think so. I'm forever growing at my wife, and at my children, and at my grandchildren, and at my neighbors. Sometimes I have a real trouble—but sometimes it's only cussedness that makes me grow!"

"I'm nearly seventy, now, and the other day I read about this glad game business. And it set me to thinking and I saw that I'd been dead wrong."

"I kind of reckon that it's too late, now, to begin over. I'm a crank and I'm afraid that I'll have to be a crank. But I can't help regretting over three score of wasted years! And I can't help telling you that I regret them."

Particularly around this time of year, when Thanksgiving is in the air, folk get to thinking about glad games, and being happy. Even the most confirmed of cross-patches get to counting their blessings a la Pollyanna, when Thanksgiving-time comes to the world. They try to forget the high cost of living (though it's not easy with turkeys at Heaven-knows-what a pound) and they think, instead, that they're glad of the strength that enables them to keep just a shade ahead of the enormous prices, and the low values and the inflated demands. They're thankful for life and living and the care-free sparkle of blue November skies. They're playing the glad game because it's been the custom, for a good many years, to play the glad game at Thanksgiving.

People, fundamentally, are meant to be happy (look at the little gay-hearted thoughtless children)—it's only the worries and fears and perplexities inside of them that make folk—as the old man who wrote me, said—into cranks!

Don't be a crank! Be happy. Play the glad game even though your friends are inclined to laugh at you, for it's a game well worth the playing. And if you play it sincerely enough, you'll find that the friends will soon stop laughing.

It isn't necessary to be as obvious about your gladness as Pollyanna was. It isn't necessary to shout hosannas when you break a leg because you didn't break an arm, too. Neither is it quite truthful to say that you're glad that some calamity appeared because it's good for your soul! And if a person told me that he was glad about toothaches, mosquito bites and hay fever I'd be inclined to walk away from him, in disgust.

Be moderate and sensible and real in your gladness. Be glad when it's humanly possible to be glad—but don't be inhuman in your happiness. Only try to smile in the face of adversity—only try to push up the corners of your mouth, as the child did, in "Broken Blossoms," when real trouble comes.

And if you try hard enough, you'll never have a chain of wasted years to look back upon, and you'll be able to understand why Pollyanna has charmed huge audiences, and—best of all—every day of your life will be a real Thanksgiving!
And Now—FICTION!

WATCH for the January number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and when you see it on the news stands, buy it.

The first two short stories, accepted for the $14,000 fiction contest, will appear in this number. You will find them up to PHOTOPLAY standard. You will find them up to the standard of any fiction in any of the best magazines in America. And throughout next year, PHOTOPLAY will continue to publish two short stories in each number—twenty-four in all, and each one of them will be the best that can be found and purchased.

They will be clean stories, stories of love, romance, adventure, stories that the sons and daughters of any family in America may read with the full approval of the fathers and mothers of any American family.

Photoplay's $14,000 Contest

is attracting the best short story writers in the country, so you may expect to find some of the year's most distinctive fiction in this magazine.

The fiction contest closes August 31, 1921, and no manuscripts will be accepted after that date. Address all manuscripts and requests for information regarding the terms of the contest to

Editor, SHORT STORY CONTEST

PHOTOPLAY
25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City
Polly Drew
and Her Home

To many picture-goers she will always be just Polly—heroine of those whimsical little domestic comedies the herself used to write, and direct. Although since the death of her gifted husband Mrs. Drew has confined her talents almost entirely to writing and directing, her popularity as an actress has not faded, so that these views of her charming apartment in Park Avenue, Manhattan, have a real and personal interest. This is where Polly lives when, as Mrs. Drew, she is not directing Alice Joyce at the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn. It was at Vitagraph, by the way, that Jane Morrow, as she was then known, first appeared in pictures and first met Sidney Drew.

This is a real home—and no wonder, for Polly is her own interior decorator. Above we see one wall of the long low library with its real fireplace, its deep chairs, and its rows of books—illustrating the principle that books may be used for decorative purposes. These books, however, all have their pages cut. The grey ceiling and soft Persians give this room a restful air that is further carried out in the subdued lighting effects.

Here is a corner of the spacious hall, a hall which has an inviting rather than a formal forbidding aspect. There is a canvas splashed with color above the console of wrought-iron and marble. Bright fresh flowers, in a Japanese bowl, lend a lively atmosphere of welcome.
At the left—Mrs. Drew's dining-room. Here are successfully combined an almost austere dignity and a luxurious comfort. The wrought-iron table-legs and the cushioned chairs; the carved wall lights and the soft tan tones of the rugs and walls—a delightful place to dine. Below, a detail of the dining-room. Supplemented with two Chinese vases is another of those consoles of wrought-iron and marble so much favored by Mrs. Drew.

A drawing room that is almost always flooded with sunlight, with four large windows taking up one entire wall, and hangings of bright blue. The walls, in this room, are of a dark tan; the divan and chairs are upholstered in flowered chintz. This is a room of a refreshingly feminine personality: one feels that it has been lived in.
Why I Do Not Believe In Censorship

Winners in Photoplay Magazine's Letter Contest.

The Censor and King George a Pair

Since Maena Charta, the common people have struggled incessantly for their rights. Inch by inch our liberties were gained, but not until rivers of blood were shed. Martyrdom and imprisonment have been the rewards of those who dared think. Soon after the Civil War, a few people with (Continued on page 110)
In one stunning set—
everything to keep your nails beautifully manicured

In ten minutes, with these Cutex manicure preparations, you can transform nails you are ashamed of.

Start today to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful. No matter how rough and ragged the skin around your nails is, no matter how ugly cutting the cuticle has made them, you can almost instantly change them into nails that are noticeably lovely.

Without trimming or cutting of any kind, Cutex keeps the skin at the base of the nail smooth, firm and unbroken. Just file your nails to the proper length and shape. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. With a little cotton wrapped around the end of the stick and dipped in Cutex, work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle as you dry them.

For fascinatingly snowy nail tips, apply just a bit of Cutex Nail White under the nails. You will delight in the fashionable finish that the Cutex Polish gives. Your first manicure will show you how lovely nails can look.

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Last year over three hundred thousand women bought Cutex sets during the holiday season. Before you plan a single Christmas gift, look at these Cutex sets. Read the descriptions alongside of each picture. Any one of the three—in its handsome Christmas wrapper—makes a present that is new and fashionable.

Any drug or department store in the United States, in Canada and in England has Cutex manicure preparations. Don’t let another day go by until you have secured Cutex. Get your set today. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York.

The Cutex Traveling Set
$1.50
Contains just what you need to keep your nails beautifully manicured—all full-sized packages: Cutex Cuticle Remover, that dyes away with ramous cuttings; Cutex Nail White, to remove stains and disfigurements and give your nail tips a snowy whiteness; Cutex Cake Polish and Cutex Paste Polish (pink) to give your nails the fashionable finish.
In addition you get a double-cut steel file, emery boards, orange stick, absorbent cotton and an invaluable little booklet on the care of the nails. All combined in a stunning set.

The Cutex Boudeir Set
only $3.00
This more elaborate set contains full-sized packages of Cutex Cuticle Removers, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Paste and Powder Polishes, and Cutex Cake Cream. In addition you get your orange stick, emery boards, flexible double cut steel file, and a beautiful white buffer with removable chamets. A really impressive Christmas present.

The Cutex Compact Set
all the essentials
60 cents
This is the Cutex set of a thousand sets. Many women buy six of these at a time. Each contains a miniature package of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish and Cutex Paste Polish (pink). In addition you get your orange stick and emery boards—all the essentials for the modern manicure. Hundreds and thousands of these sets are bought every year.

CUTEX
Manicure Preparations

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Hitch This Interview To Your Favorite Vampire

I WAS interviewing Horace Horntuff, the virtuous vampire of the screen.

"I dare say you have had a romantic past," I ventured.

"Romantic!" she purred. And then she laughed in a sweet, controlled manner. "Hardly. I was born in Hicksville, Ohio, and so I commuted to the Jones County Business College. My old gents was a horse doctor. Then I took some lessons in acting by mail, and I went to the college to be a professor. I was felicitated in the college, and I went out to do the work for the Sandlot Film Corporation. I'm a student in acting, and the company is said that it would be cheaper to give me a job than to pay for the handsome boy. Anybody that can get money out of me is an artist," said Mike, and that's how it all happened. 

I turned in the interview to the Editor and that's why I'm not here in Dr. Knutt's private sanctum. The Kryptor.

Girls: "So you wear your clothes all night ty keep some hands off?"

Girl: "Yes."

Girl: "And do you sleep with your hat on?"

Girl: "Yes."

Higgins, overjoyed, went to the bow's next morning and resumed the care and wonderful thing which had beenfall upon him. The bow's attention was heartily, and the next day Higgins was very well.

He hurried to the office again, to find the entire firm assembled there, and saw him silver cup stood on the mantel, and this trophy, in an eloquent speech, the boss presented to him in recognition of the triple blessing which he had bestowed upon his country.

Higgins took the cup in his hand, bowed respectfully, and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but is this cup mine now, or do I have to win it three years in succession?" —Boston Globe.

The languages and dialects into which the Bible is translated are as follows.

The British and Foreign Bible Society issues of copies of the Scriptures now reach the huge total of 7,399,502.

A CIVIL War veteran, who serves in the military corps, insists that the first operation for appendicitis was performed just after the battle of Gettysburg in 1863.

A young French Canadian, member of a Michigan regiment, was carried through the bloody battle. His intestines were injured, but his appendix protruded from the wound. The surgeon removed it, and the man was, of course, expected to die in consequence. But he recovered within a few short days. The patient was well when he got out, and it was not until 1884 that a Denver surgeon performed the first operation to remove an appendix. Then it became popular.

One of the largest land deals ever consummated in the world is at a cost of $250,000,000. Mr. W. W. Here, who recently took title to 4,000 acres of rich land, cleared a fortune of $500,000.

Favor's Passenger Dr. "What a 1-metal at Ste. Driver: I'm just laughing at the superintendent. About this time he'll be searching for me all over the lunatic asylum." —Life.

Why did the Scotch adopt the thistle as their national emblem? One explanation is to the effect that a Scotch queen of ancient times, after watching her valiant troops conquer an invading force, sat down to rest herself. She got up immediately for she had sat down on a thistle. Instead of cursing the offending weed, she plucked it, and stuck it in her hair as an emblem of her victory. This is a common thistle thistle for subsequent generations. Another story, states that the thistle was its prestige, by saving Stain's Castle. After destroying, from being led by the thistles in the year 1018.
The Car That Made Good in a Day

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Error Island

SPEAKING of "boners," there were several pulled in Houdini’s "Terror Island." The first one happened when the heroine, plus the famous "Pearl of Pa," is captured and trussed in funny sacks and several yards of rope. She is carried quite a distance to a boat, where she is slung on the deck like a bag of meal. She must have had a marvelous respiratory apparatus to breathe through all that wrapping. An ordinary human being would have smothered, but not so our little Beverly, for upon being unwrapped she displayed the sprightliness of a cricket on a hot hearth.

The most glaring inconsistency was in the matter of the letter from the captured man to his daughter, in which he tells her just where he is, and how to save him. Wonderful! Particularly in view of the fact that there had been, supposedly, no white men on that island since he had been shipwrecked: But his letter reached her through some sort of superhuman mail service.


Imprudent Prudence

IN "Away Goes Prudence" there is shown a close-up of Miss Billie Burke as Prudence in the front seat of the airplane. When she lands she is in the rear seat. Did she change seats in mid-air as well as loop-the-loop? P. M. K., Chicago, Ill.

Who Would Fire Seena?

IN "The Gift Supreme," Seena Owen, playing the part of the nurse in the operating room, wipes her hands all over the sterile gown of the surgeon who is about to save the hero’s life. I’ve known nurses to be fired for much less.

And did anyone ever see a blood transfusion done with yards of rubber and glass tubing of the half-inch size? The blood ran through as if there were 150 pounds pressure back of it. Send me the secret.

E. S., Indianapolis, Ind.

Should a Stoker Tell?

IN the shipwreck scene in "Should a Woman Tell?" the water comes into the stokehold on the port-side and the two firemen shovel the water out with a shovel. Being a marine engineer by occupation I am curious to know where they shoveled the water to, as no more came in.

Bernhardt Gerecke, Palmer, Mass.

The Same Way

PASSING over the usual accurate eye of film-gamblers in taking a stack of chips at random and matching another of different size, I noticed while watching "The Valley of Doubt" that Bouvier, after admonishing a partner to "deal from the top," wins an extra-large pot, immediately gets up and without taking the trouble to cash-in his chips, makes a dive for the door in pursuit of the heroine and her brother. I never won such a size pot but feel that the heroine would have to wait until I got my money. How do you feel about it?

J. D. Van Brake, Long Branch, N. J.

Changed Crafts

IN the first episode of the serial, "Elmo the Fearless," the "gang" on the "Santiam" set the heroine adrift in a fully equipped life-boat. When we next see her, she is being tossed about in an ordinary row-boat. Some poor fish must have thought the life boat too good for her.

M. M. J., Winhependon, Mass.

You Can’t Beat Baptiste

THE villain of course, his name was Baptiste—in Frank Mayo’s picture, "The Brute Breaker," was the best I ever saw. He falls into a fireplace and burns his arms so severely that the fight is stopped and his arms put in slings. But in two days—two days, I say—he comes out to do battle with the hero, bandages off and his arms without a scar.

Francis H. Snyder, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Porter Forgot

IN SAW Earle Williams in "When a Man Loves." Barbara Tennant sends a letter from Japan to Lord Bannister, in England. We see her giving the letter and a coin to a porter in the Japanese hotel. Then immediately we see the letter in the hands of Lord Bannister—and no stamp affixed.

M. Helen Freiborn, New York.

How Careless of Her!

WHEN the heroine of "A High Diver’s Last Kiss" made her dive, she wore black silk stockings and high-heeled pumps. When she comes out of the water, she has no shoes or stockings on.

E. B., Peoria, Ill.

Sure—In The Silent Drama

IN "Go and Get It," Marshall Neilan’s newspaper picture, Pat O’Malley is seen on the wing of an airplane in mid-air, talking to the man in the machine. Do airplanes have noiseless motors?

Robert Klingensmith, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Why-Do-They Do-It

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlike-likelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observations will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the artist, author or director.
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than offer a superior phonograph

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When the Front Porch Became a Location

It became a location in August, before the grass had all been trampled out of Senator Harding's lawn, before the Marion police—both of them—had succumbed to nervous prostration, and, even before very many people had found the Front Porch.

The movies were on the job with the Republican candidate for President of the United States as early as the newspapers, and they sent their representative contingent to greet him in his home even before any formal newspaper call, other than the visits of the regular reporters.

It was to be a combined pilgrimage from stage and picturedom, but when it left New York City late in an August afternoon, in three special cars, the screen folks outnumbered the stage stars two to one.

Prominent in the gathering were Miss Texas Guinan, who had just returned from two years of wild western picture-making; Eugene O'Brien, who went along to give Marion a look at a real live romantic actor; Miss Ruby de Remer; Lew Cody, treating the sedate state of Ohio to some male vampism, and Miss Zena Keefe. Notable in the representation from the speaking stage were comedian Al Jolson; Leo Carrillo, of "Lombardi, Ltd." fame, and Miss Blanche Ring.

After the crowd had detrained, and had been led to the door of greatness by an especially brazen and enthusiastic band, Senator Harding gave them the porch and the parlor, and Mrs. Harding, equally hospitable and enthusiastic, proffered all the house.

They simply told Harding that they and all their fellows were with him, and then they turned right around and came right home again!
"Picked Out for a Part!"

A secret of success learned outside of the studio

By Doris Lane

The director came in and told while all was at a standstill in our corner of the studio, "you couldn't find a girl to look the part!" The next day I was present at the studio for an "extra girl" who hasn't the manner to carry it off. There are hundreds above all don't want and dress the part." I was one of the "extras" he spoke of, Day after day I hung about the studio yard, hoping for a chance to work, even as part of a crowd in the background. It was hard and uncertain—a gamble at best. I thought I couldn't be bad and played for a chance at last.

I had been doing more extra work lately. I was encouraged. Still I wasn't sure that the reason was worth it. I thought it was.—But to get back to the story.

After the director had almost torn his hair out over the holding up of that scene, his assistant walked in and handed him a list of extras. He looked over it again very critically. Suddenly he beckoned to me. Then he turned and pointed me out, and again he handed me the list. At least she knew a thing or two about the business world.

And so they tried me out; and they gave me that part. I couldn't believe it. For so long I had been a "looker in"—and not just a part of a crowd. At last I was picked out of it, and I was flattered and made mad. But after that scene was finished, the director called to me, "Oh! I say, there; let me have your name—please.

My first thought was, "I have made good," and my second thought was,—"Anne Kearney was right!"

How well I remember the evening on which I met her again after so many years! At the end of a particularly discouraging day—one of mixed successes—we parted at the studio—"I was walking slowly away. A very pretty woman came out of a door a few steps ahead of me, I nearly glanced at her. "Pretty," I thought. And I was sick of the sight of the "favored sisters." Then we met, and I glanced straight into the face of—Anne Kearney! When last I saw her, she was still wearing her same costume, being going to the same school in the east. We were so intimate in those days, and with the years we had drifted apart. By her own choice, she had evidently risen much higher in the world than I. Nothing would do but that I go on with her to her favorite place for dinner—where we could talk. The first part of our talk was all of the old days. Almost every other sentence began with, "Do you remember—?" And then we came down to present day topics. She asked, "Have you been working at the studio?" And I had to admit, "Fortunately, not very much." So I told her my story.

"Of course," she said thoughtfully, "extra work is an opening to bigger things." Then she and I went on with extra work. I had been allowed to do; how it seemed that the directors always found me, and she had been studying me as I talked, and at length she said, "I think I can make you a good dress—maybe the reason why you are overlooked. There's a good deal in a single thing.

"But I can't afford expensive things!"

"It isn't price I'm thinking of," she said, "but what it means. Do you think that bringing out any bad points which you may have, if it is a good one. Cloth, to be right, must be expensive, and expensive of the clothes you wear. Now, I can think of several things. In selecting the right clothes, there are many considerations. Among them are the color of your hair, your eyes, your complexion; your figure; your age; your temperament. Now, you are neither retiring nor assertive; you have blonde but not very brilliant hair, a clear complexion and blue-gray eyes. Yet you are wearing an almost orange-yellow dress; there's a lot of red trimming on your hat, and you wear a wide sash of gray. Don't think I am trying to be nasty. Bear, but there are wrong lines in your dress, too. That costume would become a disaster, and it is plain that you are very self-conscious. You force yourself into the background.

"I was given my chance."

"Now I'm going to design you a dress—nothing extraordinary, but just what you should and dress for. It will be ready in two days. And I'm going to change the trimming on your hat—"not the style of it, though we'll see what happens."

She wouldn't listen to thanks, but on the way home she told me her own story; how she had advanced from sewing on dresses in the "property room" to designing costumes for the "stars." Designing—that was the secret of it. I had never thought of the importance of these things.

Two days later, in the little freek of Anne's designing, with the retouched hat, I appeared at the studio. The director gave us all critically and picked out the lucky one for the day. I was one of them. But at the end of the day the idea that on Sunday to come back to-morrow.

A few days later I went to see Anne Kearney and to ask her how I might learn more of the art of dress. She laughed.

"I meant to tell you before," she said. "Not only can you master the theory of designing for yourself, but you will easily and pleasantly make your own things at a small cost. You can learn costume and millinery designing—so I did—by your spare time at home in three to four months. I studied with a view to professional work, and it wasn't long before I was where I am to-day."

"Yes," I broke in, "but you were a dress maker before you took that course and, of course, you know a thing about sewing."

"You don't say," I was replied. "That's the beauty of Fashion Academy courses: they're so very simple and yet so thorough that the nicest pupil can understand them and become expert. I don't mean to say you should make a profession of designing—you have different ambitions—but for you to know what you should wear, and make it cheaply for yourself—why, it would be invaluable to you in any walk of life."

"Yes, I know," I said, "but the expense?"

"Expense!"—that word never applies to Fashion Academy courses; you can save the cost of the course, if you will. If you are a restless-some, you would easily save the price of the course season after season. We have several courses, but the cost of the full course, as given in the Fashion Academy, in New York for information about their home-study courses.

"I took her advice—thank goodness!" The second "extra" work was getting to be more regular now, so I was able to enroll with Fashion Academy for their course in Costume Design and Dreammaking. But we got choice between that and others of their courses. The Millinery Design tempted me. And, by the way, I took that later. I found that I need not give more than two hours a week to this fascinating, simple lesson. I was designing my own clothes—things that were both practical and original, many of me, that made my best points competently. But the real beauty of the background, and, as I have told you, it doesn't last. I'm on the high road now; and I feel I owe it all to Anne Kearney.

You, too, can learn, in your leisure hours at home, to design and make costumes, hats and wraps for yourself, to express your personal style; never forget that you may be able to have a chance to design or dress for the stars. We have been designing for the stars, and I am sure that strongly all your points of beauty. You will have fine and stylish clothes which suit your individual needs. And you can have several of these for so little that you would cost you in a fashionable way.

And as one example of Fashion Academy graduates who have made designer and dressmaker, we present in Mrs. A. C. Klein. Three months after graduation, Mrs. Klein sold $150 worth in a free lance designer, and then very small she designed costumes for Lady Duff Gordon (Lucile). Yet when she began she was one of many others who are equally successful. A Fashion Academy graduate and dressmaker. The suggestions of Fashion Academy teachers are in constant demand by manufacturers. Fashion Academy instructors are not only teachers, but practical, experienced designers who create models for the firm. And when she came to us, she was the only one of many others who are equally successful. A Fashion Academy graduate and dressmaker. The suggestions of Fashion Academy teachers are in constant demand by manufacturers. Fashion Academy instructors are not only teachers, but practical, experienced designers who create models for the firm. And when she began she was one of many others who are equally successful.

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THE CHENEY TALKING MACHINE COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • DEALERS EVERYWHERE
Edith, Tenn.—So you wanted to write me the way you did. Well, I should say you had succeeded. I could hardly read the letter. I gather you are gasping to know if George Setz, that lecherous young serial director and star, is singly blessed or a blessed Ah, Edith—he is married, and when the Setz company, including George, Marguerite Courtois, and June Caprice, journeyed to Spain for location, Mrs. Setz went along. Here's cast for Hodkinson's "The End of the Game": Burke Allister, J. Warren Ker-iran; Mary Miller, Lois Wilson; Frank Miller, Alfred Whitman; Dan Middleton, Jack Richardson; Four-Ace Baker, George Field; Wild Bill Simpson, Walter Perry.

Jacqueline, Grand Rapids, Mich.—Jackie for short, I hope. The main reason I can see for naming any baby Jacqueline is to be able to call her Jackie later on. Paul Willis was Francis Billings in "The Haunted Pal- jamas," with the late Harold Lockwood. Your French is faulty, mon ami—no French girl would describe herself as a petite little brunette. Try again, Jacqueline.

M. G., Verona, Ohio.—I am not sure that every woman should have the vote—but I am convinced that every woman should have a vote. Now, don't be angry—I only try to spill a little philosophy once in a while and you can skip it if you like. George Stone is nine years old. Winifred Greenwood is married to George Field. Mary Maclaren isn't married, and she has just signed a new contract with International. She left Universal some time ago. No no—Hoot Gibson didn't play Seth in "Blind Husbands"; that was H. Gibson-Gowland.

Marian, Madison.—You say you wish you were a man because a man's dress suit lasts for a long time while a woman must have a new gown for every dance. Yes—that's just the reason one dress suit lasts a man for a long time. Never thought of that, did you? You want all the plays that Marguerite Clark, Jack Holt, and Sessee Hayakawa have appeared in during the last two years. In other words you want a special edition of Photoplay. That would mean about two hundred photoplays in all. It can't be done—not in one Answer Man's life-time, Marian.

F. F., New Brunswick.—Ages and ages! The stereotypes must dislike me intensely—I am always contradicting their press-agencies. Ruth Roland is twenty-seven. Ethel Clayton is also in her later twenties. Viola Dana is twenty-two; Mary Allison, twenty-five. Eddie Reding works at the Universal studio in Universal City, Cal. Malvanea Polo is her daughter; she is also appearing in Universal pictures.

Dorothy, Albany.—I'll answer your questions about matrimony if you'll tell me why is a raven like a writing-desk, with apologies to Lewis Carroll. Tom Moore hasn't married again; he's in "Stop the Eagle" and "Officer 666." Marion Davies is a blonde; she isn't married. Harrison Ford has been married but he is now divorced. He's with Lisa, Helene Chadwick may be reached care Gold- wyn. I have heard that she is engaged. Now—why is a raven, etc.?

Alette, Lewiston, Maine.—Well, I may not be a genius but my answers certainly keep the wolf away from the door. You see I shoo them off to him as I write and he wouldn't come nearer for worlds. Zasu Pitts is married; she's married with her young leading man, Tom Gallery.

Beth and Betty, Nelson, Nebraska.—Glad to hear from you two. You write a very nice letter for your early teens—by the way, which of you wrote it? Leslie Marsh is a niece of Mae Marsh. Mae's first new picture for Robertson-Cole will be "The Girl in the Woods." She's married to Louis Lee Arms. You'll hear from those stars eventually. I am sure not now? Because they're all awfully busy.

E. A., Evansville.—Love is blind, as the old saying goes—but the neighbors are not. Let that be a lesson to you, Eva. Thelma Percy was the cunning blonde—I am quoting you in "The Vanishing Dag obstruction." She's Eileen Percy's younger sister. Marie Walsh is twenty-six; she's married to Har- land Tucker, her leading man. Marie hail from Demison, Ohio. Violet Palmer was born in Flint, Michigan. Is that all really?

F. D. V., Leomin, Pa.—"Coincidence," released on the Metro program October 25, was Robert Harron's last picture. Frances King, Mrs. Thomas Meighan in private life, is now playing on the screen or the stage now. Bebe Daniels isn't married; she's nineteen. Tom Meighan's new pictures are "The Frontier of the Stars," "Easy Street," and "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

B. L., Tulsa.—I could scarcely believe my old eyes when I read the other day that a woman in good health and not asleep had not uttered a single word for ten hours. Reading a little farther I noted that she was swimming across Lake Geneva at the time. I never met one yet that could keep still for ten minutes, not to say ten hours. It's Meighan's real name. He has no brother in pictures.

S. C., Brooklyn.—The best steps for a young man to take when his sweethearts father orders him from the house? Long ones. Dorothy Dalton isn't married now; once she was Mrs. Lew Cody. William A. Brady is related to Alice—he's her father. Grace George is Alice's stepmother.

Ethel, Omaha.—It is reported from the west coast that Helen Ferzuson is soon to become the bride of William Russell. Bill is thirty-four; Helen is about nineteen. Nice little girl. Marziratta Fisher is divorced from Harry Pollard. She has finished her American contract and at this writing is in New York City shopping and resting. She'll probably sign a new contract soon. I'll let you know.

Shawnee.—"Food for Scandal" was Wan- da Hawley's latest Realart release. Harrison Ford played opposite her in "Miss Hobbs." Ford isn't a star, but a featured leading man who really occupies a stellar position in the opinion of many picture-goers. Don't mention it.

Cochra, New Orleans.—Gaston Glass is a godson of Sarah Bernhardt. He played in Sarah's company in France, then came to this country, where he took up picture work. He isn't married and you may write to him at 48 West 40th Street, New York. Glass is up in Canada now, playing the leading-part in a Ralph Connor story. Shirley Mason's real name is Mrs. Bernard Durning.
If you mean her maiden name, it's Leonie Flugrath. Her sister Edna is married to Harold Shaw and is starring in Stoll photo-plays in England.

Miss Bernice, Beardstown, Ill.—Your favorite cowboy stars are Buck Jones and Tom Mix; are they? Well, insomuch as both are with the same company—Fox—and work in the same California studio, don't write them the same letter.

Elizabeth B., San Francisco.—Why don't I get married? Because no one would ever have me! How old am I? Old enough to mind my own business. My real name? Whatever you choose to call me. Surely nothing could be fairer than that. Hazel Dawn lives in Amityville, Long Island; she hasn't been in pictures for some time but is appearing on the stage right along. Alicia Dore, a dancer, is a protege of Marguerite Clark. Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph.

M. K., Dallas.—I have done many foolish things in my life but I have never published in these columns the name of my favorite motion picture actress. To begin with, I'm mormonish about them—I like them all. In the second place I would lose my job. Of course the second place ought to be in the first place but it's all right with you in any case, isn't it? Glad you like the Norma Talmadge fashion articles so well. The Lee kids are playing in vaudeville; you might write to them care the Palace Theater, New York City, and they will get it. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, La. Corinne Griffith, Texarkana, Texas.

Jimmie Sanaker, Mo. Valley, Iowa.—Never put off till tomorrow that which you should have done today before yesterday. Take my advice, Jimmy. Your poem was fine. It is only too true—so true that I can't publish it for fear some of my readers will take it as a personal affront. They all ask those questions, Jimmy, but they don't like to be told how curious they are. Thanks anyway.

M. C., New York.—If Babylon fell I suppose Tyre was punctured. Now that that's off our minds—You can reach Robert Reeves at 225 South Flower Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Cleo Madison lately appeared with Bert Lytell in "The Price of Redemption." Address Miss Madison at the Metro studios in Hollywood. Drop in again.

Georgia, Detroit.—You call your persistent suitor a joke. Well, you can take a joke, can't you? Everybody can't marry a millionaire, not even in Detroit. Lloyd Whitlock played Helene Chadwick's husband in "Scratch My Back." Whitlock was born in Springfield, Missouri, and has been on the stage. He first appeared in Biograph films.

E. B., Wilmerding.—It was very kind of you to give me credit for your progress in English—more than kind, since I so often murder the language. I am grateful. Cultivate your taste for simple things—read good books, see good plays, and try to go to only the best pictures. The Editor anticipated you in the Barrymore matter: a story about John and his bride appeared in Photoplay for November. Marguerite Clark is not making any pictures at the present writing but she is to return to the screen as soon as she finds a suitable story, I hear. She's married to H. Palmer Williams.

(Continued on page 100)

Otis Skinner in a Cinema "Kismet"

No wonder Otis Skinner—who has held out against the films longer than any other great actor of the legitimate except David Warfield—finally capitulated. They were so anxious for him to make a picture, they offered him every inducement from an entire city built especially for him to act in, to this genial gentleman at the right whose sole duty it is to follow Mr. Skinner around and render appropriate selections on his piano-accordion. Louis Garnier is directing Skinner in "Kismet."
How to banish the needless flaws that ruin your appearance

It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

WIND and cold, you know, are ruinous to the texture of your skin. They whip the moisture out of it—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping.

Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this. One little slip, and your skin has had its first dangerous lesson on how to grow rough!

Of course you need for this protection a cream which will not make your face look oily before going out. Pond’s Vanishing Cream is made without any oil precisely for this daytime and evening use. It cannot reappear in a shine. Lightly touch your face with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out and your skin will not chap all winter long. Regardless of the weather it will become more and more exquisite in texture.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really, it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay on of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it and to keep it smooth.

For this use, as for protection from the weather, you need a cream without oil. Before you powder, take a bit of Pond’s Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don’t think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before.

When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to “look beautiful,” remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond’s Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance. All the tell-tale weariness around eyes and mouth will vanish. Your skin will gain a new transparency. You need never let it get into the way of staying tired.

To make the powder stay on all evening apply a powder base of Pond’s Vanishing Cream

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in value from its artificial price of $20 to a few cents. There was just a bare chance that the picture might make good and yield some money.

The Chicago newspaper investigating the charges against the company and its sales organizations estimated that about 7,000 persons in Illinois had invested in "Birth of a Race" stock, and that between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000 had been paid in by investors. These figures are perhaps exaggerated. On February 26, 1918, Secretary Lee issued a statement saying that "the Birth of a Race" has issued to date $8,000 shares from which it realized approximately $350,000, less advertising and overhead expense and the cost of resale of stock returned, has netted it $82,403. Of this amount, $32,462 has actually been spent on the production of the picture.

The company had been selling stock for months, and when someone noticed that the "Birth of a Race" officers and the stock sales organizations had overlooked a rather important item of precaution, Illinois had a "Blue Sky Law," and no license had been issued for the sale of "Birth of a Race" stock. Consequently every single sale in Illinois had been made in clear violation of the law.

Two of the brokers were arrested, Giles P. Cory of Giles P. Cory and Company, the principal sales agent for the stock, and F. W. Sherwood. Cory pleaded guilty at once and was fined $1,000. Sherwood showed fight, but after a while decided to bow to the inevitable, and plead guilty. He was let off with a $300 fine. None of the officers were touched, except in reputation.

Had the law been enforced to the letter, all the stockholders might have recovered some small part of their money, but only a small part, for most of their money had been spent. In the first place the stock salesmen received liberal commissions, perhaps not so much as our friend, Jim Honest had to pay his salesmen. However, it was charged during the investigation of the "Birth of a Race" scandal that some of the salesmen received as high as 50 per cent. commission after the stock had been boosted from $10, the par value, to $20 a share. Part of the money they had gone to pay the salaries of the officers of the company and clerks and stenographers, part had gone to the printers of the stock prospectuses, part for office rent, and finally, the company had started producing. It had contracted with William H. Sherrill, president of the Frohman Amusement Corporation of New York, to produce the story. Sherrill withdrew when the scandal broke in Chicago.

The stock could not be re-sold by brokers in Illinois. It was this, together with the great expense of the mailings and the low price of the stock, that forced the company to cut short the production. The pictures were not completed, the company went into receivership, and the stockholders had to bear the loss.

There are hundreds of small investors throughout Chicago and Illinois, many of them widows and men, past the age of their greatest usefulness, who are still clinging to their certificates in the hope that the sixty odd prints of the picture may some time earn a few dollars and pay dividends. But as this is written, not a cent have investors received. Assistant Attorney-General Raymond S. Pratt, who prosecuted the offending brokers, tells the story of one unfortunate man, who had invested most of his life savings, $3,000, some of it in Liberty Bonds, in "Birth of a Race." He sought to recover his money. That was out of the question. He then demanded stock certificates for the amount of money he had invested. The broker refused to give him his certificates until he had completed his payments. He refused to throw good money after bad, worried himself sick over his investment and died.

The "Birth of a Race" scandal made it hard to launch another motion picture company in Chicago, and the "Blue Sky Law" made it still more difficult, as may be judged from the last annual report of R. R. Davis, manager of the Advertisers and Investors' Protective Bureau, affiliated with the Chicago Association of Commerce. Mr. Davis said that his bureau had been called upon to pass on $1,000,000 worth of securities of which he had rejected under the "Blue Sky Law" $200,0000, a little more than half, as dangerous or fraudulent. Unfortunately, Mr. Davis is forbidden to state just how much of these rejected securities was motion picture issue.

They all have big programmes, these companies that are offering to take the public into partnership but few indeed have outlined such a Napoleonic project as the Crusader Film of Philadelphia.

Crusader purposes to produce a screen epic depicting the history of this country, to be entitled "America, the Hope of Humanity," and forty-eight smaller historical epics, telling in pictures the stories of each of the states of the Union. The company plans to film forty-nine historical dramas. That is all. The territories and dependencies are to be left out in the cold.

Under the caption, "Business Possibilities of the National Dramas," page 8 of the Crusader circular, in inspired author or the author of Crusader literature say, the italics being ours:

"The thrilling 40 productions, one super-production, 'America, the Hope of Humanity' and the 48 State Dramas planned by Crusader Films will be so comprehensive as to practically make every man, woman and child in America a partner in them. None of the 110,000,000 Americans will want to see them, for they will picture their own life, their families, their own achievements and those of their ancestors. These films will cross the theaters of our country, and give us new hopes and ambitions. As Americans, let a few figures to show what a market exists for the National Drama.

SCHOOL CHILDREN—The educational value of this film to the 20,000,000 school children throughout the states must see this film when it comes to their individual towns. It is of more value to them than a whole year's school, while its patriotic effect is beyond calculation; it can be made the greatest power for Good Citizenship that we have ever known."

"CHURCHES—The moral character of (Continued on page 105)
Do you know the subtle magnetism in beauty? It lies in one quality, naturalness. There is nothing attractive in a "powdered" look. The artistically groomed woman uses powder to enhance, to emphasize her charms—not to "coat" her features.

Garden Court Face Powder is so exquisitely fine and soft that it adapts itself to any skin. Then, too, one of the four shades will invisibly blend with your complexion.

A little powder is enough if it adheres to your skin, and Garden Court Face Powder has a peculiar "clinging" quality. Try it over a foundation of Garden Court Benzoin and Almond Cream and see what a natural "depth" it gives to your complexion.

The delicate fragrance of Garden Court bouquet—an elusive harmony of thirty-two essences—pervades not only the misty-fine powder and the smooth cream but all the Garden Court toiletries.

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Send for generous free sample of Garden Court Face Powder and the unusual booklet, "The Eighth Art", which contains interesting information about toilettes for every occasion.

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THE CRADLE OF COURAGE—
Hart-Paramount-Artcraft

I AM sure you are going to like "The Cradle of Courage." It harks back to war times but it has a legitimate theme and it takes William S. Hart out of chaps and puts him into khaki as a bad man whom the war redeemed. He is a bit mature for the role of the sergeant he plays, but he is so fine and true an actor that this is no particular handicap for him. He makes you feel very deeply this chap and his problems. It wasn't easy for him to come back and resist the temptation to turn a trick that would net him a lot of money. He had to fight his pals and even his avaricious mother, but when they sneeringly suggest that the yellow of his service stripes has found its way into his spine, and that there were a lot more "yellow pups" like him in his man's army, if you don't get a thrill from his resentment of the charge you are ruled by a different brand of hero-worship than that to which we frankly subscribe and to which we react with a most satisfying thump of the cardiac organ. Once on the right road this roughboy joins the police force and helps to break up the gang with which he formerly trained. The last third of the picture is rather conventional, and not half so convincing or as holding as the first two-thirds, but it is a fine picture for all that. Hart keeps the hero always in character, playing the quiet scenes beautifully and wading into the fights with his old Western enthusiasm. He is ably assisted by a cast that includes Ann Little.

THE MASTER MIND—First National

LIONEL BARRYMORE is as much a credit to the screen as he is to the stage, and it is therefore easy to be prejudiced in his favor. There are few actors of his quality who have taken the cinema seriously and have lifted its productions away from the pretty boy term and doll-faced heroines of the puppet show. In "The Master Mind" the part he plays is relatively unsympathetic. He is an avenging Nemesis on the trail of a district attorney who had sent his allegedly innocent brother to the electric chair, but his acting has force and distinctness and commands an interest that it would miss entirely in the hands of a player less soundly schooled or one lacking his intelligence and technical facility. In his scheme of revenge he becomes the master mind of the crook world and works out an elaborate revenge upon his enemy, only to be swayed in the end by the Biblical injunction that vengeance should be left to the Lord. This is the first of the Whitman Bennett productions for First National and has been most capably directed, both by the producer and his director, Kenneth Webb. The scenes have beauty and imagination and a very good sense of drama and of contrast is apparent in their staging. The camera work is particularly good. Gipsy O'Brien screens well as the heroine, and is expressive in pantomime, and the others in the cast, which includes Ralph Keller, lend competent aid.

CIVILIAN CLOTHES—Paramount-Artcraft

THE fine comedy idea that inspired Thompson Buchanan to write "Civilian Clothes" places this picture in the list of the agreeable entertainments of the screen, and Hugh Ford has taken full advantage of the play material and the opportunities offered for good titling. It is not a particularly good comedy for a star, however, and Thomas Meighan suffers from the handicap. He was easily the most attractive figure among the men and his refusal to submit to the hick clothes and the easy vulgarities of the rough-neck captain weakened the best and the most convincing of the comedy contrasts. The audiences, however, delight in the lesson administered to the shallow little snob, who married her captain in France and later, when she saw him in civvies and learned that he was the son of the best cobbler in Racine, was ready to repudiate him. The supporting cast is nicely competent, with Martha Mansfield playing the society heroine. The scenes taken in Cuba are particularly attractive. The scenario was written by Clara Beranger.

THE SHADOW STAGE

(Continued from page 59)

39 EAST—Reallart

IN entertaining value I saw two pictures last month that were superior to any of the super-features in the list. One was

(Continued on page 121)
Brings out the beauty of your eyes

Just a wee touch of the little brush over your eyelashes and eyebrows with

Maybelline

and you will find a new beauty in your eyes. For Maybelline instantly furnishes that delicate touch of darker color so necessary to eyelashes and eyebrows, while they are gently invigorated by the little brush. Maybelline accentuates the beautiful arch of your eyebrows and makes your eyelashes appear naturally long and luxuriant. No matter how light, short or thin your eyelashes and eyebrows may be, the use of Maybelline will improve their appearance immediately.

Maybelline comes in a dainty purple and gold box containing mirror in lid and a brush for applying. Perfectly harmless. Two shades—Brown for Blondes; Black for Brunettes.

75c AT YOUR DEALER'S or direct from us in plain cover. To avoid disappointment look for and accept only the box bearing name Maybelline and picture of Maybell Girl as shown above.

Maybell Laboratories, 4305-21 Grand Boulevard, Chicago
Rupert Hughes—center—seems to think this is funny. Well, it ought to be—he wrote it. Naomi Childers is the bride—undoubtedly from one of our best families—and Tom Moore is a street-sweeper, in this Hughes essay. What will people say?

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion-picture people.

By CAL. YORK

THERE'S a new one to tell every month on young William Wallace Reid, son and heir of the Wallace Reids. In fact, the son appears to be eclipsing Daddy as a raconteur.

The other day he said to his hand-some father, "Dad, why don't you buy me a motorcycle?"

"Ye gods," said Wally, "what do you want of a motorcycle? Didn't I just buy you a nice, big limousine to ride in?"

"What good's a limousine?" inquired Four-Year-Old. "Now I ask you, Dad, can you be a messenger boy in a limousine?"

While his mother (Dorothy Davenport) was inspecting the lovely new home the Reids are building next door to Bill Hart's place, William Wallace strolled across the street to call on his friend, Mary Johanna Desmond, five months' old daughter of the Bill Desmonds. Mrs. Desmond greeted him at the door and said, "Oh, hello, Aren't you little Willy Reid?" (by way of seeing what would happen).

"Nope," said the young man.

"Well, who are you, then?"

"Plain Bill Reid," said he with dignity.

A WELL-known producer was making the rounds in his studio and came upon an elaborate historical set under the supervision of his one high-brow director. "This set," said the h. b. director proudly, "goes back to Louis Quatorze." "Why?" said the producer, "what's wrong with it?"

MARY and Doug are going to tour the world, making pictures along the way. According to report they will start about December 15—or 38—soon as both have finished two new pictures—and will make the journey to France by way of Honolulu, Japan, China, India and Egypt. In France Fairbanks will probably film "The Three Musketeers." Mary will also make one picture, European in story and detail.

LOIS WEBER has come out of her celebrated shell long enough to announce that she has two new pictures ready for release and has purchased a studio to make more. She is also introducing another one of her "finds"—a young girl, Claire Windsor by name, who appears in both productions, "What Do Men Want?" and "To Please One Woman." You remember both Mary MacLaren and Mildred Harris—Chaplin were Weber discoveries.

THE old "Welcome" sign has been dug up and dusted off for Florence Turner and Mabel Taliaferro. Miss Turner has signed with Metro and Miss Taliaferro is coming back as "The Painted Woman" in the screen version of "Sentimental Tommy." Oh yes—and Lillian Walker is once more in the public eye as the plaintiff in a divorce suit against a hu-hand most of us never knew she had—Charles Hansen. Sound-like old-home week.

RENE MARCELLUS spoiled a perfectly good press-story the other day. Flo Ziegfeld is supposed to have inserted a clause in all his chorus contracts reading, "Motion picture work absolutely prohibited." Then Irene, who came to Zieggy's Follies from the downtown Greenwich Village brand, announced herself as an acquisition to the Marshall Neilan film forces, to be seen first in "The Lotus Eaters." Irene is very, very beautiful.
Plays and Players
(Continued)

Haven't you often wished you could take the top off a motion picture studio and watch the wheels go round? Here's the next best thing: climbing with your still camera to the beams of Goldwyn's studio and seeing three different sets—the corner one in the process of "Shooting." This room without a ceiling was built for an 

Edward story. You can almost hear the pattering of the overheads and the calls of the cameramen for "Lights!"

It is not often that anything happens to film the smiles and moisten the eyes of Broadway's idle. The stars of that Great White Way are most of the time as dazzling, as unfalteringly bright as those huge electric signs which proclaim them to the world. But there was recently a gathering of celebrities whose names are synonymous 

for Broadway's best gifts of fame and wealth and gaiety, in which those celebrities paused to bow their heads and wipe away their tears. It was at the last rites for Olive 

Thomas—one of the loveliest and the best-

loved of them all. Olive Thomas had died—tragically, three thousand miles from the bright gay street and the bright gay friends she loved. She first came to Broadway a little girl, and Broadway saw her rise from chorus-girl to film queen. And Broadway knew her as the same "Olive"—generous-hearted, radiant—from Roof days and through her increasing fame.

St. Thomas Church—a solemn impressive gray-stone pile in Fifth Avenue—was the scene. The Reverend Ernest M. Stires, one of Manhattan's most prominent clergymen, officiated. And among those in attendance were Harrison Fisher, the artist, who painted Olive Thomas so many times and who called her the prettiest girl in America; Myron Selznick, who produced her pictures; Thomas Meighan, her good friend; Eugene O'Brien and Owen Moore, who worked with her in

the same studio; Gene Buck, composer of Follies music to which she often danced across the Follies stage; Edgar Selwyn, Irving Berlin, Montagu Love, and other friends of Follies and film days came Rubye deRemer, May Murray, May Leslie, and Kay Laurell. And now the name of Olive Thomas, one of Broadway's best-

beloved, has flickered out in Broadway's signs; but the memory of the warm-hearted little girl will live long in the hearts of those who really knew and loved her.

DON'T tell us you said, but we hear there is to be an early addition to the Wheeler Oakman family. Yep—and that Priscilla Dean Oakman is going into tempo-

rary retirement upon the completion of her latest Universal picture, which is another crook play for the original Exquisite Thir 

Priscilla is supported in it by friend husband and Lon Chaney.

SPARKING of comedians: wonder who 

Messer de Mille, Tucker or Griffith don't sign up Harriet Hammond, Phyllis Haver, or Marie Prevost? They look like Swanston or Compton material to us.

THE Duponts—now in control of the 

Goldwyn Company—are going to uplift the film industry if they have to do it with dynamite.
**$500 Brings You This Standard Underwood Typewriter**

DOWN Yes, only $500 down brings you this Standard Visible Writing Underwood, factory rebuilt from start to finish like new, just like the picture above. Then only a little monthly while you are using it makes it yours. New genuine Underwood parts wherever the wear comes—thoroughly tested—guaranteed for five years. Our supply is limited. At our exceedingly low price and on our liberal terms, these will go with a rush—so act now while this easy payment bargain offer is open.

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Remember, if not pleased your money will be refunded.

 Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

ONe way to be famous is to be born in Gotham and have a New York personality at an early age, get a job as a Ziegfeld follies beauty and then proceed by easy stages to the screen. Diana Allen, first heard from as a Fox actress, and now signed by Paramount to play opposite Monte Blue in “The Kentuckians,” did it that way.

LOUISE FAZENDA has left Bottaway. No, she won’t go with de Mille or Tucker or Griffith. She will keep right on doing her eccentric lady hicks for the Special Pictures Corporation, which also lately lured away from Mack’s place Ford Sterling and Chester Conklin.

LAW CODY is not going to make any more pictures for Robertson-Cole.

WHEN all the reporters in New York were pursuing Charlie Chaplin to get his views on divorce and marriage, Mr. Chaplin bravely announced that he wouldn’t discuss his marital affairs and added that he was in New York on pleasure bent. But, boys and girls, what do you suppose he was really doing? He was reading Macaulay’s “History of England” in his snug little suite at the Ritz.

COLLEEN MOORE gave the habitues of the famous Hotel Alexandra dining room a treat the other day when she entertained a bunch of select moving picture beauties at a “regular” luncheon party. Everything was done up in the best “ga” style, including decorations in pink and lavender, corsages and dainty favors to match. The honored guest was Miss Lisbeth Stone, a New Orleans society girl, and cousin of Miss Moore, who had been passing the summer in Hollywood. The other guests included Marjorie Daw, Zasu Pitts, Doris May, Besie Love, Carmel Myers, Pauline Starke in Grace Darmond, Dorothy Devore, Lois Wilson, Agnes Ayres and Kathleen Kirkham.

It is whispered that this group of motion picture maidens united in a sort of secret society pledge to stay old maid—or words to that effect—and that Zasu Pitts, who recently became the bride of Tom Gallery, is the first to renounce the veil and become a wife. However, it seems only fair to surmise that she won’t be the last. As old maids, they present a very weak position.

MUST be nice for the Crane family. Jimmy is playing at the Forty-eighth Street Theater in papa-in-law Bill Brady’s play, “Opportunity,” and Alice Brady Crane is right next door entertaining audiences in “Anna Asenda” at the Playhouse, so they can visit between the acts. They are certainly the most devoted couple Broadway ever boasted.

MAE MURRAY left Paramount, went to Europe for a vacation, came back, and signed with Paramount again. She left, they say, because sufficient inducements were not offered her to make it worth while remaining. So she formed her own company, the Invincible. Now she’s to be a Paramount-Artcraft star, and her husband—the always-present Robert Loveland—is to direct her. Which will it be—the Mae Murray Production or the Robert Z. Leonard Features? And what has become of the Invincible? They started out to sell stock to the public.

BUCCOLIC PRESS—(Los Angeles Times)—To Let—Beautifully furnished apartment in Hollywood. Married couple preferred. (Continued on page 20)
Caryl finds the Key

By Alice F. Funken

Caryl shut the front door with a sigh. A glance ahead showed the same dimly-lit hall that directed her to the right as she returned from work; the narrow stairs, carpeted in injurious black above; the ancient strip of carpet that led to the door that led to the room where she lived. The mat was banging somewhere on the first floor. It was by no means the rightful home of a fun-loving girl. It seemed too narrow and too bare for all. Many nights when the mattress bulged and her head ached, and rather than sleep she lay in the dark by some wall of light flashing across her court window and dreamed of what she would like to have.

Indeed, the best things in life were the only bright spots in Caryl's life. She had no background and no romance. She had worked since her fourteenth birthday, at first to support her widowed mother, and then to save up for college. In those days she and her mother had lived comfortably on the interest of a small estate, and she was able to add to the money that had to have living conditions were crushing her dream. It had to be overcome. She had to get a private, to save and live.

Foremost in these dreams were visions of spring. As a child she dreamed of what she would have and wear, what she would do with the money she had. A girl in the world made a few advancements until she had been her own mother's private secretary, and there she were ascending. Now, for the years she seemed to the girl the prize of greater responsibility and added salary.

The sun lit a shabby winter hat and crossed the court with a feeling akin to despair. Coming home, everything seemed to be against her: her face, her spirit, her dreams. She was an office girl, a personal secretary, and she had stepped ascending. Now, for the years her she seemed to the girl the prize of greater responsibility and added salary.

It was one of the first really warm spring days when the magic brought by the fairies was at its height. The day was never the sort of a morning that made colors come alive.

Caryl on her way to work seemed to have been transported into a new world, a world she had but lived in and too hard to even see, before.

For Caryl was a very different looking girl this spring morning. The fluffs of hair that danced in the light breeze were dark and long. The bunch of violets at her waist rested against a piece of paper wrapping something. The eyes of the girl were bright. The girl was a beautiful woman.

The woman had chosen to give at her entry, because her work was done in the private world of her apartment, and the worker was ready to buy him. Her fancy was for good things. The fluffs of hair were bright, sometimes pensive, sometimes apparently. The next day and the next were the same. The woman was always the same. It was her life. One could find her outfitted in a perfect business costume some day.

One Saturday morning when she entered the office the general manager was talked to her by the sales manager. He seemed as she entered, and left the office, the same manager. He went to her, as he did. When he began, "Caryl, you get along so well, it is like you are back home again." "Indeed it has," Caryl answered quickly. "I am just well, Caryl feels as if she were the one. She is a little worried about the proposition of one of those women's clubs. She has thought of it before as, as men and women." "Indeed it has," Caryl answered quickly. "I am just well, Caryl feels as if she were the one. She is a little worried about the proposition of one of those women's clubs. She has thought of it before as, as men and women."
For a Gargle

or a mouth wash, put a few drops of Absorbine Jr. in a little water. It is an
herbal antiseptic and germicide re-
markably effective for—
Checking sore throat in its incipient
stage.
Reducing the swelling and taking out
the soreness.
Cleansing the mouth and arresting
infection.

Absorbine Jr.
The Antiseptic Liniment
has a pleasant, pungent taste and smell that
makes it pleasant to use, either as a liniment
or a gargle.
As a mouth wash it is extensively used and
highly recommended by dentists. It leaves the
mouth cool and clean.
$1.25 a bottle at your druggist or
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Science Has Discovered How to
End Gray Hair

For years science has sought a way of
restoring gray hair to its natural color.
Now this way is found, and women are
no longer baldness.
For simply by combing this clear, pure
color in as little as 3 days every gray hair
is gone.

Mary T. Goldman
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

Make This Test
Send in the coupon. Mark on it the exact
color of your hair. It will bring you a free
trial bottle of this remarkable hair color re-
storers and our special comb.
Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the
result. Also how it differs from old-fashioned
dyes. Send in the coupon now.

Mary T. Goldman
1709 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Accept no imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

For a handsome young, trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer with special comb.
I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free
offer. The natural color of my hair is
black jet black black brown
gray brown medium brown light brown
Name
Street Town
City State

She used to smile when young Tom evinced a preference for games in which he
could tote a toy gun and sport a small-sized sombrero. But now Mrs. Mix, mother of Tom, is watching her son reap a rich harvest of his boyhood dreams, as
one of the leading cowboy actors in the movies.

GLADY'S BROCKWELL is to be fea-
tured in an Edgar Lewis production,
"The Sage Hen." A new role for Gladys, who usually played prairie chickens in her
problem-plays for Mr. Fox.

JACK HOLT has a small son of indefinite
and trying age identified by corduroys
and missing front teeth. He is exceptionally
fond of the phonograph. Whenever it stops, young Master Holt stops too—after the
fashion we all knew in the dear departed
days of childhood. The other day his col-
ored mammy peeped in through the cur-
tains and caught a glimpse of her idol pos-
tured like Victory about to take a flight.
"My goodness!" said she awfully. "Will you
look at that Chile strike a statue? I jes'know he's goin' t' be an actress!"

Among those who graced the dance and
the wonderful supper served at midnight
were Wanda Hawley, Jean MacPherson,
Ruth Roland, Lois Wilson, Mr. and Mrs.
Conrad Nagel, Mary Miles Minter, who
entertained a party of twelve. Tony Moreno
with a number of society people from Bev-
erly Hills, Pauline Frederick and her mother,
Bebe Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Forman,
Elliott Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Wally Reid,
Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Eyton (Kathlyn Wil-
liams), Irene Rich, Margaret Loomis, Mr.
and Mrs. Paul Scadden (Betty Blythe), King
Vidor and his wife, Florence Vidor, May
Allison, Viola Dana, Colleen Moore, Mr.
and Mrs. Jack Holt, Priscilla Dean and
Wheeler Oakman, Mr. and Mrs. Willard
Louis, Mary Alden, and William Dun-can
and Edith Johnson.

STUDIO circles are agog over mysterious
rumors and reports that filter through
concerning the making of the latest Allen
Holubar feature. First it was stated that it
was being produced for European release
only, as it was not supposed it could pass
censors in this country. A number of
really serious accidents have occurred in the
making of it, several extra women having
terribly injured in doing some mob
riding scenes. It has been familiarly re-
tered to as "The Third Sex." Anyway, if
reports are only half true it will be the most
sensational and risque production ever at-
tempted in America. Personally, it's a bit of
a surprise from the man who made "The
Heart of Humanity."

LOIS WILSON once won a beauty con-
test, and ever since, directors have
seemed to hold it against her. She's never
had a chance to do anything but the most
innocuous ingenue roles. Now William de
Mille has cast her for the leading part in

(Continued from page 93)
No Money Down

Let Us Send You a SILVERTONE Phonograph for Two Weeks' Trial in Your Home Without Expense to You

WE WANT you to try one of these handsome SILVERTONE Phonographs in your own home for two weeks without a cent of expense and without obligating you to buy if you are not fully satisfied with the instrument.

Select any SILVERTONE Phonograph shown on this page, fill in the order blank and mail it to Sears, Roebuck and Co. today. We ship SILVERTONE Phonographs on two weeks' trial. You take absolutely no risk, nor do you oblige yourself in any way by taking a SILVERTONE Phonograph on trial. All we ask you to do is to give the phonograph a thorough test, examine its mechanical features, cabinet work, workmanship and finish. Try it with any disc record you desire, and note its beauty of tone and fidelity of reproduction. Give it every test necessary to prove the truth of our claims for it. And then compare the price of the SILVERTONE with that of any other phonograph of the same size, beauty and musical excellence.

If, at the end of two weeks' trial, you are not fully satisfied with the SILVERTONE, if you do not believe that it is in every way the equal of any phonograph you have tried, return the instrument to us at only the transportation and cartage charges you have paid. The two weeks' test will not have cost you one cent nor placed you under any obligation.

Play as You Pay—Very Easy Terms

If, after two weeks' trial, you are fully satisfied with the SILVERTONE and desire to keep it, simply wait for the first monthly payment and then the same amount each month until the total is paid. The amount of the monthly payment on each instrument is shown under the illustrations.

Compare our terms with those offered on any other phonograph of the same high quality. The small monthly payment required on even the highest priced models makes it easy for you to own a really fine instrument without incurring a heavy financial burden.

This Liberal Selling Plan Is the Best Guarantee of SILVERTONE Quality

We know that the SILVERTONE Phonograph is right in every respect—mechanically, musically and in design and finish. That is why we can offer them on this liberal no money down trial basis. We know that when you get a SILVERTONE Phonograph in your home for two weeks' trial you will be convinced of its high quality and will agree with us that it is the best phonograph on the market anywhere near the same price. We have sold over 50,000 SILVERTONE phonographs, and the unanimous praise of the owners is the most convincing proof of SILVERTONE quality.

Plays All Disc Records

The SILVERTONE convertible tone arm is so constructed that it permits the playing of any make of disc record, either vertical or lateral cut. It is almost as easy to adjust the reproducer for different types of records as it is to change needles.

Size of Cabinets

The Model H Cabinet is 48½ inches high. The others are illustrated in proportion.

SILVERTONE

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SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO. 83790 Date, 1922
You may ship me the SILVERTONE Phonograph which I have marked with an OK without any obligation on my part to buy unless I am perfectly satisfied.

I, after two weeks' trial, desire to keep and use the instrument. I will send you the first payment for the phonograph and pay the same amount each month until paid in full, then the SILVERTONE becomes my property.

Should I decide, after two weeks' trial, that the SILVERTONE is not satisfactory, I will notify you and you are to give me instructions so that I may send it back at your expense. You are also to return me any transportation and cartage charges I have paid.

I have always been faithful in paying my obligations and am making this statement for the purpose of inducing you to grant me these terms, and I give you my pledge that you may feel safe in trusting me to pay as agreed.

Hereafter, your name here, and hereafter, if in any way, one member of your family who is of age and responsible should sign this order with you.

Postoffice — County — State
Shipping Point — County — State
I have been located in this town since
This town is

My business, occupation is
My business, occupation is

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Make your complexion beautiful — attractive — a reason for admiration.

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CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

and see how well it commands the glance of approbation.

Write, Phone, Cable, Them, and the
New CARMEN-BRUNNETTE Shade.
50c Everywhere

TRIAL OFFER—Send for sample and packing for purification box with free supply—state shade preferred.

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WATER-WAVE YOUR HAIR

Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in straightest hair a week or more, even in damp weather or when perspiring. If the hair is flaky and has the waviness once after every shampoo.

Send for WATER-WAVE sample today—stop burning hair with hot irons or twisting with curlers which breaks the hair. Absolutely sanitary — universally successful — endorsed by society leaders. If your dealer doesn't handle them send 52 for set of 6 mailed with full directions.

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ALL MAKES TYPEWRITERS

Remington, Underwood, Smiths, Royal, Oliveris, etc., at reduced prices.
Write for our Catalog No. M for convincing proofof. Prices as low as $23.

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(Continued from page 52)

Plays and Players

It's worth coming all the way from Manhattan's Follies to California's films to autograph Wally Reid's best shirt. Betty Francisco started it, and now this shirt of Wally's has dozens of names of celluloid celebrities scrawled on its once immaculate expanse.

"What Every Woman Knows," opposite Conrad Nagel, Maude Adams and Bruce McRae did this Barrie play on the stage.

SPEAKING of the Nagels: that good-looking actor and his charming wife, Ruth Helms, are soon to welcome a new little Nagel into their Hollywood home.

SINCE the MacLean-May picture divorce, the former better half of that celebrated comedy team hasn't been in pictures. But she's to try her hand at heavy emotion in Thomas Ince's picturization of "The Bronze Bell." What became of all those rumors of Doris May's engagement to young Wally MacDonald?

"A FUNNY thing happened to me when I was working in 'Male and Female,'" said Raymond Hatton recently. "The action called for me to take a drink from a mountain stream. I scooped up the water, choked and then—put it out in a hurry. Mr. de Mille said that scene wouldn't do, that a gentleman wouldn't spit that way. What do you mean, a gentleman wouldn't?" I asked. "That water was full of tadpoles, and I swallowed some of them!"

A RECEPTION was given to Governor James Cox of Ohio, Democratic candidate for the Presidency, by the Associated First National Pictures at their new Hollywood studios during the Governor's visit to Los Angeles. The First National declared that the reception was tendered on behalf of the motion picture industry and invitations were sent to all the motion picture stars and celebrities in Hollywood. The affair was an enormous success and the Governor seemed to enjoy the star as much as they enjoyed his brief and interesting address.

KING VIDOR has been granted his application in a Los Angeles court to incorporate himself for $2,000,000. The money for the new company has been subscribed by friends of the Vidor family and backers who helped this young director finance "The Turn in the Road" a couple of years ago. Vidor plans to go ahead with a free hand on a big scale, making four super-specials a year himself, overseeing four starring vehicles for his wife, Florence Vidor, and a series of comedies directed by Craig Hutchinson.

IT seems to be a well-admitted fact that George Loane Tucker, creator of the great triumph, "The Miracle Man," was enormously pleased with the acting and personality of Miss Betty Compson, who played Rose and later the lead in the second Tucker production, "Ladies Must Live." Naturally, with Mr. Tucker directing, attention was generally centered on Miss Compson.

They were about to shoot a close-up love scene—Betty and Bob. Said Mr. Tucker. (Continued on page 69)
New Opportunities
In Photoplay Writing
Open to All Who Have Ideas

Who will say that he or she has not average ideas and imagination about life? And who has not thought, in the theatre, that they have as good or better ideas for photoplays than some they have seen on the screen?

And did you know that literary ability has nothing to do with this new art? One doesn't need "style" or vocabulary, but simply good ideas and the ability to express them clearly.

For photoplays are not written as stories, or as plays for the stage. They are built of ideas, which are put into pictures, arranged in a certain way.

Those who would write photoplays are most concerned with that particular arrangement. And now there's a way in which you can learn how to arrange your ideas.

When you have learned that, you have learned to write photoplays in the form acceptable to producers.

And producers will rejoice as much as you in your new success.

For there's a Famine in Photoplays

There's a need for 5000 new stories and producers must have scores of them to produce at once, for the demand is far exceeding the supply that present writers can prepare. Twenty million people are attending motion picture theatres daily and they are calling for new plays. Their interest must be maintained if the art is to survive. The opportunity to aid is yours. Who will rise to a new and perhaps "unexpected" success on this modern wave? Who is there who hasn't said to himself, "I am capable of doing something that I have not yet found, far better than anything I have ever done"?

The Palmer Plan

The Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing teaches you how to prepare your ideas for acceptance. Then as you progress it develops you in all the fine points of the art. It is both a primary and finishing school, and it has brought out many star writers—Mrs. Caroline Sayre of Missouri, author of "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan; Dorothea Nourse; Paul Schofield, Ince writer; G. Leroy Clarke, who sold his first story for $5,000; and others who have won success. "His Majesty the American," played by Douglas Fairbanks, is a Palmer student's story. James Kendrick, another student, sold six stories less than a year after he enrolled.

We maintain a Marketing Bureau in Los Angeles, through which students can offer their stories to the big producers if they so desire.

Our Advisory Council which directs our educational policy is composed of Cecil B. DeMille, Thos. H. Ince, Rob Wagner and Lois Weber. All are famous in the industry and would lend their aid to nothing that they would not use themselves.

Twelve leading figures in the profession have included special printed lectures for the course. These lectures cover every essential phase of photoplay construction.

The Palmer Plan is complete, efficient and vitally interesting—it enthralls those who take it up. There is no tedium; in fact one finds in it one of the best of all diversions from other lines of work. Don't say you can't follow it. Don't think you can't win because you have never tried to write. This is a new and different opportunity. Who knows who doesn't try?

A Free Book Worth Your Reading

There is much to tell about this course, so get our free book about it. One successful story repays, many times over, all the effort you put in.

Success when it comes is rapid, the field is uncrowded, the demand for plays immense.

Get the free book now. Learn about this new way to success. If you are of average intelligence, if you have dramatic ideas and ambition, you have the complete fundamental equipment for success.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation,
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Please send me, without obligation, your new book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also "Proof Positive," containing Success Stories of many Palmer members, etc.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Plays and Players
(Continued from page 94)

Little did Tom Meighan's dad think when Tom was a lad back in Pittsburgh that he would grow up to be an actor—a movie actor! But now that Tom is a star, John A. Meighan is convinced, and recently consented to visit the Lakly studio and meet Miss Gladys George, Tom's leading lady.

"Now, Bob, this will be pretty close up, and you have smeared your make-up a bit. Better powder your nose good, so you'll look all right before the camera."

Whereupon Mr. Ellis got his powder puff and delicately powdered—the back of his neck.

A ll the motion picture studios in Holly-

wood ceased work during the time of the funeral services held for BobbY Harron in New York City. The tribute to the memory of the film star—who was so well known and well loved in Los Angeles, where he began his screen career—was a sponta-

neous one on the part of all the actors and studio managers, and everyone saw wet eyes and heard words of praise and sorrow during pause.

Rosemary T heby is to have her own company and will do one of George Bernard Shaw's "stories," according to a report. Wonder which of the witty Irishman's "stories" he has finally been prevailed upon to put with for film purposes? Charles Mcready and Lon Chaney are included in Miss T heby's supporting company.

W ill Ann Forrest be the screen's "Peter Pan"? Looks like it—for William de Mille is soon to start production on the Barrie play, and all the actresses em-

ployed by the lady people Ann seems the only logical candidate for the Maud Adams role. She is mentioned, too, as the "Wendy." Why not have her double?

You needn't be surprised if you hear some time soon that Barbara Castleton has consented to become the fourth—or is it only third?—Mrs. Willard Mack. While she was plaving on the coast for Goldwyn Miss Castleton became a good friend of the then Mrs. Mack, Pauline Frederick. At Woods, by the way, lately started produc- tion on a new play by Mrs. Mack called "The Girl in the Dance Hall," in which it was rumored Barbara would have the lead-

ing role; but disagreements between play-

wright and producer caused the latter to call it off.

Maurice Tourneur used a flock of Indians while filming "The Last of the Mohicans." One day while he was on location he asked his assistant director what to call the redkins. Then Tournhe shouted through his megaphone: "Speed up that action—Murphy, Dungan, O'Brien, and O'Shaunessey!"

France has lost her best beloved screen star—Susanne Grandais, known as "The Mary Pickford of France." She was killed in an automobile accident. William A. Brady released two of her pictures on his hit-world program in 1917, "A Naked Soul" and "When True Love Dawns." Mlle Grandais was an ingene of strength and spirituality and was exceedingly versatile in expression. Her countrymen idolized her much as we do our Mary.

Two errors inadvertently crept into our October issue. Miss Kathyrn Stewart, clever scenarist for Realart, should have been credited with the scenario of Constance Binney's picture which appeared in fiction form, "To East," instead of Julia Crawford Ivers. In this department, George Loane Tucker received the credit for directing Mac Marsh in "Poly of the Circus," whereas Mr. Charles T. Horan spent three months making this picture for Goldwyn.

A nother chapter has been added to that Vitasgraph-Semon serial. The Smith organization is sung the comedic for $907,315, charging that Semon threatened to break his contract unless Vitasgraph increased his salary to $5,000 weekly for six pictures. Mr. Semon's demands will not go

(Continued on page 95)
Wonderful Diamond Values
Direct from New York

10 Months to Pay

Xmas Gifts
On Credit
At Cash Prices

Your selection sent on approval. No risk, no money in advance. Transactions, strictly confidential. If satisfied after examination, pay only 1/3 the price—balance in ten payments.

PLATINUM

A-105 — Genuine estate ring... $225
A-106 — The beautiful back-look solitaire in PLATINUM is of white Diamonds, uniform in size, color and brilliance. PLATINUM set in fancy White Gold mounting... $225
A-107 — Green Gold, shaped pin set with five blue-white Diamonds. ... $125
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A-118 — Extra heavy 14K Solid Gold 4.50 watch and gold-adorned movement. Complete with 14K and extension bracelet, at only... $25
A-119 — Same as A-107 with black pearls, set in gold-paned Gold Filled... $12.50

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Regular use of Kondon's relieves the most chronic catarrhal trouble. Apply it freely. Kondon's is antiseptic and healing; destroys germs; prevents irritation in the nasal passages; assures regular nose breathing and good nights' sleep.

KONDON'S CATARRHAL JELLY

In guaranteed to 30 years to millions of Americans. Kondon's works wonders for your cold, sneezing cough, chronic catarrh, headache, sore nose, etc.

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20-Treatment tin on receipt of your name and address. Kondon Mfg. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

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The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman whose appearance shows that time, ill health or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlish beauty. It will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, syrups, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means she can remove the effects of age from her countenance. Every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect should know about the remarkable Beauty Exercises which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles. Fill up hollows; give roundness to crowdy cheeks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will take but five minutes daily with Kathryns Murray's example facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this Free Book which tells just what to do to bring back the firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin.

KATHRYN MURRAY, Inc.
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Garland Bldg., Chicago, Illinois


 Plays and Players

(Continued)

over-modest to most people, particularly considering the fact that she is practicing on a public unknown before Vitagraph gave her a chance to show what she could do. He aims, adds the company, to spend so much money on his two-reel comedies that Vitagraph will be obliged to release her. Just another merry little mix-up, that's all.

PEARL WHITE is going to be a real dramatic actress with emotions and the right sort of clothes. Fox will star her in a film version of Henri Bernstein's drama, "The Thief."

ROD LA ROQUE has gone on the stage, thereby fulfilling a life-long ambition. He appears in Alice Brady's new play, Rod first went into pictures when he was about sixteen; he played old men then. Now he should make a fine juvenile.

ARTHUR ZELZNER, of Metro's scenario staff, tells this week that patrons of a small theater in New York state complained because the manager favored certain players. A committee of protest met him one night after the performance and asked him why the better players didn't get more work. He had to explain that the operator has nothing to do with close-ups.

FANNIE WARD and her husband, Jack Dean, are still in Paris. They act as guides, philosophers and friends to visiting cinema stars.

MAURICE TOURNEUR is filming "The Last of the Mohicans." All the Indians near Los Angeles haven't had jobs since Tom face quit making "westerns" will have a chance to retrieve their fallen fortunes.

A NEW BABY STAR

She helps illumine the hero's lighted match.

YOU have known many stars, but here is one destined to cause a baby revolution in film production. To shine far more brightly than many stars known established but not nearly so brilliant. This new twinkle began to illuminate film circles very recently. Her name is Miss B. Arc.

Reve Houck, of the Thomas H. Ince studio—he is chief electrician out there—discovered her. She is, in fact, his particular protege. He knew her about five years ago, but realized that he was too young to make her film debut, he has held off presenting her until now, when she is perfected in her art.

She has made a brilliant hit already. She is particularly sure of herself in those scenes where the hero strikes a match, in meditative mood, to light an introspective cigarette. She is marvelous, too, in the sequence in which Bull the burglar makes his stealthy entrance into the library of the banker's country place. Miss B. Arc comes in when Bull finds the picture of a purchased ancestor of said banker, behind which, as in all good (movie) libraries, there is the Safe. Miss Arc is very much in the limelight right here. In fact, she is the Flashlight. She is not so bold as must use any ordinary battery flashlight. She, when a baby arc, said to be the smallest automatic light ever turned on in a studio, but she has 1,000 candle-power. Houck is her inventor, and he has been working for five years to get the sort of light he wanted. He says he has it now, and it solves all the vexatious problems of registering on the screen the different kinds of illumination.

For, you know, when the actor strikes a match in the dark, it does not register more of a gleam on the screen than a firefly in the middle of a honeysuckle vine. It is the same with lamps, candles, and flashlights. So it happens that every time anyone lights a match or a lamp or flashes a flashlight in the film, various lighting devices have to be used to simulate and strengthen the feeble glow of the original illumination. Houck has invented five different types of his baby arc, all operating on the same basis. The match substitute is the tiniest, seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, and four and a half inches long. The arc can conceal it in the palm of his hand while the connecting wires extend up his sleeve and down his trouser leg. When he lights his match he presses the button of his baby arc, and you can even see the little mole on his nose. When Bull the burglar uses his flashlight, it is with deadly effect—"the safe of the millionaire is sure to be riddled, the lovely governess is certain to be suspected, and the plot spins merrily on." For Miss B. Arc is gleaming. What, in fact, would films be without her?
That's True in a million homes

Suppose you read that breakfasts had dropped 85 per cent. Think what good news that would be in these high-cost times.

In countless homes breakfasts have come down. In late years millions of new users have adopted Quaker Oats. Those homes do save 85 per cent as compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc.

To save $125 a year

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. It costs 6½c per 1,000 calories, the energy measure of nutrition.

It costs 12 times as much to serve one chop — 9 times as much to serve two eggs. A bite of meat costs as much as a dish of oats.

In a family of five Quaker Oats breakfasts served in place of meat breakfasts saves some $125 per year.

The oat is the food of foods. It supplies 16 elements needed for energy, repair and growth. For young folks it is almost the ideal food. As a win-food it has age-old fame. Each pound yields 1,810 calories of nutrition.

It is wise to start the day on oats, regardless of the cost. Yet it costs a trifle as compared with meat.

These figures are based on prices at this writing. Note them carefully.

They do not mean that one should live on Quaker Oats alone. But this premier food should be your basic breakfast. Serve the costlier foods at dinner.

Cost Per Serving

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Mrs. J. N. S. CHATTANOOGA—So I'm about thirty and good looking and wear tortoiseshell glasses. I am certainly glad to hear it. I had entirely a different idea, you see. Norma Talmadge don't wear her own clothes, and once in a while turns her hand to the construction of Constance's and Natalie's frocks—but I wouldn't go so far as to say she supervises all of them. She wears a dozen dresses in one picture, herself, so it would be a pretty large order, even for Norma. Mrs. Schenck is five feet two inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas; she's five feet four and tips the scales at 123. She's a Real star.

BILLY, WINNIPEG—It was Murger who said, "Love's a stove consuming a deal of fuel—where the man does the burning and the woman the lighting. While the one turns to ashes, the other stands and watches." All movie stars are not acquainted with each other—what a question! Some of the well known chums of the pictures are Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge, Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford, Viola Dana and Irene Castle, and Teddy Sampson and Rosemary Thelby. There are many genuine friendships among movie stars.

R., H., CHICAGO—The prize question of the month: "I presume if Mary Pickford decided that she wanted George Walsh to act with her, he'd have to go, wouldn't he? I'm afraid you presume too much. Irene Castle is said to have formed her own producing company—she's left Paramount, you know—to be backed by her husband, Robert Freeman. Don't know how true it is, but will let you know positively later on. Irene is twenty-seven, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds and stands five feet seven inches.

VIVIAN, ST. LOUIS—Love in a cottage? Who, me? Why, I couldn't afford it. You'd like to have Eugene O'Brien or Ralph Graves for a big brother. That's too bad. Gail Henry's studio is in Santa Monica, California.

MISS HILL—One of the Sisters, I suppose? Norman Kerry is shy on the age subject but he did tell us he weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. He has dark hair and eyes, has Norman—and he's two inches over six feet tall. Really!

EALRE, PENNSYLVANIA—May Allison just appeared in "The Marriage of William Ashe" but so far she has never starred in a picture. The Marriage of Mary Allison. When she does you'll be the first to know.

MISS PAT OF INDIANA—After seeing some comedians in alleged comedies, I sometimes wish they were put in pictures. Certainly they don't waste good custard pie on those fellows! If they do I think I'll get a job billy-westing. Viola Dana was only seventeen when she started on the stage. She was the original "Poor Little Rich Girl" in the legitimate. Haven't Miss Dana's personal address but a letter in care of Metro on the west coast will surely reach her.

EDDIE, BROOKLYN—When I see snap-shots of some of those hoi-poloi cleaning up their motor cars I wonder if they haven't missed their vocation. No one's working harder than Yale, the director, died of influenza in October. Victor Heerman is a director. He is not a relative, but a good friend of the late Bobby Harron. So was Tom Mehegan, Molly Malone, Goldwyn.

E. B. F., SOUTH UNION, Ky.—Thank you for your letter. I am sorry you have had to wait so long for an answer but there were many others before you. You wanted Anita Wood in the picture. You have your wish—she's on this one. Dick Barthelmess is twenty-five. Write again.

A. E., INDIANAPOLIS—So you enjoy the write-ups. I'd be getting stuck up if I believed all you cut-ups. Mary Pickford is five feet tall. She's one of the smallest stars in pictures, in actual inches. "Such a little Queen!" She made a picture of that play for Famous Players some few years ago. Her first two United Artists productions are "Pollyanna" and "Sud", the latter being the film version of the play called "Our Old Home Thumb" which Maude Adams performed on the stage.

GRACE, WABAN, MASS.—Yours was a delightful letter. I approve heartily of your sentiments and your stationery. Harrison Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice. Harold Lloyd is twenty-seven; he's with Real. Married—"Pollock" for some kind of music? No. I think they are rather particular. Bill Hart, his own studio, Bates and Eliza St., Hollywood.

LUCILE, MICHIGAN—I doubt if Charles Meredith will send you his photograph. He is too modest to have one taken, but he may write you a letter. I know him—he's a fine chap. Married—"His own red hair and still use pink paper I think you are a brave young woman. Meredith is with Lasky in Hollywood. Eugene O'Brien is still with Schenck, working in Fort Lee, N. J.

GLENSIDE, PENNSYLVANIA—The difference between a star and a featured player? Oh, about five hundred dollars. Priscilla Look and Ethel Clayton. She plays opposite her in "The Virgin of Stamboul," and Outside the Law," her latest crook play. Address both at Universal City, Cal. Lottie Pickford is divorced from Bert Rupp.

THEMA, JERSEY CITY—A poster announces "Eric von Stroheim's Foolish Wives." I look bad for Eric. Seriously, however, Eric is not married but is reported to be engaged to Valerie Gernorrego. E. W. Lawrence played opposite Fannie Ward in "Common Clay." Fannie is married to Jack Dawn and Reputedly that at last someone was going to send me a lemon-cake pie she said she hoped it was a lemon. By the way, when are you going to send it? Please let me know—my wish list is on your mind some time; your letter was very good indeed. Irving Cummings played the part of Thomas Parrick Dunn in Ethel Clayton's picture, "The Thirteenth Commandment."
Questions and Answers

L. M., Orange.—It is very nice of you to want me to write to you. But I am a modest man—that is, moderately modest for a male—and can't help but think you intended asking some questions in your letter. If you'll write again and tell me what you want to know I'll try to be of some service to you.

F. T., Jacksonville.—Would they take girls in the Follies? I have heard it rumored that they do. Mr. Ziegfeld, however, recently picked only a dozen girls out of three hundred candidates. He's so particular. Ethel Clayton is still signed with Paramount; she's abroad right now but will return to make more pictures at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. Address Elliott Dexter there also. Frank Keenan isn't doing any film work right now. Address him care Pathe office in N. Y.

Joseph F. S., Peru, Indiana.—I am sorry that I can't help you to obtain employment in pictures but it is difficult for me to advise you. It is entirely up to you whether you want to apply for work in eastern or western studios. Conditions are much the same both in New York and California film colonies but you are nearer New York than Hollywood. Good luck to you.

N. G., Avalon, Cal.—The only kind of food that hasn't gone up in price is food for thought, and I'm suspicious of that too. Why do you ask me about all those popular songs? You must think I am musical. My technique on the Victrola is wonderful but outside of that—I wonder would I be as popular as Wally Reid if I played the saxophone. Probably not. Wally is thirty. Mary Hay is still in her teens.

Betty, Lake Mills.—A woman's worst punishment would be to make her wear her last year's hat. If you'd read that article carefully you wouldn't have to ask me about it. However, in that Talmadge picture they were, reading from left to right, Natalie, Constance and Norma.

Peggy, Plunt.—Yes, I make a good confidante. I seldom say what I think. I have no record of a Ruth Dean or an Irene Duley. You say they are bathing beauties. I'll look them up right away.

L. E., Baltimore.—Love may know no laws—but it usually knows some in-laws. You can't get away from 'em. Dick Barthelmess will make one more picture for Griffith before starting work on the first picture for his own company. He has lately appeared in "The Love Flower" and "Way Down East" for D. W. G. Nazimova's latest is "Madame Peacock." Address Madame at the Metro studios, Hollywood, Cal.

M. S., Montclair.—If paper suits are really being sold we shall at least see something interesting in the papers. Grace Darling has played in "The Perils of Pauline," "Our Mutual Girl," and the "Beatrice Fairfax" serials for International. She was born in New York. She last appeared in Burton King productions for Hallmark—a company not now producing, I understand.

G. M., Washington.—Hazel Dawn is coming back to films. She will be the star in four Bimber Productions, the first of which is called, "What Is Love" and directed by Burton George. Miss Dawn is working at the Bimber studios in 44th Street, New York City. You're very welcome.

(Continued on page 107)
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A New Way to Elope

THE latest "location" is a pony blimp, smallest in captivity, which took up the principals of a Christie comedy the other day. The girl was running away to be married followed by her irate objecting father—that's always the way, you see, there was nothing to do but grab a blimp. But what if there hadn't been one handy?

Confessions of a Title Editor

All he has to do is make over the picture—when the director gets through

THEY referred to him as the Title Bird. When I heard it, I considered it a slang pleasantry. But when I experienced it—when I became a "title bird"—I understood the application, fully and painfully. For he flies high; he's always up in the air—except when he falls; and when he falls, he falls hard—into the mud.

My prayers are for him—may Heaven help him! For he has—whoever he is; I make no exceptions—bitten off more of the old plug cut than he can chew. Only the other day a title editor characterized his state of being to me. "I never know whether to laugh, or cry," he complained. And that is his life, collectively and individually.

I entered blithely upon the career of a title editor, innocently, unsuspectingly, like a babe approaching its first red-hot stove. The powers that arranged such things came to me with only pleasanties, sublet of flattery and the most deceiving of countenances. They explained that this was an emergency, I little knowing that everything in the film game is always an emergency, chronic and seemingly incurable.

"Only for a week or so," they murmured, "until we get someone to do it regularly. We know you can do it. Can't you?"

"No," I replied, with my natural modesty.

"Fine!" they exclaimed. "Start at once." I haven't given all of the conversation. To me, now, it is still too poignant with memories of what followed—such as all-night sessions with directors and cutters and authors. Being an author myself, I ought to forgive the last, but I don't. While I was a title editor I grew to hate my professional brothers with all of the hate of one hundred and twenty pounds of bony substance and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

They said to me, in effect, that I was fitted by nature, training and environment to write subtitles that would fairly jerk the audiences out of their seats and pull them down the aisles. I thought maybe so, they put it so convincingly. Hadn't I, in the early stages of my young life, been a newspaper reporter—a copy-reader—an editor? I said that I had, and that I was blamed proud of it. I think that I went even so far as to say that I wouldn't trade my newspaper experience for a million dollars. I believed it then.

"Aha!" the powers chanted. "What a perfectly ideal title editor you will make!" Being naturally modest, I was inclined to suspect so myself.

And hadn't I been a magazine editor; hadn't I written reams and reams of articles and stories? I had—swelling perceptibly. Then—said they to me—I was cut out as a perfect specimen of what a title writer should be. However, the gist of the argument was that my training fitted me to phrase flickering thoughts, catch lines and dialogue snappily and pippity and forcefully. I was told that writing titles was much like writing newspaper headlines. So I was.

(Continued on page 104)
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Confessions of a Title Editor

(Continued from page 162)

The cutter must watch the tinting—night and day, dawn and moonlight, exteriors and interiors, to see that all match perfectly.

And then, as if all I have generalized isn't enough for one man, he must do what often times seems the impossible; he must make the story look like a story. This is the trickiest trade I have upon.

The cutter looked at me sympathetic.

"Here's the script," he offered, handing me the screen, "so in the script, written out scene for scene, as a guide for the director, and here's the title sheet." The title sheet proved to be a copy of all the subtitles contained in the scenario, some one hundred and forty in all. I read a few of them, and wondered what they were all about.

"But," explained the editor, "the title sheet won't do you any good—cause the director has shot them from the 'script titles.'" This bald statement did not startle me then; now it would have a world of meaning. It meant just this: that the director, while preparing the story, had not cared particularly for a number of phases in the author's plot, and had changed them. Nearly every situation upon which the subtitled hinged was flung overboard. He had not put into the mouths of his characters even so much as one sentence written in for them by the author of the scenario.

Everything was changed.

"We'd better go down and run the picture," offered the cutter. And, in the dim little projection room—much like any nickelodeon except that it had seats for only a dozen or so—I saw, in the light that I was expected to bring out of the depths of mediocrity by "snappy and pappy and forceful" titles. It was to be sent out as a seven-reel feature. The cutter, after a week's work on it, had boiled it down to eleven reels. There wasn't a subtitle in it.

"What's it all about?" I asked him three hours later, after the last reel had been run off.

"Search me," he answered, cheerfully. "I've been working on it a week and I can't find out."

I hunted up the director who had made it, and asked him the same question.

"Why, it's as clear as rainwater," he said. He told me what he had done, and I had learned enough about photoplays in the few weeks I had been writing them to know that if the picture was turned out as he said it, that it would be the worst ever inflicted upon an already suffering public.

"What do you suppose that poor benched of an author did?" he asked me, complaining. "He lost sympathy for every character in the piece. I had to change 'em all around to make the public like 'em. The idea of making that girl father a dog! It'd give the audience a hectic vote for the girl. And the locations he gave me to shoot around—Gawd! There was a fine-looking cafe 'set' all up for another picture, set up of having the fellows housed in a boarding-house, where she was supposed to be a slavey. I made a cabaret dancer out of her and had 'em meet in the cafe. Nice flashy stuff, wasn't it?"

It wasn't! But it changed the whole tone and plot of the story from top to bottom. I got the director's point of view. He was, in a way, right. He wanted to make a creditable and perhaps trickiest, he wanted to make the story look like a story.
Confessions of a
Title Editor
(Continued)

I went to the cutter again, "What'll we do about it?" I asked, beginning to realize that Mr. Title Editor has his troubles.

"Well," said the cutter, "I guess we'll make a good picture out of it. That's what we're here for."

And, if the public is a judge, we did. It has been one of the big money-making pictures of the year. The author's name is on it; so is the director's. But the story isn't theirs. It is, largely, the cutter's. I had something to do with it, it's true, but not enough to brag about.

We made it, an entirely new story simply by sub-titling and by inserting some scenes and throwing away others. The author had written his heroine as a boarding-house slave; the director had changed her into a cabaret dancer; we—the cutter and I—(by the simple twist of the wrist of an introductory description) made her a girl who had run away from her rich parents to go on the stage and, having failed to get a place, was filling in for a week as a dancer in a cafe.

By throwing away all that part of the play that related to the girl's early life, we changed her father from the sympathetic (?) drunken character that the director gave him, to a man suffering from an acute attack of democracy, combined with a desire to find his daughter. As the author wrote the story and the director produced it, the father kept constantly getting in the girl's way, throughout the picture. As we rearranged it, without photographing an additional scene, he pursued her.

These changes give an idea of how it was possible for us to reconstruct the entire photo-play—after it had been photographed; after the author had labored over it for a month or six weeks; and after the director had shot it, taking enough film for five such pictures. Such cases are rare, but they happen more than once in a cutter's lifetime.

* * * * * * *

One of the editor's hardest jobs is to reconcile certain actions and situations to probability and logic. It is his duty—and the cutter's, too—to "fill up the holes" in the finished film. This means, in part, covering up inconsistencies in action, absences of otherwise necessary scenes, and all manner and means of improbabilities.

You sometimes see stories on the screen that are "full of holes," as they say at the studio—i.e., full of things that either couldn't or wouldn't happen in real life. Such stories are evidence that the title editor and the film editor were not Jerry on the job. In the words of the peer of them all, "anything can be alibied." Bad acting—acting that not only does not register what it should, but registers something far different—is more common than the public realizes; and it is up to the title writer to explain it away with some apparently innocent twist of a substitute. And coincidences that must be made appear otherwise are the buzzsaw of the title bird's life.

One story carried the leading man half way through the film before the audience knew who he was or anything about him. The picture, as it stood, made him a despicable craven, a creature one detested on general principles. Later in the story a "vision" explained what had happened to him. But, meantime, he was getting no sympathy; his story was uninteresting. We couldn't, in an early subtitle, tell the audience about him because to do so would spoil the effect of the vision when it came. What we did was to suggest in titles during

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Confessions of a Title Editor

(Concluded)

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The part of the story that something terrible had come into his life to make him such a weakling; in other words, to apologize for him. We succeeded in getting sympathy for him from the start; but, further, we created a greater interest in the vision that followed.

And building up interest is always invaluable.

Matters of law, matters of medicine, matters of business—details in every line of human activity touched upon by the films—enter into the title editor's work. If a scene shows a doctor giving a patient Epsom salts to take for a cut over the eye, the title must give a reason why. If, in a courtroom scene, the director forgets that the jury, and not the judge, reads the titles, he must change things—or else the cutter must—to make them right for legal minds in the audience.

If Reginald Curleyeyes walks into a morning scene in an afternoon suit, either the title writer must change the scene to afternoon by means of a subtitle, or else explain that Reginald didn't change any halves.

If Daisy Ringlets is shown, on the screen in the little projection room, walking through one scene in a black dress, opening a door, and then, in the next scene, entering the next room, garbed in white, the title editor and cutter must get together and insert "An Hour Later" or some such thing between the two scenes.

It's all in the day's work.

One company that I know of lays particular stress on the importance of titles and subtitles. It does not want the most superlative, nor flowery, nor over-poetic, and yet it doesn't want them stereotyped. It places a ban on such as "That Night," "The Next Afternoon," "Dawn," "Midnight," and the like, that you see on the screen night after night.

Which is perfectly right and proper. There is no reason for such trite titles—no reason but one: in many cases there is absolutely nothing else to say. So you must say it, but say it differently.

I worked with the subtitle writer on one of my pictures. It was a novel, and the freedom with which the authorship, had perplexed my story with "That Night" and "The Next Afternoons." I found the title writer tearing his hair over them. He and the cutter were in an anguish of conference.

"All right!" quoth the title bird, with sudden access of energy. "Let's go! The next title is "That Night." What's the action that follows it?"

The cutter explained. "The next scene opens on a lonely hillside," he pointed out, "with none of the characters on. You've got to say that it is night, because the photography doesn't show it. You've got to say that it is night; otherwise the audience won't know but what it is two nights—when these two have planned to elope."

"How about, "That night two loving hearts meet under the stars."

If you do it, as a cutter, "you're telling the audience in advance just what they are going to see on the screen. There's no use telling anything in a subtitle that is not present in the pictures. Anyway, the audience is over footage now, and every extra word you use takes up an extra foot of film—a foot to a word, you know."

Rudolph Rocker's mantle?" suggested the title writer.

"It isn't dusk, though," complained the cutter. "It's ten o'clock that night, as we show later. Anyway, we've got to show that it's that particular night."

This discussion went on for about an hour, all over that one title. They tried every variation and every rhyme until everything they tried was not proper. Either it didn't tell enough or too much. I don't know what their final achievement was. I bed them, you see, that I remembered that in one scenario I had written in eight or ten such snappy titles.

There is much in the tone of the titles. Their very object is to wet the action with the flavor of the words; to give the audience a key with the action around them: light and fluffy if the air is sexy; heavy and solemn if the action is dramatic and strong. They tie in smoothly with the setting. If they flash in while a storm is raging, they must have the feeling of the storm—a surge of words. For there is poetry in them as they apply to the pictures surrounding them, even if the phraseology is not poetic; even though they should always be subservient to the action.

Strictly speaking, titles are a necessary evil. Whenever we are working to make the film world believes is the ideal—the titleless picture. But so long as we have not reached that state of perfection, so long as the screen still influences, and the freedom of the authorship is hindered, my contention has been that it should be only a background; not a thing to stand out by itself, but a thing to ease itself into the action without effort or violence, without being smooth-running in phrases; that they contain no thought difficult to grasp easily; and that, to make them flow into the less-educated minds, you need to interweave a thread of the story as his mind winds it, there be not one word to halt or stumble over.

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Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 101)

E. V. A., CINCINNATI.—You don’t like Wallace Reid’s motor car comedies. He has been absorbed in a cloud of dust for a year now, that’s a fact. “What’s Your Hurry” and “Excuse My Dust” are Reid releases. You admire Snub Pollard. I wouldn’t call him handsome, exactly. Address him Robin studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

R. B. M., SYRACUSE.—Film producers not allowed is a sign at the entrance of an old country graveyard. I can’t tell you how eagerly I parted your typewritten letter. It was almost easy to read. You should see some I get. Bill Hart, Bates and Elle St., L. A., Cal. Regards to all the girls.

M. H., PENNSYLVANIA.—Mary Pickford Fairbanks is twenty-seven; her husband is ten years older. Theda Bara is about thirty. Annette Kellerman is thirty-three. George Walsh is twenty-eight. “The Answer Man.” At least ten younger you than he looks and five years older than he feels. Figure it out for yourself.

MISS BORRIN, WESTERLY, R. I.—So you were offered fifty dollars for your oil painting. It must have had a beautiful frame. Never mind; keep right on and you’ll succeed. Any day I may let you do my portrait. House Peters with Louise Glauin in “The Leopard Woman.” Herbert Rawlinson and King Bago are both bencidts.

EFFIE M. W., SALINA, KANSAS.—Roy Stewart is not Anita’s brother. Anita’s brother is George Stewart, who played with Mildred Harris Chaplin in “Old Dad.” Lloyd Hughes and Gladys George had the leads in Thomas Ince’s “Homespun Folks.” George McDaniel was Sir Nigel in “The Shuttle.”

ED, PROVIDENCE.—G. M. Anderson—one that is of the Bronco Boys of all small boys—is now a theatrical producer in New York City. I doubt if he will ever act in pictures again. Milton Sills opposite Mary Miles Minter in “Sweet Lavender.” Address him 1510 Argyle Street, Hollywood, Cal.

M. K., LA SALLE.—So Jack Dempsey is receiving many requests for his autographed photographs! Well, maybe there’s a chance for me. Dempsey is making a serial for Pathé. He is working in California.

SPHINX—I cannot send you pictures of stars. I can only give the addresses. Irene Castle has not made any pictures since “The Amateur Wife” for Paramount; address her there. She’s Mrs. Robert Treman in private life. Your one-line drawing of Mary Pickford is very clever.

BLUE, MICHIGAN.—Philo McCullough, who played the dastardly political opponent of Tom Moore in “The Great Accident” thereby incurring the enmity of several thousand young ladies who just love Tommy, but otherwise a nice chap, may be reached care the Allan Dwan Productions, Robert Brunton studios. Los Angeles. Leon Barry in the old serial “The Shielding Shadow.”

All But the Noise

FERDINAND EARLE is making Richard Wagner’s trilogy, “The Ring of the Niebelungen,” into a motion picture. It’s all right with us and Wagner is dead.

You Can’t Escape

Tooth troubles if you leave a film

You should try this new method of teeth cleaning. Try it ten days without cost. It combats the film which dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles. See and feel the results. To millions they are bringing cleaner, safer, whiter teeth.

The tooth wrecker

Film is the great tooth wrecker. A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. Old ways of brushing leave much of it intact. And very few people have escaped the troubles which it causes.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which 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—a disease now alarmingly common.

A new dental era

Dental science has now found ways to combat that film. The methods have been amply proved by years of careful tests. Now millions employ them. Leading dentists everywhere advise them.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to let all know how much it means, a ten-day tube is being sent to all who ask.

Five desired effects

Pepsodent brings five desired effects. It combats the teeth’s great enemies as nothing has done before.

One ingredient is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. The saliva’s alkalinity is multiplied also. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere. Every application repeats these results.

Send the coupon for the 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.

What you see and feel will be a revelation, and the book we send will explain how each effect is natural and necessary. It is important that you know this. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 994, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
Evelashes and Expression
CARMEL MEYERS—UNIVERSAL STAR

LONG dark lashes make your eyes deep and luminous. Use LASHLUX to stimulate the growth of sweeping lashes and to make the eyebrows firm and smooth. LASHLUX darkens the lashes immediately, beautifying them with a satin luster. In addition it nourishes them. Dark, brown and colorless. Tiny brush with each box. 50c at dealers or by mail.

ROSS COMPANY
29 East 23rd St. New York

LASHLUX means luxuriant lashes

The Innocent Bystander

AFTER one has become steeped in the picturesque argot of show business—for show business is the same whether it is the drafthorse of the speaking stage, the circus, the music hall variety or motion picture—one becomes aware of the free and habitual use of the strange word that has no place in N. Webster's comprehensive tome, nor elsewhere outside of the amusement world.

That word is hoakum.

Anything may be hoakum and to the professional showman or purveyor of amusement and entertainment, virtually everything eventually becomes hoakum. Hoakum means sure-fire stuff. It is supposed to be a certain force or influence that helps in the success of the entertainment, I. e., some influence that "puts it across" or "gets it over."

George Michael Cohan, the gifted genius who writes plays with casual pen, and, when he cannot find a suitable artist to create a role, goes on and creates himself, is credited with being the inventor of patriotic hoakum. An American flag is invariably waved in every Cohan play. There is no disrespect intended, by either Monsieur Cohan or the critics, who stand upon the curbstones of Broadway and declare this penchant to be hoakum.

When the orchestra plays "Hearts and Flowers" as the patriotic heroine confesses her one great sin—that's hoakum.

When the violinist, off-stage, plays an oboe as the handsome Irish tenor, in green tights, sings "Mother Machree"—that's hoakum.

AND we have hoakum in pictures...

To our mind, however, it is a moot question if the premise of the professional showman who affects to scorn hoakum even if circumstances do compel him to employ it, is one that will not stand up under microscopic scrutiny.

Supposing we were to go and see a photoplay in which all hoakum had been scrupulously avoided or eliminated. Supposing the heroine did actually marry the villain and live happily ever after. Supposing that when the hero was charged with forgery the Governor's name to the deed that it was absolutely proved that he did forge them and he was tossed off to prison (without handcuffs) and by a sheriff who had no chin whisks, no tin hodge, fashion like a star, and who smoked small cigarettes instead of chewing tobacco.

All these time-honored traditions are to be seen in the motion picture today, just as in the native drama of fifty years ago. Would we be happier if hoakum were left out?

Of course not! We would have the theater and say: "What a bad picture! Everything all wrong!"

AND yet there are producers who send us word that there is no hoakum in their plays. If this were true, it would mean a self-confession of impending ruin and bankruptcy, but happily, it is not true at all.

Hoakum means tradition. Perhaps Master William Shakespeare would have employed the word had he thought of it. For Shakespeare was not above hoakum, if you please, and if the hoakum—tradition—were eliminated or expunged, we assure you that all Shakespeare would be a drab discussion of dreadful dullness.

Reflect upon the best picture you ever saw on the screen and you will find, as you recall scene after scene, situation upon situation, that it fairly bristled with hoakum. The triumph of virtue over evil is hoakum. The happy ending is hoakum. The success of the poor country yokels that make the newspapers—hoakum. And the reason why—hoakum. Who makes good in the wicked city is hoakum. The machinations of the mustached scoundrels are hoakum. Whether we call it tradition or hoakum, it is all to the same end.

In spite of the lofty-browed flabbergast of those who deplore the "same old stuff," we daresay the eighty million Americans who go to the movies as a habit will continue to love it. If this were false, a producer would never have paid the next sum of $1,750,000 for the picture rights of "Why Down East" which had a stage career over a dozen years. The play is hoakum from start to finish. It is the ultima thule of hoakum.

And we are glad that it is to be screened, hoakum and all, for hoakum is clean, biblically human: true to life as we wish it might be.
“There’s Millions in It!”  
(Continued from page 82) 

this Great American Drama is such that it must receive the fullest endorsement from every religious body throughout the country. All the 30,000,000 church members of all denominations must see this great moral demonstration.

“WORKING PEOPLE—There are about 40,000,000 workers in this country. This film is the embodiment of all their hopes and aspirations. It is a working people’s crusade. This film will realize its fullest purport. It will visualize for thousands of aliens the great purposes of this country—"America for Humanity."

The critical might call this rather optimis- tic, especially inasmuch as not a foot of this “super-production” has been shown. Would it not be worth while to invest a few dollars in a film that twenty million school children and thirty million church members must see, to say nothing about the forty million workers “who will cross the theaters”? We have here ninety million spectators lined up to see the big show long before its production. Of course it would be unfair on the part of the promoters to count on the patronage of the infants in arms, the body of the nation’s citizens and the blind—and the blind will probably prefer the spoken drama to the visual one. But all these classes of our population probably do not number more than twenty million people.

In this way the Crusader dramas which fifty million school children and church members must see, and to see which forty million working people “will cross the theaters,” bear the usual endorse- ments. Pages 16 to 20, inclusive, of the book in such a case, will approximate ninety million persons, are packed with endorsements from persons, quite as prominent in public life as the “prominent persons interested” in the Birth of a Race, to the friction pattern to be seen at not all interested. Be it said in all fairness that the Crusader pamphlet states that the letters of endorsement “relate only to the educational objects and purposes.”

We quote respectfully from Governors Emerson C. Harrington of Maryland, Simon Bamberger of Utah, Emmet D. Boyle of Ne- vada, John G. Townsend of Delaware, J. P. Goode of Kansas, Joe C. Martin of Nebraska, and Thomas E. Campbell of Arizona.

Then there are endorsements from promi- nent educators such as President Henry Louis Smith of Washington and Lee University; President Burton of the University of Min- nesota, President Harlan L. Freeman of Adri- an College, President J. C. Hardy of Baylor College, President A. W. Van Hoose of Shippensburg College, President Wrigley of the Faculty of the University of North Car-olina, August O. Thomas, State Superintendent of Schools, State of Maine, George Wil- son, the educator of the University of North Dakota, C. P. Cary, State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Wisconsin, J. J. Cummack, Superintendent of Kansas City Schools, and Judge Frank M. Hays, state Tension Department, Cleveland Board of Educa- tion, Orrin G. Cocks, Secretary of the Na- tional Committee for Better Films and others.

Crusader Films is another Delaware corpora- tion with $50,000 of preferred stock and $50,000 shares of common of no par value. The officers are President, Francis Trevelyan Millais; Secretary, Lucullus; and treasurer, “Founder of Journal of American History” and president of the Helen Keller Film Corporation; treasurer, Herbert F. Seward, of Seward, Stone and Monk; accountants, 43 Cedar Street, New York City; secretary, zero, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and play—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 want to find a tear or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very vividly. And if some- thing stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be able to construct a story or play. Some- thing very real, very close to your heart. You, Seward, would be as interesting as many you read in magazines and newspapers every day."

L I S T E N! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very topic. It is all about the Irving System—"Starting New Easy Money Making Ventures, Photoplays and Photomagazines. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don’t dream they can write, sud- denly find it out. How the Famous Kansas and the Story Queens live and work. How you can get out of any special experience, learn the trade of writing. Shows how to start, that simplest ideas may furnish you million dollar plots for Plays and Stories. Shows how every im- pression may be used to your advantage. How you may get all the ideas you want from nature and life, and turn them into money for you. How you can make something from nothing. Who knows—low cost mill of ideas that may start you writing for yourself and Hollywood's Cash Royalties. How you may write your story in any language, in fact anywhere, anytime. How you may start on one idea and turn it into a best seller. How you may easily write a book that will sell by the ten millions. How you may shock the world, change the new and old, make a success in any line. It is all in this book, it will fill all your dreams. How you may turn an idea into a fortune. How you may write a story, a novel, a play, a magazine story, a movie story, a welfare story, a stock story, a romance story, a mystery story, a story for boys, a story for girls, a story for men, a story for women, a story for judges, a story for teachers, a story for everyone!"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOToplay MAGAZINE.
Hair Remover
Genuine—Original

By actual test genuine De Miracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

De Miracle is the most clean, because there is no messy mixture to apply or wash off. You simply wet the hair with this nice De Miracle sanitary liquid and it is done. De Miracle alone devalues hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs.

Try De Miracle just once, and you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the De Miracle guarantee and we will refund your money. Write for book free.

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New York

Learn to Dance!
You can easily learn Modern Ballroom Dancing now in your own home—no matter where you live—by the famous

Peek System of Mail Instruction

Fox-Trot, One-Step, Waltz, Two-Step and latest Ballroom dances taught. Course completely revised to include the newest dance ideas.

We Guarantee the Peek System to teach you to be an easy, graceful and accomplished dancer. Equally useful with beginners and with dancers seeking to improve, and learn the latest dance steps.

New Diagram Method: The result of forty years’ practical experience. Easly and quickly learned. Thousands taught successfully. I can teach you.

Send for Free Today Information: Write at once for surprise big offer.

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The Peck School of Dancing, Inc. Founded 1880
Room 40
821 Crescent Place, Chicago

"There's Millions in It!"
(Concluded)

Schuyler Merritt Cary of Elizabeth, N. J., General Counsel, Irving E. Burckle, New York City; J. F. Berber, one of the directors is described as “former Assistant United States District Attorney in Massachusetts, former Chairman of the Building and Insurance Committees of the Massachusetts State Legislature, general counsel for some of the largest corporations in the film industry and a vice-president of the R.-W. Flick Camera Corporation.” Another director is Charles Kingley Fankhauser, “associated in recent re-organization of one of the largest steel industries in this country.” In this instance Fankhauser was associated with some banking houses as White, Weld and Company of New York; W. P. Bonbright and Company of New York, Elston and Co. of Chicago. Henry C. White, secretary of Helen Keller Film Corporation.

One of the directors of Crusader Films expressed his decided disapproval of the pamphlet quoted above. He said the same thing very emphatically that he did not wish to be quoted as disapproving. He added that he would take up the matter with the officers and tone down the sales circular.

On July 1, 1920, Dr. Miller, president of the Crusader, disagreed with this statement, saying that according to his latest reports stock subscriptions only amounted to a little more than $100,000.

Crusader Films has produced nothing as yet. None of the officers of the company with the exception of Miller have had any practical experience in motion picture production. Dr. Miller was president of the Helen Keller Film Corporation and wrote the story of "Deliverance," the blind man which was filmed as "Deliverance." The company, Dr. Miller stated, was financed for $150,000 by one man, Mr. Charles Schwab, who later said that much of the money was put up to get the film made and on "Deliverance" cost $126,000. Dr. Miller was unable to say whether it had made any money as yet.

For some reason motion picture companies which make the greatest profits are reticent about telling the public about their financial affairs. The United States Photoplay is an exception. Here is a company that was "showing off" its stock by opting to quote one of its officials, who admits frankly that it was not an assured success. "If we were an assured success," he writes, "the stockholders could not expect to set in on the terms our directors are taking in under the present circumstances."

The guiding genius of the United States Photoplay Corporation is Captain Frederick P. Stoll. Charles C. Stoll, president. Captain Stoll is a man who sells. He was at one time general superintendent of carriers of the Chicago post office. Then he became associated with his brothers, the Kirlys, in the retail boxing business. A year later he went to New York City and became interested in the film industry, and eventually organized one of the exhibits at the Chicago World's Fair, in 1893. Later he followed the gold rush to Alaska. "I went to Alaska with a capital of $8,000, and came out with $25,000," said Captain Stoll, adding that he still had mining interests in Alaska. His experience in amusement ventures, he admitted, was limited to his association with Kirly Brothers in the Wallace, Idaho, Western World, and an Elks' carnival in Salt Lake City and backing some shows. Now he has turned a moving picture impresario, writing his own film dramas, the first of which "Determination," is now producing in the E. K. Lincolns in Grantwood, N. J. Captain Stoll's company is another Delaware corporation, capitalized for $500,000. Its headquarters are in the Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

The United States Photoplay Corporation launched more than a year ago a sales campaign that has continued ever since. It started by offering the public the right to buy stock at par value of $10. It sold 10,004 shares at $10 a share, the par value being $10. It sold 16,004 shares at $7.50 a share, the par value being $7.50, for $120,000 at this price. Another 5,000 shares were sold at $15 a share, the par value being $15, for $150,000. A third and final division of stock was sold at $5, the par value being $5, for $250,000. This company has the largest stock of money in the world, and it now has $650,000. This year it sold $100,000 to make a net receipt of the corporation of about $500,000," said an official spokesman of the company. In other words it has cost Stoll only 25 per cent. of his stock, according to his story.

But Captain Stoll struck a more difficult snag when it came to producing his play. He leased the Lincoln studio for twenty-six months at $700 a day. It cost a pile of money to install lighting, wardrobe shop and other necessary accessories. The scenery came high, and so did the director, rather directors, for there are changes in the U. S. Photoplay. Finally Stoll's story, "Determination," had to be reduced to scenario form. Captain Stoll had no experience as a writing man. That is something he has never done in his varied career. Production duties were divided among several of his officers, and on the first of September, only the prologue of "Determination," had been filmed, and the cost up to that time, Stoll admitted, was $150,000. On September 10th Captain Stoll's company is being sued by a former director and the company's screen star.

"What assurance can you give your stockholders that the play will be a success and they will see any of it again?" I asked Captain Stoll.

"Why, 'Determination' is going to make a big hit. It's a box-office show, depicting the life of the underworld in London and Paris. I lived for months in the Whitechapel district of London and in the underworld of Paris, studying types. The show has international box-office possibilities, and will make a good bet for the talent stars, the theatre, and the stunt races. We show life in the underworld and high society."

None of the characters of the Whitechapel district, with the exception of one or two "reforms" in the pot-adsvertisements announced he bringing to this country under special arrangements with the United States Immigration authorities, have actually been brought to these shores. Captain Stoll said their services "were not necessary" to the production of "Determination," not when he could dress up American actors as costers and apothecaries.

"And what is your idea of 'Determination'?" I asked.

"That 'Determination' is going to be such a great motion picture maker?" I ventured. "Has any experienced motion picture man, not in your employ assured you as much?"

"Why, no. I didn't have to do that. But Dr. C. H. Parkhurst has stated that it is a story that will live because the public knows so little about the drama of the underworld, and B. S. Young, Past Supreme Chancellor of the K. of P., one of the brainiest men in the United States, calls it a story of a master-miner."

Now Dr. Parkhurst is a man of national reputation as a minister of the gospel, and Mr. Young is undoubtedly a man of splendid attainments. But neither of them is a recognized authority in pictures. Stoll's venture may turn out a money maker, but there is nothing in his past achievements to warrant its assured success. He is a novice in motion pictures, and so are the other officers of his company.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Launching the Winter Mode

in what a heroine feels than what a man does or thinks. I feel you allow men in your cinemas at all only because you want to make the ladies happy, God bless them, for wanting us at all, I mean," he grinned.

"I hope," Powell confided, "that perhaps the Paramount office is going to export me soon. Not that I wish to leave America at all but that I rather want to get back to England for a while. Of course it will be like getting a divorce from Mr. Fitzmaurice, he has been directing me so long, but a chap like that needs hand and home.

Besides, I'm tremendously interested in showing the English cinema audiences all that I've learned here in America. I would have a much better experience because most of the British picture actors have had little or no cinema experience and, worse, have had lots of experience on the stage which you must forget as soon as possible if you're going to do your possible best for the camera play.

He happened in pictures for money's sake because as an actor he was so tired of being without a job during the summer months. He was first an extra at five dollars a day and the following winter, at ten, when he was playing at the same time the artist in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Later he decided to go into pictures altogether. "And then I couldn't get into them for a year. Fact. Out of a job. It was the queerest thing," he smiled shame-facedly. "I just couldn't get a job. I tried everywhere. I was too ignorant of the way to do it, or too British, or something. Ridiculous?" He laughed at the recollection. "Ah, we finally did land, anyhow. And have been leading a terrifically polyglot life ever since. Husband to first one, then another."

Mr. Powell is not English at all, but Welsh—or practically. He would have had to entirely but for the fact that both he and his mother happened to be in Glasgow at the time. "But outside of that," (outside of Glasgow, we took it) "I am entirely Welsh, certainly so by inheritance, and—er—selection. You know, my digging up my past experiences and so on reminds me of what George Bernard Shaw said to me the boat just before I sailed over here for the first time. I was playing in his 'Capt. Brassbound's Conversion,' as I remarked before. He stood talking to me on the deck and finally said, 'Do you know anyone in the States, Powell?' I said no. 'Do you want to?' I laughed and replied, 'Naturally!' He looked thoughtful. Oh, a rare old chap is Shaw and though unexpected, the most delightful fellow in the world. 'Here's a plan,' he said. 'Try it out. Just as the boat lands in New York, print on a large placard, 'I know George Bernard Shaw,' and the Welsh, your hat and walk down Broadway. I give you my word, Powell, in fifteen minutes you'll meet everybody!'" Mr. Powell laughed. "And at that, he is probably right. G. B. Shaw is always right.

Do you want to become an illustrator? Then try your hand at this sketch of Harding and see what you can do. Newspaper illustrators make big money drawing cartoons. Some cartoonists receive salaries as large as the president's. You may be one of those who can become a highly paid professional cartoonist.

Through the Federal Course in Applied Cartooning, more than forty of America's greatest cartoonists, including Sidney Smith, Clare Briggs, Frank King, and many others will help you become professional.

We'll Send You "A Road to Bigger Things." If you are serious about developing your talent for drawing finish this sketch, and send it to us with six cents (6¢) in stamps, stating your age and occupation. We will immediately mail you a copy of "A Road To Bigger Things" which describes the Federal Master Course in detail.

Federal School of Applied Cartooning, 6208 Warner Building Minneapolis, Minn. [From McCatchen Cartoon in Chicago Tribune]
Launching the Winter Mode

(Continued)

favorably in every way with the finest examples of Paris creation.

As I said before, the ateliers of the style creators are busy these days. There are really eight seasons to the year in the calendar of Paris style. There are the four big showings, when the modes for spring, summer, autumn and winter are displayed. Then there are the demi-saisons, the smaller promenades of styles created especially for professional and society women. It is logical that these should follow the larger ones, as the commercial buyers must get their purchases home, ready for display and for copying by the time the season opens. On the other hand, society women and those in the professional or middle classes do not wish to go quite so far in their display until they want them—for a season or for a large production. The year is always turned around for the stylists, as in August they are showing the winter mode to New York buyers, while in January they are exhibiting beach toilets and summer dancing frocks.

If you wish to follow the most important dictum of Paris this winter you will have your street clothes in black and white. There is a very great craze for this combination. Sometimes a street suit of black will have a lining of ivory satin, while a jacket embroidered with black lace. The lining is of black satin embroidered in white, but it seems whenever black is used there is sure to be the complementary note of white. An especially novel note of linings is the use of two colors. For example, if the upper part of an evening wrap is lined with white satin, the lower part will be in black, or in part. This combination of colors is achieved by embroidering sprays of flowers on a white satin background.

Here is a hint I picked up in one of the ultra-smart establishments that is decidedly worth trying. Blouses of fine white linen, organdy or batiste are made to accompany the tailleurs for street wear. These are simple tuck-in-the-belt affairs with a front closing, the novelty being in the collars which are pleated ruffs, reminding one strongly of pictured Queen Bess. These pleated ruffs, as well as the jabot falling down the front of the blouses, are bound with a color. Black predominates, but occasionally a bright color like pink or cherry red is used. Pleated ruffles are made full, the ruffles falling from the top of a high, tight collar that buttons snugly about the throat.

There are a number of interesting things to be seen in Paris now that have to do with materials, colors and trimmings. For example, there is a revival of old-fashioned smooth-finished cloths for tailored gowns and suits. I have seen in the Paris trimming has disappeared. I suppose the well-known H. C. of L. has had something to do with this, but whatever the reason may be, fur in any form is out. I have seen the finishing trims for suits. Braids, wool stitching and patent leather bands are the favored trimmings and are shown in endless variety.

But if furs have declined in favor as trimmings, they have been made up for it in the matter of coats and wraps. Such a rush for fur garments has never before been known in the memory of the fur industry. It is now the custom of women here to consider that she will be the only one in the world without a kolyshka or sable wrap—unless she marries. As a result, the Paris furriers have been busily at work, adding fur lining orders for full-length wraps. In these the cape seems to lead in favor. They are absolute without sleeves, the arms passing through slits at either side. Last winter no one carried muffs. It didn't matter how cold your hands got—you could keep warm by recollecting how fashionable you were. But this year it is different, and your pocketbook doesn't protest. Fur is being used lavishly in floor cushions, and the latest whim in bedroom furnishings is to have a fluffy muff of fur instead of bedside rugs. Many of the high-class cushions shown are made of the form foot muffs for motoring in January days.

As I mentioned before, Paris is mad about back and front muffs. If I were you I should study my mirror carefully before deciding to follow this style. Americans wear colors much better than Parisians—this is especially true as regards hats—and, take us by and large, we look much better in colors that harmonize with our eyes and complexion than we do in most of the effects.

Speaking of hats, feathers have come into their own again. If you have a lot of them put away you are lucky. Bring them out and recut them, secure in the knowledge that the more of them you wear the more fashionable you are. Coq d'Or himself was never gayer than some of the feather-loaded hats that are being offered for admiration and sale. Dreary, dreary, dreary has not escaped this craze, and some of them are simply loaded down with feather trimmings. So dig all the old roo models out of the attic and garb yourselves gloriously in them! This matter of buying clothes is not such a complex affair when one is refitting one's wardrobe for strictly personal needs—but it is quite a different problem when one is costuming for the production of a play. You may be interested to know the amount of clothes required to make one picture, and for this the "Branded Woman" is a fair enough area to required when I made that picture included the following:

School girl's dress, one piece, secr. White graduation dress.
Evening gown, low cut, very daring. Simple one piece summer dress, hat to match.
School girl's long coat and hat.
French race track outfit.
Street costume with hat, very smart.
Evening dress.
Nurse's uniform and cap.

You will readily see from this list that a great deal of time and trouble go into selecting and fitting the clothes needed in one picture.

Coming back to the winter clothing of 1921, did I tell you that all styles emphasize length of line. If your height is under one hundred and twenty-five pounds be sure to inform your tailor of your height, at least, but if you are over that weight you will welcome it joyfully, in some cases almost tearfully. I think this matter of emphasizing long lines is the one in America in mind—for it is a well-known fact that we grow girls who are taller—and broader—than the French. Maybe it's the air, but whatever the cause one thing is sure: it means a constant warfare against too much flesh.

The long line in suits has brought a corresponding length in the overblouse, while in the blouse the overblouse of this winter, and the variations of style are practically limitless. You may have a long, tight sleeve or a short wide one and be equally in the mode. All the tones of reddish-brown are in high favor.
Launching the Winter Mode
(Continued)

favor with the blouse makers, and navy blue is also shown excessively. Net blouses are in again, after a long period of disfavor, and the greater number of these are trimmed with jabots of real lace. Handkerchief linens, georgette and chiffon are the materials most favored.

If you are clever with your needle you may have some lovely things this winter at a comparatively small outlay of money, for the greatest stress in decoration is laid on embroidery. There are inexhaustible sources from which to draw new designs, which perhaps accounts for the way in which embroidery holds the center of the stage, season after season. Old Moorish embroideries seem to be the favored designs, and the method of applying embroidery this winter is to embroider the bodice and leave the skirt plain or throw a heavy band of embroidery around the skirt and leave the waist devoid of trimming. Both dresses and evening wraps are heavily embroidered, and the fact that fur trimming may be omitted where embroidery is used, makes this type of trimming for evening wraps something to be considered carefully.

Raising Riches
(Continued from page 32)

to stay, so you'd better find me something." She played extra. She played bits. I dare say she worked harder than she would have worked scrubbing floors. But she "caught on." She played a lead or two. Then she went with Will Rogers. Now her contract with Goldwyn has over a year to run. She is an excellent leading woman, perhaps the material of which stars are made.

It is always heroic—the fight that a woman makes single-handed against the world for her little ones. Who was it said—"A woman is too slight a thing, to trample the world without feeling its sting?"

But to Irene Rich, still in her early twenties, with every experience, every joy and sorrow of a woman's life behind her—with the mind and heart of a woman who has lived behind the smooth, serene face of a girl just out of college, it has been a rich heritage. It has endowed her with womanliness, with completeness, with emotional depths, with quiet force, with determination.

She is without exception, the most popular person on the Goldwyn lot, star or no star. "Miss Rich" seems to be a universal favorite. I don't know how many of them know her history, but I think all of them do. That is probably why they offer themselves as shock absorbers for any "knocks" studio life may have to offer—why the wardrobe woman takes blame for a misplaced coat, why the director softens his voice when he speaks to her and even the assistant director (the bagabon of all actors) brings her her make-up box.

I believe everybody in the world who admires Irene Rich will feel exactly that way about it. I don't believe her appeal is to the class or section of fans who will love her less because she is a mother. Maybe they will, but I don't think so.

Her latest releases are "Stop Thief," with Tom Moore, and "Out of the Dark," an all-star feature directed by Frank Lloyd.
"California Syrup of Figs"

Mother! You can always depend upon genuine "California Syrup of Figs," but you must always say California or you may get an imitation.

Laxative for Children

All children love the fruity taste of this harmless laxative. Directions for babies and children of all ages are on bottle. Say California. Look for the name California Fig Syrup Company.

The Mighty Messenger

(Continued from page 43)

so much more about folks to start with, than I did. There was a bunch of boys, "The Union Street Gang," who just naturally flocked to William from the time he went out on the sidewalk to nail up his first poster. They sold tickets, they took tickets at the door, they ushered, they swept, they dusted, they ran errands, they carried reeds, they watched the exit to prevent those outside the fold from sneaking in. They had free admission of course and the provocation of illege of bringing sister or little brother. They were as proud as kings of their privileges, and somehow profanity, cigarette-smoking and mischief-making dropped away from them. Not that William ever mentioned those things to them, but they were too busy for mischief and "The Boss" didn't smoke or swear, so why should they?

They were the nucleus, the first point of contact which brought the whole neighborhood, naturally, to our doors. Their families became our allies, and good fellowship, once started among those people, rolls up like the proverbial snowball. We got to know everybody, their joys, their griefs, their problems, as William had prophesied. We helped them as much as we could, and they helped us immeasurably more.

And all this time we were coming to realize, more and more, that the motion picture theater was, as John O'Reilly had expressed it, "putting a crimp" in the saloon business! Not just our motion pictures cutting in on O'Reilly's business, but all the motion pictures cutting in on all the saloons.

The people of the poorer districts of our large cities do not stay at home in the evening. They have a few overcrowded rooms, too cold in winter, too hot in summer, with no quietness, no privacy, no good lights to read by, nothing to make them attractive. Before the days of the motion picture, the children played in the streets, after supper, in imminent danger of being run over by street car or truck. The girls and boys strolled up and down or sought vacant stairways or park benches. The women gathered in groups to coo-sin. The men, and the older boys went to "the poor man's club," the saloon. It was the nearest approach they could find to comfort, good cheer, companionship.

Then the motion picture came and gave the poor man the first place to which he had ever been able to take his whole family. He found that the films interested him, and gave him something new to think about. He spent less money, and he felt better the morning after.

For a few years old John Barleycorn rolled up his sleeves, smashed his teeth, and put up a good fight. Then he succumbed to two enemies. The organized reformers had worked long, patiently and heroically for prohibition, and the motion picture industry which in promoting its own interests had automatically opposed the interests of the liquor makers and dealers.

John Barleycorn himself recognized his natural enemy almost from the beginning. He knew how create a factor it was in his defeat.

Do the reformers know it?

A few of them do. Most of them do not. With a curious reflex which is either blindness or gross ingratitude, they have turned to attack their most efficient ally. You see, in this country reforming has become a real business—highly organized, efficient, and fairly well paid business. And when prohibition came in it struck the reforming industry a blow from which it can never recover.

After the first flush of victory, the reformer began to feel a great vacancy in
The Mighty Messenger
(Continued)

life. It was like the emotion of a mother who has married off the last of one large family of daughters, or the captain of industry who has retired at sixty, or the sol-dier who has given up his discharge and has no job awaiting him.

"Look here, we've got to have something to reform, haven't we?" they said.

They looked all around, and, not being cowards or shirkers by nature, they picked on the biggest thing in sight and they are going after it, tooth and nail.

In practically every state in the union groups of reformers, but misguided reformers are attempting to push through their legislatures bills which provide for the censorship of the motion picture. And censorship means death to the motion picture. Death, at least, to its proper expansion, development and achievement.

For these advocates of censorship ask that before a film is given to the public it shall be judged by a select board of judges who will decide whether or not the people of this free country shall be allowed to see it.

Could any industry or any art survive and grow under such conditions? Suppose every one who wrote a book, or painted a picture, or composed the score of an opera, or invented a marvelous invention, knew that some legally appointed committee would decide whether his work might ever be given to the public?

Who is to appoint such a committee? Who is competent to serve on it? Whom are you willing to have decide what you shall or shall not look upon?

There were those who raged against Gutenberg, inventor of the printing press, and called his work the invention of the devil. They predicted dire results from the printed page being made available to everybody. A long time ago? Yes. But do you happen to know that there are pious souls today who violently resent the aeroplane, protesting that if God had wanted men to fly he would have given them wings like the birds?

And it is such sincere and zealous souls as these who are in most violently for "reforms" and hence are most likely to be appointed on censorship boards.

This is proven by the irrational decisions in the states where censorship now exists—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, and Maryland.

In the state of Ohio it is forbidden to show a film which portrays any kind of a snake. The snake is available to many of us, but after all he is admitted to the most select museums and zoological gardens, and he can hardly be called immoral.

In the state of Pennsylvania, a woman making baby clothes may not be shown on the screen. And the censors solemnly say that the reason for this is that children may be led astray by the story! Why not prohibit pictures of Christmas shopping, because children believe in Santa Claus?

And speaking of what children should see, this is as good a time as any to suggest that we try to get rid of the absurd idea that every film should be suitable for children to see. We might as well try to get rid of all magazines like St. Nicholas and all stage plays by Peter Pan, all art by Kate Greenaway!

Recently the Methodist Episcopal church has generated a lot of criticism and its wisdom by establishing an immense bureau for the promotion and advancement of the motion picture among its people. One of the reasons for their success is that they recommended to their members, without qualification, was the recent Barrymore production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." And in three out of the four states having censorship this film failed to pass the boards.

Do our motion pictures need reforming? They do, in certain respects. So do our newspapers, our books, our music, our drama, our clothes, our schools, our diet, our churches and our homes.

But are we willing to appoint a committee to pass on any of these things and dole out to us what they think is proper?

Did you ever meet an advocate of censorship who felt that he needed his pictures censored by anyone before he saw them? His invariable attitude is that he can look at any of them without being harmed, but his neighbor, or his neighbor's wife or "people of the other class" need some one to decide for them.

But do they? William and I look at our experiences in the motion picture business, among the people whom the reformers like to call "the other class." We think how vigorously they applaud patriotism, courage, generosity, virtue, and how quickly they like the traitor, the coward, the brig- gart, the villain. We think of the packed house when the posters outside advertise a religious film, of the bleary-eyed, broken men who say as they go out after the story that shows forcefully the wages of sin, "that's good for the boys—give 'em more of it!" of the young girls and their "fel lows" who go away shining-eyed after a strong, clean story of love triumphed; of the careworn, weary faces that lose their tired lines for awhile in the uproarious fun of the harmless comedy; and we know that the great majority of every audience like the good pictures. We know that by the operation of the good old law of supply and demand the film will grow better, not worse.

The only way to abolish any evil is to educate the people until they will not tolerate it. In all history no wrong has ever stayed dead until it was killed by a vote of the people. Then they will want and patronize only good pictures.

Every citizen should realize that we already have laws which are ample to protect the public against obscene or immoral books, pictures, or plays; and it is a civic duty to see that these laws are enforced.

Unquestionably there are both producers and exhibitors who have no hesitation in trying to put before the public films that are vicious and degrading. It is a cheering fact that these films invariably have failed to pay their makers as well as the cheaper kid audiences. They may still fail when every one who dislikes them registers disapproval at the box office.

There are just two short and easy steps to "reforming" the motion picture.

1. Stay away from the theater that advertises a bad film. If you inadvertently patronize one, tell the manager you did not like it.

2. When you see your friends, in the newspapers and magazines, of the good new films, and tell the manager of your favorite theater that you want to see them.

That's the kind of censorship that brings quick and lasting results.

In this country, the people will stand for just one kind of censorship—that which is the will of the people, for the people, and by the people.

Speak up, you people who believe in free speech, free press, free government, and tell the legislators of your state that you will consider your own pictures, thank you!
I can hear readers asking, "Did they stay in the motion picture business?" We did not. The heart of a social worker and the spirit of an adventurer are seldom combined with a genius for money making. The kind of show William ran would need an endowment. That would make it a philanthropic institution and folks would be afraid of it. When our savings were ex-hausted we sold out, reluctantly, to a gentleman who love to identify himself with business experience. Then, having appealed our restlessness for that time, we passed into a new field of social service where we still remain. But whenever our co-workers been an unwse or unwarranted attack on our old friends, "the movies," we feel impelled to lift up our voices.

**Why I Do Not Believe in Censorship**

(Concluded from page 70)

Too Much Sense to Censor

The chief objection to censorship of moving pictures or of anything else is that censors do not function properly. They do not know how to censor. They spend a lot of time in finding out in a long, patient search for the defects of others. They then waste their money in trying to make the world perfect.

As for me, I am a professional philosopher. I am a trained philosopher. I have a well-rounded education. I know the world. I have been to the city. I have read books. I have studied philosophy. I have a good mind. I have a good memory. I can remember things. I can think things through.

Conscientious Producers Build for the Future

TWICE I have been asked to serve on a local board of censorship for the moving pictures. Twice I have refused. Why, my reasons are twofold. First, no person or set of persons can have the wisdom to choose for another what they shall read, see or think. What may be one person's mental food may be another's mental poison. Therefore I felt that while we might set out to serve and have seen better days, but the little business of their own, being in that of affairs of others. Our old tongues and lazy bodies they took advantage of the weak side of human nature and start a propaganda that enables them to live without work, to travel, and what is dearer to them, to warped and diseased minds, to receive the plaudits of the unthinking multitude.

We prate of our liberties, when in fact they are slipping away, insidiously but surely, till now we are hedged about by a multitude of "Thou Shalt Not." When a few men can arrogate to themselves the right to say what one hundred million shall or shall not see or hear they become tyrannical usurpers. A country permitting it is not free.

With so many axes to grind in our legislative bodies, it is easy for a handful of chairmen to get measures voted through that are just as surely robbing us of our blood-bought liberties as was King George. Down deep in every heart is a love for the good, the true and the beautiful. However base and ignoble we may be ourselves, we dislike to see such traits in others.

Unhampered public opinion will set its seal of approval of the good play and disapproval of the bad, as to make the production of the latter unprofitable. If unprofitable they will not be produced.

The great heart of the people is sound, the censors to the contrary notwithstanding.

L. A. Stockwell, 1835 Fort Stockton Drive, San Diego, California.

He Tells Why in Thirty Words

CENSORS are meddlers. The people—the common people, if you like—are as a whole, more critical, than any individual or committee of individuals. Leave censorship to the people.

LEWIS H. EDDY, 3430 Peralta Street, Oakland, California.

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PARISIAN CINEMA

IMPRESSIONS

BY RALPH BARTON

FRENCH movies are American movies but the French theatre is French—decidedly. After seeing "La Vie en Rose" at Folies-Bergere I began to wonder if, after all, it wasn't there that Pussfoot Johnson lost an eye.

The idea of a newspaper, ostracized in the world of art, that was the first of the cinema. It is the "L'Amour Fou" since it is the cinema.

There is a great deal of gashing of teeth over the fact that American films monopolize the French screen—but it is the cinematographies and not the public who do the gashing. With all their natural beauty of scenery and mimetic talent they do not produce pictures as good as ours. The acting falls far short of the standard set by the French stage, the plots are ridiculously thin and as for the technical end—well, they still do intertitle with bright sunlight and breezes! If they were shown in America, Photoplay would have to give another fifty pages to the "Why-do-they-do-it?" department.

FRENCH ALIBES FOR OLD FAVORITES

Charlie Chaplin
Mutt and Jeff
Mary Miles Minter
Harold Lloyd
Larry Semon
Mack Swain

Paris does not receive its films the day they leave the American studios and as a result one sees combinations that recall other days. Among this month's editions are found, working in the same picture, Sesue Hayakawa and Lou Tellegen; Alice Joyce and Harry Morey; Victor Moore and Eugene O'Brien; Maurice Costello and Norma Talmadge; Theda Bara and George Walsh.

The music is the smallest Parisian cinema is better chosen than in New York. Victor Moore weeps to the strains of "Pagliacci" in "Pilule, the Clown," for example.

The cinema critic of Figaro asked me seriously if I thought a leap from a balcony which he pointed out would be too much for Douglas Fairbanks, and walked, all cars, for an answer. Being an American, you see, I ought to know.

Some German scientists are making experiments with movies as a remedy for seasickness. Necessity is the mother of invention.

VERSILLES is to build a "vast and splendid cinema." They miss the Peace Delegates.

The orchestra of the Parisian cinemas is divided into three "series," the first series and most expensive seats are those in the middle rows for the theater; the second series and middle priced seats and the third series and cheapest seats are at the back. If you come out with a crick in your neck or a strained eye you may blame yourself for it.

LIKE a breath of fresh mountain air she burst into the shadowed firelight of the living room and dropped into the deep couch. The young man who had been absorbed in a technical looking book closed it resolutely and regarded her placidly from behind his pipe.

"What have you done with Ned?" he inquired lazily. Pulling aside the window curtain he glanced out at the heavy mantle of white which had been falling for almost an hour. "Gad, Sui!" he exclaimed, "do you mean to say you've been dragging that poor man through all this just for your confounded notion of 'fresh air'!"

"You don't need to be superior, Lazy Bones—we had a glorious time! Walked miles and miles over the hills and saw lots of rabbits and everything. And now we're starved! Oh, here's Ned now—"

The newcomer sank down on the couch by the fire, smiling wanly. "Well," he said, "I love fresh air in its place but I must admit my face is chapped to the last degree! It takes all the joy out of outdoor sports, unless you have a skin like a rug which no one wants. How do you ever survive—Marilyn—and keep your rose-leaf complexion?"

Marilyn smiled mysteriously. "I have the secret that is age-old but still being proved—in other words—Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. You know this almond complexion cream has always been known to be one of the purest and best things in the world for keeping your skin soft and nothing could be more soothing for chapping and sunburn. That's why Hinds Honey and Almond Cream for ears and sheets has been considered the best by people who appreciate real value—for nothing but real value could have stood the test. Buster—do take Ned upstairs and install him into the joys of it—and he'll never again know what it means to be chapped or sunburned, and as for nothing qualities—we'll just let him try it once and he'll never use anything else.

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Tiny bottle of “Freezone” costs few cents at any drug store

The Woman in His House

(Concluded from page 40)

It was evening when the fiend in the tenement was won and Philip went out. There was a great chation in his heart as he went swiftly homeward. He had given a child back to a mother who did not want it. He had saved one from the horns, the twisted back or the shriveled limbs. He would save others—hundreds, thousands! He could see them marching down the Avenue ahead of him, a glad sight that would be sweeter than a little, young heads held high. Hilda would be proud and glad too, and Peter—a dear old Peter with his vague, impractical dreams!

As he let himself into the house, a chill struck his heart. What is there about the atmosphere of a house which communicates itself so readily? Even as he bounded up the stairs Philip told himself that something was horribly wrong.

The group about the little bed turned and parted as he came into the room, and he saw Hilda kneeling there, beside the still form of their child. But as he sprang forward with a bitter cry, she rose, swiftly, and faced him, eyes blazing, one hand outstretched to hold him off.

"While you stayed away, your child died!" she said. "Ah, the shrill, pitious sweetness of her voice! "I could hear your neglect of me, but you have killed my baby! I never shall speak to you again. No, don’t touch me!"

Unconsciousness came to her relief then. Fever followed, and after that a bitter calm that nothing could shake. She refused to speak to Philip and his three old of face and stooped and broken, as he went about his work, spending his days in the districts where the plague was thickest, his nights in the grim laboratory in May’s old house.

Recklessness succeeded to Hilda’s fearful calm. Then, to their utter dismay, she began to go out with Livingston, to late dinners, to dances, coming in defiantly in the early mornings, laughing at Peter’s distress, conming Philip’s protests.

"When I wanted Philip he ignored me, and let our child die," was her answer to all Peter’s gentle petitioning.

There came a night when midnight found Peter pacing the hallway of the home alone. Hilda had gone with Livingston. Philip was shut up in the laboratory. The whole house was silent when, as he passed the laboratory door in his restless pacing, Peter heard a voice—a child’s voice—Junior’s voice.

For an instant he stood, staring, incredulous. Then the sound came, clear as a bell, a sweet, querulous cry. "But I want my mother-dear!"

With a bound, Peter was beside the door, pounding on it, shrieking at the handle. "Philip! Philip! Let me come in! I hear him!"

The door opened and Philip faced him, white-lipped. In the center of the room stood a wheeled chair and in it was the child. helpless, his little, thin arms held out toward Peter.

"He wasn’t dead!" Philip said, huskily. "I saw it that night, as soon as you left the room with Hilda. The nurse and the doctor know my secret, of course. I wanted him here, that you know. But that night, she would hate me more than ever if she knew he lived and was crippled. You know, Peter, how she always shrank from Sigrid when she saw his crippled back. You heard her say she would rather a child of hers was dead. So I wanted to restore him—but the serum was not injected soon enough. He looks all right, his back and his little limbs are straight, but they are helpless. Somehow, he just cannot use them. He sits there and cannot move, and I dare not let her know!"

"Let her know!" thundered Peter, "of course she must know! Do you think her mother and their doctor? And what if she hates you, or does not? She must have her child, and he has a right to his mother! I tell you she will meet the test, and who knows?"

Peter’s whole face was illuminated as he spoke the last words softly, almost under his breath. "I shall bring her, now," he said, "so soon I can find her. Have him here, just as he is!"

It was long, long afterward that Philip knew that Peter found Hilda that night in the sitting room of Livingston’s apartment, pacing the floor, trembling, doubting, while he begged her to remain and her poor tormented mind almost yielded. Now, Philip only knew that Peter seemed gone for centuries, that the child slept in his little wheeled chair, that the tall clock in the corner ticked on and on, that all his life and love and faith seemed spun by the balance of a slender thread. Such Hilda’s coming would be toward her.

"Nothing can cure him, nothing!" he kept repeating. He saw again the shining host of children, lithe and straight and gay, marching down the Avenue back to his old house, and far behind, in the shadows, his own little lad, wheeling himself, painfully, in his little chair.

"He must, he must, he must, and I must endure her hatred!" he groaned, and heard steps in the hall, voices, a hand on the door knob!

He tried to brace himself for the shock, for Philip took a hold of his own bare face, as she would come in. Then the door swung open, and she stood there for a moment, her eyes ignoring him, fixed on the face he saw against the pillow. And on her face was a look of rapture, and faith, and joy unutterable.

"My baby!" she crooned, coming forward a few steps, "my little son! Wake up, precious, my poor precious!"

She stopped, and on her face the still, shining look grew deepened, while the child moved, opened wide his eyes, and threw out a sweet utterance of infant cry: "Mumcer-dear! Come to me!"

But she stood quite still, as if holding herself by sheer force of will, gazing at the child with an intensity that grew deepened and until the room was filled with it.

"No, little son," she said, and in her voice was a new, vibrant quality like the notes of a clear-toned bell across wide open spaces. "You come to Mumper-dear!"

And the child’s white face grew rosy with the effort that lifted his head until he sat straight. Then, as they watched, breatheless, out of little feet and the put out one little hand and tested their strength, stood erect, and with outstretched arms ran straight to the woman who dropped to her knees to receive him, softly, "Mumper-dear! My baby! Mother’s boy!"

Peter waited until she lifted her face and held out her hand to Philip. "Come dear," she said, "you see your work was not unavailing. There was love. You were love—love, the greatest thing in the world!"

And suddenly he was on his knees. wife and child in his arms. Then, then, a shining light on his face, a great glory in his keen, kind eyes.

"He knows now," he whispered, "He knows that science is not everything! He knows that love is greater than all!"
The Conquest

After the Cosmos Club nailed deal planks across the entrance to the buffet, and not even a veteran member like himself might enjoy the luxury of a private locker, Macineas Moolc became entangled in the moving picture habit, the cinema craze, the Great Indoor Sport—as you will.

Ah ah!

At the Little Casino, but a block from the uncomfortable but expensive bachelor hall where Mr. Moolc resided in peace and plenty, there appeared every Tuesday evening "The Red Hot Spurge," a thirty-episode serial in which beautiful Carrie Careless was the lady hero.

Again ah ah!

After four successive sittings of a Tuesday, Mr. Moolc decided that no longer would he exist as a mere mollusck, a being without aim or ambition. He decided to avail and he decided to make, for his happy bride, none other than whom do you guess?

Ah, you have a bit of perspicuity about you, me child; or is it perspicacity?

So to the Jazzbo Studios wended Mr. Moolc, armed with his income tax receipts to prove that he was, to say the least of it, a man well worthy of wedding Carrie Careless.

Miss Careless belted her moniker from the very first. The word came out: "Not' home?"

But have a care, Carrie Careless, for none hath scorned the mighty Macineas Moolc and absorbed any lasting nourishment thereby.

By the liberal and lavish use of money, with which base substance Macineas Moolc was upholstered, he learned many things concerning Carrie Careless which no bachelor has a right to be hep to—especially when the hepper is a beautiful screen idol with yeller hair and all that stuff.

He lay in wait for her at the Gilded Grill where Carrie (who felt she was a big girl now and didn't need no escort to drag around when she tied on the nose-bag), where Carrie, as we were saying, was wont to take sustenance.

Every night this slick party, Macineas Moolc, was there at the Gilded Grill when Carrie Careless tripped in and dined.

Night after night it went on, till the waiter who waited on Macineas Moolc bought tenement house after tenement house, so rich was the jack that Macineas slipped him to take notes to thrust in Carrie's soup.

But not a sign did she give until one night—success!

Macineas was toying with his terrapin and slad when all of a sudden he aroosed from his black despond. He glanced up furtively and Carrie Careless was smiling at him! T!!!

Macineas Moolc could scarce believe his eyes.

He glanced again in the direction of the golden divinity and—yes—there was no mistake, her eyes were brimming with sweet maidenly happiness; she showed her pretty teeth between her cherry lips and bent his way.

Macineas Moolc walked home upon air. He let himself into his magnificent apartment.

"I have won her," he mused, with a soft, subtle smile. "She has smiled upon me, at last."

He entered his cha-te boudoir and walked to the mirror to study his own happy face. Why had she captivated, after all, he wondered?

Was it because he was rich, handsome, dashing, polished, a true lover?

With these joyous speculations he gazed upon his reflected image in the cheval glass...and then...he knew!

Upon his beautiful shirt-bosom there was spread a great ugly smear of sauce tartare—wherever adherents to fashion gather "Best Knit" Silk Hosiery proves the predominant choice.

This preference is actuated by provision of all that is desirable in hosiery and total absence of every objectionable feature.

Form fitting from top to toe, Be wrecking beauty of finish known only to hosiery subjected to the "Best Knit" method of refinement. Full sizes. Use most of wear value. Exceedingly economical. Full range of colors in popular weights and styles, in silk, silk lace, silk plaited and lace.

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The Testing Block

(Continued from page 65)

"I'll kill the man that did this!" he exclaimed, and as he spoke he saw Ringe running toward him, carrying a heavy whip.

"That horse's devil," said Hart, but I'll show him who's master." Ringe yelled.

Sierra drew his gun.

"Get out, or I'll kill you so full o' lead you'll sink to the bottom of hell," he ordered.

Ringe did not wait. It was just as he had planned. In half an hour he was back with the sheriff.

"Placer's been a law-abidin' camp for quite some time," the sheriff said. "I'm arrestin' you for stealin' a horse you sold, an' threatenin' a peaceable citizen's life. Bet you c'mon 'cause you can't kill off my whole posse, an' murder 'll only make it worse for you."

To Sierra's explanation, the sheriff's reply was that he would have to tell his story in court and only when Rosita ran up, pledging to care for the sick boy, until the doctor came, did Sierra's lips tremble. They took him to jail, crushed by the succession of disasters. He began to suspect, at last, that Ringe was at the bottom of all of them.

He knew that Ringe would not dare inform the authorities of his past record, as he would have to implicate himself in doing so. He knew Ringe hated him, not only for their final fight but because he had always been jealous of Sierra's leadership. While he was pondering these things, Ringe himself came to the jail, two days after the arrest, and hurled his taunt through the protecting bars.

"I've got you where I want you now," he said, "an' I'm here to tell you that I'm leavin' for Sacramento on your horse to meet up with your wife. She's waitin' fer me there, but she don't know just what she's goin' to do. An' I'm travelin' so fast that when I get there, this pet horse of yourn's goin' to drop dead."

With this, he left. Sierra raced in his cell like a madman. He screamed for help and shook the bars, but no one came. He looked about for some means of breaking open the cell walls, but the walls were strong, the window heavily barred. Still, there was the roof. The slant was low, and the cross beams high. Swinging himself up he knelt upon a beam, his back against the roof. He exerted all the strength that had enabled him to beat six men in open fight. The sweat streamed over his eyes, but he felt the roof begin to give, and with another mighty effort it broke above him. In an instant he had swung himself out and to the ground, leaped upon the first horse he saw, and was off.

Sierra knew there was no hope of overtaking Pinto with this animal, but there was a steep, short cut, and he might intercept Ringe by taking this route. Urging, coxing, threatening, he fairly hurled the horse up the trail. Exceeding the other side of the rise he saw he would be just too late—and he was unarmed. Ringe, lashing Pinto ferociously, was sweeping past when Sierra shouted:

"Hold it! Hold it, Pinto! I'm comin'!

The horse heard the voice he loved, the voice that meant rescue from this cruel, torturing brute on his back, and stopped dead, nor could Ringe with all his blows make him start again. And Ringe knew that when the man now leaping down the mountain toward him, faced him, it meant death for one of the two, if not for the other. And Ringe was not willing to meet the issue. Leaping from the horse in the strangle grip, he started to run. Before Sierra could reach the spot, Pinto decided to take the horse into his own hands, and when Sierra came upon him, the horse had fully avenged the wrongs of both, for all that remained of Ringe was an unrecognizable, huddled heap.

Slowly Sierra rode back into Placer. He was still in trouble, but so much was gained—the doctor would be arriving from Sacramento almost any time, and Nellie was safe from Ringe. As for the rest, he had no way of guessing what might be the fate in store for him. If the wife was really safe, he cared little. So he went to the cabin—the rest he would explain later.

As he approached he heard a familiar sound—but it could only be a dream. Yet it surely was—Nellie's violin in her favorite tune. He went to the door and opened it cautiously. She was sitting there, in her favorite corner, as if nothing had happened, and her lips said "Sh-h-h-h," as her eyes turned to the little cot. Buster lay there, sleeping, and beside him stood the doctor.

Sierra looked from Nellie to the doctor, and Nellie's lips said softly to the physician, and the doctor's heart rose above the music.

"Please tell him."

The doctor led Sierra outside.

"The woman, Rosita, sent word to her by your messenger," he said, "and she's a part of a plot of Ringe's. We arrived just in time to save the boy, and I saw he could not recover unless he could get sleep. So your wife began playing, and it did the wonder! He must not sing or play while up, or he is sound asleep. But she wants you to understand."

Sierra slipped back into the cabin, and with his lips brushed away the tears that were gathering in Nellie's eyes. In a few short weeks Buster's recovery provided the hard-earned peace for which they had hungered.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 85)

Rachel Crothers' comedy drama, "39 East," and the other William S. Hart's "The Cradle of Courage." "39 East," with Constance Binney as the heroine, makes no claim to greatness. It is just a simple, human, well-told, well-acted, cleverly directed story of the experiences that befell a minister's daughter when she went to New York hoping to earn enough to help her brothers through school and was forced to take a position in a musical comedy chorus in place of the church choir to which she aspired. Here there was no strain for movieque suspense and the comedy, thanks to John Robertson's fine sense of selection and good taste, was admirably developed. Scandal threatened the heroine when the landlord and the boarders at "39 East" caught her coming home late at night and she had no reasonable explanation to offer. Suspicions grew when she was caught clandestinely meeting a handsome fellow boarder in Central Park, with a bottle of ginger ale on the table. And there was the element of real danger when she met one of those allegedly wicked theatrical managers who offered her money and a good part if she would be reasonable. But he turned out to be a different sort of manager for once, and the heroine and her boardinghouse prince were happily united for ever and ever when the tale was told. Miss Binney is forming ahead as one of the wholesome ingenues of the screen backed by a real talent as an actress and a most likable personality. Reginald Denney assists her capably as the hero, and many of the original cast of the play are seen in their old parts, notably Alison Skipworth, who plays the landlady.

THE WHITE CIRCLE
Tourneur- Paramount-Arctraft

Here are foggy nights on the moors, made shiveringly realistic by adventurous souls who invade them with swinging lanterns in their hands, and the flash of a haunted fear in their eyes. Here are Italian banditti bobbing up back of innocent looking bushes and threatening to get the huddling Hubddleston who has stolen their funds and is being secreted in "The Pavilion on the Links" by the crafty Northmour. Here, in "The White Circle," which is Maurice Tourneur's new title for the Stevenson story, is a nicely toned and calmly screened series of typical movieque adventures through which enough Stevensonque atmosphere filters to give them a certain quality and sufficient suspense to hold an audience through to the last scene. No Stevenson fan will admit, of course, that Jack Gilbert and Jules Furthman, who prepared the scenario, have done well by R. L. S., but they must agree that the attempt to be at least fair is apparent. The story is sketchy and wears thin quite frequently. Neither is freighted Wesley Barry anything like a typical Stevenson boy, though his employment as a relieving comedy interest may be otherwise excused, for he again plays very well. There is considerable good acting by Spottwood Aikin as the fear-stricken Hubddleston, and good straight performances by Jack Gilbert as the hero, Harry Northrup as the philosophic villain, Northmour, and Janice Wilson as the heroine.

By Photoplay Editors

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS—Fox

We are going to forget the first episode of this three-act drama of Manhattan. It should not have been done at all. The second act is satire, satire as clever and as

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

only when he finds a goodly sum of money does he reform and earn enough to be able to spend the miraculously discovered gold. It doesn’t end at all as you thought it would—at last we have a hero who is not at all newsworthy, all human, and homely. The hero’s charm was never more in evidence—and it is reinforced here more than at any previous time with a real power of characterization —whimsical, genuine, thoroughly original.

A SPLENDID HAZARD—Mayflower

YOU are always insured of entertainment in an Adan Dwan picture. Dwan is perhaps our smartest director—yet he is fearless, too, and continually presents something new, never travelling the beaten track in stories or action. This Harold McGrath novel makes a fine picture for the few. Henry B. Walthall returns to the screen in the part of Karl Breitman, descendant of Napoleon—a madman who plots empire and follows his quest for bannered treasure. The thrilling, strangely fascinating yarn, with exquisite lighting effects and generally fine acting by Walthall, Rosamie Theby, Ann Fleur and Hardie Kirkland. You may like it; then again it may not be your kind of a photoplay. But in any case it will interest you. Dwan always does.

THE BROADWAY BUBBLE—Vitagraph

HERE’s Corinne Griffith again—this time in a dual role. Both of her are very beautiful, naive, and historically competent. Her story? A good one, with opportunities to show Broadway in its various moods, a bit of theatrical life, and a slice of domestic drama that is absorbing and real. Corinne and her sunk bath provide the month’s best optical moment. There is no actress more charming, more convincing and more modest than Miss Griffith—a sort of young Elsie Ferguson, only more so. There’s some double-exposure to make the how-do-they-do-it fans sit up and take notice; good acting by Joe King, and a gown display that looks like Fifth Avenue and undoubtedly is. George Sargent’s direction is sensible and at times spirited. He uses the Great White Way itself for his chief “location.” Most women will want to see it; and they may safely bring their husbands with them.

THE SUITOR—Vitagraph

FOR boys and girls of all ages. When we saw it, a family of three—staid middle-aged father, decorous younger mother, and a perfectly cozened mutual hysteric from Mirth, although I suspect the small boy’s enthusiasm penetrated to his parents. Larry Semon isn’t standing still, that’s certain. He has just learned the art of fumaking, and immeasurably in the past months, and this two-reeler is packed with bright bits of business, clever clowning, and all-round good sense in a clean, plain manner. There is a story, too, about a band of plotting dynamisers who are hounding the rich father of the lovely heroine, deftly played by Lucille Carlisle. A few more like this and Semon will be in the front rank of silent comedians.

MID-CHANNEL—Equity Pictures

CLAIRA KIMBALL YOUNG plays the role of Zoe Blandell in the screen version of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero’s play, “Mid-Channel.” With all due respect to Miss Young’s beauty and talent, she hasn’t the half-disdainful, half-wistful charm necessary to give life to Pinero’s aristocratic English lady. The role was played on the stage by Ethel Barrymore. The film translation of the tragic drama of marital life is, at best, mechanical. And the adapter has given us a sappy happy ending. Lo and behold! it is all a dream and no such nasty things as bitter quarrels and suicide really occurred. Like Booth Tarkington’s Willie Baxter, we mutter, “Ye Gods!”

THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT—Benjamin Hampton Hodkinson

A STORY of a New England mill town, “The Dwelling Place of Light” is Winston Churchill’s contribution to the capital and labor discussion. And from it we learn that wealthy employers should not pursue poor working girls and that injustice engenders strikes. As a story of social conditions, Mr. Churchill’s film is a little out of date, but it makes fairly interesting film drama. It is well acted by Claire Adams, King Baggot and Robert McKim.

FELIX O’DAY—Pathé

H. B. WARNER is seen as Felix O’Day, who is noble and oh, so refined. The picture relates the story of a man who seeks to revenge himself on a false friend who has lured his wife away from her estate in Ireland. The plot is effectively told and Mr. Warner makes a sympathetic figure of Felix, so basely deserted and yet so worthy of love. Marguerite Snow is seen again as the faithless wife who drops so far in the social scale that she reaches the gutter. The picture will please the ladies.

ONCE A PLUMBER—Universal

EDDIE LYONS and Leo Moran make a mean advantage of the poor plumber’s unpopularity by casting themselves as plumbers in this picture. Plumbers are seldom less than half-witted. The comedy is both silly and cheap.

A FULL HOUSE—Paramount-Arcaft

THIS is rather a zippy little crook comedy with an ingenious plot. As our clerical friends say, it affords plenty of innocent amusement. Fred Jackson wrote the play which serves as inspiration for the film and Bryant Washburn and Lois Wilson head the cast. A merry time is had by all.

OUT OF THE DUST—McCarthy Productions

THE oldest living movie fan will recall the Incident pictures of the early days when Thomas H. Ince made the redskins ride around a circle of prairie wagons until they would fall dizzy from their horses. “Out of the Dust” is just such an old-fashioned western—a story of frontier days when shooting Indians was a duty and a pleasure.

The picture tells of the wife of an army officer who grows tired of the prairies and elopes with a devil-may-care villain. It is sympathetically acted by Russell Simpson, Robert Fairbanks and Robert McKim. The western scenes, inspired by Frederic Remington’s paintings, are produced with dash.

HITCHIN’ POSTS—Universal

THERE is something about these stories of brave Southern gentlemen and beautiful Southern women that makes us want to use the two picturesque words introduced to literature by Mark Twain. We would ex-
The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

claim, "Hogwash" and also "Flapdoodle." 
Respectable Southern people who do not use negro dialect and who do not trut about talking about honor and chivalry, must get awfully tired of the screen's representation of their ideals. A story set in South of the post-war period, "Hitchin' Posts," is pretty thick molasses.

THE KENTUCKY COLONEL—
National Film Corp. — Hodkinson

Speaking of Southern stories, here is another one. Adapted from a story by Ople Reid, it has more dash and pep than "Hitchin' Posts," but still it fails to allow the Southerner their full quota of horse sense. The picturesque character of the Colonel enters the film as Devinc (remember him as the "Miracle Man"?), but the poor old Colonel gets rather lost in a muddle of feuds and movie stuff.

OVER THE HILLS
TO THE POOR HOUSE—Fox

The theme of this picture is mother-love. That alone insures its success, even on blase Broadway, where men pay for a month. The story, based on the poem of the same name by Will Carleton, tells a plain tale of a faithful mother of a large brood of children, who finds her way to a more prosperous life. Mary Carr plays the mother and gives an admirable performance. She is the Emma Dunn who sang for bands. An engaging child is Jerry Devine, who plays the lovable terror who grows up into the black sheep. Mr. Fox has an offering here that will play return engagements on many Broadway's.

GOOD REFERENCES—First National

Constance Talmadge, as gay and as pretty as ever, trips through this story, which is as slim as Connie O'Brien, but not nearly so well-dressed. She's looking for a situation again and of course she gets it, not only working her way into a job but even in a little extra in town. It's worth seeing if only for Constance's bathing suit—so fetching that we can picture every little flapper from Keokuk to St. Cloud spending her winter evenings fashioning one of her own for swimming parties next summer. Vincent Coleman is the leading man, but Neil Sparkes walks away with acting honors as the prize-fighter who cuts a mean caper in high society.

THE JAILBIRD—
Ince-Paramount-Acteriot

A

original farce has been provided by
Julien Josephson for Douglas Mac- 
Leon's first Thomas Ince-Paramount starring vehicle. "The Jailbird" has all the earmarks of a typical "Rule" comedy, but there are so many little ingenious twists of plot that it automatically lifts itself out of the ordinary run. You will realize it when you learn that the latter half of the fifth reel fails to prevent the heroine from jumping in the arms of the city feller. The city feller happens to be an escaped convict who succeeds in jazzy 

up a country town in general and the heart

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of the prettiest girl in it in particular, and then marches his boots back to prison to atone for his misdicks. The tale is amusingly told by Lloyd Ingraham. Doris Day gives smiling support, and the cast is replete with hayseed types.

SUNDOWN SLIM—Universal

"SUNDOWN SLIM" ambles his way un-

satisfactorily through live reels of film to an unsatisfactory finish. Sundown Slim, through no fault of Harry Carey, the star in the production, but simply because the char-

acter is poorly and inadequately drawn, dies to arouse any interest or sympathy, and it is as difficult to follow his peregrinations as it is to put together a jigsaw puzzle in which some pieces are missing. With the assurance of "Sundown Slim" as an excellent test for the imagination. Carey needs another "Overland Red."

HEADIN' HOME—Kessel and Baumann

Perhaps you are one of those who saved

up enough pennies to see Babe Ruth dis-

play his prowess on the baseball field only to

be interrupted by the fair damsel on your

right, and then come to the screen and lemden

as Babe scores a homer. Perhaps you have

been carrying a heavy grudge on your shoul-

der ever since. Be that the case you can

remedy things. Babe Ruth not only

enacts his life story in "Headin' Home" but

he throws a wicked bat and slides a tricky

home plate. Ruth's rise to fame is told by

an old man from his home-town seated in

the grandstand. There is a real plot and a

counterplot and enough views of Ruth to

please the most inveterate "fan."

Madison Square Garden, being the largest hall in town, was engaged to present the feature in New

York.

UNCLE SAM OF FREEDOM

RIDGE—Harry Levy

"UNCLE SAM OF FREEDOM RIDGE" is a screen adaptation of Margaret Prescott Montague's story written frankly to

sound a message on behalf of the League of Nations. Therefore, in a sense a propaganda picture, the production is by no means equal to the dignity of its task. The story con-

cerns an old patriot of West Virginia who, giving his son up to the great war to end war, feels that the boy's death has been sac-

rificed in the cause of world peace; but when the old man finds that America is turning her back on the League of Nations, he makes a "blood atonement" and wrapping himself in the flag, dies by his own hand. Such is the story which has been given production

under the directorship of George Beranger. The principal parts are played by William D. Corbett, George MacQuarrie, Paul Kelly and Helen Flint.

THE BAIT—Metro

HOPE HAMPTON redeems herself in this picture, which might well be called "The Proof of Good Direction." Miss Hampton is laboring under the handicap of being such a well-known actress, that is permitting her to develop by experience. "Salome," her first venture, was pretty bad, mainly because of the inexcusably poor direc-

tion of Leonce Perret, who forced the star to sing and act in the production of a "movie" of the early Kalern period. Mr. Tourneur reversed this process, adding real intelligence to the direction, and the result is a very commendable fine performance by Miss Hampton. If you have seen "Salome" you should see her new vehicle. Aside from a good picture, it is a most interesting contrast in direction. "The Bait" is a good, straight melodrama, the story concerning a shopgirl who is framed and sentenced to prison, only to be rescued by a band of crooks who surround her with a very good enter-

tainment. The story has, of course, all the vantages of travel and education that she may tap a rich man's son into marriage and subsequent profit for the gang.

Any weakness the story may have is com-

pensated for by the director's usual excel-

lent of setting, lighting and photography.

The Male Background

(Concluded from page 22)

in what a heroine feels than what a man
does or thinks. I feel you allow men to hide
your cinemas at all only because you want
to make the ladies happy. God bless them,
—for wanting us at all, I mean," he grinned.

"I hope," Powell confided, "that perhaps the
Paramount office is going to export me
soon. Not that I wish to leave America at
all but that I rather want to get back to
England for a while. Of course it would
like getting a divorce from Mr. Fitz Maurice,
he has been directing me so long, but a chap
likes a change. . . . And home is home.
Besides, I'm tremendously interested in show-
ing the English cinema audiences all that I've
learned here in America.

He happened in pictures for money's sake,
because as an actor he was so tired of being
without a job during the summer

months. He was first an extra at five dol-
ars a day and the following winter, at ten,
when he was playing at the same time, the
artist in "The Prison of the Tarsus"

Back" with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

Later he decided to go into pictures to-
gether. "And then I couldn't get into them for
a year. Fact. Out of a job. It was the
queerest thing," he smiled shamlessly.

"I just couldn't get a job. I tried every-
where. I was too ignorant of the way to
do it, or too British, or something. Ridicu-

rous!" He laughed at the recollection. "Ah,

well. I finally did land, anyhow. And have
been leading a terrifically populous life ever
since. Husband to first one, then an-
other."

Mr. Powell is not English at all, but Welsh.
Or practically. He would have been entirely
but for the fact that both he and his mother
had happened to be in Glasgow at the
time. "But outside of that," of course,

"of course," he looked straight, certain
by inheritance and—er, selection. You

know, my digging up my past expe-

riences and so on reminds me of what George
Bernard Shaw said to me on the boat just
before I sailed over here for the first time.
When I was playing in his "Capt. Brabson's
Conversion," as I remarked before. He

stood talking to me on the deck and finally
said, "Do you know, one of the Cates, Powell?"

I said no. 'Do you want to?" I looked

hunched and replied, 'Natually.' He looked thought-

ful. Oh, a rare old chap is Shaw and

though unexpected, the most delightful fel-

low in the world, I think, he said. 'Try it out.
Just as the boat lands in New

York, print on a large placard, 'I know
George Bernard Shaw,' and tie it on your
hat and walk down Broadway. I give you
my word, Powell, in fifteen minutes you'll
meet everybody!'"

Mr. Powell laughed.

"And that, he is probably right. G. B.
Shaw is always right."

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University Training at Home

WITHIN the last decade the photoplay has become an accepted factor in the everyday life of the general public. Some of those who are interested in it are interested purely from the point of view of the spectator, but there are many who are interested from the point of view of the writer. There are many writers who have never been able to get their work across to the public who has splendid ideas but lack a knowledge of the technique of photoplay form, which is necessary, to make their ideas salable. In the early days a knowledge of the technique of the scenario was not essential. A writer sold his idea: for five or twenty dollars to a producing company and was satisfied. Nowadays a good original story means a matter of several thousand dollars. The companies in return for this increased emolument demand an increased perfection of material. Therefore if a writer is to sell the product of his brains he must own that equipment which will make it possible in the medium in which he desires to write. Such writers will be interested to know that the Home Study Department of Columbia University is offering the courses in photoplay composition given for the last five years on the campus to those who are unable through the exigencies of circumstances to attend the lectures at the University.

The photoplay is a field of literary endeavor which has had up to the present time no help from educators. Those photoplaywrights who have succeeded have done so through their own natural ability and have, as it were, stumbled upon the technique of this new channel of expression. It is now no longer necessary that each writer should have to carve his own pattern in cinematic endeavor. The technique of the scenario, flexible and progressive though it is, is nevertheless definite enough in its present usage to be set down in more or less permanent form. The writer of photoplays must have natural ability, prolific ideas, versatility, and ingenuity. But in addition to all this, he must have complete mastery of his craft.

Frances Taylor Patterson is the Instructor in Photoplay Composition. The content of the course corresponds exactly to that given at the University. He has the advantage over work done in residence, it may be fitted to the students' own convenience and circumstances. Instead of having to complete the assignments within the fifteen weeks of the academic session he may extend it over the full calendar year, making his own schedule of study and recreation.

The printed syllabus which is provided for each course contains an outline of the work and instructions for following it which form the equivalent to class-room lectures. Furthermore, the syllabus will be supplemented by direct correspondence between the student and the instructor in which individual needs and difficulties may be presented. The instructor will carefully supervise all assignments and manuscripts, who are interested in the creative work like photoplays and screen will furnish an accurate gauge of the student's thoroughness in following text-book and syllabus and his ability to profit by the instruction therein.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION
A Christmas Gift

Questions and Answers (Continued from page 101)

I. A. W., Minneapolis— I suppose you have a yellow arm. No, Pearl White isn’t playing in serials any longer; she’s making features. Her first is “The White Moth”; others, “The Tiger’s Cub” and “The Thief.” Address her at Fox Studio in New York. Thomas Meighan with Katherine MacDonald in “The Thunderbolt.” Tom is now a star for Paramount. Katherine’s latest is “Curtain.” Ruth Roland, Pathe; Doris May, Ince. Pauline Frederick, Robertson-Cole.

LEONA, Chicago.— You are the tenth blue-eyed blonde I have answered this month. Fortunately I always did like blondes. I am sorry that I have no record of a Marion Gates who uses the Bennet company address. Perhaps some of our readers will know. Madame Petrova will come back to the screen soon, I believe. Madame is married.

BERNADINE, Jerome, Idaho.— I am awfully sorry, but neither of the young ladies you mention cares to divulge her birth date. And I am equally sorry that I cannot answer your question addressed to me. It is, “Do you tell the truth?” How can I? Nazimova will appear in “Billion,” “Madame Peacock,” and “Geraldine.”

EMILY, Washington.— You girls beg me not to be sarcastic in one letter. If I write you a gentle answer, you complain in your next that I didn’t pay any attention to you. Thanks for your charming picture. How can I be sarcastic, Emily? Gloria Swanson is in retirement right now; she is married to Herbert Somborn, and is coming back to pictures as a star. Gloria is very good in “Something to Think About.” Will you write again, won’t you?

MAY, New York.— Richard Barthelmess is married. I am sorry to have to disappoint all your girls, but I can’t help congratulating Dick. Mrs. Barthelmess, who is Mary Hay on the stage and screen, is a charming girl and very clever, too. They’re bound to be happy. Constance Talmadge isn’t married or engaged. Vivian Martin has her own company now; she is working on her second picture under Sidney Olcott’s direction. Miss Martin’s husband is William Jefferson.

H. M. F., Great Barrington.— Well, well, that’s a new one on the old Answer Man! You say whenever one of “you girls” likes a star immensely, you are her “crushie.” That is a lovely little word—it fairly crinkles with humor. So your crush is Dorothy Gish. Just drop her a line care Griffith Studios in Mamaroneck and she will get it when she returns from her trip abroad. I wouldn’t try to write to her in Europe. No—Dorothy isn’t engaged.

V. L. G., Missouri.— Coming from there you want to be shown, I suppose. I hereby solemnly swear to the best of my belief Eugene O’Brien has not been married this month, Conway Tearle with Norma Talmadge in “Human Desire.” Mahlon Hamilton is married. Come again, you skeptical child—and don’t demand an affidavit next time you write.

M. S., Fort Worth.— Wonder how many theaters there are with “the largest pipe organ in the world”? Geraldine Farrar weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds and stands five feet six inches in her heelless slippers, to put it politely. While Alice Brady is five feet seven and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. James Crane is Alice’s husband. Farrar is Mrs. Lou Telleton.

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The Man: Jim Kent, lean and bronzed, keenest of all the keen man-hunters of the Royal Mounted, lover of wind and woods and stars, and knowing the 2000 miles of his “beat” through God’s Country like a book.

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DOROTHY, LOS ANGELES—Marge Clark hasn’t been in New York much of the past year so she probably never gets your letter. She has not yet announced when she is returning to the West. It is said that she is not likely to be married, you know. Conway Tearle is with Selznick. Ralph Graves, Griffith, Mamouneck, N.Y.

FAITH, NEW YORK—Keep it, Faith. I don’t know what the faith is, but keep it. I wish I could help you to become a journalist but I fear it is impossible. If I were you I should keep on acting, for since you have been on the stage since the age of three months. Write to me again soon and let me know how you’re getting along.

MILBRED, BROOKLYN—Should a Woman Tell was a good title but the answer is too easy. Of course a woman should tell. She can’t help it. No, Eugene O’Brien is positively not married. You never read that he was in my department or in any other department in this magazine. Priscilla Dean is now Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. Helene Chadwell is reported to be engaged to William Wellman, but I have not heard they have been married. I cannot even promise that they’re engaged, as I have no confirmation of the rumor. Sorry.

I. H., TEXAS—How has the Chaplin divorce case turned out? It hasn’t yet. Bob Gordon is married to Alma Francis. Zane Grey has sold several of his stories to film and these have been produced. “Desert Gold,” “Last of the Duanes,” “Riders of the Dawn” and “The U. P. Trail.” Charles Bryant opposite Nazimova in “Heart of a Child.”

QUESTION BOX—The Big Four means Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, D. W. Griffith and their mother. The United Artists Corporation through which all their pictures are released. That is, but Chaplin—he has to finish his first national contract with them, but it’s not an agreement. I never intend to be sarcastic, but sometimes the expression is something tremendous. Really you’ve no idea.

A CANUCK READER—You say Miss Marie Prevost has two good standing reasons for stardom. I am sure I don’t know what you mean. Katherine MacDonald has golden hair and blue eyes. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs 134 pounds. Her latest release is “Curtain” from Rita Weiman’s story. Miss MacDonald has been married but secured a divorce from Malcolm Strauss, an artist. Mary MacLaren is Katherine’s sister. Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joe Kaufman, the director. They were a great combination in Lubin days.

HILLEN, NEW YORK—Arnold Daly calls motion pictures “fun in a photomaton gallery.” Daly used to play in pictures but hasn’t made a colored appearance for a time now. He is playing in New York City this week in a new levitevate comedy. “The Tavern” Alice Brady is twenty-five. Jane Novak is divorced from Frank News-bach. Dorothy Gish is twenty-two.

A. M., SAN DIEGO—How personal are you people in this month? You want to know what kind of a temper I have? I’ll tell you I haven’t any. The Tallmadge girls and Dorothy Gish have returned from Europe. Dorothy came back after six weeks abroad. Norma and Constance didn’t return until October. Olive Thomas is married by her mother and two brothers.

E. B., OKLAHOMA—Sunshine Sammy by any other name would be as funny, but Rulin-Fate doesn’t care to call him anything but that. He’s the funny little fellow who does the stunts in Rulin comedies. Helen Gibson is Mrs. Hoot Gibson—yes. Clyde Fillmore was the American officer in Eric von Stroheim’s Universal pictures. The “Dream and the Sky” was the last talkie. Sam DeGrasse was the hus-bond. Una Tревon the wife. Madge George the modiste; Mae Busch the dancer. Come again—always glad to hear from you.

K. B., NEW ZEALAND—There are no Maori girls in the movies that I know of. Yes, Mary is now Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. I haven’t heard of the film for a long time. Thanks for your kind praise.

SWEETIE PEA, LAFAYETTE—I was riding in the subway the other day and my strap was next to one of those two young things whose voices came to me as clearly as their jockey-clubs. One said, “I don’t like him a-tall.” The other answered, “He’s a dumb-bell; my man is a brick.” I don’t know what they mean but I suppose Walsh’s “whole” name is William Wallace Reid. Bebe Daniels in “Sickbed.” Lucy Cotton was born in Houston, Texas. She is now supporting George Arliss in the screen version of “The Devil.” Miss Cotton lives at the Hotel Nevada, 5th Street and Broadway, N. Y. C.


Y. M., LOUISVILLE—Some men buy talking machines, other men eat married. Virginia Dare is being criticized by Lan¬don Lewis in private life. Lettie Pickford and Bill Russell had the leading roles in the old serial, “The Diamond from the Sky.” The great hockey star is in the United States. Don’t know when she will be back. I’m sure. That’s her little girl you have seen. Mary Pickford is her real, legal name. I suppose Charlotte Pickford adopted her and incidentally changed the name, until Miss Pickford.

A Merry Xmas—One of the ten best features of any picture. A Merry Xmas—One of the ten best features of any picture.
Questions and Answers (Continued)

K. M. P., Fulton, N. Y.—Too many people try to make others live and believe as they do. Don’t be intolerant. Selznick has its studio in Fort Lee, N. J. Here’s the cast of “The Diamond from the Sky”: Herbert Marshall, Lorette Pickford; Arthur Stanley, Irving Cummings; Blair Stanley, William Russell; Vivion Martin; Charlotte Burton; Hagar, Eugene Forde; Luke Lowell, George Periolat; Marmaduke Smythe, Oral Hun- phreys; Quabba, the hunchback, W. J. Tool- marsh.

ELMWOOD ST., WINNIPEG.—Bobby Har- ron’s death was purely accidental. He was taking a suit out of a trunk when a gun fell from a pocket, discharging and wounding Harron in the chest. For a time hopes were entertained for his recovery, but he passed away in the hospital. His mother came from California to attend the funeral, where D. W. Griffith, Miss Lillian Gish, Mildred Harris Chaplin, Victor Heeman, Richard Bartheles and many other friends mourned him. He was one of the most charming and modest actors on the screen and to know him was to admire and respect him. Many of his unknown friends feel as you do about him. He is sincerely missed.

ANNETTE, LINCOLN, I.—It is out of my line but I do know that Miss Marilyn Miller of the Follies is in mourning for her husband, Frank Carter, the actor who was killed in an automobile acci- dent, Miss Miller recently returned from abroad. She is in a new play this season. She’s never been in pictures.

HORACE D., SPARTANBURG, S. C.—The rev- enge of Lycurgus the Spartan was, if I remember correctly, his gentle dealing with a young man who put out his—Lycurgus᾽ eye. Lycurgus abstained from all vengeance and instead instructed the guilty one and made a good citizen of him. Then he said to the Spartans, “I received this young man at your hands full of violence and wanton insolence; I restore him to you in his right mind and fit to serve his country;” and he put an end to the first lesson, Horace. Beverly Bayne is making some new pictures now. William Farnum, Fox.

V. T., SYRACUSE.—You say I should have an announcement at the head of my column, “Answers while you wait.” I presume you are one of those who has been waiting—and waiting. I’m sorry, but I am kept very busy. Edith Johnson is really a busybody but she sometimes wears a blonde wig. Theda Bara was born Theodosia Goodman. She appeared on the stage once under the name of Theodosia. Geraldine Farrar is her real name—no, she’s Miss Lou Telle- gon. Louise Lovely is married to William Welch.

JOSEPHINE, INDIANAPOLIS.—Some of the Sox seem to be White in name only. Babe Ruth stars in the baseball picture, “Headin’ Home.” Marguerite Courtot is twenty- three; she’s still Miller June C. price is not married, either; and Mary Pick- ford doesn’t wear a wig. Very nice of you to say those things.

ISA ELLIOTT, ORANGE, CAL.—You don’t say! You pronounce it Lie-tell, with accent on the tell. You may say “Baby” Daniels if you want to—she doesn’t object; but the real pronunciation is Bee-bee. H. R. Macy was DeForest Young and Harold Lockwood is Frederick Graves in “Tess of the Storm Country.” That was one of Little Mary’s best pictures.

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For further particulars see page 67 this issue.
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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

LORETTO, OHIO—You say you should think all those producers would get Chaplin's goat. All they want is "The Kid." That fiver releer which Charlie says is his best picture ever not yet been released or taken. Frank Mills opposite Marguerite Clark in "Let's Elope" Eugene O'Brien played with the same star in "Come Out of the Kitchen." 

MILDRED, MARIANA, FLA.—No, Corinne Griffith isn't married to David Wark Griffith, but you certainly can ask original questions. That's what I think have one of us, and I thought I'd answered them all H. B. Warner in "The Man Who Turned White." Albert Roscoe was Philip Smith in "Wally." Mrs. Richard Barthelmess was the little dancer in the dug-out scene in Griffith's "Hearts of the World." Dick wasn't in it. Miss Hay has a much more important part in "Way Down East." 

BILLIE AND FRANKIE—Has he married again? I really can't say—I've seen the evening paper, but Red Reid didn't tell me. Billie Bill didn't play with his dad in "Excuse My Dust." You mustn't believe all those rumors. None of them happens to be true.

ODESSA.—No no—Priscilla Dean doesn't star in "Lashluk." But you do read the advertisements, don't you? Odessa? Howard Ralston in "Jolly Jann." Alice Lake starred in Metro's "Shore Acres." 

A. M. D., DENVER.—Norma Talmadge lives in New York, not California. Write to her in care of her own studio. You will find the addresses you want in our Studio Directory, which appears in every issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

G. B., VISALIA, CAL.—You say after witnessing many regrettable historical errors in the films you wonder how soon some director is going to show the battle of Thermopylæ where two Greeks defeated the huge Persians with a few machine guns. Thanks for your letter.

OLIVE THOMAS ADMIRER, SUPERIOR, WIS.—We are using a full-page portrait of Miss Thomas in this issue. It is one of the last portraits for which she posed and her favor- ite of all her many pictures. You may care to cut this out. Write to Selznick, 707 Seventh Avenue, New York, about getting an original.

C. P., SALT LAKE CITY.—That's all right, old fellow. Don't feel so sorry for me. I set along fine until someone like you tells me how hard I am working. Shirley Ma- con is married to Bernard Durning. Norma Talmadge is married to Robert Dresson. Gladys Brockwell was divorced from Robert Broad- well and Harry Edward—on different oc- casions, you understand. William Russell, Fox western.

A. G. R., SUTTON, OX.—Jack Dempsey made one serial for Pathe. As far as that company knows he is going to make any more. How tell, though, either George Carpenter or Jack is going to do a big drawing-card one of these days. H B Warner, Hotel, Hollywood, Cal.

LEMA VANCE.—You are not heavy. Heavy women are out of date, anyhow. The soft sweet young women who lip both vocally and opti- cally have my vote. Constantine Binney is nineteen, one coming to my statistics. Fairest sister, is a year or so younger.

GERALD.—You ask if it was a dummy that was thrown from the airplane in that serial I wouldn't be surprised. Takes a better stunt than that to get a rise out of you. doesn't it, Gerald?

M. F. S. KENTON, OHIO.—Tell me more about your writing, get's you. You have written me a good many letters, haven't you? Let thought as much. Tom Moore is divorced from Alice Joyce. She is now Mrs. James Rean. Jr. Little Alice Joyce Moore spends half the year with her father and half the year with her dad. Here's the cast for the "Woman Thou Gavest Me:" Mary McVeigh, Katherine MacDonald, Lord Ray, Jack Holt, Dan- nel McVey, Arch Dumas, Milton Stills: Alma Light, Fritz Breu- nette. Hugh Ford directed this Hall Caine story for Paramount-Artema. Miss Mc- Donald is now a first National star.

B. K. IDA, KANSAS.—Some wives are so conscious. When a husband is late for dinner his wife immediately makes it hot for him. If he doesn't come, she makes him a Bertha. Never give him the cold shoulder. Frank Mayo is still starring for Universal. "Hitchin' Posts" is his latest. June Elde- ridge's most recent appearance was in "The Law of the Yukon," for United Carls. She played in a musical comedy, "The Girl in the Spotlight," in N. Y. C., but did not accompany the show when it started on tour. Romayne Sherlock married. Marie Wal- camp, Universal City, Cal.

A GIRLS CLUB.—Charles Dickens used to divide his life into two periods: before Abs! I am not a Dickens!—although I fre- quently raise it—so cannot indulge my passion for vivid titles. Here's the cast of "The Long and the Journey." From left to right: Henry Waltz, Cameron Craig, Jack Richard- son; Paddy, the Brick, Harry O'Connor; Beverly Allen, Joe Dowling; Elio Allen, Mary Charleton; Governor Eyland, Ralph Lewis; Charles, Tom Moore is with Goldwyn, Culver City.

M. B. M., CHICAGO.—Stars do not always drive their own cars in their plays. But it may thrill you to know that the motor Wally Reid drives in "Always Audacious" is his very, very own. If you look closely you may see the name "Tom" painted on the door. Tom Moore is with Goldwyn, Culver City.

M. M., MEMPHIS.—A lot of alliteration, lawyer. And there go! Mildred Harris-Chaplin isn't divorced from Charles at this writing. To save me I can't keep up with the matrimony affairs of that celebrated couple. Fxa Novak is now a Universal star; her new picture is "Better Than Two Quarters." She's Jane's sister. Olive Thomas passed away in France. Funeral services were held in New York when her husband, Jack Pickford, brought back the body of the much-beloved little star to this country. Everyone who knew Olive Thomas loved her.

FOURTEEN, SOUTHBAY.—A good letter, yours. Peggy Carpentier was the little girl who played with Betty Blythe in "The Third Generation." Dorothy Dalton may be required care Paramount. Right now she is playing in "A Yearling." "Tom Moore is running Satch's run in Chicago, but she is still under contract to Paramount and will come back to New York soon to resume picture work. She has received a two years subscription to Photoplay as a birthday present. Congratulations!
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